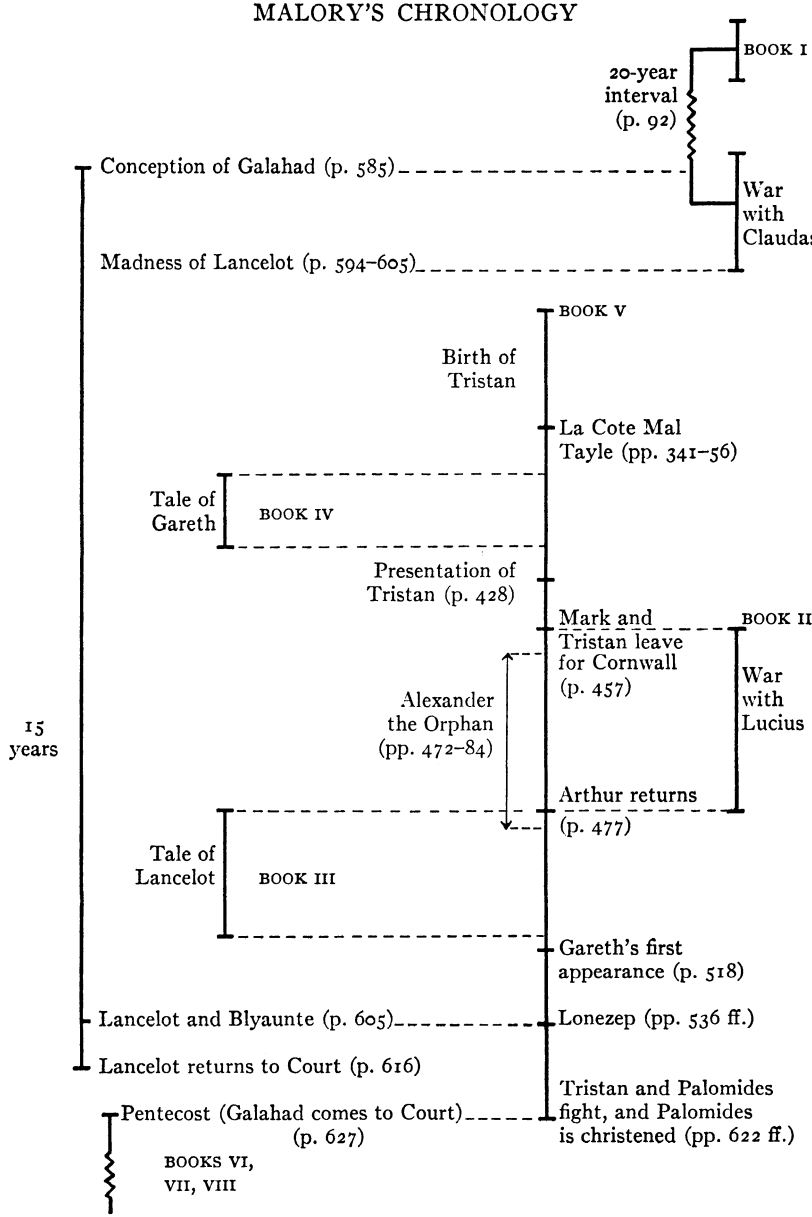

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THOMAS MALORY
KING ARTHUR & HIS NOBLE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE
KINGS UTHER & ARTHUR

UTHER PENDRAGON & MERLIN

HIT BEFEL in the dayes of Uther Pendragon, when he was kynge of all Englond and so regned, that there was a myghty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme, and the duke was called the Duke of Tyntagil. And so by meanes Kynge Uther send for this duk, chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym, for she was called a fair lady and a passynge wyse, and her name was called Igrayne.

So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn unto the kynge, by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe; the kynge lyked and loved this lady wel, and he made them grete chere oute of mesure and desyred to have lyen by her. But she was a passyng good woman and wold not assente unto the kynge. And thenne she told the duke her husband and said, "I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured. Wherfor, husband, I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly, that we maye ryde all nyghte unto oure owne castell."

And in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed, that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng. Also soone as Kyng Uther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly, he was wonderly wrothe. Thenne he called to hym his pryvy counceille and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf. Thenne they avysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge: "And yf he wille not come at your somons, thenne may ye do your best; thenne have ye cause to make myghty werre upon hym."

Soo that was done, and the messagers hadde their ansuers; and that was thys, shortly, that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym. Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth, and thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym, for within fourty dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath.

Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge, anone he wente and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge castels of his, of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil and the other hyght Terrabyl. So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil, and hymself he putte in the castel of Terrabyl, the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute. Thenne in all haste came Uther with a grete hoost and leyd a syege aboute the castel of Terrabil, and ther he pyght many pavelyons. And there was grete warre made on bothe partyes and moche peple slayne.

Thenne for pure angre and for grete love of fayr Igrayne the kyng Uther felle seke. So came to the kynge Uther Syre Ulfius, a noble knyght, and asked the kynge why he was seke.

"I shall telle the," said the kynge. "I am seke for angre and for love of fayre Igrayne, that I may not be hool."

"Wel, my lord," said Syre Ulfius, "I shal seke Merlyn and he shalle do yow remedy, that youre herte shal be pleasyd."

So Ulfius departed and by adventure he mette Merlyn in a beggars aray, and ther Merlyn asked Ulfius whome he soughte, and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym.

"Well," saide Merlyn, "I knowe whome thou sekest, for thou sekest Merlyn; therfore seke no ferther, for I am he. And yf Kynge Uther wille wel rewarde me and be sworne unto me to fulfille my desyre, that shall be his honour and profite more than myn, for I shalle cause hym to have all his desyre."

"Alle this wyll I undertake," said Ulfius, "that ther shalle be nothyng resonable but thow shalt have thy desyre."

"Well," said Merlyn, "he shall have his entente and desyre; and therfore," saide Merlyn, "ryde on your wey, for I wille not be long behynde."

Thenne Ulfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to Kynge Uther Pendragon and told hym he had met with Merlyn.

"Where is he?" said the kyng.

"Sir," said Ulfius, "he wille not dwelle long."

Therwithal Ulfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the pavelions dore, and thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge. Whan Kyng Uther sawe hym, he said he was welcome.

"Syr," said Merlyn, "I knowe al your hert every dele. So ye wil be sworn unto me as ye be a true kynge enoynted to fulfille my desyre, ye shal have your desyre."

Thenne the kyng was sworne upon the four evvangelistes.

"Syre," said Merlyn, "this is my desyre: the first nyght that ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her; and whan that it is borne, that it shall be delyverd to me for to nourisshe thereas I wille have it, for it shal be your worship and the childis availle as mykel as the child is worth."

"I wylle wel," said the kynge, "as thow wilt have it."

"Now make you redy," said Merlyn. "This nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the castel of Tyntagyl. And ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband, Ulfyus shal be lyke Syre Brascias, a knyghte of the dukes, and I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Jordanus, a knyghte of the dukes. But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but saye ye are diseased, and soo hye yow to bedde and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow, for the castel of Tyntagyl is but ten myle hens."

Soo this was done as they devysed. But the Duke of Tyntagyl aspyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of Tarabil. And therfor that nyghte he yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to have distressid the kynges hooste, and so thorowe his owne yssue the duke hymself was slayne or ever the kynge cam at the castel of Tyntagyl. So after the deth of the duke Kyng Uther lay with Igrayne, more than thre houres after his deth, and begat on her that nyght Arthur; and or day cam, Merlyn cam to the kyng and bad hym make hym redy, and so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in all

hast. But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her husband, and that by all record he was dede or ever Kynge Uther came to her, thenne she merveilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord. So she mourned pryvely and held hir pees.

Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the kynge of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym. The kynge gaf hem leve, for fayne wold he have ben accorded with her; soo the kyng put alle the trust in Ulfyus to entrete bitwene them. So by the entreté at the last the kyng and she met togyder.

"Now wille we doo wel," said Ulfyus; "our kyng is a lusty knyghte and wyveles, and my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady; it were grete joye unto us all and hit myghte please the kynge to make her his quene."

Unto that they all well accorded and meved it to the kynge. And anone, lyke a lusty knyghte he assentid therto with good wille, and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and joye. And Kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawse that was Gaweyns moder, and Kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne: al this was done at the request of Kynge Uther. And the thyrd syster, Morgan le Fey, was put to scole in a nonnery, and ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete clerke of nygromancye. And after she was wedded to Kynge Uryens of the lond of Gore, that was Syre Ewayns le Blaunche Maynys fader.

Thenne Quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter and gretter. So it befel after within half a yere, as Kyng Uther lay by his quene, he asked hir by the feith she ought to hym whos was the child within her body. Thenne was she sore abasshed to yeve ansuer.

"Desmaye you not," said the kyng, "but telle me the trouthe, and I shall love you the better, by the feythe of my body!"

"Syre," saide she, "I shalle telle you the trouthe. The same nyghte that my lord was dede, the houre of his deth as his knyghtes record, ther came into my castel of Tyntagyll a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenaunce, and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes Bracias and Jordans, and soo I went unto bed with

hym as I ought to do with my lord; and the same nyght, as I shal ansuer unto God, this child was begoten upon me."

"That is trouthe," saide the kynge, "as ye say, for it was I myself that cam in that lykenesse. And therfor desmay you not, for I am fader to the child," and ther he told her alle the cause, how it was by Merlyns counceil. Thenne the quene made grete joye whan she knewe who was the fader of her child.

Sone come Merlyn unto the kyng and said, "Syr, ye must purvey yow for the nourisshyng of your child."

"As thou wolt," said the kyng, "be it."

"Wel," said Merlyn, "I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passynge true man and a feithful, and he shal have the nourysshyng of your child; and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair lyvelode in many partyes in Englond and Walys. And this lord Sir Ector, lete hym be sent for for to come and speke with you, and desyre hym yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his owne child to nourisshynge to another woman and that his wyf nourisshe yours. And whan the child is borne lete it be delyverd to me at yonder pryvy posterne uncrystned."

So like as Merlyn devysed it was done. And whan Syre Ector was come he made fyaunce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the kynge desyred; and there the kyng graunted Syr Ector grete rewardys. Thenne when the lady was delyverd the kynge commaunded two knyghtes and two ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold, "and that ye delyver hym to what poure man ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel."

So the child was delyverd unto Merlyn, and so he bare it forth unto Syre Ector, and made an holy man to crysten hym, and named hym Arthur. And so Sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe.

Thenne within two yeres Kyng Uther felle seke of a grete maladye. And in the meane whyle hys enemyes usurpped upon hym and dyd a grete bataylle upon his men and slewe many of his peple.

"Sir," said Merlyn, "ye may not lye so as ye doo, for ye must to the feld though ye ryde on an hors-lyttar. For ye shall never have

the better of your enemyes but yf your persone be there, and thenne shall ye have the vyctory."

So it was done as Merlyn had devysed, and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors-lyttar with a grete hooste towarde his enemyes, and at Saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the North. And that day Syre Ulfyus and Sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes, and Kyng Uthers men overcome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple and putt the remenaunt to flight; and thenne the kyng retorned unto London and made grete joye of his vyctory.

And thenne he fyll passynge sore seke, so that thre dayes and thre nyghtes he was specheles; wherfore alle the barons made grete sorow and asked Merlyn what counceill were best.

"There nys none other remedye," said Merlyn, "but God wil have His wille. But loke ye al barons be bifore Kynge Uther to-morne, and God and I shalle make hym to speke."

So on the morne alle the barons with Merlyn came tofore the kyng. Thenne Merlyn said aloud unto Kynge Uther, "Syre, shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce?"

Thenne Uther Pendragon torned hym and said in herynge of them alle, "I gyve hym Gods blissyng and myne, and byd hym pray for my soule, and righteuously and worshipfully that he clayme the croune upon forfeture of my blessyng," and therwith he yelde up the ghost.

And thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng, wherfor the quene, fayre Igrayne, made grete sorowe and alle the barons.

Thenne stood the reame in grete jeopardy long whyle, for every lord that was myghty of men maade hym stronge, and many wende to have ben kyng. Thenne Merlyn wente to the Archebisshop of Caunterbury and counceilled hym for to sende for alle the lordes of the reame and alle the gentilmen of armes, that they shold to London come by Cristmas upon payne of cursynge, and for this cause, that Jesu, that was borne on that nyghte, that He wold of His grete mercy shewe some myracle, as He was come to be

kynge of mankynde, for to shewe who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame. So the archebisshop, by the advys of Merlyn, send for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes that they shold come by Crystmasse even unto London; and many of hem made hem clene of her lyf, that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable unto God.

Soo in the grettest chirch of London – whether it were Powlis or not the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon – alle the estates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye. And whan matyns and the first masse was done, there was sene in the chircheyard ayenst the hyhe aulter a grete stone four square, lyke unto a marbel stone, and in myddes therof was lyke an anvylde of stele a foot on hyghe, and theryn stack a fayre swerd naked by the poynt, and letters there were wryten in gold aboute the swerd that saiden thus: "Whoso pulleth oute this swerd of this stone and anvyld is rightwys kynge borne of all Englond."

Thenne the peple merveilled and told it to the archebisshop.

"I commande," said th'archebisshop, "that ye kepe yow within your chirche and pray unto God still, that no man touche the suerd tyll the hyhe masse be all done."

So whan all masses were done all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerd. And whan they sawe the scripture som assayed suche as wold have ben kyng, but none myght stere the swerd nor meve hit.

"He is not here," said the archebisshop, "that shall encheve the swerd, but doubte not God will make hym knowen. But this is my counceill," said the archebisshop, "that we lete purvey ten knyghtes, men of good fame, and they to kepe this swerd."

So it was ordeyned, and thenne ther was made a crye that every man shold assay that wold for to wynne the swerd. And upon Newe Yeers Day the barons lete maake a justes and a tournement, that alle knyghtes that wold juste or tourneye there myght playe. And all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes togyders and the comyns, for the archebisshop trusted that God wold make hym knowe that shold wynne the swerd.

So upon Newe Yeres Day, whan the servyce was done, the barons rode unto the feld, some to juste and som to torney. And so it happed that Syre Ector, that had grete lyvelode aboute London, rode unto the justes, and with hym rode Syr Kaynus his sone and yong Arthur that was hys nourisshed broder; and Syr Kay was made knyght at Alhalowmas afore. So as they rode to the justes ward Sir Kay had lost his suerd, for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng, and so he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his swerd.

"I wyll wel," said Arthur, and rode fast after the swerd.

And whan he cam home the lady and al were out to see the joustyng. Thenne was Arthur wroth and saide to hymself, "I will ryde to the chircheyard and take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone, for my broder Sir Kay shal not be without a swerd this day."

So whan he cam to the chircheyard Arthur alight and tayed his hors to the style, and so he wente to the tent and found no knyghtes there, for they were atte justyng. And so he handled the swerd by the handels, and lightly and fiersly pulled it out of the stone, and took his hors and rode his way untyll he came to his broder Sir Kay and delyverd hym the swerd. And as sone as Sir Kay saw the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone; and so he rode to his fader Syr Ector and said, "Sire, loo here is the swerd of the stone, wherfor I must be kyng of thys land."

When Syre Ector beheld the swerd he retorned ageyne and cam to the chirche, and there they alighte al thre and wente into the chirche, and anon he made Sir Kay to swere upon a book how he came to that swerd.

"Syr," said Sir Kay, "by my broder Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gate ye this swerd?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will telle you. When I cam home for my broders swerd I fond nobody at home to delyver me his swerd. And so I thought my broder Syr Kay shold not be swerdles, and so I cam hyder egerly and pulled it out of the stone withoute ony payn."

"Found ye ony knyghtes about this swerd?" seid Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understande ye must be kynge of this land."

"Wherfore I?" sayd Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sire," saide Ector, "for God wille have hit soo, for ther shold never man have drawen oute this swerde but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land. Now lete me see whether ye can putte the swerd theras it was and pulle hit oute ageyne."

"That is no maystry," said Arthur, and soo he put it in the stone. Therwithalle Sir Ector assayed to pulle oute the swerd and faylled.

"Now assay," said Syre Ector unto Syre Kay. And anon he pulled at the swerd with alle his myghte, but it wold not be.

"Now shal ye assay," said Syre Ector to Arthur.

"I wyll wel," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily.

And therwithalle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe, and Syre Kay.

"Allas!" said Arthur, "myne own dere fader and broder, why knele ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your fader nor of your blood, but I wote wel ye are of an hyher blood than I wende ye were." And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nourisshe hym and by whoos commandement, and by Merlyns delyveraunce.

Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he understood that Syre Ector was not his fader.

"Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "woll ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are kyng?"

"Els were I to blame," said Arthur, "for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholdyng to, and my good lady and moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath fostred me and kepte. And yf ever hit be Goddes will that I be kynge as ye say, ye shall desyre of me what I may doo and I shalle not faille yow. God forbede I shold faille yow."

"Sir," said Sire Ector, "I will aske no more of yow but that ye wille make my sone, your foster broder Syre Kay, senceall of alle your landes."

"That shalle be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the feith of my body, that never man shalle have that office but he whyle he and I lyve."

Therewithall they wente unto the archebisshop and told hym how the swerd was encheved and by whome. And on Twelfth Day alle the barons cam thyder and to assay to take the swerd who that wold assay, but there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur. Wherfor ther were many lordes wroth, and saide it was grete shame unto them all and the reame to be overgovernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne. And so they fell oute at that tyme, that it was put of tyll Candelmas, and thenne alle the barons shold mete there ageyne; but alwey the ten knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerd day and nyght, and so they sette a pavelione over the stone and the swerd, and fyve alwayes watched.

Soo at Candalmasse many moo grete lordes came thyder for to have wonne the swerde, but there myghte none prevaille. And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmasse he dyd at Candelmasse, and pulled oute the swerde easely, wherof the barons were sore agreved and put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester. And as Arthur sped afore so dyd he at Eester. Yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur shold be kynge, and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of Pentecoste.

Thenne the Archebisshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns provydence lete purveye thenne of the best knyghtes that they myghte gete, and suche knyghtes as Uther Pendragon loved best and moost trusted in his dayes. And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn, Syre Kaynes, Syre Ulfyus, Syre Brasias; all these with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feste of Pentecost. And at the feste of Pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the swerde that wold assay, but none myghte prevaille but Arthur, and pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there.

Wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones, "We wille have Arthur unto our kyng! We wille put hym no more in delay, for we alle see that it is Goddes wille that he shalle be our kynge, and who that

holdeth ageynst it, we wille slee hym!" And therwithall they knelyd at ones, both ryche and poure, and cryed Arthur mercy bycause they had delayed hym so longe. And Arthur foryaf hem and took the swerd bitwene both his handes and offred it upon the aulter where the archebisshop was, and so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronacyon made, and ther was he sworne unto his lordes and the comyns for to be a true kyng, to stand with true justyce fro thensforth the dayes of his lyf.

Also thenne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in and to do servyce as they oughte to doo. And many complayntes were made unto Sir Arthur of grete wronges that were done syn the dethe of Kyng Uther, of many londes that were bereved lordes, knyghtes, ladyes, and gentilmen. Wherfor Kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeven ageyne unto them that oughte hem.

Whanne this was done, that the kyng had stablisshed alle the countreyes aboute London, thenne he lete make Syr Kay Sencial of Englond, and Sir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Constable, and Sir Ulfyus was made Chamberlayn, and Sire Brascias was maade wardeyn to wayte upon the Northe fro Trent forwardes, for it was that tyme the most party the kynges enemyes. But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the North, Scotland, and alle that were under their obeissaunce. Also Walys: a parte of it helde ayenst Arthur, but he overcam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt, thurgh the noble prowesse of hymself and his Knyghtes of the Round Table.

Thenne the kyng remeved into Walys and lete crye a grete feste, that it shold be holdyn at Pentecost after the incoronacion of hym at the cyté of Carlyon. Unto the fest come Kyng Lott of Lowthean and of Orkeney with fyve honderd knyghtes with hym; also ther come to the feste Kynge Uryens of Gore with four honderd knyghtes with hym; also ther come to that feeste Kyng Nayntres of Garloth with seven honderd knyghtes with hym; also ther came to the feest the Kynge of Scotland with sixe honderd knyghtes with hym, and he was but a yong man. Also ther came to the feste a kyng that

was called the Kyng with the Honderd Knyghtes, but he and his men were passyng wel bisene at al poyntes; also ther cam the kyng Carados with fyve honderd knyghtes.

And Kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge, for he wende that al the kynges and knyghtes had come for grete love and to have done hym worship at his feste, wherfor the kyng made grete joye and sente the kynges and knyghtes grete presentes. But the kynges wold none receyve, but rebuked the messagers shamefully and said they had no joye to receyve no yeftes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood, and sente hym word they wold none of his yeftes, but that they were come to gyve hym yeftes with hard swerdys betwixt the neck and the sholders; and therfore they cam thyder, so they told to the messagers playnly, for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to have a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land was.

With this ansuer the messagers departed, and told to Kyng Arthur this ansuer, wherfor by the advys of his barons he took hym to a strong towre with fyve honderd good men with hym. And all the kynges aforesaid in a maner leyd a syege tofore hym, but Kyng Arthur was well vytailled. And within fyftene dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem into the cyté of Carlyon. Thenne all the kynges were passyng gladde of Merlyn and asked hym, "For what cause is that boye Arthur made your kynge?"

"Syres," said Merlyn, "I shalle telle yow the cause, for he is Kynge Uther Pendragons sone borne in wedlok, goten on Igrayne, the dukes wyf of Tyntagyll."

"Thenne is he a bastard," they said al.

"Nay," said Merlyn, "after the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten, and thirtene dayes after Kyng Uther wedded Igrayne, and therfor I preve hym he is no bastard. And, who saith nay, he shal be kyng and overcome alle his enemyes, and or he deye he shalle be long kynge of all Englond and have under his obeyssaunce Walys, Yrland, and Scotland, and moo reames than I will now reherce."

Some of the kynges had merveyl of Merlyns wordes and demed well that it shold be as he said, and som of hem lough hym to scorne,

as Kyng Lot, and mo other called hym a wytche. But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that Kynge Arthur shold come oute and speke with the kynges, and to come sauf and to goo sauf, suche suraunce ther was made. So Merlyn went unto Kynge Arthur and told hym how he had done and badde hym "fere not, but come oute boldly and speke with hem, and spare hem not, but ansuere them as their kynge and chyvetayn, for ye shal overcome hem all, whether they wille or nylle."

Thenne Kynge Arthur came oute of his tour and had under his gowne a jesseraunte of double maylle, and ther wente with hym the Archebisshop of Caunterbury, and Syr Baudewyn of Bretayne, and Syr Kay, and Syre Brascias; these were the men of moost worship that were with hym. And whan they were mette there was no mekenes but stoute wordes on bothe sydes, but alweyes Kynge Arthur ansuerd them and said he wold make them to bowe and he lyved, wherfore they departed with wrath. And Kynge Arthur badde kepe hem wel, and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel. Soo the kynge retornyd hym to the toure ageyne and armed hym and alle his knyghtes.

"What will ye do?" said Merlyn to the kynges. "Ye were better for to stynte, for ye shalle not here prevaille, though ye were ten so many."

"Be we wel avysed to be aferd of a dreme-reder?" said Kyng Lot.

With that Merlyn vanysshed aweye and came to Kynge Arthur, and bad hym set on hem fiersly. And in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the best that were with the kynges that wente streyghte unto Kynge Arthur, and that comforted hym gretely.

"Syr," said Merlyn to Arthur, "fyghte not with the swerde that ye had by myracle til that ye see ye go unto the wers; thenne drawe it out and do your best."

So forthwithalle Kynge Arthur sette upon hem in their lodgyng, and Syre Bawdewyn, Syre Kay, and Syr Brascias slewe on the right hand and on the lyfte hand that it was merveylle; and alweyes Kynge Arthur on horsback leyd on with a swerd and dyd merveillous

dedes of armes, that many of the kynges had grete envye of his dedes and hardynesse. Thenne Kynge Lot brake out on the bak syde, and the Kyng with the Honderd Knyghtes and Kyng Carados, and sette on Arthur fiersly behynde hym.

With that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes and smote behynd and before, and ever Sir Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne undernethe hym. And therwith Kynge Lot smote doune Kyng Arthur. With that his four knyghtes rescowed hym and set hym on horsback; thenne he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke thirty torchys, and therwith he put hem on bak and slewe moche peple. And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and stavys and slewe many knyghtes, but alle the kynges helde them togyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyve, and so fled and departed; and Merlyn come unto Arthur and counceilled hym to folowe hem no further.

So after the feste and journeye Kynge Arthur drewe hym unto London. And soo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to counceil, for Merlyn had told the kynge that the sixe kynges that made warre upon hym wold in al haste be awroke on hym and on his landys; wherfor the kyng asked counceil at hem al. They coude no counceil gyve, but said they were bygge ynough.

"Ye saye wel," said Arthur: "I thanke you for your good courage. But wil ye al that loveth me speke with Merlyn? Ye knowe wel that he hath done moche for me, and he knoweth many thynges; and whan he is afore you I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his best avyse."

Alle the barons sayd they wold pray hym and desyre hym. Soo Merlyn was sente for and fair desyred of al the barons to gyve them best counceil.

"I shall say you," said Merlyn, "I warne yow al, your enemyes are passyng strong for yow, and they are good men of armes as ben on lyve. And by thys tyme they have goten to them four kynges mo and a myghty duke, and onlesse that our kyng have more chyvalry with hym than he may make within the boundys of his own reame, and he fyghte with hem in batail, he shal be overcome and slayn."

"What were best to doo in this cause?" said al the barons.

"I shal telle you," said Merlyn, "myne advys. There ar two bretheren beyond the see, and they be kynges bothe and merveillous good men of her handes; and that one hyghte Kynge Ban of Benwic, and that other hyght Kyng Bors of Gaule, that is Fraunce. And on these two kynges warrith a myghty man of men, the kynge Claudas, and stryveth with hem for a castel; and grete werre is betwixt them. But this Claudas is so myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good knyghtes that he putteth these two kynges moost parté to the werse. Wherfor this is my counceil: that our kyng and soverayne lord sende unto the kynges Ban and Bors by two trusty knyghtes with letters wel devysed, that and they wil come and see Kynge Arthur and his courte and to helpe hym in hys warrys, that he wolde be sworne unto them to helpe hem in theire warrys agaynst Kynge Claudas. Now what sey ye unto thys counceyle?" seyde Merlyon.

"Thys ys well counceyled," seyde the kynge and all the barownes.

Ryght so in all haste there were ordayned to go too knyghtes on thys message unto thes too kyngis, and lettirs were made in the moste plesauntist wyse accordynge unto Kynge Arthurs desyre, and Ulphuns and Brascias were made the messyngers; and so rode forth well horsed and well i-armed and as the gyse was that tyme, and so passed the see and rode towarde the cité of Benwyke. And there besydes were eyght knyghtes that aspyed hem, and at a strayte passage they mette with Ulphuns and Brascias and wolde a takyn them presoners. So they preyde them that they myght passe, for they were messyngers unto Kyng Ban and Bors isente frome Kynge Arthure.

"Therefore," seyde the knyghtes, "ye shall dey othir be presoners, for we be knyghtes of Kynge Claudas."

And therewith too of them dressed theire sperys unto Ulphuns and Brascias; and they dressed theire speris, and ran togydir with grete random. And Claudas his knyghtes brake theire spearis, and theire too hylde and bare the too knyghtes oute of theire sadils to the erth and so leffte them lyynge and rode theire wayes. And the other six knyghtes rode before to a passage to mete with them ayen,

and so Ulphuns and Brascias othir too smote downe and so paste on hir wayes. And at the thirde passage there mette too for too and bothe were leyde unto the erthe. And at the fourthe passage there mette too for too and bothe were leyde unto the erthe. So there was none of the eyght knyghtes but he was hurte sore othir brused.

And whan they com to Benwyke hit fortuned both the kynges be there, Ban and Bors. Than was hit tolde the too kyngis how there were com too messyngers. And anone there was sente unto them too knyghtes of worship, that one hyght Lyonses, lorde of the contrey of Payarne, and Sir Pharyaunce, a worshipfull knyght; and anone asked them frome whens they com, and they seyde frome Kyng Arthure, Kynge of Ingelonde. And so they toke them in theire armys and made grete joy eche of othir. But anone as they wyste they were messyngers of Arthurs there was made no taryynge, but forthwith they spake with the kyngis. And they welcommed them in the moste faythfullyst wyse and seyde they were moste welcom unto them before all the kynges men lyvynge. And therewith they kyssed the lettirs and delyvird them. And whan Kynge Ban and Bors undirstoode the lettirs, than were they more welcom than they were tofore.

And aftir the haste of the lettirs they gaff hem thys answere, that they wolde fulfille the desire of Kyng Arthurs wrytynge, and bade Sir Ulphuns and Sir Brascias tarry there as longe as they wolde, for they shulde have such chere as myght be made for them in thys marchis. Than Ulphuns and Brascias tolde the kynge of theire adventure at the passagis for the eyght knyghtes. "A ha!" seyde Kynge Ban, "they were my good frendis. I wolde I had wyste of them, and they sholde nat so have ascaped."

So thes too knyghtes had good chere and grete gyfftis as much as they myght bere away, and had theire answere by mowth and by wrytynge that the too kynges wolde com unto Arthure in all the haste that they myght. So thes too knyghtes rode on afore and passed the see and com to theire lorde and tolde hym how they had spedde, wherefore Kyng Arthure was passyng glad and seyde, "How suppose you, at what tyme woll thes too kynges be here?"

"Sir," they seyde, "before Allhalowmasse."

Than the kynge lette purvey for a grete feste, and also he lette cry both turnementis and justis thorowoute all his realme, and the day appoynted and sette at Allhalowmasse. And so the tyme drove on and all thynges redy ipurveyed, thes too noble kynges were entirde the londe and comyn ovir the see with thre hondred knyghtes full well arayed both for the pees and also for the werre. And so royally they were resceyved and brought towarde the cité of London, and so Arthure mette them ten myle oute of London, and there was grete joy made as couthe be thought. And on Allhalowmasse Day at the grete feste sate in the halle the thre kynges, and Sir Kay the Senesciall served in the halle, and Sir Lucas the Butler that was Duke Corneus son, and Sir Gryfflet that was the son of God of Cardal: thes thre knyghtes had the rule of all the servyse that served the kyngis.

And anone as they were wayshen and rysen, all the knyghtes that wolde juste made hem redy. And be than they were redy on horsebak there was seven hondred knyghtes. And Kynge Arthure, Ban, and Bors, with the Archebysshop of Caunterbyry, and Sir Ector, Kays fadir, they were in a place covirde with clothys of golde lyke unto an halle, with ladyes and jantillwomen for to beholde who dud beste and thereon to gyff a jugemente. And Kyng Arthure with the too kyngis lette departe the seven hondred knyghtes in too partyes. And there were thre hondred knyghtes of the realme of Benwyke and Gaule that turned on the othir syde. And they dressed theire shyldis and began to couche hir sperys, many good knyghtes.

So Sir Gryfflet was the firste that sette oute, and to hym com a knyght, hys name was Sir Ladynas, and they com so egirly togydir that all men had wondir, and they so sore fought that hir shyldis felle on pecis and both horse and man felle to the erthe, and both the Frensh knyght and the Englysh knyght lay so longe that all men wente they had bene dede. Whan Lucas the Butler saw Sir Gryfflet ly so longe, he horsed hym agayne anone, and they too ded many mervelous dedis of armys with many bachelers.

Also Sir Kay com oute of a bushemente with fyve knyghtes with hym, and they six smote othir six downe. But Sir Kay dud that day

many mervaylous dedis of armys, that there was none that dud so welle as he that day. Than there com Ladynas and Grascian, too knyghtes of Fraunse, and dud passynge well, that all men praysed them. Than com in Sir Placidas, a good knyght, that mette with Sir Kay and smote hym downe horse and man, wherefore Sir Gryfflet was wroth and mette with Sir Placidas so harde that horse and man felle to the erthe. But whan the fyve knyghtes wyst that Sir Kay had a falle they were wroth oute of mesure, and therewithall ech of them fyve bare downe a knyght.

Whan Kynge Arthur and the too kynges saw hem begynne wexe wroth on bothe partyes, they leped on smale hakeneyes and lette cry that all men sholde departe unto theire lodgynge. And so they wente home and unarmed them, and so to evynsonge and souper. And aftir souper the thre kynges wente into a gardyne and gaff the pryce unto Sir Kay and unto Sir Lucas the Butler and unto Sir Gryfflet. And than they wente unto counceyle, and with hem Gwenbaus, brothir unto Kynge Ban and Bors, a wyse clerke; and thidir wente Ulphuns, Brascias and Merlion. And aftir they had ben in her counceyle they wente unto bedde. And on the morne they harde masse, and to dyner and so to theire counceyle, and made many argumentes what were beste to do.

So at the laste they were concluded that Merlion sholde go with a tokyn of Kynge Ban, that was a rynge, unto hys men and Kynge Bors, and Gracian and Placidas sholde go agayne and kepe theire castels and theire contreyes, for Kynge Ban of Benwyke and Kynge Bors of Gaule had ordayned them all thynge. And so passed the see and com to Benwyke. And whan the people sawe Kynge Bannys rynge and Gracian and Placidas, they were glad and asked how theire kynges fared and made grete joy of theire welfare. And accordyng unto theire soveraigne lordis desire, the men of warre made hem redy in all haste possible, so that they were fyftene thousande on horsebacke and foote, and they had grete plenté of vitayle by Merlions provisions. But Gracian and Placidas were leffte at home to furnysh and garnysh the castellis for drede of Kyng Claudas.

Ryght so Merlion passed the see well vitayled bothe by watir

and by londe. And whan he com to the see he sente home the footemen agayne, and, toke no mo with hym but ten thousande men on horsebacke, the moste party of men of armys; and so shipped and passed the see into Inglonde and londed at Dovir. And thorow the wytte of Merlion he ledde the oste northwarde the pryvéyst wey that coude be thought, unto the foreste of Bedgrayne, and there in a valey lodged hem secretely. Than rode Merlion to Arthure and to the too kynges, and tolde hem how he had spedde, whereof they had grete mervayle that ony man on erthe myght spede so sone, and go and com. So Merlion tolde them how ten thousande were in the forest of Bedgrayne well armed at all poyntis.

Than was there no more to sey, but to horsebak wente all the oste as Arthure had before provyded. So with twenty thousande he passed by nyght and day. But there was made such an ordinaunce afore by Merlyon that there sholde no man of warre ryde nothir go in no contrey on this syde Trente Watir but if he had a tokyn frome Kynge Arthure, wherethorow the kynges enemyes durst nat ryde as they dud tofore to aspye. And so wythin a litill whyle the thre kyngis com to the forest of Bedgrayne and founde there a passynge fayre felyship and well besene, whereof they had grete joy, and vitayle they wanted none.

Thys was the causis of the northir hoste, that they were rered for the despite and rebuke that the syx kyngis had at Carlyon. And tho six kyngis by hir meanys gate unto them fyve othir kyngis, and thus they began to gadir hir people. And now they swore nother for welle nothyr wo they sholde nat leve tyll they had destroyed Arthure, and than they made an othe. And the first that began the othe was the Deuke of Candebenet, that he wolde brynge with hym fyve thousande men of armys, the which were redy on horsebakke. Than swore Kynge Brandegoris of Strangore that he wolde brynge with hym fyve thousande men of armys on horsebacke. Than swore Kynge Clarivauns of Northumbirlonde that he wolde brynge thre thousande men of armys with hym. Than swore the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, that was a passynge good man and a yonge, that he wold brynge foure thousande good men of armys on horsebacke.

Than there swore Kynge Lott, a passyng good knyght and fadir unto Sir Gawayne, that he wolde brynge fyve thousande good men of armys on horsebak.

Also ther swore Kynge Uryens that was Sir Uwaynes fadir of the londe of Goore, and he wolde brynge six thousande men of armys on horsebak. Also there swore Kynge Idres of Cornuweale that he wolde brynge fyve thousande men of armys on horsebacke. Also there swore Kynge Cradilmans to brynge fyve thousande men of armys on horsebacke. Also there swore Kynge Angwysshauns of Irelonde to brynge fyve thousande men of armys on horsebak. Also there swore Kynge Nentres to brynge fyve thousande men of armys on horsebak. Also there swore Kynge Carados to brynge fyve thousande men of armys on horsebak. So hir hole oste was of clene men of armys on horsebacke fully fyffty thousande, and on foote ten thousande of good mennes bodyes.

Than they were sone redy and mounted uppon horsebacke, and sent forthe before the foreryders. For thes a eleven kynges in hir wayes leyde a sege unto the Castell of Bedgrayne; and so they departed and drew towarde Arthure, and leffte a fewe to byde at the sege, for the Castell of Bedgrayne was an holde of Kynge Arthurs and the men that were within were Kynge Arthurs men all. So by Merlyons advice there were sente foreryders to skymme the contrey; and they mette with the foreryders of the Northe and made hem to telle which way the oste com. And than they tolde Kynge Arthure, and by Kynge Ban and Bors his counceile they lette brenne and destroy all the contrey before them there they sholde ryde.

The Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtis that tyme mette a wondir dreme too nyghtes before the batayle: that there blew a grete wynde and blew downe hir castels and hir townys, and aftir that com a watir and bare hit all away. And all that herde of that swevyn seyde hit was a tokyn of grete batayle. Than by counceile of Merlion, whan they wyst which wey the an eleven kynges wolde ryde and lodge that nyght, at mydnyght they sette uppon them as they were in theire pavilions. But the scowte-wacche by hir oste cryed: "Lordis, as armes! for here be oure enemyes at youre honde!"

Than Kynge Arthure and Kynge Ban and Bors with hir good and trusty knyghtes sette uppon them so fersely that he made them overthrowe hir pavilons on hir hedis. But the eleven kynges by manly prouesse of armys toke a fayre champion, but there was slayne that morow tyde ten thousande good mennes bodyes. And so they had before hem a stronge passage; yet were there fyffty thousande of hardy men. Than hit drew toward day.

"Now shall ye do by myne advice," seyde Merlyon unto the thre kyngis; and seyde: "I wolde Kynge Ban and Bors with hir felyship of ten thousande men were put in a woode here besyde in an inbusshemente and kept them prevy, and that they be leyde or the lyght of the day com, and that they stire nat tyll that ye and youre knyghtes a fought with hem longe. And whan hit ys daylyght, dresse youre batayle evyn before them and the passage, that they may se all youre oste, for than woll they be the more hardy whan they se you but aboute twenty thousande, and cause hem to be the gladder to suffir you and youre oste to com over the passage."

All the thre kynges and the hole barownes seyde how Merlion devised passynge well, and so hit was done.

So on the morne whan aythir oste saw othir, they of the Northe were well comforted. Than Ulphuns and Brascias were delyvirde thre thousand men of armys, and they sette on them fersely in the passage, and slew on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde that hit was wondir to telle. But whan the eleven kynges saw that there was so few a felyship that dud such dedis of armys, they were ashamed and sette on hem agayne fersely. And there was Sir Ulphuns horse slayne undir hym, but he dud merveylously on foote. But the Duke Escanse of Candebenet and Kynge Clarivaunce of Northehumbirlonde were allwey grevously set on Ulphuns. Than Sir Brascias saw his felow yfared so withall, he smote the duke with a spere, that horse and man felle downe. That saw Kyng Claryvauns, and returned unto Sir Brascias, and eythir smote othir so that horse and man wente to the erthe. And so they lay longe astoned, and theire horse knees braste to the harde bone.

Than com Sir Kay the Senesciall with six felowis with hym and dud passynge well. So with that com the eleven kyngis, and there was Gryfflette put to the erth horse and man, and Lucas the Butler horse and man, Kynge Brandegoris and Kynge Idres and Kynge Angwyshaunce.

Than wexed the medlee passyng harde on bothe parties. Whan Sir Kay saw Sir Gryfflet on foote, he rode unto Kynge Nentres and smote hym downe, and ledde his horse unto Sir Gryfflete and horsed hym agayne. Also Sir Kay with the same spere smote downe Kynge Lotte and hurte hym passynge sore. That saw the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and ran unto Sir Kay and smote hym downe, and toke hys horse and gaff hym Kynge Lotte, whereof he seyde gramercy. Whan Sir Gryfflet saw Sir Kay and Sir Lucas de Butler on foote, he took a sherpe spere grete and square, and rode to Pynnel, a good man of armys, and smote horse and man downe, and than he toke hys horse and gaff hym unto Sir Kay.

Than Kyng Lotte saw Kynge Nentres on foote. He ran unto Meliot de la Roche and smote hym downe horse and man, and gaff Kynge Nentres the horse and horsed hym agayne. Also the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes saw Kynge Idres on foote: he ran unto Gwymarte de Bloy and smote hym downe horse and man, and gaff Kynge Idres the horse and horsed hym agayne. And Kynge Lotte smote downe Clarinaus de la Foreyste Saveage and gaff the horse unto Duke Escans. And so whan they had horsed the kyngis agayne, they drew hem all eleven kynges togydir, and seyde they wolde be revenged of the damage that they had takyn that day.

The meane whyle com in Kyng Arthure with an egir countenaunce, and founde Ulphuns and Brascias on foote, in grete perell of dethe, that were fowle defoyled undir the horse feete. Than Arthure as a lyon ran unto Kynge Cradilment of North Walis and smote hym thorow the lyffte syde, that horse and man felle downe. Than he toke the horse by the reygne and led hym unto Ulphuns and seyde, "Have this horse, myne olde frende, for grete nede hast thou of an horse."

"Gramercy," seyde Ulphuns.

Than Kynge Arthure dud so mervaylesly in armys that all men had wondir. Whan the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes saw Kynge Cradilmente on foote, he ran unto Sir Ector, Sir Kayes fadir, that was well ihorsed, and smote horse and man downe and gaff the horse unto the kynge and horsed hym agayne. And whan Kynge Arthure saw that kynge ryde on Sir Ectors horse he was wrothe, and with hys swerde he smote the kynge on the helme, that a quarter of the helme and shelde clave downe; and so the swerde carve downe unto the horse necke, and so man and horse felle downe to the grounde. Than Sir Kay com unto Kynge Morganoure, senesciall with the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes, and smote hym downe horse and man, and ledde the horse unto hys fadir Sir Ector.

Than Sir Ector ran unto a knyght that hyght Lardans and smote horse and man downe, and lad the horse unto Sir Brascias, that grete nede had of an horse and was gretly defoyled. Whan Brascias behelde Lucas the Butler that lay lyke a dede man undir the horse feete – and ever Sir Gryflet dud mervayllously for to reskow hym, and there were allwayes fourtene knyghtes upon Sir Lucas – and than Sir Brascias smote one of them on the helme that hit wente unto his tethe, and he rode unto another and smote hym that hys arme flowe into the felde, than he wente to the thirde and smote hym on the shulder that sholdir and arme flow unto the felde. And whan Gryfflet saw rescowis he smote a knyght on the templis, that hede and helme wente of to the erthe; and Gryfflet toke that horse and lad hym unto Sir Lucas, and bade hym mownte uppon that horse and revenge his hurtis, for Sir Brascias had slayne a knyght tofore, and horsed Sir Lucas.

Than Sir Lucas saw Kynge Angwysshaunce that nyghe had slayne Maris de la Roche, and Lucas ran to hym with a sherpe spere that was grete, and he gaff hym suche a falle that the horse felle downe to the erthe. Also Lucas founde there on foote Bloyas de la Flaundres and Sir Gwynas, too hardy knyghtes; and in that woodnes that Lucas was in, he slew too bachelers and horsed them agayne. Than wexed the batayle passynge harde one bothe partyes. But Kynge Arthure was glad that hys knyghtes were horsed agayne.

And than they fought togiders, that the noyse and the sowne range by the watir and woode. Wherefore Kynge Ban and Bors made hem redy and dressed theire shyldis and harneysse, and were so currageous that many knyghtes shooke and byverd for egirnesse.

All thys whyle Sir Lucas, Gwynas, Bryaunte, and Bellias of Flaundres helde stronge medlé agaynste six kynges, which were Kynge Lott, Kynge Nentres, Kynge Brandegoris, Kynge Idres, Kyng Uriens, and Kynge Angwysshauns. So with the helpe of Sir Kay and of Sir Gryfflet they helde thes six kyngis harde, that unneth they had ony power to deffende them. But whan Kynge Arthure saw the batayle wolde nat be ended by no maner, he fared woode as a lyon and stirred his horse here and there on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that he stynted nat tylle he had slayne twenty knyghtes. Also he wounded Kynge Lotte sore on the shulder, and made hym to leve that grownde, for Sir Kay and Sir Gryfflet dud with Kynge Arthure grete dedis of armys there.

Than Sir Ulphuns, Brascias and Sir Ector encountirde agaynste the Duke Escans and Kynge Cradilmante and Kynge Clarivauns of Northhumbirlonde and Kynge Carados and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes. So thes knyghtes encountird with thes kynges, that they made them to avoyde the grounde.

Than Kynge Lotte made grete dole for his damagis and his felowis, and seyde unto the ten kyngis, "But if ye woll do as I have devised, we all shall be slayne and destroyed. Lette me have the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and Kynge Angwysshaunce, and Kynge Idres, and the Duke of Candebenet, and we fyve kyngis woll have ten thousande men of armys with us, and we woll go on one party whyle the six kynges holde the medlé with twelve thousande. And whan we se that ye have foughtyn with hem longe, than woll we com on freysshly. And ellis shall we never macche them," seyde Kynge Lotte, "but by thys means."

So they departed as they here devised, and thes six kyngis made theire party stronge agaynste Kyng Arthure and made grete warre longe in the meane whyle. Than brake the bushemente of Kynge Banne and Bors; and Lionses and Phariaunce had the advaunte-

garde, and they too knyghtes mette with Kynge Idres and his felyship. And there began a grete medlé of brekyng of speres and smytynge of swerdys, with sleynge of men and horsis, and Kynge Idres was nere discomfited. That saw Kynge Angwysshaunce, and put Lyonses and Phariaunce in poynte of dethe, for the Duke of Candebenet com on with a grete felyship. So thes too knyghtes were in grete daungere of theire lyves, that they were fayne to returne; but allweyes they rescowed hemselff and hir felyship merveylously.

Whan Kynge Bors saw tho knyghtes put on bak hit greved hym sore. Than he com on so faste that his felyship semed as blak as inde. Whan Kynge Lotte had aspyed Kynge Bors, he knew hym well, and seyde, "Jesu defende us frome dethe and horryble maymes, for I se well we be in grete perell of dethe; for I se yondir a kynge, one of the moste worshipfullyst men and one of the best knyghtes of the worlde, and the best knyghtes of the worlde be inclyned unto his felyship."

"What ys he?" seyde the Kynge with the Hundirde Knyghtes.

"Hit ys," he seyde, "Kynge Bors of Gaule. I mervayle," seyde he, "how they com unto this contrey withoute wetynge of us all."

"Hit was by Merlions advice," seyde a knyght.

"As for me," seyde Kynge Carados, "I woll encountir with Kynge Bors, and ye woll rescow me whan myster ys."

"Go on," seyde they, "for we woll do all that we may."

Than Kynge Carados and hys oste rode on a soffte pace tyll they com as nyghe Kynge Bors as a bowe-draught. Than eythir batayle lette theire horsys renne as faste as they myght. And Bleobris that was godson unto Kynge Bors, he bare his chyeff standard, that was a passyng good knyght.

"Now shall we se," seyde Kynge Bors, "how thes northirne Bretons can bere theire armys!"

So Kynge Bors encountird with a knyght and smote hym thorowoute with a spere, that he felle dede unto the erthe; and aftirwarde drew hys swerde and dud mervaylous dedis of armys, that all partyes had grete wondir thereof. And his knyghtes fayled nat but dud hir parte. And Kynge Carados was smytten to the

erthe. With that com the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and rescowed Kynge Carados myghtyly by force of armys, for he was a passynge good knyght of a kynge, and but a yonge man.

Be than com into the felde Kynge Ban as ferse as a lyon, with bendis of grene and thereuppon golde crownys.

"A ha!" seyde Kynge Lott, "we muste be discomfite, for yondir I se the most valiante knyght of the worlde, and the man of moste renowne, for such too brethirne as ys Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors ar nat lyvynge. Wherefore we muste nedis voyde or dye, and but if we avoyde manly and wysely there ys but dethe."

So whan Kynge Ban com into the batayle, he com in so fersely that the strokis rebounded agayne fro the woode and the watir. Wherefore Kynge Lotte wepte for pité and dole that he saw so many good knyghtes take theire ende. But thorow the grete force of Kynge Ban they made that bothe the northirne batayles that were parted hurteled togydirs for grete drede. And the thre kynges and theire knyghtes slew on ever, that hit was pité to se and to beholde the multitude of peple that fledde. But Kyng Lott and the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes and Kynge Morganoure gadred the peple togydir passynge knyghtly, and dud grete proues of armys, and helde the batayle all the day lyke harde.

Whan the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes behelde the grete damage that Kynge Ban dyd, he threste unto hym with his horse and smote hym an hyghe on the helme a grete stroke and stoned hym sore. Than Kynge Ban was wood wrothe with hym and folowed on hym fersely. The othir saw that and caste up hys shelde and spored hys horse forewarde, but the stroke of Kynge Ban downe felle and carve a cantell of the shelde, and the swerde sloode downe by the hawbirke byhynde hys backe, and kut thorow the trappoure of stele and the horse evyn in too pecis, that the swerde felle to the erth. Than the Kynge of the Hundred Knyghtes voyded the horse lyghtly and with hys swerde he broched the horse of Kynge Ban thorow and thorow. With that Kynge Ban voyded lyghtly frome the dede horse and smote at that othir so egirly on the helme that he felle to the erthe. Also in that

ire he felde Kynge Morganoure, and there was grete slawghtir of good knyghtes and muche peple.

Be that tyme com into the prees Kynge Arthure and founde Kynge Ban stondynge amonge the dede men and dede horse, fyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon, that there com none nyghe hym as farre as he myght reche with hys swerde but he caught a grevous buffette, whereof Kynge Arthure had grete pité. And Kynge Arthure was so blody that by hys shylde there myght no man know hym, for all was blode and brayne that stake on his swerde and on hys shylde. And as Kynge Arthure loked besyde hym he sawe a knyght that was passyngely well horsed. And therewith Kynge Arthure ran to hym and smote hym on the helme, that hys swerde wente unto his teeth, and the knyght sanke downe to the erthe dede. And anone Kynge Arthure toke hys horse by the rayne and ladde hym unto Kynge Ban and seyde, "Fayre brothir, have ye thys horse, for ye have grete myster thereof, and me repentys sore of youre grete damage."

"Hit shall be sone revenged," seyde Kynge Ban, "for I truste in God myne ure ys none suche but som of them may sore repente thys."

"I woll welle," seyde Kynge Arthure, "for I se youre dedys full actuall; nevertheles I myght nat com to you at that tyme."

But whan Kynge Ban was mounted on horsebak, than there began a new batayle whych was sore and harde, and passynge grete slaughtir. And so thorow grete force Kyng Arthure, Kynge Ban, and Kynge Bors made hir knyghtes a lyght to wythdraw hem; but allwayes the eleven kynges with hir chevalry never turned backe, and so withdrew hem to a lytyll wood, and so over a litill ryvir, and there they rested hem, for on the nyght before they had no grete reste in the felde. And than the eleven kyngis put hem on an hepe all togydirs, as men adrad and oute of all comforte. But there was no man that myght passe them; they helde hem so harde togydirs bothe behynde and before that Kynge Arthure had mervayle of theire dedis of armys, and was passynge wrothe.

"A, Sir Arthure," seyde Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors, "blame hem nat, for they do as good men ought to do. For be my fayth," seyde

Kynge Ban, “they ar the beste fyghtynge men and knyghtes of moste prouesse that ever y saw other herde off speke. And tho eleven kyngis ar men of grete worship; and if they were longyng to you, there were no kynge undir hevyn that had suche eleven kyngis nother off suche worship.”

“I may nat love hem,” seyde Kynge Arthure, “for they wolde destroy me.”

“That know we well,” seyde Kyng Ban and Kynge Bors, “for they ar your mortall enemyes, and that hathe bene preved beforehonde. And thys day they have done theire parte, and that ys grete pité of theire wylfulnes.”

Than all the eleven kynges drew hem togydir, and than seyde Kynge Lott, “Lordis, ye muste do othirwyse than ye do, othir ellis the grete losses ys behynde: for ye may se what peple we have loste and what good men we lese because we wayte allweyes on thes footemen; and ever in savyng of one of thes footemen we lese ten horsemen for hym. Therefore thys ys myne advise: lette us putte oure footemen frome us, for hit ys nere nyght. For thys noble Kynge Arthure woll nat tarry on the footemen, for they may save hemselff: the woode ys nerehonde. And whan we horsemen be togydirs, looke every of you kyngis lat make such ordinaunce that none breke uppon payne of deth. And who that seeth any man dresse hym to fle, lyghtly that he be slayne; for hit ys bettir we sle a cowarde than thorow a coward all we be slayne. How sey ye?” seyde Kynge Lotte: “answere me, all ye kynges!”

“Ye say well,” seyde Kynge Nentres. So seyde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes; the same seyde Kynge Carados and Kynge Uryens; so seyde Kynge Idres and Kynge Brandegoris; so dud Kyng Cradilmasse and the Duke of Candebenet; the same seyde Kynge Claryvaunce, and so dud Kynge Angwysshaunce, and swore they wolde never fayle other, neythir for lyff nothir for dethe, and whoso that fledde all they sholde be slayne. Than they amended theire harneyse and ryghted theire sheldis, and toke newe speris and sette hem on theire thyghes, and stoode stylle as hit had be a plumpe of woode.

Whan Kynge Arthure and Kynge Ban and Bors behelde them and all hir knyghtes, they preysed them much for theire noble chere of chevalry, for the hardyeste fyghters that ever they herde other sawe.

So furthwith there dressed a fourty knyghtes, and seyde unto the thre kynges they wolde breke theire batayle. And thes were theire namys: Lyonses, Phariaunce, Ulphuns, Brascias, Ector, Kayus, Lucas de Butler, Gryfflet le Fyse de Deu, Marrys de la Roche, Gwynas de Bloy, Bryaunte de la Foreyste Saveage, Bellaus, Morians of the Castel Maydyns, Flaundreus of the Castel of Ladyes, Annecians that was Kynge Bors godson, a noble knyght, and Ladinas de la Rouse, Emerause, Caulas, Graciens le Castilion, Bloyse de la Case and Sir Colgrevaunce de Goore. All thes knyghtes rode on before with sperys on theire thyghes and spurred theire horses myghtyly as the horses myghte renne. And the eleven kyngis with parte of hir knyghtes rushed furthe as faste as they myght with hir sperys, and there they dud on bothe partyes merveylous dedes of armys. So there com into the thycke of the prees Arthure, Ban, and Bors, and slew downeryght on bothe hondis, that hir horses wente in blood up to the fittlockys. But ever the eleven kyngis and the oste was ever in the visage of Arthure. Wherefore Kynge Ban and Bors had grete mervayle, consyderyng the grete slaughter that there was; but at the laste they were dryven abacke over a litill ryver.

With that com Merlion on a grete blacke horse and seyde unto Kynge Arthure, "Thou hast never done! Hast thou nat done inow? Of thre score thousande thys day hast thou leffte on lyve but fyftene thousande. Therefore hit ys tyme to sey 'Who!', for God ys wroth with the for thou wolt never have done. For yondir a eleven kynges at thys tyme woll nat be overthrowyn, but and thou tary on them ony lenger thy fortune woll turne and they shall encres. And therefore withdraw you unto youre lodgynge and reste you as sone as ye may, and rewarde youre good knyghtes with golde and with sylver, for they have well deserved hit. There may no ryches be to dere for them, for of so fewe men as ye have, there was never men dud more worshipfully in proues than they have

done to-day; for ye have macched thys day with the beste fyghters of the worlde."

"That ys trouthe," seyde Kynge Ban and Bors.

Than Merlyon bade hem, "Withdraw where ye lyste, for thys thre yere I dare undirtake they shall nat dere you; and by that tyme ye shall hyre newe tydyngis."

Than Merlion seyde unto Arthure, "Thes eleven kyngis have more on hande than they ar ware off, for the Sarezynes ar londed in theire contreyes mo than fourty thousande, and brenne and sle and have leyde syege to the castell Wandesborow, and make grete destruccion: therefore drede you nat thys thre yere. Also, sir, all the goodis that be gotyn at this batayle, lette hit be serched, and whan ye have hit in your hondis lette hit be geffyn frely unto thes too kyngis, Ban and Bors, that they may rewarde theire knyghtes wythall; and that shall cause straungers to be of bettir wyll to do you servyse at nede. Also ye be able to rewarde youre owne knyghtes of youre owne goodys at what tyme somever hit lykith you."

"Ye sey well," seyde Arthure, "and as thou haste devised so shall hit be done."

Whan hit was delyverde to thes kynges, Ban and Bors, they gaff the godis as frely to theire knyghtes as hit was gevyn to them.

Than Merlion toke hys leve of Kynge Arthure and of the too kyngis, for to go se hys mayster Bloyse, that dwelled in Northhumbirlonde. And so he departed and com to hys mayster, that was passynge glad of hys commynge. And there he tolde how Arthure and the too kynges had spedde at the grete batayle, and how hyt was endyd, and tolde the namys of every kynge and knyght of worship that was there. And so Bloyse wrote the batayle worde by worde as Merlion tolde hym, how hit began and by whom, and in lyke wyse how hit was ended and who had the worst. And all the batayles that were done in Arthurs dayes, Merlion dud hys mayster Bloyse wryte them. Also he dud wryte all the batayles that every worthy knyght ded of Arthurs courte.

So aftir this Merlion departed frome his mayster and com to Kynge Arthure, that was in the Castell of Bedgrayne, that was one of the castels that stondith in the Foreyste of Sherewood. And Merlion was so disgysed that Kynge Arthure knew hym nat, for he was all befurred in blacke shepis skynnes, and a grete payre of bootis, and a boowe and arowis, in a russet gowne, and brought wylde gyese in hys honde. And hit was on the morne aftir Candilmasse Day; but Kynge Arthure knew hym nat.

"Sir," seyde Merlion unto the kynge, "woll ye geff me a gyffte?"

"Wherefore," seyde Kynge Arthure, "sholde I gyff the a gyffte, chorle?"

"Sir," seyd Merlion, "ye were bettir to gyff me a gyffte that ys nat in youre honde than to lose grete rychesse. For here in the same place there the grete batayle was, ys grete tresoure hydde in the erthe."

"Who tolde the so, chorle?"

"Sir, Merlyon tolde me so," seyde he.

Than Ulphuns and Brascias knew hym well inowghe and smyled. "Sir," seyde thes too knyghtes, "hit ys Merlion that so spekith unto you."

Than Kynge Arthure was gretly abaysshed and had mervayle of Merlion, and so had Kynge Ban and Bors. So they had grete disporte at hym.

Than in the meane whyle there com a damesell that was an erlis doughter; hys name was Sanam and hir name was Lyonors, a passyng fayre damesell. And so she cam thidir for to do omage as other lordis ded aftir that grete batayle. And Kynge Arthure sette hys love gretly on hir, and so ded she uppon hym, and so the kynge had ado with hir and gate on hir a chylde. And hys name was Borre, that was aftir a good knyght and of the Table Rounde.

Than ther com worde that Kynge Ryens of North Walis made grete warre on Kynge Lodegreaunce of Camylarde, for the which Kynge Arthure was wrothe, for he loved hym welle and hated Kyng Royns, for allwayes he was ayenst hym. So by ordinauns of the thre kynges were sente home unto Benwyke all they that

wolde departe, for drede of Kynge Claudas. Thes knyghtes – Pharyaunce, Anthemes, Graciens, and Lyonses of Payarne – were the leders of them that sholde kepe the too kynges londis. And than Kynge Arthure, Kynge Ban, and Kynge Bors departed with hyr felyship, a twenty thousande, and cam within seven dayes into the contrey of Camylarde, and there rescowed Kynge Lodegraunce, and slew there muche people of Kynge Ryons, unto the numbir of ten thousande, and putte hem to flyght. And than had thes thre kynges grete chere of Kynge Lodegraunce, and he thanked them of theire grete goodnes that they wolde revenge hym of his enemyes. And there had Arthure the firste syght of Gwenyvere, the kyngis doughter of the londe of Camylarde, and ever afftir he loved hir. And aftir they were wedded, as hit tellith in the booke. So breffly to make an ende, they toke there leve to go into hir owne countreyes, for Kynge Claudas dud grete destruction on theire londis.

Than seyde Arthure, "I woll go with you."

"Nay," seyde the kyngis, "ye shall nat at thys tyme, for ye have much to do yet in thys londe. Therefore we woll departe. With the grete goodis that we have gotyn in this londe by youre gyfftis we shall wage good knyghtes and withstonde the Kynge Claudas hys malice, for, by the grace of God, and we have nede, we woll sende to you for succour. And ye have nede, sende for ys, and we woll nat tarry, by the feythe of oure bodyes."

"Hit shall nat nede," seyde Merlion, "thes too kynges to com agayne in the wey of warre; but I know well Kynge Arthure may nat be longe frome you. For within a yere or too ye shall have grete nede, than shall he revenge you on youre enemyes as ye have done on his. For thes eleven kyngis shall dye all in one day by the grete myght and prouesse of armys of too valyaunte knyghtes." As hit tellith aftir, hir namys were Balyne le Saveage and Balan hys brothir, that were merveylous knyghtes as ony was tho lyvynge.

Now turne we unto the eleven kynges that returned unto a cité that hyght Surhaute, which cité was within Kynge Uriens londe; and there they refreysshed them as well as they myght, and made lechys serche theire woundis, and sorowed gretly for the deth of hir

people. So with that there com a messyngere and tolde how there was comyn into theyre londis people that were lawles, as well as Sarezynes a fourty thousande, "and have brente and slayne all the people that they may com by withoute mercy, and have leyde sege unto the castell Wandesborow."

"Alas!" seyde the eleven kyngis, "here ys sorow uppon sorow, and if we had nat warred agaynste Arthure as we have done, he wolde sone a revenged us. And as for Kynge Lodegreaunce, he lovithe Arthure bettir than us; and as for Kynge Royens, he hath ynow ado with Kynge Lodegreauns, for he hath leyde sege unto hym."

So they condescended togydir to kepe all the marchis of Cornuwayle, of Walis, and of the Northe. So firste they put Kynge Idres in the cité of Nauntis in Bretayne with foure thousande men of armys to wacche bothe the watir and the londe. Also they put in the cyté of Wyndesan Kynge Nauntres of Garlott with foure thousande knyghtes to watche bothe on watir and on londe. Also they had of othir men of warre mo than eyght thousande for to fortefye all the fortresses in the marchys of Cornuwayle. Also they put mo kyngis in all the marchis off Walis and Scotlonde with many good men of armys, and so they kept hem togydirs the space of thre yere and ever alyed hem with myghty kynges and dukis. And unto them felle Kynge Royns of Northe Walis, which was a myghty kynge of men, and Nero that was a myghty man of men. And all thys whyle they furnysshed and garnysshed hem of good men of armys and vitayle and of all maner of ablemente that pretendith to warre, to avenge hem for the batayle of Bedgrayne, as hit tellith in the Booke of Aventures folowynge.

Than aftir the departynge of Kynge Ban and Bors, Kynge Arthure rode unto the cité of Carlyon. And thydir com unto hym Kynge Lottis wyff of Orkeney in maner of a message, but she was sente thydir to aspye the courte of Kynge Arthure, and she com rychely beseyne with hir foure sonnes, Gawayne, Gaheris, Aggravayne and Gareth, with many other knyghtes and ladyes, for she was a

passynge fayre lady. Wherefore the kynge caste grete love unto hir and desired to ly by her; and so they were agreed, and he begate uppon hir Sir Mordred. And she was syster on the modirs syde Igrayne unto Arthure.

So there she rested hir a monthe, and at the laste she departed. Than the kynge dremed a mervaylous dreme whereof he was sore adrad. (But all thys tyme Kynge Arthure knew nat that Kynge Lottis wyff was his sister.) But thus was the dreme of Arthure: hym thought there was com into hys londe gryffens and serpentes, and hym thought they brente and slowghe all the people in the londe; and than he thought he fought with them and they dud hym grete harme and wounded hym full sore, but at the laste he slew hem.

Whan the kynge waked, he was passynge hevy of hys dreme; and so to putte hit oute of thought he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge. And as sone as he was in the foreste, the kynge saw a grete harte before hym.

"Thys harte woll I chace," seyde Kynge Arthure.

And so he spurred hys horse and rode aftir longe, and so be fyne force oftyn he was lyke to have smytten the herte. Wherefore, as the kynge had chased the herte so longe that hys horse lost his brethe and felle downe dede, than a yoman fette the kynge another horse.

So the kynge saw the herte imboced and hys horse dede, he sette hym downe by a fowntayne, and there he felle in grete thought. And as he sate so hym thought he herde a noyse of howundis to the som of thirty, and with that the kynge saw com towarde hym the straungeste beste that ever he saw or herde of. So thys beste wente to the welle and dranke, and the noyse was in the bestes bealy lyke unto the questynge of thirty couple houndes, but alle the whyle the beste dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bealy. And therewith the beeste departed with a grete noyse, whereof the kynge had grete mervayle. And so he was in a grete thought, and therewith he felle on slepe.

Ryght so there com a knyght on foote unto Arthure, and seyde, "Knyght full of thought and slepy, telle me if thou saw any straunge beeste passe thys way."

"Such one saw I," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that ys paste nye too myle. What wolde ye with that beeste?" seyde Arthure.

"Sir, I have folowed that beste longe tyme and kylde myne horse, so wolde God I had another to folow my queste."

Ryght so com one with the kyngis horse. And whan the knyght saw the horse he prayde the kynge to gyff hym the horse, "for I have folowed this queste thys twelve-monthe, and othir I shall encheve hym othir blede of the beste bloode in my body." (Whos name was Kynge Pellynor that that tyme folowed the questynge beste, and afftir hys dethe Sir Palomydes folowed hit.)

"Sir knyght," seyd the kynge, "leve that queste and suffir me to have hit, and I woll folowe hit anothir twelve-monthe."

"A, foole!" seyde the knyghte unto Arthure, "hit ys in vayne thy desire, for hit shall never be encheved but by me other by my nexte kynne."

And therewithe he sterte unto the kyngis horse and mownted into the sadyl and seyde, "Gramercy, for this horse ys myne owne."

"Well," seyde the kynge, "thou mayste take myne horse by force, but and I myght preve hit I wolde weete whether thou were bettir worthy to have hym or I."

Whan the knyght herde hym sey so he seyde, "Seke me here whan thou wolte, and here nye thys welle thou shalte fynde me," and so passed on his way. Than the kynge sate in a study and bade hys men fecche another horse as faste as they myght.

Ryght so com by hym Merlyon lyke a chylde of fourtene yere of ayge, and salewed the kynge and asked hym whye he was so pensyff. "I may well be pensiff," seyde the kynge, "for I have sene the mervaylist syght that ever I saw."

"That know I well," seyde Merlyon, "as welle as thyselff, and of all thy thoughtes. But thou arte a foole to take thought for hit that woll nat amende the. Also I know what thou arte, and who was thy fadir, and on whom thou were begotyn: for Kynge Uther was thy fadir and begate the on Igrayne."

"That ys false!" seyde Kynge Arthure. "How sholdist thou know hit? For thou arte nat so olde of yerys to know my fadir."

"Yes," seyde Merlyon, "I know hit bettir than ye or ony man lyvynge."

"I woll nat beleve the," seyde Arthure, and was wrothe with the chylde.

So departed Merlyon, and com ayen in the lyknesse of an olde man of foure score yere of ayge, whereof the kynge was passynge glad, for he semed to be ryght wyse.

Than seyde the olde man, "Why ar ye so sad?"

"I may well be sad," seyde Arthure, "for many thynges. For ryght now there was a chylde here, and tolde me many thynges that mesemythe he sholde nat knowe, for he was nat of ayge to know my fadir."

"Yes," seyde the olde man, "the chylde tolde you trouthe, and more he wolde a tolde you and ye wolde a suffirde hym; but ye have done a thynge late that God ys displesed with you, for ye have lyene by youre syster and on hir ye have gotyn a childe that shall destroy you and all the knyghtes of youre realme."

"What ar ye," seyde Arthure, "that telle me thys tydyngis?"

"Sir, I am Merlion, and I was he in the chyldis lycknes."

"A," seyde the kynge, "ye ar a mervaylous man! But I mervayle muche of thy wordis that I mon dye in batayle."

"Mervayle nat," seyde Merlion, "for hit ys Goddis wylle that youre body sholde be punysshed for your fowle dedis. But I ought ever to be hevy," seyde Merlion, "for I shall dye a shamefull dethe, to be putte in the erthe quycke; and ye shall dey a worshypfull dethe."

And as they talked thus, com one with the kyngis horse, and so the kynge mownted on hys horse, and Merlion on anothir, and so rode unto Carlyon. And anone the kynge askyd Ector and Ulphuns how he was begotyn, and they tolde hym how Kynge Uther was hys fadir, and Quene Igrayne hys modir.

"So Merlion tolde me. I woll that my modir be sente for, that I myght speke with hir. And if she sey so hirselff, than woll I beleve hit."

So in all haste the quene was sente for, and she cam and she brought with hir Morgan le Fay, hir doughter, that was a fayre lady

as ony myght be. And the kynge welcommed Igrayne in the beste maner.

Ryght so com in Ulphuns and seyde opynly, that the kynge and all myght hyre that were fested that day, "Ye ar the falsyst lady of the worlde, and the moste traytoures unto the kynges person."

"Beware," seyde Kynge Arthure, "what thou seyste: thou spekiste a grete worde."

"Sir, I am well ware," seyde Ulphuns, "what I speke, and here ys my gloove to preve hit uppon ony man that woll sey the contrary, that thys Quene Igrayne ys the causer of youre grete damage and of youre grete warre, for and she wolde have uttirde hit in the lyff of Uther of the birth of you and how ye were begotyn, than ye had never had the mortall warrys that ye have had. For the moste party of your barownes of youre realme knewe never whos sonne ye were, ne of whom ye were begotyn; and she that bare you of hir body sholde have made hit knowyn opynly, in excusynge of hir worship and youres, and in lyke wyse to all the realme. Wherefore I preve hir false to God and to you and to all youre realme. And who woll sey the contrary, I woll preve hit on hys body."

Than spake Igrayne and seyde, "I am a woman and I may nat fyght; but rather than I sholde be dishonoured, there wolde som good man take my quarell. But thus," she seyde, "Merlion knowith well, and ye, Sir Ulphuns, how Kynge Uther com to me into the castell of Tyntagyl in the lyknes of my lorde that was dede thre owres tofore, and there begate a chylde that nyght uppon me, and aftir the thirtenth day Kynge Uther wedded me. And by his commaundemente, whan the chylde was borne, hit was delyvirde unto Merlion and fostred by hym. And so I saw the childe never aftir, nothir wote nat what ys hys name, for I knew hym never yette."

Than Ulphuns seyde to the quene, "Merlion is more to blame than ye."

"Sir, well I wote I bare a chylde by my lorde Kynge Uther, but I wote never where he ys becom."

Than Merlion toke the kynge by the honde, seyyng "This ys youre modir."

And therewith com in Sir Ector and bare wytnes how he fostred hym by Kynge Uthers commaundemente. And therewith Kyng Arthure toke his modir Quene Igrayne in hys armys and kyssed her, and eythir wepte uppon other. Than the kynge lete make a feste that lasted eyght dayes.

So on a day there com into the courte a squyre on horsebacke ledynge a knyght tofore hym, wounded to the deth, and tolde hym how there was a knyght in the foreste that had rered up a pavylon by a welle, "that hath slayne my mayster, a good knyght: hys name was Myles. Wherefore I besech you that my maystir may be buryed, and that som knyght may revenge my maystirs dethe."

Than the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the courte, and every man seyde hys advyce. Than com Gryfflet that was but a squyre, and he was but yonge, of the ayge of the kynge Arthure. So he besought the kynge for all hys servyse that he had done hym to gyff hym the order of knyghthode.

"Thou arte but yonge and tendir of ayge," seyd Kynge Arthure, "for to take so hyghe an order uppon the."

"Sir," seyde Gryfflett, "I beseche you to make me knyght."

"Sir," seyde Merlion, "hit were pité to lose Gryfflet, for he woll be a passynge good man whan he ys of ayge, and he shall abyde with you the terme of hys lyff. And if he aventure his body with yondir knyght at the fountayne, hit ys in grete perell if ever he com agayne, for he ys one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the strengyst man of armys."

"Well," seyde Arthure, "at thyne owne desire thou shalt be made knyght."

So at the desyre of Gryflet the kynge made hym knyght.

"Now," seyde Arthure unto Gryfflet, "sith I have made the knyght, thou muste gyff me a gyffte."

"What ye woll," seyde Gryfflet.

"Thou shalt promyse me by the feyth of thy body, whan thou haste justed with that knyght at the fountayne, whether hit falle ye be on horsebak othir on foote, that ryght so ye shall com agayne unto me withoute makynge ony more debate."

"I woll promyse you," seyde Gryffflet, "as youre desire ys."

Than toke Gryffflet hys horse in grete haste and dressed hys shelde and toke a spere in hys honde, and so he rode a grete walop tylle he com to the fountayne. And thereby he saw a ryche pavilion, and thereby undir a cloth stood a fayre horse well sadeled and brydyled, and on a tre hynge a shelde of dyvers coloures, and a grete spere thereby. Than Gryffflet smote on the shylde with the butte of hys spere, that the shylde felle downe to the grounde.

With that the knyght com oute of the pavilion and seyde, "Fayre knyght, why smote ye downe my shylde?"

"Sir, for I wolde juste with you," seyde Gryffflet.

"Sir, hit ys bettir ye do nat," seyde the knyghte, "for ye ar but yonge and late made knyght, and youre myght ys naught to myne."

"As for that," seyde Gryffflet, "I woll jouste with you."

"That ys me loth," seyde the knyght, "but sitthyn I muste nedis, I woll dresse me thereto. Of whens be ye?" seyde the knyght.

"Sir, I am of Kynge Arthurs courte."

So the too knyghtes ran togydir, that Gryfflettis spere all to-shevirde. And therewithall he smote Gryffflet thorow the shelde and the lyffte syde, and brake the spere, that the truncheon stake in hys body, and horse and man felle downe to the erthe.

Whan the knyght saw hym ly so on the grounde he alyght and was passyng hevy, for he wente he had slayne hym. And than he unlaced hys helme and gate hym wynde; and so with the troncheon he sette hym on his horse, and so betoke hym to God and seyde, "He had a myghty herte!" And seyde, if he myght lyve, he wolde preve a passyng good knyght. And so rode forthe Sir Gryffflet unto the courte, whereof passyng grete dole was made for hym. But thorow good lechis he was heled and saved.

Ryght so com into the courte twelve knyghtes that were aged men, which com frome the Emperoure of Rome; and they asked

of Arthure trwage for hys realme, othir ellis the emperour wolde destroy hym and all hys londe.

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye ar messyngers: therefore ye may sey what ye woll, othir ellis ye sholde dye therefore. But thys ys myne answere: I owghe the emperour no trewage, nother none woll I yelde hym, but on a fayre fylde I shall yelde hym my trwage, that shall be with a sherpe spere othir ellis with a sherpe swerde. And that shall nat be longe, be my fadirs soule Uther!"

And therewith the messyngers departed passyngly wrothe, and Kynge Arthure as wrothe; for in an evyll tyme com they. But the kynge was passyngly wrothe for the hurte of Sir Gryfflet, and so he commaunded a prevy man of hys chambir that or hit were day his beste horse and armoure "and all that longith to my person be withoute the cité or to-morrow day."

Ryght so he mette with his man and his horse, and so mownted up, and dressed his shelde and toke hys spere, and bade hys chambirlayne tary there tylle he com agayne. And so Arthure rode a soffte pace tyll hit was day. And than was he ware of thre chorlys chasyng Merlion and wolde have slayne hym. Than the kynge rode unto them and bade hem "Fle, chorlis!" Than they fered sore whan they sawe a knyght com, and fledde.

"A, Merlion!" seyde Arthure, "here haddist thou be slayne for all thy crafftis, had nat I bene."

"Nay," seyde Merlyon, "nat so, for I cowde a saved myselffe and I had wolde. But thou arte more nere thy deth than I am, for thou goste to thy dethe warde and God be nat thy frende."

So as they wente thus talkynge, they com to the fountayne and the ryche pavilion there by hit. Than Kynge Arthure was ware where sate a knyght armed in a chayre.

"Sir knyght," seyde Arthure, "for what cause abydist thou here, that there may no knyght ryde thys way but yf he juste with the? I rede the to leve that custom."

"Thys custom," seyde the knyght, "have I used and woll use, magré who seyth nay. And who that ys agreved with my custum, lette hym amende hit."

"That shall I amende," seyde Arthure.

"And I shall defende the," seyde the knyght.

And anone he toke hys horse, and dressed hys shelde and toke a grete spere in hys honde, and they com togydir so harde that eythir smote other in mydde the shyldis, that all to-shevird theire speris. Therewith anone Arthure pulled oute his swerde.

"Nay, nat so," seyde the knyght, "hit ys bettir that we twayne renne more togydirs with sherpe sperys."

"I woll well," seyde Arthure, "and I had ony mo sperys here."

"I have inow," seyde the knyght.

So there com a squyre and brought forthe too good sperys, and Arthure chose one and he another. So they spurred theire horsis and com togydir with all theire myghtes, that eyther brake theire sperys to theire hondis. Than Arthure sette honde on his swerde.

"Nay," seyde the knyght, "ye shall do bettir. Ye ar a passyng good juster as ever y mette withall, and onys for the love of the hyghe order of knyghthode lette us jouste agayne."

"I assente me," seyde Arthure.

And anone there was brought forth too grete sperys, and anone every knyght gate a spere; and therewith they ran togiders, that Arthures spere all to-shevirde. But this other knyght smote hym so harde in myddis the shelde that horse and man felle to the erthe. And therewith Arthure was egir, and pulde oute hys swerde, and seyde, "I woll assay the, sir knyght, on foote, for I have loste the honoure on horsebacke," seyde the kynge.

"Sir, I woll be on horsebacke stylle to assay the."

Than was Arthure wrothe and dressed his shelde towarde hym with his swerde drawyn. Whan the knyght saw that, he alyght, for hym thought no worship to have a knyght at such avayle, he to be on horsebacke and hys adversary on foote; and so he alyght and dressed his shelde unto Arthure. And there began a stronge batayle with many grete strokis, and so they hew with hir swerdis, that the cantels flowe unto the feldys, and muche bloode they bledde bothe, that all the place thereas they fought was ovirbledde with bloode. And thus they fought longe and rested them. And than they wente

to the batayle agayne, and so hurteled togydirs lyke too rammes, that aythir felle to the erthe. So at the laste they smote togyders, that bothe hir swerdys mette evyn togyders. But the swerde of the knyght smote Kynge Arthurs swerde in too pecis, wherefore he was hevy.

Than seyde the knyght unto Arthure, "Thou arte in my daungere, whethir me lyste to save the or sle the; and but thou yelde the to me as overcom and recreaunte, thou shalt dey."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "dethe ys wellcom to me whan hit commyth, but to yelde me unto the as recreaunte I woll nat: I had lever dye than to be so shamed!"

And therewithall the kynge lepte unto Kynge Pellynore, and toke hym by the myddyll, and overthrew hym, and raced of hys helme. So whan the knyght felte that, he was adradde, for he was a passynge bygge man of myght. And so forthewith he wrothe Arthure undir hym and raced of hys helme, and wolde have smytten off hys hede.

And therewithall com Merlion and seyde, "Knyght, holde thy honde, for and thou sle that knyght thou puttyst thys realme in the gretteste damage that evir was realme, for thys knyght ys a man of more worshyp than thou wotist off."

"Why, what ys he?" seyde the knyght.

"For hit ys Kynge Arthure," seyde Merlyon.

Than wolde he have slayne hym for drede of hys wratthe, and so he lyffte up hys swerde. And therewith Merlion caste an inchauntemente on the knyght, that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe. Than Merlion toke up Kynge Arthure and rode forthe on the knyghtes horse.

"Alas!" seyde Arthure, "what hast thou do, Merlion? Hast thou slayne thys good knyght by thy craufftis? For there lyvith nat so worshipffull a knyght as he was. For I had levir than the stynte of my londe a yere that he were on lyve."

"Care ye nat," seyde Merlion, "for he ys holer than ye: he ys but on slepe and woll awake within thys owre. I tolde you," seyde Merlyon, "what a knyght he was. Now here had ye be slayne had I nat bene. Also there lyvith nat a bygger knyght than he ys one; and afftir this he shall do you good servyse. And hys name ys Kynge

Pellinore, and he shall have too sonnes that shall be passyng good men as ony lyvynge: save one in thys worlde they shall have no felowis of prouesse and of good lyvynge, and hir namys shall be Percyvall and Sir Lamorake of Walis. And he shall telle you the name of youre owne son begotyn of youre syster, that shall be the destruccion of all thys realme."

Ryght so the kynge and he departed and wente unto an ermytage, and there was a good man and a grete leche. So the ermyte serched the kynges woundis and gaff hym good salves. And so the kyng was there thre dayes, and than were his woundis well amended, that he myght ryde and goo, and so departed. And as they rode, Kynge Arthur seyde, "I have no swerde."

"No force," seyde Merlyon, "hereby ys a swerde that shall be youre, and I may."

So they rode tyll they com to a laake, the which was a fayre watir and brode. And in the myddis of the lake Arthure was ware of an arme clothed in whyght samyte, that helde a fayre swerde in that honde.

"Lo," seyde Merlion, "yondir ys the swerde that I spoke off."

So with that they saw a damesell goynge uppon the laake.

"What damesell is that?" seyde Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," seyde Merlion. "And within that lake ys a grete roche, and therein ys as fayre a paleyce as ony on erthe, and rychely besayne. And thys damesel woll com to you anone, and than speke ye fayre to hir, that she may gyff you that swerd."

So anone com this damesel to Arthure and salewed hym and he hir agayne.

"Damesell," seyde Arthure, "what swerde ys that yondir that the arme holdith aboven the watir? I wolde hit were myne, for I have no swerde."

"Sir Arthure," seyde the damesel, "that swerde ys myne, and if ye woll gyff me a gyffte whan I aske hit you, ye shall have hit."

"Be my feyth," seyde Arthure, "I woll gyff you what gyffte that ye woll aske."

"Well," seyde the damesell, "go ye into yondir barge, and rowe

youreselffe to the swerde, and take hit and the scawberde with you. And I woll aske my gyffte whan I se my tyme."

So Kynge Arthure and Merlion alyght and tyed theire horsis unto too treys, and so they wente into the barge. And whan they com to the swerde that the honde hylde, than Kynge Arthure toke hit up by the hondils and bare hit with hym, and the arme and the honde wente undir the watir. And so he com unto the londe and rode forthe. And Kynge Arthure saw a ryche pavilion.

"What signifieth yondir pavilion?"

"Sir, that ys the knyghtes pavilys that ye fought with laste, Sir Pellynore; but he ys oute. He ys nat at home, for he hath had ado with a knyght of youres that hyght Egglame, and they have foughtyn togyddyr; but at the laste Egglame fledde, and ellis he had bene dede, and he hath chaced hym evyn to Carlion. And we shall mete with hym anone in the hygheway."

"That ys well seyde," seyde Arthure. "Now have I a swerde: I woll wage batayle with hym and be avenged on hym."

"Sir," seyde Merlion, "nat so; for the knyght ys wery of fyghtynge and chasynge, that ye shall have no worship to have ado with hym, also he woll nat lyghtly be macched of ony knyght lyvynge. And therefore hit ys my counceile, latte hym passe, for he shall do you good servyse in shorte tyme, and hys sonnes afftir hys dayes. Also ye shall se that day in shorte space that ye shall be ryght glad to gyff hym youre syster to wedde for hys good servyse. Therefore have nat ado with hym whan ye se hym."

"I woll do as ye avise me."

Than Kynge Arthure loked on the swerde and lyked hit passynge well.

Than seyde Merlion, "Whethir lyke ye bettir, the swerde othir the scawberde?"

"I lyke bettir the swerde," seyde Arthure.

"Ye ar the more unwyse, for the scawberde ys worth ten of the swerde; for whyles ye have the scawberde uppon you ye shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded. Therefore kepe well the scawberde allweyes with you."

So they rode unto Carlion, and by the wey they mette with Kynge Pellinore. But Merlion had done suche a crauffte unto Kynge Pellinore that Pellinore saw nat Kynge Arthure, and so passed by withoute ony wordis.

"I mervayle," seyde Arthure, "that the knyght wolde nat speke."

"Sir, he saw you nat; for had he seyne you, ye had nat lyghtly parted."

So they com unto Carlion, whereof hys knyghtes were passynge glad. And whan they herde of hys adventures, they mervayled that he wolde joupardé his person so alone; but all men of worship seyde hit was myrry to be under such a chyfftayne that wolde putte hys person in adventure as other poure knyghtis ded.

So thys meane whyle com a messyngere frome Kynge Royns of Northe Walis, and kynge he was of all Irelonde and of many iles. And this was hys message, gretynge well Kyng Arthure on thys maner of wyse, sayyng that Kynge Royns had discomfite and overcom eleven kyngis, and every of them dud hym omage. And that was thus to sey, they gaff theire beardes clene flayne off, as much as was bearde; wherefore the messyngere com for Kynge Arthures berde. For Kynge Royns had purfilde a mantell with kynges berdis, and there lacked one place of the mantell; wherefore he sente for hys bearde, othir ellis he wolde entir into his londis and brenne and sle, "and nevir leve tylle he hathe the hede and the bearde bothe."

"Well," seyde Arthure, "thou haste seyde thy message, the whych ys the moste orgulus and lewdiste message that evir man herd isente unto a kynge. Also thou mayste se my bearde ys full yonge yet to make off a purphile. But telle thou thy kynge thus, that I owghe hym none omage ne none of myne elders; but or hit be longe to, he shall do me omage on bothe his knees, other ellis he shall lese hys hede, by the fayth of my body! For thys ys the moste shamefullyste message that ever y herde speke off. I have aspyed thy kynge never yette mette with worshipfull man. But telle hym I woll have hys hede withoute he do me omage."

Than thys messyngere departed.

"Now ys there ony here that knowyth Kynge Royns?"

Than answerde a knyght that hyght Naram: "Sir, I know the kynge well. He ys a passynge good man of hys body as fewe bene lyvynge and a passynge proude man; and sir, doute ye nat he woll make warre on you with a myghty puyssaunce."

"Well," seyde Arthure, "I shall ordayne for hym in shorte tyme."

Than Kynge Arthure lette sende for all the children that were borne in May Day, begotyn of lordis and borne of ladyes, for Merlyon tolde Kynge Arthure that he that sholde destroy hym and all the londe sholde be borne on May Day. Wherefore he sente for hem all in payne of dethe, and so there were founde many lordis sonnys and many knyghtes sonnes, and all were sente unto the kynge. And so was Mordred sente by Kynge Lottis wyff. And all were putte in a shyppe to the se; and som were foure wekis olde and som lesse. And so by fortune the shyppe drove unto a castell, and was all to-ryven and destroyed the moste party, save that Mordred was cast up, and a good man founde hym and fostird hym tylle he was fourtene yere of age, and than brought hym to the courte, as hit rehersith aftirward and towarde the ende of the *Morte Arthure*.

So, many lordys and barownes of thys realme were displeased for hir children were so loste; and many putte the wyght on Merlion more than on Arthure. So what for drede and for love, they helde theire pece.

But whan the messynger com to the kynge Royns, than was he woode oute of mesure, and purveyde hym for a grete oste, as hit rehersith aftir in the booke of Balyne le Saveage that folowith nexte aftir: that was the adventure how Balyne gate the swerde.

BALYN THE SAVAGE & BALAN

AFFTIR THE DETH of Uther regned Arthure hys son, which had grete warre in hys dayes for to gete all Inglonde into hys honde, for there were many kyngis within the realme of Inglonde and of Scotlonde, Walys, and Cornuwayle.

So hit befelle on a tyme whan Kynge Arthure was at London, there com a knyght and tolde the kynge tydyngis how the kynge Royns of Northe Walis had rered a grete numbir of peple, and were entred in the londe and brente and slew the kyngis trew lyege people.

"Iff thys be trew," seyde Arthure, "hit were grete shame unto myne astate but that he were myghtyly withstonde."

"Hit ys trouthe," seyde the knyght, "for I saw the oste myselff."

"Well," seyde the kynge, "I shall ordayne to wythstonde hys malice."

Than the kynge lette make a cry that all the lordis, knyghtes and jantilmen of armys sholde draw unto the castell called Camelot in tho dayes, and there the kynge wolde lette make a counceile generall and a grete justis. So whan the kynge was com thidir with all his baronage and logged as they semed beste, also there was com a damesell the which was sente frome the grete Lady Lyle of Avilion. And whan she com before Kynge Arthure she tolde fro whens she com, and how she was sente on message unto hym for thys causis.

Than she lette hir mantell falle that was rychely furred, and than was she gurde with a noble swerde, whereof the kynge had mervayle and seyde, "Damesel, for what cause ar ye gurte with that swerde? Hit besemyth you nought."

"Now shall I telle you," seyde the damesell. "Thys swerde that I am gurte withall doth me grete sorow and comberaunce, for I may

nat be delyverde of thys swerde but by a knyght, and he muste be a passynge good man of hys hondys and of hys dedis, and withoute velony other trechory and withoute treson. And if I may fynde such a knyght that hath all thes vertues, he may draw oute thys swerde oute of the sheethe. For I have bene at Kynge Royns, for hit was tolde me there were passyng good knyghtes; and he and all his knyghtes hath assayde and none can spede."

"Thys ys a grete mervayle," seyde Arthure. "If thys be sothe I woll assay myselffe to draw oute the swerde; nat presumynge myselff that I am the beste knyght, but I woll begynne to draw youre swerde in gyvyng an insample to all the barownes, that they shall assay everych one aftir othir whan I have assayde."

Than Arthure toke the swerde by the sheethe and gurdil and pulled at hit egirly, but the swerde wolde nat oute.

"Sir," seyd the damesell, "ye nede nat for to pulle halffe so sore, for he that shall pulle hit oute shall do hit with litill myght."

"Ye sey well," seyde Arthure. "Now assay ye all, my barownes."

"But beware ye be nat defoyled with shame, trechory, nother gyle, for than hit woll nat avayle," seyde the damesel, "for he muste be a clene knyght withoute vylony, and of jantill strene of fadir syde and of modir syde."

The moste parte of all the barownes of the Rounde Table that were there at that tyme assayde all be rew, but there myght none spede. Wherefore the damesel made grete sorow oute of mesure and seyd, "Alas! I wente in this courte had bene the beste knyghtes of the worlde withoute trechory other treson."

"Be my faythe," seyde Arthure, "Here ar good knyghtes as I deme as ony be in the worlde, but theire grace ys nat to helpe you, wherefore I am sore displeased."

Than hit befelle so that tyme there was a poore knyght with Kynge Arthure that had bene presonere with hym half a yere and more for sleyng of a knyght which was cosyne unto Kynge Arthure. And the name of thys knyght was called Balyne, and by good meanys of the barownes he was delyverde oute of preson, for he was a good man named of his body, and he was borne in

Northehumbirlonde. And so he wente pryvaly into the courte and saw thys adventure, whereoff hit reysed his herte and wolde a sayde as othir knyghtes ded; but for he was poore and poorly arayde, he put hymselff nat far in prees. But in hys herte he was fully assured to do as well, if hys grace happed hym, as ony knyght that there was. And as the damesell toke hir leve of Arthure and of all the barownes, so departynge, thys knyght Balyn called unto her and seyde, "Damesell, I pray you of youre curteysy suffir me as well to assay as thes other lordis. Thoughe that I be pourely arayed, yet in my herte mesemyth I am fully assured as som of thes other, and mesemyth in myne herte to spede ryght welle."

Thys damesell than behelde thys poure knyght and saw he was a lyckly man; but for hys poure araymente she thought he sholde nat be of no worship withoute vylony or trechory. And than she seyde unto that knyght, "Sir, hit nedith nat you to put me to no more payne, for hit semyth nat you to spede thereas all thes othir knyghtes have fayled."

"A, fayre damesell," seyde Balyn, "worthynes and good tacchis and also good dedis is nat only in araymente, but manhode and worship ys hyd within a mannes person; and many a worshipfull knyght ys nat knowyn unto all peple. And therefore worship and hardynesse ys nat in araymente."

"Be God," seyde the damesell, "ye sey soth! Therefore ye shall assay to do what ye may."

Than Balyn toke the swerde by the gurdyll and shethe and drew hit oute easyly, and whan he loked on the swerde hit pleased hym muche. Than had the kynge and all the barownes grete mervayle that Balyne had done that aventure; many knyghtes had grete despite at hym.

"Sertes," seyde the damesell, "thys ys a passynge good knyght and the beste that ever y founde, and moste of worship withoute treson, trechory or felony, and many mervayles shall he do. Now, jantyll and curtayse knyght, geff me the swerde agayne."

"Nay," seyde Balyne, "for thys swerde woll I kepe but hit be takyn fro me with force."

"Well," seyde the damesell, "ye ar nat wyse to kepe the swerde fro me, for ye shall sle with that swerde the beste frende that ye have and the man that ye moste love in the worlde, and that swerde shall be youre destruccion."

"I shall take the aventure," seyde Balyn, "that God woll ordayne for me. But the swerde ye shall nat have at thys tyme, by the feythe of my body!"

"Ye shall repente hit within shorte tyme," seyde the damesell, "for I wolde have the swerde more for youre avauntage than for myne; for I am passynge hevy for youre sake, for and ye woll nat leve that swerde hit shall be youre destruccion, and that ys grete pité."

So with that departed the damesell, and grete sorow she made. And anone afftir Balyn sente for hys horse and armoure, and so wolde departe frome the courte, and toke his leve of Kynge Arthure.

"Nay," seyde the kynge, "I suppose ye woll nat departe so lyghtly from thys felyship. I suppose that ye ar displesyd that I have shewed you unkyndnesse. But blame me the lesse, for I was mysseinfourmed ayenste you: but I wente ye had nat bene such a knyght as ye ar of worship and prouesse. And if ye woll abyde in thys courte amonge my felyship, I shall so avaunce you as ye shall be pleased."

"God thanke Youre Hyghnesse," seyde Balyne. "Youre bounté may no man prayse halff unto the valew, but at thys tyme I muste nedis departe, besechynge you allway of youre good grace."

"Truly," seyde the kynge, "I am ryght wroth of youre departynge. But I pray you, fayre knyght, that ye tarry nat longe frome me, and ye shall be ryght wellcom unto me and to my barownes, and I shall amende all mysse that I have done agaynste you."

"God thanke youre good grace," seyde Balyn, and therewith made hym redy to departe. Than the moste party of the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table seyde that Balyne dud nat this adventure all only by myght, but by wycchecrauffte.

So the meane whyle that thys knyght was makynge hym redy to departe, there com into the courte a lady that hyght the Lady of the Laake, and she com on horsebacke rychely beseyne, and salewed

Kynge Arthure and there asked hym a gyffte that he promysed her whan she gaff hym the swerde.

"That ys sothe," seyde Arthure, "a gyffte I promysed you; but I have forgotyn to aske the name of my swerde that ye gaff me."

"The name of hit," seyde the lady, "ys Excalibir, that ys as muche to sey as Kutte Stele."

"Ye sey well," seyde the kynge. "Aske what ye woll and ye shall have hit, and hit lye in my power to gyff hit."

"Well," seyde thys lady, "than I aske the hede of thys knyght that hath wonne the swerde, othir ellis the damesels hede that brought hit. I take no force though I have both theire hedis, for he slew my brothir, a good knyght and a trew, and that jantillwoman was causer of my fadirs deth."

"Truly," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I may nat graunte you nother of theire hedys with my worship; therefore aske what ye woll els, and I shall fulfille youre desire."

"I woll aske none other thynge," seyde the lady.

So whan Balyn was redy to departe, he saw the Lady of the Lake which by hir meanys had slayne hys modir; and he had sought hir thre yere before. And whan hit was tolde hym how she had asked hys hede of Kynge Arthure, he wente to hir streyght and seyde, "Evyll be ye founde: ye wolde have myne hede, and therefore ye shall loose youres!" And with hys swerde lyghtly he smote of hyr hede before Kynge Arthure.

"Alas, for shame!" seyde the kynge. "Why have ye do so? Ye have shamed me and all my courte, for thys lady was a lady that I was much beholdynge to, and hyder she com undir my sauffconduyghte. Therefore I shall never forgyff you that trespasse."

"Sir," seyde Balyne, "me forthynkith of youre displeasure, for this same lady was the untrwyste lady lyvynge, and by inchauntement and by sorcery she hath bene the destroyer of many good knyghtes, and she was causer that my modir was brente thorow hir falsehode and trechory."

"For what cause soever ye had," seyde Arthure, "ye sholde have forborne in my presence. Therefore thynke nat the contrary: ye

shall repente hit, for such anothir despite had I nevir in my courte. Therefore withdraw you oute of my courte in all the haste that ye may."

Than Balyn toke up the hede of the lady and bare hit with hym to hys ostry, and there mette with hys squyre that was sory he had displeased Kynge Arthure, and so they rode forthe oute of towne.

"Now," seyde Balyne, "we muste departe; therefore take thou thys hede and bere hit to my frendis and telle hem how I have spedde, and telle hem in Northumbirlonde how my moste foo ys dede. Also telle hem how I am oute of preson, and what adventure befelle me at the getynge of this swerde."

"Alas!" seyde the squyre, "ye ar gretly to blame for to displease Kynge Arthure."

"As for that," seyde Balyne, "I woll hyghe me in all the haste that I may to mete with Kynge Royns and destroy hym, othir ellis to dye therefore. And iff hit may happe me to wynne hym, than woll Kynge Arthure be my good and gracious lorde."

"Sir, where shall I mete with you?" seyde his squyre.

"In Kynge Arthurs courte," seyde Balyne.

So his squyre and he departed at that tyme. Than Kynge Arthure and all the courte made grete dole and had grete shame of the deth of the Lady of the Lake. Than the kynge buryed hir rychely.

So at that tyme there was a knyght, the which was the kynges son of Irelonde, and hys name was Launceor, the which was an orgulus knyght and accompted hymselff one of the beste of the courte. And he had grete despite at Balyne for the enchevynge of the swerde, that ony sholde be accompted more hardy or more of prouesse, and he asked Kynge Arthure licence to ryde afftir Balyne and to revenge the despite that he had done.

"Do youre beste," seyde Arthure. "I am ryght wrothe with Balyne. I wolde he were quytte of the despite that he hath done unto me and my courte."

Than thys Launceor wente to his ostré to make hym redy. So in the meane whyle com Merlyon unto the courte of Kynge Arthure,

and anone was tolde hym the adventure of the swerde and the deth of the Lady of the Lake.

"Now shall I sey you," seyde Merlion, "thys same damesell that here stondith, that brought the swerde unto youre courte, I shall telle you the cause of hir commynge. She ys the falsist damesell that lyveth – she shall nat sey nay! For she hath a brothir, a passyng good knyght of proues and a full trew man, and thys damesell loved anothir knyght that hylde her as paramoure. And thys good knyght, her brothir, mette with the knyght that helde hir to paramoure, and slew hym by force of hys hondis. And whan thys false damesell undirstoode this she wente to the Lady Lyle of Avylion and toke hir hys swerde, and besought hir of helpe to be revenged on hir owne brothir.

"And so thys Lady Lyle of Avylion toke hir this swerde that she brought with hir, and tolde there sholde no man pulle hit oute of the sheethe but yf he be one of the beste knyghtes of thys realme, and he sholde be hardy and full of prouesse; and with that swerde he sholde sle hir brothir. Thys was the cause, damesell, that ye com into thys courte. I know hit as well as ye. God wolde ye had nat com here; but ye com never in felyship of worshipfful folke for to do good, but allwayes grete harme. And that knyght that hath encheved the swerde shall be destroyed thorow the swerde, the which woll be grete damage, for there lyvith nat a knyght of more prouesse than he ys. And he shall do unto you, my lorde Arthure, grete honoure and kyndnesse; and hit ys grete pité he shall nat endure but a whyle, for of his strengthe and hardinesse I know hym nat lyvynge hys macche."

So thys knyght of Irelonde armed hym at all poyntes and dressed his shylde on hys sholdir and mownted uppon horsebacke and toke hys glayve in hys honde, and rode aftir a grete pace as muche as hys horse myght dryve. And within a litill space on a mowntayne he had a syght of Balyne, and with a lowde voice he cryde, "Abyde, knyght! for ells ye shall abyde whethir ye woll other no. And the shelde that ys tofore you shall nat helpe you," seyde thys Iryshe knyght.

Whan Balyn herde the noyse, he turned his hors fyersly and seyde, "Fayre knyghte, what wille ye with me? Wille ye juste with me?"

"Ye," seyde the Iryshe knyght, "therefore com I affter you."

"Peradventure," seyde Balyne, "ye had bene bettir to have holde you at home. For many a man wenyth to put hys enemy to a rebuke, and ofte hit fallith on hymselff. Oute of what courte be ye com fro?" seyde Balyn.

"I am com frome the courte of Kynge Arthure," seyde the knyght of Irelonde, "that am com hydir to revenge the despite ye dud thys day unto Kynge Arthure and to his courte."

"Well," seyde Balyne, "I se well I muste have ado with you. That me forthynkith, that I have greved Kynge Arthure or ony of hys courte. And youre quarell ys full symple," seyde Balyne, "unto me; for the lady that ys dede dud to me grete damage, and ellis I wolde have bene lothe as ony knyght that lyvith for to sle a lady."

"Make you redy," seyde the knyght Launceor, "and dresse you unto me, for that one shall abyde in the fylde."

Than they fewtred theire spearis in theire restis and com togydirs as muche as theire horsis myght dryve. And the Irysh knyght smote Balyn on the shylde that all wente to shyvers of hys spere. And Balyne smote hym agayne thorow the shylde, and the hawbirk perysshed, and so bore hym thorow the body and over the horse crowpen; and anone turned his horse fersely and drew oute hys swerde, and wyst nat that he had slayne hym. Than he saw hym lye as a dede corse, he loked aboute hym and was ware of a damesel that com rydynge full faste as the horse myght dryve, on a fayre palferey. And whan she aspyed that Launceor was slayne she made sorow oute of mesure and seyde, "A, Balyne! too bodyes thou haste slayne in one herte, and too hertes in one body, and too soules thou hast loste."

And therewith she toke the swerde frome hir love that lay dede, and felle to the grounde in a swowghe. And whan she arose she made grete dole oute of mesure, which sorow greved Balyn passyngly sore. And he wente unto hir for to have tane the swerde oute of hir honde; but she helde hit so faste he myght nat take hit oute of hir honde but yf he sholde have hurte hir. And suddeynly she sette the pomell to the grounde, and rove hirselff thorowoute the body.

Whan Balyne aspyed hir dedis he was passynge hevy in his herte and ashamed that so fayre a damesell had destroyed hirselff for the love of hys dethe. “Alas!” seyde Balyn, “me repentis sore the dethe of thys knyght for the love of thys damesel, for there was muche trw love betwyxte hem.”

And so for sorow he myght no lenger beholde hem, but turned hys horse and loked towarde a fayre foreste. And than was he ware by hys armys that there com rydyng hys brothir Balan. And whan they were mette they put of hyr helmys and kyssed togydirs and wepte for joy and pité.

Than Balan seyde, “Brothir, I litill wende to have mette with you at thys suddayne adventure, but I am ryght glad of youre delyveraunce of youre dolerous presonment: for a man tolde me in the Castell of Foure Stonys that ye were delyverde, and that man had seyne you in the courte of Kynge Arthure, and therefore I com hydir into thys contrey, for here I supposed to fynde you.”

And anone Balyne tolde hys brothir of hys adventure of the swerde and the deth of the Lady of the Laake, and how Kynge Arthure was displeased with hym. “Wherefore he sente thys knyght afftir me that lyethe here dede. And the dethe of thys damesell grevith me sore.”

“So doth hit me,” seyde Balan, “but ye must take the adventure that God woll ordayne you.”

“Truly,” seyde Balyne, “I am ryght hevy that my lorde Arthure ys displeased with me, for he ys the moste worshypfullist kynge that regnith now in erthe; and hys love I woll gete othir ellis I woll putte my lyff in adventure. For Kynge Ryons lyeth at the sege of the Castell Terrable, and thydir woll we draw in all goodly haste to preve oure worship and prouesse uppon hym.”

“I woll well,” seyde Balan, “that ye so do; and I woll ryde with you and put my body in adventure with you as a brothir ought to do.”

“Now go we hense,” seyde Balyne, “and well we beth mette.”

The meane whyle as they talked there com a dwarff frome the cité of Camelot on horsebacke as much as he myght, and founde

the dede bodyes, wherefore he made grete dole and pulled oute hys heyre for sorowe and seyde, "Which of you too knyghtes have done this dede?"

"Whereby askist thou?" seyde Balan.

"For I wolde wete," seyde the dwarff.

"Hit was I," seyde Balyn, "that slew this knyght in my defendaunte; for hyder he com to chase me, and othir I muste sle hym other he me. And this damesell slew hirself for his love, which repentith me. And for hir sake I shall owghe all women the bettir wylle and servyse all the dayes of my lyff."

"Alas!" seyde the dwarff, "thou hast done grete damage unto thyselff. For thys knyght that ys here dede was one of the moste valyauntist men that lyved. And truste well, Balyne, the kynne of thys knyght woll chase you thorow the worlde tylle they have slayne you."

"As for that," seyde Balyne, "them I fere nat gretely, but I am ryght hevy that I sholde displease my lorde Kynge Arthure for the deth of thys knyght."

So as they talked togydirs there com a kynge of Cornuwayle rydyng, which hyght Kyng Marke. And whan he saw thes too bodyes dede, and undirstood howe they were dede, by the too knyghtes aboven-seyde, than made the kynge grete sorow for the trew love that was betwyxte them, and seyde, "I woll nat departe tyll I have on thys erth made a towmbe."

And there he pyght his pavylyons and sought all the contrey to fynde a towmbe, and in a chirch they founde one was fayre and ryche. And than the kyng lette putte hem bothe in the erthe, and leyde the tombe uppon them, and wrote the namys of hem bothe on the tombe, how "here lyeth Launceor, the kyngis son of Irelonde, that at hys owne rekeyste was slayne by the hondis of Balyne," and how "this lady Columbe and paramour to hym slew hirself with hys swerde for dole and sorow."

The meane whyle as thys was a-doynge, in com Merlion to Kynge Marke and saw all thys doynge.

"Here shall be," seyde Merlion, "in this same place the grettist

bateyle betwyxte too knyghtes that ever was or ever shall be, and the trewyst lovers; and yette none of hem shall slee other."

And there Merlion wrote hir namys uppon the tombe with lettirs of golde that shall feyght in that place, which namys was Launcelot du Lake and Trystrams.

"Thou arte a merveylous man," seyde Kynge Marke unto Merlion, "that spekist of such mervayles. Thou arte a boysteous man and an unlyckly, to telle of suche dedis. What ys thy name?" seyde Kynge Marke.

"At thys tyme," seyde Merlion, "I woll nat telle you. But at that tyme Sir Trystrams ys takyn with his soveraigne lady, than shall ye here and know my name, and at that tyme ye shall here othir tydynges that shall nat please you."

Than seyde Merlion to Balyn, "Thou haste done thyselff grete hurte bycause that thou saved nat thys lady that slew herselff, for thou myghtyst have saved hir and thou haddist wolde."

"By the fayth of my body," seyde Balyne, "I myght nat save hir, for she slewe hirselff suddeynly."

"Me repentis hit," seyde Merlion. "Because of the dethe of that lady thou shalt stryke a stroke moste dolerous that ever man stroke, excepte the stroke of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. For thou shalt hurte the trewyst knyght and the man of moste worship that now lyvith, and thorow that stroke thre kyngdomys shall be brought into grete poverté, miseri and wrecchednesse twelve yere. And the knyght shall nat be hole of that wounde many yerys." Than Merlion toke hys leve.

"Nay," seyde Balyn, "nat so; for and I wyste thou seyde soth, I wolde do so perleous a dede as that I wolde sle myself to make the a lyer."

Therewith Merlion vanysshed away suddeynly, and than Balyn and his brothir toke theire leve of Kynge Marke.

"But first," seyde the kynge, "telle me youre name."

"Sir," seyde Balan, "ye may se he beryth too swerdis, and thereby ye may calle hym the Knyght with the Too Swerdis."

And so departed Kynge Marke unto Camelot to Kynge Arthure.

And Balyne toke the way to Kynge Royns, and as they rode togydir they mette with Merlion disgysed so that they knew hym nought.

"But whotherward ryde ye?" seyde Merlion.

"We had litill ado," seyde thes too knyghtes, "to telle the. But what ys thy name?" seyde Balyn.

"At thys tyme," seyde Merlion, "I woll nat telle hit the."

"Hit ys evyll sene," seyde the knyghtes, "that thou arte a trew man, that thou wolt nat telle thy name."

"As for that," seyde Merlion, "be as hit be may. But I can telle you wherefore ye ryde thys way: for to mete with Kynge Royns. But hit woll nat avayle you withoute ye have my counceyle."

"A," seyde Balyn, "ye ar Merlion. We woll be ruled by youre counceyle."

"Com on," seyde Merlion, "and ye shall have grete worship. And loke that ye do knyghtly, for ye shall have nede."

"As for that," seyde Balyne, "dred you nat, for we woll do what we may."

Than there lodged Merlion thes too knyghtes in a woode amonge the levis besydes the hyghway, and toke of the brydyls of theire horsis and putte hem to grasse, and leyde hem downe to reste tyll hit was nyghe mydnyght. Than Merlion bade hem ryse and make hem redy, "for here commyth the kynge nyghehonde," that was stoolyn away frome his oste with a thre score horsis of hys beste knyghtes, and twenty of them rode tofore the lorde to warne the Lady de Vaunce that the kynge was commynge. For that nyght Kynge Royns sholde have lyen with hir.

"Which ys the kynge?" seyde Balyn.

"Abyde," seyde Merlion, "for here in a streyte weye ye shall mete with hym."

And therewith he shewed Balyn and hys brothir the kynge. And anone they mette with hym, and smote hym downe and wounded hym freyshly, and layde hym to the growunde. And there they slewe on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde mo than fourty of hys men, and the remanaunte fledde.

Than wente they agayne unto Kynge Royns and wolde have slayne hym, had he nat yelded hym unto hir grace. Than seyde he thus: "Knyghtes full of prouesse, sle me nat! For be my lyff ye may wynne, and by my dethe ye shalle wynne noo thynge."

"Ye say sothe," seyde the knyghtes, and so leyde hym on an horse littur.

So with that Merlion vanysshed, and com to Kynge Arthure aforehonde and tolde hym how hys moste enemy was takyn and discomfite.

"By whom?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"By too knyghtes," seyde Merlion, "that wolde fayne have youre lordship. And to-morow ye shall know what knyghtis they ar."

So anone aftir com the Knyght with the Too Swerdis and hys brothir, and brought with them Kynge Royns of Northe Waalis, and there delyverde hym to the porters, and charged hem with hym. And so they too returned ayen in the dawnyng of the day.

Than Kynge Arthure com to Kynge Royns and seyde, "Sir kynge, ye ar wellcom. By what adventure com ye hydir?"

"Sir," seyde Kynge Royns, "I com hyder by an harde adventure."

"Who wanne you?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir," seyde he, "the Knyght with the Too Swerdis and hys brothir, which ar too mervayles knyghtes of prouesse."

"I know hem nat," seyde Arthure, "but much am I beholdynge unto them."

"A, sir," seyde Merlion, "I shall telle you. Hit ys Balyn that encheved the swerde, and his brothir Balan, a good knyght. There lyvith nat a bettir of proues, nother of worthynesse, and hit shall be the grettist dole of hym that ever y knew of knyght; for he shall nat longe endure."

"Alas," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that ys grete pité; for I am muche beholdynge unto hym, and I have evill deserved hit agayne for hys kyndnesse."

"Nay, nay," seyde Merlion, "he shall do much more for you, and that shall ye know in haste. But, sir, ar ye purveyde?" seyde Merlion. "For to-morne the oste of Kynge Nero, Kynge Royns

brothir, woll sette on you or none with a grete oste. And therefore make you redy, for I woll departe frome you."

Than Kynge Arthure made hys oste redy in ten batayles; and Nero was redy in the fylde afore the Castell Terrable with a grete oste. And he had ten batayles with many mo peple than Kynge Arthure had. Than Nero had the vawarde with the moste party of his people. And Merlion com to Kynge Lotte of the Ile of Orkeney and helde hym with a tale of prophecy tylle Nero and his peple were destroyed. And there Sir Kay the Senesciall dud passyngely well, that dayes of hys lyff the worship wente never frome hym, and Sir Hervis de Revel dud merveylous dedys of armys that day with Arthur. And Kynge Arthure slew that day twenty knyghtes and maymed fourty.

So at that tyme com in the Knyght with the Too Swerdis and his brothir, but they dud so mervaylously that the kynge and all the knyghtes mervayled of them. And all they that behelde them seyde they were sente frome hevyn as angels other devilles frome helle. And Kynge Arthure seyde hymself they were the doughtyeste knyghtes that ever he sawe, for they gaff such strokes that all men had wondir of hem.

So in the meane whyle com one to Kynge Lotte and tolde hym whyle he tarryed there how Nero was destroyed and slayne with all his oste.

"Alas," seyde Kynge Lotte, "I am ashamed, for in my defaute there ys many a worshypful man slayne; for and we had bene togyders there ys none oste undir hevyn that were able to have macched us. But thys faytoure with hys prophecy hath mocked me."

All that dud Merlion, for he knew well that, and Kynge Lotte had bene with hys body at the first batayle, Kynge Arthure had be slayne and all hys peple distressed. And well Merlion knew that one of the kynges sholde be dede that day, and lothe was Merlion that ony of them bothe sholde be slayne, but of the tweyne he had levir Kyng Lotte of Orkeney had be slayne than Arthure.

"What ys beste to do?" seyde Kynge Lotte. "Whether ys me bettir to trete with Kynge Arthur othir to fyght? For the gretter party of oure people ar slayne and distressed."

"Sir," seyde a knyght, "sette ye on Arthure, for they ar wery and forfoughtyn, and we be freyssh."

"As for me," seyde Kynge Lott, "I wolde that every knyght wolde do hys parte as I wolde do myne."

Than they avaunced baners and smote togydirs and brused hir sperys. And Arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the Knyght with Too Swerdys and hys brothir Balan put Kynge Lotte and hys oste to the warre. But allwayes Kynge Lotte hylde hym ever in the forefronte and dud merveylous dedis of armys, for all his oste was borne up by hys hondys, for he abode all knyghtes. Alas, he myght nat endure, the whych was grete pité! So worthy a knyght as he was one, that he sholde be overmacched, that of late tyme before he had bene a knyght of Kynge Arthurs, and wedded the syster of hym! And for because that Kynge Arthure lay by hys wyff and gate on her Sir Mordred, therefore Kynge Lott helde ever agaynste Arthure.

So there was a knyght that was called the Knyght with the Strange Beste at that tyme, and hys ryght name was called Pellynore, which was a good man off prouesse as few in tho dayes lyvynge. And he strake a myghty stroke at Kynge Lott as he fought with hys enemyes, and he fayled of hys stroke and smote the horse necke, that he foundred to the erthe with Kyng Lott. And therewith anone Kynge Pellinor smote hym a grete stroke thorow the helme and hede unto the browis.

Than all the oste of Orkeney fledde for the deth of Kynge Lotte, and there they were takyn and slayne, all the oste. But Kynge Pellynore bare the wyte of the dethe of Kynge Lott, wherefore Sir Gawayne revenged the deth of hys fadir the tenthe yere aftir he was made knyght, and slew Kynge Pellynor hys owne hondis. Also there was slayne at that batayle twelve kynges on the syde of Kynge Lott with Nero, and alle were buryed in the chirch of Seynte Stevins in Camelot. And the remanent of knyghtes and other were buryed in a grete roche.

So at the enterement com Kyng Lottis wyff Morgause, with hir foure sonnes, Gawayne, Aggravayne, Gaheris, and Gareth. Also there com thydir Kyng Uryens, Sir Uwaynes fadir, and Morgan le

Fay his wyff, that was Kynge Arthurs syster. All thes com to the enterement. But of all the twelve kyngis Kynge Arthure lette make the tombe of Kynge Lotte passynge rychely, and made hys tombe by hymselff.

And than Arthure lette make twelve images of laton and cooper, overgylte with golde in the sygne of the twelve kynges, and eche one of hem helde a tapir of wexe in hir honde that brente nyght and day. And Kynge Arthure was made in the sygne of a fygure stondynge aboven them with a swerde drawyn in hys honde, and all the twelve fygures had countenaunce lyke unto men that were overcom. All thys made Merlion by hys subtyle craufte.

And there he tolde the kynge, "Whan I am dede thes tapers shalle brenne no lenger, and soone aftir the adventures of the Sankgreall shall com amonge you and be encheved." Also he tolde Kynge Arthure how "Balyn, the worshipfull knyght, shall gyff the Dolerouse Stroke, whereof shall falle grete vengeaunce."

"A, where ys Balyne, Balan, and Pellinore?"

"As for Kynge Pellinore," seyde Merlion, "he woll mete with you soone, and as for Balyne, he woll nat be longe frome you. But the other brothir woll departe: ye shall se hym no more."

"Be my fayth," seyde Arthur, "they ar too manly knyghtes, and namely that Balyne passith of proues off ony knyght that ever y founde, for much am I beholdynge unto hym. Wolde God he wolde abyde with me!"

"Sir," seyde Merlion, "loke ye kepe well the scawberd of Excaleber, for ye shall lose no bloode whyle ye have the scawberde uppon you, thoughe ye have as many woundis uppon you as ye may have."

So aftir for grete truste Arthure betoke the scawberde unto Morgan le Fay, hys sister. And she loved another knyght bettir than hir husbande Kynge Uriens, othir Arthure. And she wolde have had Arthure hir brothir slayne, and therefore she lete make anothir scawberd for Excaliber lyke hit by enchauntement, and gaff the scawberd Excaliber to her love. And the knyghtes name was called Accolon, that aftir had nere slayne Kynge Arthure. But aftir thys

Merlion tolde unto Kynge Arthure of the prophecy that there sholde be a grete batayle besydes Salysbiry, and Mordred hys owne sonne sholde be agaynste hym. Also he tolde hym that Bagdemagus was his cosyne germayne, and unto Kynge Uryens.

So within a day or too Kynge Arthure was somwhat syke, and he lette pycch hys pavilion in a medow, and there he leyde hym downe on a paylet to slepe, but he myght have no reste.

Ryght so he herde a grete noyse of an horse, and therewith the kynge loked oute at the porche dore of the pavilion and saw a knyght commynge evyn by hym makynge grete dole. "Abyde, fayre sir," seyde Arthure, "and telle me wherefore thou makyst this sorow."

"Ye may litill amende me," seyde the knyght, and so passed forth to the Castell of Meliot.

And anone aftir that com Balyne. And whan he saw Kyng Arthur, he alyght of hys horse and com to the kynge one foote and salewed hym.

"Be my hede," seyde Arthure, "ye be wellcom. Sir, ryght now com rydynge thys way a knyght makynge grete mone, and for what cause I can nat telle. Wherefore I wolde desire of you, of your curtesy and of your jantilnesse, to fecche agayne that knyght othir by force othir by his good wylle."

"I shall do more for youre lordeship than that," seyde Balyne, "othir ellis I woll greve hym."

So Balyn rode more than a pace and founde the knyght with a damesell undir a foreyste and seyde, "Sir knyght, ye muste com with me unto Kynge Arthure for to telle hym of youre sorow."

"That woll I nat," seyde the knyght, "for hit woll harme me gretely, and do you none avayle."

"Sir," seyde Balyne, "I pray you make you redy, for ye muste go with me, othir ellis I muste fyght with you and brynge you by force, and that were me lothe do do."

"Woll ye be my warraunte," seyde the knyght, "and I go with you?"

"Yee," seyde Balyne, "othir ellis, by the fayth of my body, I woll dye therefore."

And so he made hym redy to go with Balyne and leffte the damesell stylle. And as they were evyn before Arthurs pavilion, there com one invisible and smote the knyght that wente with Balyn thorowoute the body with a spere.

"Alas!" seyde the knyght, "I am slayne undir youre conduyte with a knyght called Garlon. Therefore take my horse that is bettir than youres, and ryde to the damesell and folow the queste that I was in as she woll lede you, and revenge my deth whan ye may."

"That shall I do," seyde Balyn, "and that I make avow to God and knyghthode."

And so he departed frome Kynge Arthure with grete sorow.

So Kynge Arthure lette bury this knyght rychely, and made mencion on his tombe how here was slayne Harleus le Berbeus and by whom the trechory was done, of the knyght Garlon. But ever the damesell bare the truncheon of the spere with hir that Sir Harleus le Berbeus was slayne withall.

So Balyne and the damesell rode into the foreyste and there mette with a knyght that had bene an-hontynge. And that knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorow.

"Me lyste nat to telle you," seyde Balyne.

"Now," seyde the knyght, "and I were armed as ye be, I wolde fyght with you but iff ye tolde me."

"That sholde litell nede," seyde Balyne, "I am nat aferde to telle you," and so tolde hym all the case how hit was.

"A," seyde the knyght, "ys thys all? Here I ensure you by the feyth of my body never to departe frome you whyle my lyff lastith."

And so they wente to theire ostré and armed hem and so rode forthe with Balyne. And as they com by an ermytage evyn by a chyrcheyerde, there com Garlon invisible and smote this knyght, Peryne de Mounte Belyarde, thorowoute the body with a glayve.

"Alas," seyde the knyght, "I am slayne by thys traytoure knyght that rydith invisible."

"Alas," seyde Balyne, "thys ys nat the firste despite that he hath done me."

And there the ermyte and Balyne buryed the knyght undir a ryche stone and a tombe royall. And on the morne they founde letters of golde wretyn how that "Sir Gawayne shall revenge his fadirs dethe Kynge Lot on Kynge Pellynore."

And anone aftir this Balyne and the damesell rode forth tylle they com to a castell. And anone Balyne alyghte, and he and the damesell wente to go in to the castel, and anone as Balyne came within the castels gate the portecolys were lette downe at his backe, and there felle many men aboute the damesell and wolde have slayne hir.

Whan Balyne saw that, he was sore greved for he myght nat helpe her. But than he wente up into the towre and lepte over the wallis into the dyche and hurte nat hymselff. And anone he pulled oute his swerde and wolde have foughtyn with them. And they all seyde nay, they wolde nat fyght with hym, for they dud nothynge but the olde custom of thys castell, and tolde hym that hir lady was syke and had leyne many yeres, and she myght nat be hole but yf she had bloode in a sylver dysshe full, of a clene mayde and a kynges doughter. "And therefore the custom of thys castell ys that there shall no damesell passe thys way but she shall blede of hir bloode a sylver dysshefull."

"Well," seyde Balyne, "she shall blede as much as she may blede, but I woll nat lose the lyff of hir whyle my lyff lastith."

And so Balyn made hir to bleede by hir good wylle, but hir bloode holpe nat the lady. And so she and he rested there all that nyght and had good chere, and in the mornynge they passed on theire wayes. And as hit tellith aftir in the Sankgreall, Sir Percivall his syster holpe that lady with hir blood, whereof she was dede.

Than they rode thre or foure dayes and nevir mette with adventure. And so by fortune they were lodged with a jantilman, that was a ryche man and well at ease. And as they sate at souper Balyn herde one complayne grevously by hym in a chambir.

"What ys thys noyse?" seyde Balyn.

"For sothe," seyde his oste, "I woll telle you. I was but late at a justynge and there I justed with a knyght that ys brothir unto Kynge

Pellam, and twyse I smote hym downe. And than he promysed to quyte me on my beste frende. And so he wounded thus my son that can nat be hole tylle I have of that knyghtes bloode. And he rydith all invisyble, but I know nat hys name."

"A," seyde Balyne, "I know that knyghtes name, which ys Garlon, and he hath slayne too knyghtes of myne in the same maner. Therefore I had levir mete with that knyght than all the golde in thys realme, for the despyte he hath done me.

"Well," seyde hys oste, "I shall telle you how. Kynge Pellam off Lystenoyse hath made do cry in all the contrey a grete feste that shall be within thes twenty dayes, and no knyght may com there but he brynge hys wyff with hym othir hys paramoure. And that knyght, your enemy and myne, ye shall se that day."

"Than I promyse you," seyde Balyn, "parte of his bloode to hele youre sonne withall."

"Than we woll be forewarde to-morne," seyde he.

So on the morne they rode all thre towarde Kynge Pellam, and they had fyftene dayes journey or they com thydir. And that same day began the grete feste. And so they alyght and stabled theire horsis and wente into the castell, but Balynes oste myght not be lette in because he had no lady. But Balyne was well receyved and brought unto a chambir and unarmed hym. And there was brought hym robis to his plesure, and wolde have had Balyn leve his swerde behynde hym.

"Nay," seyde Balyne, "that woll I nat, for hit ys the custom of my contrey a knyght allweyes to kepe hys wepyn with hym, and that customme wylle I kepe, other ells," seyde he, "I woll departe as I cam."

Than they gaff hym leve to enter with his swerde, and so he wente into the castell and was set amonge knyghtes of worship and hys lady afore hym. So aftir this Balyne asked a knyght and seyde, "Ys there nat a knyght in thys courte which his name ys Garlon?"

"Yes, sir, yondir he goth, the knyght with the blacke face, for he ys the mervaylyste knyght that ys now lyvynge. And he destroyeth many good knyghtes, for he goth invisible."

"Well," seyde Balyn, "ys that he?" Than Balyn avised hym longe and thought: "If I sle hym here, I shall nat ascape. And if I leve hym now, peraventure I shall never mete with hym agayne at such a stevyn, and muche harme he woll do and he lyve."

And therewith thys Garlon aspyed that Balyn vysaged hym, so he com and slapped hym on the face with the backe of hys honde and seyde, "Knyght, why beholdist thou me so? For shame, ete thy mete and do that thou com fore."

"Thou seyst soth," seyde Balyne, "thys ys nat the firste spite that thou haste done me. And therefore I woll do that I com fore." And rose hym up fersely and clave his hede to the sholdirs.

"Now geff me the troncheon," seyde Balyn to hys lady, "that he slew youre knyght with."

And anone she gaff hit hym, for allwey she bare the truncheoune with hir. And therewith Balyn smote hym thorow the body and seyde opynly, "With that troncheon thou slewyste a good knyght, and now hit stykith in thy body."

Than Balyn called unto hys oste and seyde, "Now may ye fecche blood inowghe to hele youre son withall."

So anone all the knyghtes rose frome the table for to sette on Balyne. And Kynge Pellam hymself arose up fersely and seyde, "Knyght, why hast thou slayne my brothir? Thou shalt dey therefore or thou departe."

"Well," seyde Balyn, "do hit youreselff."

"Yes," seyde Kyng Pellam, "there shall no man have ado with the but I myselff, for the love of my brothir."

Than Kynge Pellam caught in hys hand a grymme wepyn and smote egirly at Balyn, but he put hys swerde betwyxte hys hede and the stroke, and therewith hys swerde braste in sundir. And whan Balyne was wepynles he ran into a chambir for to seke a wepyn, and so fro chambir to chambir, and no wepyn coude he fynde, and allwayes Kyng Pellam folowed afftir hym. And at the last he enterde into a chambir that was mervaylously dyght and ryche, and a bedde arayed with cloth of golde, the rychiste that myght be thought, and one lyyng therein. And thereby stoode a table of

clene golde with foure pyloures of sylver that bare up the table, and uppon the table stoode a mervaylous spere strangely wrought.

So whan Balyn saw the spere he gate hit in hys honde and turned to Kynge Pellam and felde hym and smote hym passyngly sore with that spere, that Kynge Pellam felle downe in a sowghe. And therewith the castell brake rooffe and wallis, and felle downe to the erthe. And Balyn felle downe and myght nat styrre hande nor foote; and, for the moste party of that castell was dede thorow the dolorouse stroke, ryght so lay Kynge Pellam and Balyne thre dayes.

Than Merlion com thydir, and toke up Balyn and gate hym a good horse, for hys was dede, and bade hym voyde oute of that contrey.

"Sir, I wolde have my damesell," seyde Balyne.

"Loo," seyde Merlion, "where she lyeth dede."

And Kynge Pellam lay so many yerys sore wounded, and myght never be hole tylle that Galaad the Hawte Prynce heled hym in the queste of the Sankgreall. For in that place was parte of the bloode of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, which Joseph off Aramathy brought into thys londe. And there hymselff lay in that ryche bedde, and that was the spere whych Longeus smote Oure Lorde with to the herte. And Kynge Pellam was nyghe of Joseph his kynne, and that was the moste worshipfullist man on lyve in tho dayes, and grete pité hit was of hys hurte, for thorow that stroke hit turned to grete dole, tray, and tene.

Than departed Balyne frome Merlyon, "for," he seyde, "nevir in thys worlde we parte nother meete no more."

So he rode forthe thorow the fayre contreyes and citéys and founde the peple dede slayne on every syde, and all that evir were on lyve cryed and seyde, "A, Balyne! Thou hast done and caused grete damage in thys contreyes! For the Dolerous Stroke thou gaff unto Kynge Pellam thes thre contreyes ar destroyed. And doute nat but the vengeaunce woll falle on the at the laste!"

But whan Balyn was past tho contreyes he was passynge fayne, and so he rode eyght dayes or he mette with any adventure. And

at the last he com into a fayre foreyst in a valey, and was ware of a towure. And there besyde he mette with a grete horse tyed to a tree, and besyde there sate a fayre knyght on the grounde and made grete mournynge, and he was a lyckly man and a well made. Balyne seyde, "God you save! Why be ye so hevy? Telle me and I woll amende hit, and I may, to my power."

"Sir knyght," he seyde, "thou doste me grete gryeff, for I was in mery thoughtes and now thou puttist me to more payne."

Than Balyn went a litill frome hym and loked on hys horse. Than herde Balyne hym sey thus: "A fayre lady! Why have ye brokyn my promyse? For ye promysed me to mete me here by noone. And I may curse you that ever ye gaff me that swerde, for with thys swerde I woll sle myselff," and pulde hit oute.

And therewith com Balyne and sterte unto hym and toke hym by the honde.

"Lette go my hande," seyde the knyght, "or ellis I shall sle the!"

"That shall nat nede," seyde Balyn, "for I shall promyse you my helpe to gete you youre lady and ye woll telle me where she ys."

"What ys your name?" seyde the knyght.

"Sir, my name ys Balyne le Saveage."

"A, sir, I know you well inowghe: ye ar the Knyght with the Too Swerdis, and the man of moste proues of youre hondis lyvynge."

"What ys youre name?" seyde Balyne.

"My name ys Garnysh of the Mownte, a poore mannes sonne, and by my proues and hardynes a deuke made me knyght and gave me londis. Hys name ys Duke Harmel, and hys doughter ys she that I love, and she me, as I demed."

"Hou fer is she hens?" sayd Balyn.

"But six myle," said the knyghte.

"Now ryde we hens," sayde these two knyghtes.

So they rode more than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr castel wel wallyd and dyched.

"I wylle into the castel," sayd Balen, "and loke yf she be ther."

Soo he wente in and serched fro chamber to chambir and fond her bedde, but she was not there. Thenne Balen loked into a fayr

litil gardyn, and under a laurel tre he sawe her lye upon a quylt of grene samyte, and a knyght in her armes fast halsynge eyther other, and under their hedes grasse and herbes. Whan Balen sawe her lye so with the fowlest knyghte that ever he sawe, and she a fair lady, thenne Balyn wente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne and told the knyghte how he fond her as she had slepte fast, and so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepynge.

And whan Garnyssh beheld hir so lyeng, for pure sorou his mouth and nose brast oute on bledynge. And with his swerd he smote of bothe their hedes, and thenne he maade sorowe oute of mesure and sayd, "O, Balyn! Moche sorow hast thow brought unto me, for haddest thow not shewed me that syght I shold have passed my sorow."

"Forsoth," said Balyn, "I did it to this entent, that it sholde better thy courage and that ye myght see and knowe her falshede, and to cause yow to leve love of suche a lady. God knoweth I dyd none other but as I wold ye dyd to me."

"Allas," said Garnysshe, "now is my sorou doubel, that I may not endure. Now have I slayne that I moost loved in all my lyf!"

And therwith sodenly he roofe hymself on his own swerd unto the hyltys.

When Balen sawe that, he dressid hym thensward, lest folke wold say he had slayne them, and so he rode forth. And within thre dayes he cam by a crosse, and theron were letters of gold wryten that said: "it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this castel."

Thenne sawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd, "Balyn le Saveage, thow passyst thy bandes to come this waye, therfor torne ageyne and it will availle the," and he vanysshed awey anone. And soo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a best. "That blast," said Balyn, "is blowen for me, for I am the pryse, and yet am I not dede."

Anone withal he sawe an honderd ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr semblaunt and made hym passyng good chere unto his syght, and ledde hym into the castel, and ther was daunsynge and mynstralsye and alle maner of joye.

Thenne the chyef lady of the castel said, "Knyghte with the two suerdys, ye must have adoo and juste with a knyght hereby that kepeth an iland, for ther may no man passe this way but he must juste or he passe."

"That is an unhappy customme," said Balyn, "that a knyght may not passe this wey but yf he juste."

"Ye shalle not have adoo but with one knyghte," sayd the lady.

"Wel," sayd Balyn, "syn I shalle, therto I am redy; but traveillynge men are ofte wery and their horses to, but though my hors be wery my hert is not wery. I wold be fayne ther my deth shold be."

"Syr," said a knyght to Balyn, "methynketh your sheld is not good: I wille lene yow a byggar, therof I pray yow."

And so he tooke the sheld that was unknowen and lefte his owne, and so rode unto the iland and put hym and his hors in a grete boote.

And whan he came on the other syde he met with a damoysel, and she said, "O, knyght Balyn, why have ye lefte your owne sheld? Allas! ye have put yourself in grete daunger, for by your sheld ye shold have ben knowen. It is grete pyté of yow as ever was of knyght, for of thy prowesse and hardynes thou hast no felawe lyvynge."

"Me repenteth," said Balyn, "that ever I cam within this countrey; but I maye not torne now ageyne for shame, and what aventure shall falle to me, be it lyf or dethe, I wille take the adventure that shalle come to me."

And thenne he loked on his armour and understood he was wel armed, and therwith blessid hym and mounted upon his hors. Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydynge oute of a castel a knyght, and his hors trapped all reed, and hymself in the same colour. Whan this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn, hym thought it shold be his broder Balen by cause of his two swerdys, but by cause he knewe not his sheld he demed it was not he.

And so they aventryd theyr speres and came merveillously fast togyders, and they smote eyther other in the sheldes, but theire speres and theire cours were soo bygge that it bare doune hors

and man, that they lay bothe in a swoun, but Balyn was brysed sore with the falle of his hors, for he was wery of travaille. And Balan was the fyrst that rose on foote and drewe his swerd and wente toward Balyn, and he aroos and wente ageynst hym; but Balan smote Balyn fyrste, and he put up his shelde and smote hym thorow the shelde and tamyd his helme. Thenne Balyn smote hym ageyne with that unhappy swerd and wel-nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan, and so they fought ther togyders tyl theyr brethes faylled.

Thenne Balyn loked up to the castel and sawe the towres stand ful of ladyes. Soo they went unto bataille ageyne and wounded everyche other dolefully, and thenne they brethed oftymes, and so wente unto bataille that alle the place thereas they fought was blood reed. And att that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther smyten other seven grete woundes so that the lest of them myght have ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this world.

Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merveillously that doubte it was to here of that bataille for the grete blood shedynge, and their hawberkes unnailled, that naked they were on every syde. Atte last Balan, the yonger broder, withdrewe hym a lytel and leid hym doune.

Thenne said Balyn le Saveage, "What knyghte arte thow? for or now I found never no knyght that matched me."

"My name is," said he, "Balan, broder unto the good knyght Balyn."

"Allas!" sayd Balyn, "that ever I shold see this day," and therwith he felle backward in a swoune.

Thenne Balan yede on al four feet and handes, and put of the helme of his broder, and myght not knowe hym by the vysage, it was so ful hewen and bledde; but whan he awoke he sayd, "O, Balan, my broder! Thow hast slayne me and I the, wherfore alle the wyde world shalle speke of us bothe."

"Allas!" sayd Balan, "that ever I sawe this day, that thorow myshap I myght not knowe yow! For I aspyed wel your two

swerdys, but bycause ye had another shild I demed ye had ben another knyght."

"Allas!" saide Balyn, "all that maade an unhappy knyght in the castel, for he caused me to leve myn owne shelde to our bothes destruction. And yf I myght lyve I wold destroye that castel for ylle customes."

"That were wel done," said Balan, "for I had never grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther, for here it happed me to slee a knyght that kepte this iland, and syn myght I never departe, and no more shold ye, broder, and ye myght have slayne me as ye have and escaped yourself with the lyf."

Ryght so cam the lady of the toure with foure knyghtes and six ladyes and six yomen unto them, and there she herd how they made her mone eyther to other and sayd, "We came bothe oute of one wombe, that is to say one moders bely, and so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte." So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true servyse that she wold burye them bothe in that same place there the bataille was done, and she graunted hem with wepynge it shold be done rychely in the best maner.

"Now wille ye sende for a preest, that we may receyve our sacrament and receyve the blessid body of Our Lord Jesu Cryst?"

"Ye," said the lady, "it shalle be done," and so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her ryghtes.

"Now," sayd Balen, "whan we are buryed in one tombe and the mensyon made over us how two bretheren slewe eche other, there wille never good knyght nor good man see our tombe but they wille pray for our soules," and so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyté.

Thenne anone Balan dyed, but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after. And so were they buryed bothe, and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan how he was ther slayne by his broders handes, but she knewe not Balyns name.

In the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte Balyns name on the tombe with letters of gold that "here lyeth Balyn le Saveage that was the Knyght with the Two Swerdes, and he that smote the Dolorous

Stroke." Also Merlyn lete make ther a bedde, that ther shold never man lye therin but he wente oute of his wytte. Yet Launcelot de Lake fordyd that bed thorow his noblesse.

And anone after Balyn was dede Merlyn toke his swerd and toke of the pomel and set on another pomel. So Merlyn bade a knyght that stood before hym to handyll that swerde, and he assayde hit and myght nat handyll hit. Than Merlion lowghe.

"Why lawghe ye?" seyde the knyght.

"Thys ys the cause," seyde Merlion. "There shall never man handyll thys swerde but the beste knyght of the worlde, and that shall be Sir Launcelot, othir ellis Galahad hys sonne. And Launcelot with thys swerde shall sle the man in the worlde that he lovith beste: that shall be Sir Gawayne."

And all thys he lette wryte in the pomell of the swerde.

Than Merlion lette make a brygge of iron and of steele into that ilonde, and hit was but halff a foote brode: "and there shall never man passe that brygge nother have hardynesse to go over hit but yf he were a passynge good man withoute trechery or vylany." Also the scawberd off Balyns swerde Merlion lefte hit on thys syde the ilonde, that Galaad sholde fynde hit. Also Merlion lette make by hys suttelyté that Balynes swerde was put into a marbil stone stondynge upryght, as grete as a mylstone, and the stone hoved allwayes above the watir, and dud many yeres. And so by adventure hit swamme downe by the streme unto the cité of Camelot, that ys in Englysh called Wynchester, and that same day Galahad the Haute Prynce com within Kynge Arthure, and so Galaad brought with hym the scawberde and encheved the swerde that was in the marble stone hovynge uppon the watir. And on Whytsonday he enchevyd the swerde, as hit ys rehersed in the Booke of the Sankgreall.

Sone aftir thys was done, Merlion com to Kynge Arthur and tolde hym of the dolerous stroke that Balyn gaff Kynge Pellam, and how Balyn and Balan fought togydirs the merveyloust batayle that evir was herde off, and how they were buryed bothe in one tombe.

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "thys ys the grettist pité that ever

I herde telle off, of too knyghtes, for in thys worlde I knewe never such too knyghtes."

Thus endith the tale of Balyn and Balan, too brethirne that were borne in Northhumbirlonde, that were too passynge good knyghtes as ever were in tho dayes.

Explicit.

THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR

IN THE BEGYNNYNG of Arthure, aftir he was chosyn kynge by adventure and by grace, the moste party of the barowns knew nat he was Uther Pendragon son but as Merlyon made hit opynly knowyn, but yet many kyngis and lordis hylde hym grete werre for that cause. But well Arthur overcom hem all: for the moste party dayes of hys lyff he was ruled by the counceile of Merlyon.

So hit felle on a tyme Kyng Arthur seyde unto Merlion, "My barownes woll let me have no reste but nedis I muste take a wyff, and I wolde none take but by thy counceile and advice."

"Hit ys well done," seyde Merlyon, "that ye take a wyff, for a man of youre bounté and nobles scholde not be withoute a wyff. Now is there ony," seyde Marlyon, "that ye love more than another?"

"Ye," seyde Kyng Arthure, "I love Gwenyvere, the kynges doughtir Lodegrean, of the londe of Camelerde, the whyche holdyth in his house the Table Rounde that ye tolde me he had hit of my fadir Uther. And this damesell is the moste valyaunte and fayryst that I know lyvyng, or yet that ever I coude fynde."

"Sertis," seyde Marlyon, "as of her beauté and fayrenesse she is one of the fayrest on lyve. But and ye loved hir not so well as ye do, I scholde fynde you a damesell of beauté and of goodnesse that sholde lyke you and please you, and youre herte were nat sette. But thereas mannes herte is sette he woll be loth to returne."

"That is trouthe," seyde Kyng Arthur.

But Marlyon warned the kyng covertly that Gwenyvere was nat holsom for hym to take to wyff. For he warned hym that Launcelot scholde love hir and sche hym agayne, and so he turned his tale to the aventures of the Sankegreal.

Than Merlyon desyred of the kyng for to have men with hym that scholde enquere of Gwenyvere, and so the kyng graunted hym. And so Merlyon wente forthe unto Kyng Lodegrean of Camylerde,

and tolde hym of the desire of the kyng that he wolde have unto his wyff Gwenyvere his doughter.

"That is to me," seyde Kyng Lodegreauns, "the beste tydynges that ever I herde, that so worthy a kyng of prouesse and noblesse wol wedde my doughter. And as for my londis, I wolde geff hit hym yf I wyste hit myght please hym, but he hath londis inow: he nedith none. But I shall sende hym a gyffte that shall please hym muche more, for I shall gyff hym the Table Rounde whych Uther hys fadir gaff me. And whan hit ys fullé complete there ys an hondred knyghtes and fyfty. And as for an hondred good knyghtes, I have myselff, but I wante fyfty, for so many hathe be slayne in my dayes."

And so Kynge Lodgreaunce delyverd hys doughtir Gwenyvere unto Merlion, and the Table Rounde with the hondred knyghtes; and so they rode fresshly with grete royalté, what by watir and by londe, tyll that they com nyghe unto London.

Whan Kynge Arthure herde of the commynge of Gwenyvere and the hondred knyghtes with the Table Rounde, than Kynge Arthure made grete joy for hir commyng and that ryche presente, and seyde opynly, "Thys fayre lady ys passyngly wellcom to me, for I have loved hir longe, and therefore there ys nothynge so leeff to me. And thes knyghtes with the Table Rownde pleasith me more than ryght grete rychesse."

And in all haste the kynge lete ordayne for the maryage and the coronacion in the moste honorablyst wyse that cowude be devised.

"Now, Merlion," seyde Kynge Arthure, "go thou and aspye me in all thys londe fyfty knyghtes which bene of moste prouesse and worship."

So within shorte tyme Merlion had founde such knyghtes that sholde fulfylle fourty and eyght knyghtes, but no mo wolde he fynde. Than the Bysshop of Caunturbiry was fette, and he blyssed the segis with grete royalté and devocion, and there sette the eyght and fourty knyghtes in her segis.

And whan thys was done Merlion seyde, "Fayre sirres, ye muste all aryse and com to Kynge Arthure for to do hym omage; he woll the bettir be in wylle to maynteyne you."

And so they arose and dud theire omage. And whan they were gone Merlion founde in every sege lettirs of golde that tolde the knyghtes namys that had sitten there, but too segis were voyde.

And so anone com in yonge Gawayne and asked the kynge a gyffte.

"Aske," seyde the kynge, "and I shall graunte you."

"Sir, I aske that ye shall make me knyght that same day that ye shall wedde Dame Gwenyvere."

"I woll do hit with a good wylle," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I muste be reson ye ar my nevew, my sistirs son."

Forthwithall there com a poore man into the courte and brought with hym a fayre yonge man of eyghtene yere of ayge, rydynge uppon a lene mare. And the poore man asked all men that he mette, "Where shall I fynde Kynge Arthure?"

"Yondir he ys," seyde the knyghtes. "Wolt thou onythynge with hym?"

"Ye," seyde the poore man, "therefore I cam hydir." And as sone as he com before the kynge he salewed hym and seyde, "Kynge Arthure, the floure of all kyngis, I beseche Jesu save the! Sir, hit was tolde me that as at thys tyme of youre maryaige ye wolde gyff ony man the gyffte that he wolde aske you excepte hit were unresonable."

"That ys trouthe," seyde the kynge, "such cryes I lette make and that woll I holde, so hit appayre nat my realme nor myne astate."

"Ye sey well and graciously," seyde the pore man. "Sir, I aske nothynge elis but that ye woll make my sonne here a knyght."

"Hit ys a grete thynge thou askyst off me," seyde the kynge. "What ys thy name?" seyde the kynge to the poore man.

"Sir, my name ys Aryes the cowherde."

"Whethir commith thys, of the other ells of thy sonne?" seyde the kynge.

"Nay, sir," seyd Aryes, "thys desyre commyth of my son and nat off me. For I shall telle you, I have thirtene sonnes, and all they woll falle to what laboure I putte them and woll be ryght

glad to do laboure; but thys chylde woll nat laboure for nothynge that my wyff and I may do, but allwey he woll be shotynge or castynge dartes, and glad for to se batayles and to beholde knyghtes. And allwayes day and nyght he desyrith of me to be made knyght."

"What ys thy name?" seyde the kynge unto the yonge man.

"Sir, my name ys Torre."

Than the kynge behelde hym faste and saw he was passyngly well vysaged and well made of hys yerys.

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthure unto Aryes the cowherde, "go fecche all thy sonnes before me that I may se them."

And so the pore man dud. And all were shapyn muche lyke the poore man, but Torre was nat lyke hym nother in shappe ne in countenaunce, for he was muche more than ony of them.

"Now," seyde Kynge Arthur unto the cowherde, "where ys the swerde he shall be made knyght withall?"

"Hyt ys here," seyde Torre.

"Take hit oute of the shethe," sayde the kynge, "and requyre me to make you knyght."

Than Torre alyght of hys mare and pulled oute hys swerde, knelynge and requyrynge the kynge to make hym knyght, and that he made hym Knyght of the Table Rounde.

"As for a knyght, a knyght I woll make you," and therewith smote hym in the necke with the swerde, seyynge "be ye a good knyght, and so I pray to God ye may be; and if ye be of proues and worthynes ye shall be of the Table Rounde."

"Now, Merlion," seyde Arthure, "sey whethir thys Torre shall be a good man."

"Yee, hardely, sir, he ought to be a good man, for he ys com of good kynrede as ony on lyve, and of kynges bloode."

"How so, sir?" seyde the kynge.

"I shall telle you," seyde Merlion. "Thys poore man Aryes the cowherde ys nat his fadir, for he ys no sybbe to hym, for Kynge Pellynore ys hys fadir."

"I suppose nat," seyde the cowherde.

"Well, fecch thy wyff before me," seyde Merlion, "and she shall nat sey nay."

Anone the wyff was fette forth, which was a fayre houswyff. And there she answerde Merlion full womanly, and there she tolde the kynge and Merlion that whan she was a mayde and wente to mylke hir kyne, "there mette with me a sterne knyght, and half be force he had my maydynhode. And at that tyme he begate my sonne Torre, and he toke awey fro me my grayhounde that I had that tyme with me, and seyde he wolde kepe the grayhounde for my love."

"A," seyde the cowherde, "I wente hit had nat be thus, but I may beleve hit well, for he had never no tacchys of me."

Sir Torre seyde unto Merlion, "Dishonoure nat my modir."

"Sir," seyde Merlion, "hit ys more for your worship than hurte, for youre fadir ys a good knyght and a kynge, and he may ryght well avaunce you and youre modir both, for ye were begotyn or evir she was wedded."

"That ys trouthe," seyde the wyff.

"Hit ys the lesse gryff unto me," seyde the cowherde.

So on the morne Kynge Pellynor com to the courte of Kynge Arthure. And he had grete joy of hym and tolde hym of Sir Torre, how he was hys sonne, and how he had made hym knyght at the requeste of the cowherde. Whan Kynge Pellynor behelde Sir Torre he plesed hym muche. So the kynge made Gawayne knyght, but Sir Torre was the firste he made at that feste.

"What ys the cause," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that there ys too placis voyde in the segis?"

"Sir," seyd Merlion, "there shall no man sitte in tho placis but they that shall be moste of worship. But in the Sege Perelous there shall nevir man sitte but one, and yf there be ony so hardy to do hit he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sitte therein shall have no felowe." And therewith Merlyon toke Kynge Pellinor by the honde, and in that one hande nexte the too segis and the Sege Perelous, he seyde in opyn audiens, "Thys is your place, for beste ar ye worthy to sitte thereinne of ony that here ys."

And thereat had Sir Gawayne grete envy and tolde Gaherys hys brothir, "Yondir knyght ys putte to grete worship, whych grevith me sore, for he slewe oure fadir Kynge Lott. Therefore I woll sle hym," seyde Gawayne, "with a swerde that was sette me that ys passynge trencheaunte."

"Ye shall nat so," seyde Gaheris, "at thys tyme, for as now I am but youre squyre, and whan I am made knyght I woll be avenged on hym, and therefore brothir, hit ys beste to suffir tyll another tyme, that we may have hym oute of courte, for and we dud so we sholde trouble thys hyghe feste."

"I woll well," seyde Gawayne.

Than was thys feste made redy, and the kynge was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Gwenyvere in the chirche of Seynte Stephyns with grete solempnité. Than as every man was sette as hys degré asked, Merlyon wente to all the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table and bade hem sitte stylle, "that none of you remeve, for ye shall se a straunge and a mervailous adventure."

Ryght so as they sate there com rennynge inne a whyght herte into the hall, and a whyght brachet nexte hym, and thirty couple of blacke rennynge houndis com afftir with a grete cry. And the herte wente aboute the Rounde Table, and as he wente by the syde-bourdis the brachet ever boote hym by the buttocke and pulde outte a pece, wherethorow the herte lope a grete lepe and overthrew a knyght that sate at the syde-bourde. And therewith the knyght arose and toke up the brachet, and so wente forthe oute of the halle and toke hys horse and rode hys way with the brachett.

Ryght so com in a lady on a whyght palferey, and cryed alowde unto Kynge Arthure and seyd, "Sir, suffir me nat to have thys despite, for the brachet ys myne that the knyght hath ladde away."

"I may nat do therewith," seyde the kynge.

So with thys there com a knyght rydyng all armed on a grete horse, and toke the lady away with forse wyth hym, and ever she cryed and made grete dole. So whan she was gone the kynge was gladde, for she made such a noyse.

"Nay," seyde Merlyon, "ye may nat leve hit so, thys adventure, so lyghtly, for thes adventures muste be brought to an ende, othir ellis hit woll be disworshyp to you and to youre feste."

"I woll," seyde the kynge, "that all be done by your advice."

Than he lette calle Sir Gawayne, for he muste brynge agayne the hede of the whyght herte. "Also, sir, ye muste lette call Sir Torre, for he muste brynge agayne the brachette and the knyght, othir ellis sle hym. Also lette calle Kynge Pellynor, for he muste brynge agayne the lady and the knyght othir ellis sle hym; and thes thre knyghtes shall do mervayles adventures or they com agayne."

Than were they called all thre as hit ys rehersed afore and every of them toke theire charge and armed them surely. But Sir Gawayne had the firste requeste and therefore we woll begynne at hym, and so forthe to thes other.

Here begynnith the fyrst batayle that ever Sir Gawayne ded after he was made knyght.

Syr Gawayne rode more than a pace, and Gaheris his brothir rode with hym in the stede of a squyre to do hym servyse. So as they rode they saw too knyghtes fyght on horsebacke passynge sore. So Sir Gawayne and hys brothir rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they fought. So one of the knyghtes seyde, "We fyght but for a symple mater, for we too be too brethirne and be begotyn of oo man and of oo woman."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Gawayne, "why do ye so?"

"Sir," seyde the elther brothir, "there com a whyght herte thys way thys same day and many houndis chaced hym, and a whyght brachett was allwey nexte hym. And we undirstood hit was an adventure made for the hyghe feste of Arthure. And therefore I wolde have gone afftir to have wonne me worship, and here my yonger brothir seyde he wolde go aftir the harte for he was bygger knyght than I. And for thys cause we felle at debate, and so we thought to preff which of us was the bygger knyght."

"Forsoth, thys ys a symple cause," seyde Gawayne, "for uncouth men ye sholde debate withall, and no brothir with brothir. Therefore do be my counceyle: othir I woll have ado with you bothe, other ellis yelde you to me, and that ye go unto Kynge Arthure and yelde you unto hys grace."

"Sir knyght," seyde the too brethirne, "we ar forfoughten and muche bloode have we loste thorow oure wylfulnes, and therefore we wolde be loth to have ado with you."

"Than do as I woll have you do," seyde Sir Gawayne.

"We agré to fulfylle youre wylle. But by whom shall we sey that we be thydir sente?"

"Ye may sey, by the knyght that folowith the queste of the herte. Now what ys youre name?" seyde Gawayne.

"Sir, my name ys Sorluse of the Foreyste," seyde the elder.

"And my name ys," seyde the yonger, "Bryan of the Foreyste."

And so they departed and wente to the kyngis courte, and Sir Gawayne folowed hys queste. And as he folowed the herte by the cry of the howndis, evyn before hym there was a grete ryver, and the herte swam over.

And as Sir Gawayne wolde a folowed afftir, there stood a knyght on the othir syde and seyde, "Sir knyght, com nat over aftir thys harte but if thou wolt juste with me."

"I woll nat fayle as for that," seyde Sir Gawayne, "to folow the queste that I am inne." And so made hys horse swymme over the watir. And anone they gate theire glayves, and ran togydirs fulle harde, but Sir Gawayne smote hym of hys horse, and than he turned hys horse and bade hym yelde hym.

"Nay," seyde the knyght, "nat so, for thoughe ye have the bettir of me on horsebak, I pray the, valyaunte knyght, alyght on foote and macche we togydir with oure swerdis."

"What ys youre name?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"Sir, my name ys Alardyne of the Oute Iles."

Than aythir dressed theire shyldes and smote togydir, but Sir Gawayne smote hym so harde thorow the helme that hit wente to the brayne and the knyght felle downe dede.

"A," seyde Gaherys, "that was a myghty stroke of a yonge knyght."

Than Sir Gawayne and Gaherys rode more than a paas after the whyte herte, and lete slyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes. And so they chaced the herte into a castel, and in the chyef place of the castel they slewe the hert. Sir Gawayne and Gaherys folowed afftir. Ryght so there com a knyght oute of a chambir with a swerde drawyn in hys honde and slew too of the grayhoundes evyn in the syght of Sir Gawayne, and the remanente he chaced with hys swerde oute of the castell. And whan he com agayne he seyde, "A, my whyght herte, me repentis that thou arte dede, for my soveraigne lady gaff the to me, and evyll have I kepte the, and thy dethe shall be evyl bought and I lyve."

And anone he wente into hys chambir and armyd hym, and com oute fersely. And there he mette with Sir Gawayne and he seyde, "Why have ye slayne my howndys? For they dyd but theire kynde, and I wolde that ye had wrokyn youre angir uppon me rather than uppon a dome beste."

"Thou seyst trouth," seyde the knyght. "I have avenged me on thy howndys, and so I woll on the or thou go."

Than Sir Gawayne alyght on foote and dressed hys shylde, and stroke togydirs myghtly and clave theire shyldis and stooned theire helmys and brake theire hawbirkes that theire bloode thirled downe to theire feete. So at the last Sir Gawayne smote so harde that the knyght felle to the erthe, and than he cryed mercy and yelded hym and besought hym as he was a jantyll knyght to save hys lyff.

"Thou shalt dey," seyd Sir Gawayne, "for sleynge of my howndis."

"I woll make amendys," seyde the knyght, "to my power."

But Sir Gawayne wolde no mercy have, but unlaced hys helme to have strekyn of hys hede. Ryght so com hys lady oute of a chambir and felle over hym, and so he smote of hir hede by myssefortune.

"Alas," seyde Gaherys, "that ys fowle and shamefully done, for that shame shall never frome you. Also ye sholde gyff mercy unto

them that aske mercy, for a knyght withoute mercy ys withoute worship."

So Sir Gawayne was sore astoned of the deth of this fayre lady, that he wyst nat what he dud, and seyde unto the knyght, "Aryse, I woll gyff the mercy."

"Nay, nay," seyd the knyght, "I take no forse of thy mercy now, for thou haste slayne with vilony my love and my lady that I loved beste of all erthly thynge."

"Me sore repentith hit," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for I mente the stroke unto the. But now thou shalt go unto Kynge Arthure and telle hym of thyne adventure and how thou arte overcom by the knyght that wente in the queste of the whyght harte."

"I take no force," seyde the knyght, "whether I lyve othir dey." But at the last, for feare of dethe, he swore to go unto Kynge Arthure, and he made hym to bere the one grehownde before hym on hys horse and the other behynde hym.

"What ys youre name," seyde Sir Gawayne, "or we departe?"

"My name ys," seyde the knyght, "Blamoure of the Maryse." And so he departed towarde Camelot. And Sir Gawayne wente unto the castell and made hym redy to lye there all nyght and wolde have unarmed hym.

"What woll ye do?" seyde Gaherys. "Woll ye unarme you in thys contrey? Ye may thynke ye have many fooes in thys contrey."

He had no sunner seyde the worde but there com in foure knyghtes well armed and assayled Sir Gawayne harde, and seyde unto hym, "Thou new-made knyght, thou haste shamed thy knyghthode, for a knyght withoute mercy ys dishonoured. Also thou haste slayne a fayre lady to thy grete shame unto the worldys ende, and doute the nat thou shalt have grete nede of mercy or thou departe frome us."

And therewith one of hem smote Sir Gawayne a grete stroke, that nygh he felle to the erthe. And Gaherys smote hym agayne sore. And so they were assayled on the one syde and on the othir, that Sir Gawayne and Gaherys were in jouparté of theire lyves. And one with a bowe, an archer, smote Sir Gawayne thorow the arme, that hit greved hym wondirly sore.

And as they sholde have bene slayne, there com foure fayre ladyes and besought the knyghtes of grace for Sir Gawayne. And goodly at the requeste of thes ladyes they gaff Sir Gawayne and Gaherys theire lyves and made them to yelde them as presoners.

Than Sir Gawayne and Gaherys made grete dole. "Alas," seyde Sir Gawayne, "my narme grevith me sore, that I am lyke to be maymed," and so made hys complaynte pyteuously.

So erly on the morne there com to Sir Gawayne one of the foure ladyes that had herd hys complaynte, and seyde, "Sir knyght, what chere?"

"Nat good."

"Why so? Hit ys youre owne defaute," seyde the lady, "for ye have done passynge foule for the sleynge of thys lady, the whych woll be grete vylony unto you. But be ye nat of Kynge Arthurs courte?" seyde the lady.

"Yes, truly," seyde Syr Gawayne.

"What ys youre name?" seyde the lady, "for ye muste telle or ye passe."

"Fayre lady, my name ys Sir Gawayne, the kynges son Lotte of Orkeney, and my modir ys Kynge Arthurs sister."

"Than ar ye nevew unto the kynge," seyde the lady. "Well," seyde the lady, "I shall so speke for you that ye shall have conduyte to go unto Kynge Arthure for hys love."

And so she departed and tolde the foure knyghtes how the presonere was Kynge Arthurs nevew, "and hys name ys Sir Gawayne, Kynge Lottis son of Orkeney." So they gaff hym leve, and toke hym the hartes hede because hit was in the queste. And than they delyverde hym undir thys promyse, that he sholde bere the dede lady with hym on thys maner: the hede of her was hanged aboute hys necke, and the hole body of hir before hym on hys horse mane.

Ryght so he rode forthe unto Camelot. And anone as he was com Merlyon dud make Kynge Arthure that Sir Gawayne was sworne to telle of hys adventures, and how he slew the lady, and how he wolde gyff no mercy unto the knyght, wherethorow the lady was

slayne. Than the kynge and the quene were gretely displeased with Sir Gawayne for the sleynge of the lady, and there by ordynaunce of the queene there was sette a queste of ladyes uppon Sir Gawayne, and they juged hym for ever whyle he lyved to be with all ladyes and to fyght for hir quarels; and ever that he sholde be curteyse, and never to refuse mercy to hym that askith mercy.

Thus was Sir Gawayne sworne uppon the foure evaungelystis that he sholde never be ayenste lady ne jantillwoman but if he fyght for a lady and hys adversary fyghtith for another. And thus endith the adventure of Sir Gawayne that he dud at the mariage of Kyng Arthure.

Whan Sir Torre was redy he mounted uppon hys horse backe and rode afftir the knyght with the brachett. And so as he rode he mette with a dwarff suddeynly, that smote hys horse on the hede with a staff, that he reled bakwarde hys spere lengthe.

"Why dost thou so?" seyde Sir Torre.

"For thou shall nat passe thys way but if thou juste with yondir knyghtes of the pavilions."

Than was Sir Torre ware where were too pavilions, and grete sperys stood withoute, and too shyldes hangynge on treys by the pavilions.

"I may nat tarry," seyde Sir Torre, "for I am in a queste that I muste nedys folow."

"Thou shalt nat passe thys wey," seyde the dwarff, and therewithall he blew hys horne. Than there com one armed on horsebacke and dressed hys shylde and com fast towarde Sir Torre. And than he dressed hym ayenste hym and so ran togydirs, and Sir Torre bare hym frome hys horse, and anone the knyght yelded hym to hys mercy.

"But, sir, I have a felow in yondir pavilyon that woll have ado with you anone."

"He shall be wellcom," seyde Sir Torre.

Than was he ware of another knyght commynge with grete rawndom, and eche of hem dressed to other, that mervayle hit was

to se. But the knyght smote Sir Torre a grete stroke in myddys the shylde, that his spere all to-shyverde. And Sir Torre smote hym thorow the shylde benethe, that hit wente thorow the coste of the knyght, but the stroke slew hym nat. And therewith Sir Torre alyght and smote hym on the helme a grete stroke, and therewith the knyght yelded hym and besought hym of mercy.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Torre, "but ye and youre felow muste go unto Kynge Arthure and yelde you presoners unto hym."

"By whom shall we sey we ar thydir sente?"

"Ye shall sey, by the knyght that wente in the queste of the knyght with the brachette. Now, what be your too namys?" seyde Sir Torre.

"My name ys," seyde that one, "Sir Phelot of Langeduke."

"And my name ys," seyde the othir, "Sir Petipace of Wynchilsee."

"Now go ye forthe," seyde Sir Torre, "and God spede you and me."

Than cam the dwarff and seyde unto Sir Torre, "I pray you gyff me my bone."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Torre, "aske and ye shall have."

"I aske no more," seyde the dwarff, "but that ye woll suffir me to do you servyse, for I woll serve no more recreaunte knyghtes."

"Well, take an horse," seyde Sir Torre, "and ryde one with me."

"For I wote," seyde the dwarff, "ye ryde afftir the knyght with the whyght brachette, and I shall brynge you where he ys," seyde the dwarff.

And so they rode thorowoute a foreste, and at the laste they were ware of too pavilions evyn by a pryory, with too sheldes, and that one shylde was enewed with whyght and that othir shylde was rede.

Therewith Sir Torre alyght and toke the dwarff hys glayve, and so he com to the whyght pavilion. He saw thre damesels lye in hyt on a paylette slepynge, and so he wente unto the tother pavylyon and founde a lady lyynge in hit slepynge, but therein was the whyght brachett that bayed at hym faste. And therwith the lady yede oute

of the pavilion, but anone as Syr Tor aspyed the whyght brachett he toke her by force and wente hys way, and toke hir to the dwarffe. And the lady com oute of the pavilion, and all hir damesels, and seyde, "What! woll ye take my brachette frome me?"

"Ye," seyde Sir Torre, "this brachett have I sought frome Kynge Arthures courte hydir."

"Well," seyde the lady, "sir knyght, ye shall nat go farre with hir but that ye woll be mette with and greved."

"I shall abyde what adventure that commyth, by the grace of God," and so mownted uppon hys horse and passed on hys way towarde Camelot. But hit was so nere nyght he myght nat passe but litill farther.

"Know ye any lodgyng here nye?" seyde Sir Torre.

"I know none," seyde the dwarff, "but here besydys ys an ermytaige, and there ye muste take lodgynge as ye fynde."

And within a whyle they com to the hermytage and toke such lodgynge as was there, and as grasse and otis and brede for theire horsis. Sone hit was spedde, and full harde was theire souper. But there they rested them all nyght tylle on the morne, and herde a masse devoutely and so toke theire leve of the ermyte. And so Sir Torre prayde the ermyte to pray for hym, and he seyde he wolde, and betoke hym to God. And so mownted uppon horsebacke and rode towardis Camelot a longe whyle.

So with that they herde a knyght calle lowde that com afftir them, and seyde, "Knyght, abyde and yelde my brachette that thou toke frome my lady!"

Sir Torre returned agayne and behelde hym how he was a semely knyght and well horsed and well armed at all poyntes. Than Sir Torre dressed hys shylde and toke hys glayve in hys hondys. And so they com fersely on as freysshe men and droff both horse and man to the erthe. Anone they arose lyghtly and drew hir swerdis as egirly as lyons and put theire shyldis before them, and smote thorow theire shyldys, that the cantels felle on bothe partyes. Also they tamed theire helmys, that the hote bloode ran oute and the thycke mayles of theire hawbirkes they carff and rooffe in sundir,

that the hote bloode ran to the erthe. And bothe they had many woundys and were passynge wery.

But Sir Torre aspyed that the tothir knyght faynted, and than he sewed faste uppon hym and doubled hys strokis and stroke hym to the erthe on the one syde. Than Sir Torre bade hym yelde hym.

"That woll I nat," seyde Abelleus, "whyle lastith the lyff and the soule is in my body, onles that thou wolte geff me the brachette."

"That woll I nat," seyde Sir Torre, "for hit was my queste to brynge agayne the brachette, thee, other bothe."

With that cam a damesell rydynge on a palferey as faste as she myght dryve, and cryed with lowde voice unto Sir Torre.

"What woll ye with me?" seyde Sir Torre.

"I beseche the," seyde the damesell, "for Kynge Arthurs love, gyff me a gyffte, I requyre the, jantill knyght, as thou arte a jantillman."

"Now," seyde Sir Torre, "aske a gyffte and I woll gyff hit you."

"Grauntemercy," seyde the damesell. "Now I aske the hede of thys false knyght Abelleus, for he ys the moste outerageous knyght that lyvith, and the grettist murtherer."

"I am lothe," seyde Sir Torre, "of that gyffte I have gyvyn you, but lette hym make amendys in that he hathe trespasced agayne you."

"Now," seyde the damesell, "he may nat, for he slew myne owne brothir before myne yghen that was a bettir knyght than he, and he had had grace; and I kneled halfe an owre before hym in the myre for to sauff my brothirs lyff, that had done hym no damage but fought with hym by adventure of armys, and so for all that I coude do he strake of hys hede. Wherefore I requyre the, as thou arte a trew knyght, to gyff me my gyffte, othir ellis I shall shame the in all the courte of Kynge Arthure; for he ys the falsyste knyght lyvynge, and a grete destroyer of men, and namely of good knyghtes."

So whan Abellyus herde thys he was more aferde, and yelded hym and asked mercy.

"I may nat now," seyde Sir Torre, "but I sholde be founde false of my promyse, for erewhyle whan I wolde have tane you to mercy

ye wolde none aske, but iff ye had the brachett agayne that was my queste."

And therewith he toke off hys helme, and therewith he arose and fledde, and Sir Torre afftir hym, and smote of hys hede quyte.

"Now, sir," seyde the damesell, "hyt ys nere nyght. I pray you com and lodge with me hereby at my place."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Torre, "for my horse and I have fared evyll syn we departed frome Camelot."

And so he rode with her, and had passynge good chere with hir. And she had a passyng fayre olde knyght unto hir husbande that made hym good chere, and well easyd both hys horse and hym. And on the morne he herde hys masse and brake hys faste, and toke hys leve of the knyght and of the lady, that besought hym to telle hys name.

"Truly," he seyde, "my name ys Sir Torre, that was late made knyght, and thys was the firste queste of armys that ever y ded, to brynge agayne that thys knyght Abelleus toke away frome Kynge Arthurs courte."

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde the lady and her husband, "and ye com here in oure marchys, se here youre poore lodgynge, and hit shall be allwayes at youre commaundemente."

So Sir Torre departed and com to Camelot on the third day by noone. And the kynge and the quene and all the courte was passynge fayne of hys commynge, and made grete joy that he was com agayne, for he wente frome the courte with litill succour but as Kynge Pellynor hys fadir gaff hym an olde courser, and Kynge Arthur gaff hym armour and swerde; other ellis had he none other succour, but rode so forthe hymself alone. And than the kynge and the quene by Merlions advise made hym swere to telle of hys adventures, and so he tolde and made prevys of hys dedys as hit ys before reherced, wherefore the kynge and the quene made grete joy.

"Nay, nay," seyde Merlion, "thys ys but japis that he hath do, for he shall preve a noble knyght of proues as few lyvynge, and jantyl and curteyse and of good tacchys, and passyng trew of hys promyse, and never shall he outerage."

Wherethorow Merlions wordis Kynge Arthure gaff hym an erledom of londis that felle unto hym. And here endith the queste of Sir Torre, Kynge Pellynors sonne.

Than Kynge Pellynore armed hym and mownted uppon hys horse, and rode more than a pace after the lady that the knyght lad away. And as he rode in a foreyste he saw in a valey a damesell sitte by a well and a wounded knyght in her armys, and Kynge Pellynor salewed hir. And whan she was ware of hym, she cryed on lowde and seyde, "Helpe me, knyght, for Jesuys sake!"

But Kynge Pellynore wolde nat tarry, he was so egir in hys queste; and ever she cryed an hondred tymes aftir helpe. Whan she saw he wolde nat abyde, she prayde unto God to sende hym as much nede of helpe as she had, and that he myght feele hit or he deyed. So, as the booke tellith, the knyght there dyed that was wounded, wherefore for pure sorow the lady slew hirselff with hys swerde.

As Kynge Pellynore rode in that valey he mette with a poore man, a laborer, and seyde, "Sawyst thou ony knyght rydynge thys way ledyng a lady?"

"Ye, sir," seyde the man. "I saw that knyght and the lady that made grete dole. And yondir beneth in a valey there shall ye se too pavilions, and one of the knyghtes of the pavilions chalenged that lady of that knyght, and seyde she was hys cosyne nere, wherefore he sholde lede hir no farther. And so they waged batayle in that quarell; that one seyde he wolde have hir by force, and that other seyde he wolde have the rule of her for he was hir kynnesman, and wolde lede hir to hir kynne." So for thys quarell he leffte hem fyghtynge. "And if ye woll ryde a pace ye shall fynde them fyghtynge, and the lady was leffte with too squyers in the pavelons."

"God thanke the," seyde Kynge Pellynor.

Than he rode a walop tylle he had a syght of the too pavilons, and the too knyghtys fyghtynge. And anone he rode unto the pavilons and saw the lady how she was there, for she was hys queste, and seyde, "Fayre lady, ye muste go with me unto the courte of Kynge Arthure."

"Sir knyght," seyde the too squyres, "yondir ar too knyghtes that fyght for thys lady. Go ye thyder and departe them, and be ye agreed with them, and than may ye have hir at youre plesure."

"Ye sey well," seyde Kynge Pellynor.

And anone he rode betwixte hem and departed them, and asked them theire causis why they fought.

"Sir knyght," seyde that one, "I shall telle you. Thys lady ys my kynneswoman nye, my awntis doughtir, and whan I herde hir complayne that she was with hym magré hir hede, I waged batayle to fyght with hym."

"Sir knyght," seyde thys othir, whos name was Outelake of Wentelonde, "and thys lady I gate be my prouesse of hondis and armys thys day at Arthurs courte."

"That ys nat trew," seyde Kynge Pellynor, "for ye com in suddeynly thereas we were at the hyghe feste and toke awey thys lady or ony man myght make hym redy, and therefore hit was my queste to brynge her agayne and you bothe, othir ellis that one of us to leve in the fylde. Therefore thys lady shall go with me, othir I shall dye therefore, for so have I promysed Kynge Arthur. And therefore fyght ye no more, for none of you shall have parte of hir at thys tyme. And if ye lyst for to fyght for hir with me, I woll defende hir."

"Well," seyde the knyghtes, "make you redy, and we shall assayle you with all oure power."

And as Kynge Pellynor wolde have put hys horse frome hym, Sir Outelake roff hys horse thorow with a swerde, and seyde, "Now art thou afoote as well as we ar."

Whan Kynge Pellynore aspyed that hys horse was slayne, lyghtly he lepe frome hys horse, and pulled oute hys swerde, and put hys shylde afore hym and seyde, "Knyght, kepe the well, for thou shalt have a buffette for the sleynge of my horse."

So Kynge Pellynor gaff hym such a stroke uppon the helme that he clave the hede downe to the chyne, and felle downe to the erthe dede. Than he turned hym to the other knyght that was sore wounded. But whan he saw that buffette he wolde nat fyght, but

kneled downe and seyde, "Take my cosyn, thys lady, with you as ys youre queste, and I require you, as ye be a trew knyght, put hir to no shame nother vylony."

"What?" seyde Kynge Pellynore, "woll ye nat fyght for hir?"

"No," seyde the knyght, "I woll nat fyght with such a knyght of proues as ye be."

"Well," seyde Kynge Pellynore, "I promyse you she shall have no vyllany by me, as I am trew knyght. But now me wantis an horse," seyde Kynge Pellynor, "but I woll have Outelakis horse."

"Sir, ye shall nat nede," seyde the knyght, "for I shall gyff you such an horse as shall please you, so that ye woll lodge with me, for hit ys nere nyght."

"I woll well," seyde Kynge Pellynore, "abyde with you all nyght."

And there he had with hym ryght good chere and fared of the beste with passyng good wyne, and had myry reste that nyght.

And on the morne he harde masse and dyned. And so was brought hym a fayre bay courser, and Kynge Pellynors sadyll sette uppon hym.

"Now, what shall I calle you," seyde the knyght, "inasmuch as ye have my cousyn at youre desyre of youre queste?"

"Sir, I shall telle you: my name ys Kynge Pellynor, Kynge of the Ilis and Knyght of the Table Rounde."

"Now am I glad," seyde the knyght, "that such a noble man sholde have the rule of my cousyn."

"Now what ys youre name?" seyde Kynge Pellynor. "I pray you telle me."

"Sir, my name ys Sir Meliot de Logrus, and thys lady, my cosyn, hir name ys called Nynive. And thys knyght that was in the other pavilion was my sworne brothir, a passynge good knyght, and hys name ys Bryan of the Ilis, and he ys full lothe to do ony wronge or to fyght with ony man but if he be sore sought on."

"Hit ys mervayle," seyde Kynge Pellynor, "that he wolde nat have ado with me."

"Sir, he woll nat have ado with no man but if hit be at hys requeste."

"I pray you brynge hym to the courte one of thes dayes," seyde Kynge Pellynor.

"Sir, we woll com togydirs."

"Ye shall be wellcom," seyde Kynge Pellynore, "to the courte of Kynge Arthure, and ye shall be gretely alowed for youre commynge."

And so he departed with the lady and brought her to Camelot.

But so as they rode in a valey, hit was full of stonys, and there the ladyes horse stumbled and threw her downe, and hir arme was sore brused, that nerehonde she swooned for payne.

"Alas!" seyde the lady, "my narme ys oute of lythe, wherethorow I muste nedys reste me."

"Ye shall well," seyde Kynge Pellynor.

And so he alyght undir a tre where was fayre grasse, and he put hys horse thereto, and so rested hem undir the tre and slepte tylle hit was ny nyght. And whan he awooke he wolde have rydden forthe, but the lady seyde, "Ye may as well ryde backwarde as forewarde, hit ys so durke."

So they abode stylle and made there theire lodgynge. Than Kynge Pellynor put of hys armoure. Than so a litill tofore mydnyght they herde the trottynge of an horse.

"Be ye stylle," seyde Kynge Pellynor, "for we shall hyre of som adventure."

And therewith he armed hym. So ryght evyn before hym there mette too knyghtes, that one com frowarde Camelot, and that othir com from the northe, and eyther salewed other.

"What tydynges at Camelot?" seyde that one knyght.

"Be my hede," seyde the other, "there have I bene and aspied the courte of Kynge Arthure, and there ys such a felyship that they may never be brokyn, and well-nyghe all the world holdith with Arthure, for there ys the floure of chevalry. And now for thys cause am I rydyng into the northe, to telle oure chyfftaynes of the felyship that ys withholdyn with Kynge Arthure."

"As for that," seyde the othir knyght, "I have brought a remedy with me that ys the grettist poysen that ever ye herde speke off.

And to Camelot woll I with hit, for we have a frende ryght nyghe the kynge, well cheryshed, that shall poysen Kynge Arthur, for so hath he promysed oure chyfftaynes, and receyved grete gyfftis for to do hit."

"Beware," seyde the othir knyght, "of Merlion, for he knowith all thynges by the devylles craffte."

"As for that, therfore woll I nat lett," seyde the knyght; and so they departed in sondir.

And anone aftir that Kynge Pellynor made hym redy, and hys lady, and rode towarde Camelot. And as they com by the welle thereas the wounded knyght was and the lady, there he founde the knyght and the lady etyn with lyons other with wylde bestis, all save the hede, wherefore he made grete sorow and wepte passynge sore, and seyde, "Alas! hir lyff myght I have saved, but I was so ferse in my queste that I wolde nat abyde."

"Wherefore make ye such doole?" seyde the lady.

"I wote nat," seyde Kynge Pellinore, "but my herte rwyth sore of the deth of hir that lyeth yondir, for she was a passyng fayre lady, and a yonge."

"Now, woll ye do by myne advise? Take this knyght and lette hym be buryed in an ermytage, and than take this ladyes hede and bere hit with you unto Kynge Arthure."

So Kynge Pellynor toke thys dede knyght on hys shylde and brought hym to the ermytage, and charged the heremyte with the coorse, that servyse sholde be done for the soule. "And take ye hys harneyse for youre payne."

"Hit shall be done," seyde the hermyte, "as I woll answere to God."

And therewith they departed and com thereas the hede of the lady lay, with a fayre yalow here. That greved Kynge Pellynore passynge sore whan he loked on hit, for much hys herte caste unto that vysage. And so by noone they com unto Camelot, and the kynge and the quene was passyng fayne of hys commynge to the courte. And there he was made to swere uppon the foure evaungelistes to telle the trouthe of hys queste frome the one ende to that other.

"A, Kynge Pellynor," seyde Quene Gwenyvere, "ye were gretly to blame that ye saved nat thys ladyes lyff."

"Madam," seyde Kynge Pellynore, "ye were gretely to blame and ye wolde nat save youre owne lyff and ye myght. But, saff youre displesure, I was so furyous in my queste that I wolde nat abyde, and that repentis me and shall do dayes of my lyff."

"Truly ye ought sore to repente hit," seyde Merlion, "for that lady was youre owne doughtir, begotyn of the Lady of the Rule, and that knyght that was dede was hir love and sholde have wedded hir, and he was a ryght good knyght of a yonge man, and wolde a preved a good man. And to this courte was he commynge, and hys name was Sir Myles of the Laundis, and a knyght com behynde hym and slew hym with a spere, and hys name was Lorayne le Saveage, a false knyght and a cowherde. And she for grete sorow and dole slew hirselff with his swerde, and hyr name was Alyne. And because ye wolde nat abyde and helpe hir, ye shall se youre beste frende fayle you whan ye be in the grettist distresse that ever ye were othir shall be. And that penaunce God hath ordayned you for that dede, that he that ye sholde truste moste on of ony man on lyve, he shall leve you there ye shall be slayne."

"Me forthynkith hit," seyde Kynge Pellynor, "that thus shall me betyde, but God may well fordo desteny."

Thus whan the queste was done of the whyght herte the whych folowed Sir Gawayne, and the queste of the brachet whych folowed Sir Torre, Kynge Pellynors son, and the queste of the lady that the knyghte toke away, whych at that tyme folowed Kynge Pellynor, than the kynge stablysshed all the knyghtes and gaff them rychesse and londys, and charged them never to do outerage nothir mourthir, and allwayes to fle treson, and to gyff mercy unto hym that askith mercy, uppon payne of forfiture of theire worship and lordship of Kynge Arthure for evir more; and allwayes to do ladyes, damesels, and jantilwomen and wydowes soccour, strengthe hem in hir ryghtes, and never to enforce them uppon payne of dethe. Also that no man take no batayles in a wrongefull quarell for no love ne for no worldis goodis.

So unto thys were all knyghtes sworne of the Table Rounde, both olde and yonge, and every yere so were they sworne at the hyghe feste of Pentecoste.

Explicit the Weddyng of Kyng Arthur.

THE DEATH OF MERLIN & THE WAR WITH THE 5 KINGS

SO AFTIR thes questis of Syr Gawayne, Syr Tor, and Kynge Pellynore, than hit befelle that Merlyon felle in dotage on the damesell that Kynge Pellynore brought to courte; and she was one of the damesels of the Lady of the Laake, that hyght Nyneve. But Merlion wolde nat lette her have no reste, but allwayes he wolde be wyth her. And ever she made Merlion good chere tylle sche had lerned of hym all maner of thyng that sche desyred, and he was assoted uppon hir, that he myght nat be from hir.

So on a tyme he tolde to Kynge Arthure that he scholde nat endure longe, but for all his craftes he scholde be putte into the erthe quyk. And so he tolde the kyng many thyngis that scholde befalle, but allwayes he warned the kyng to kepe well his swerde and the scawberde, for he tolde hym how the swerde and the scawberde scholde be stolyn by a woman frome hym that he moste trusted. Also he tolde Kyng Arthure that he scholde mysse hym: "And yett had ye levir than all youre londis to have me agayne."

"A," sayde the kyng, "syn ye knowe of youre evil adventure, purvey for hit, and putt hit away by youre crauftes, that mysseadventure."

"Nay," seyde Merlion, "hit woll not be."

He departed frome the kyng, and within a whyle the Damesell of the Lake departed and Merlyon went with her evermore wheresomever she yeode. And oftyntymes Merlyon wolde have had hir prevayly away by his subtyle crauftes. Than she made hym to swere that he sholde never do none inchauntemente uppon hir if he wolde have his will, and so he swore.

Than she and Merlyon wente over the see unto the londe of Benwyke thereas Kyng Ban was kyng, that had grete warre ayenste Kyng Claudas. And there Merlyon spake with Kyng Banys wyff, a fayre lady and a good; hir name was Elayne. And there he sawe

yonge Launcelot. And there the queene made grete sorowe for the mortal werre that Kyng Claudas made on hir lorde and on hir londis.

"Take none hevynesse," seyde Merlyon, "for this same chylde yonge Launcelot shall within this twenty yere revenge you on Kyng Claudas that all Crystendom shall speke of hit, and this same chylde shall be the moste man of worship of the worlde. And his fyrst name ys Galahad, that know I well," seyde Merlyon, "and syn ye have confermed hym Launcelot."

"That is trouth," seyde the quene, "his name was fyrst Galahad. A, Merlyon," seyde the quene, "shall I lyve to se my son suche a man of prouesse?"

"Yee, hardely, lady, on my perelle ye shall se hit, and lyve many wyntirs aftir."

Than sone aftir the lady and Merlyon departed. And by weyes he shewed hir many wondyrs, and so come into Cornuayle. And allwayes he lay aboute to have hir maydynhode, and she was ever passynge wery of hym and fayne wolde have bene delyverde of hym, for she was aferde of hym for cause he was a devyls son, and she cowde not be skyfte of hym by no meane. And so one a tyme Merlyon ded shew hir in a roche whereas was a grete wondir and wrought by enchauntement that went undir a grete stone. So by hir subtyle worchyng she made Merlyon to go undir that stone to latte hir wete of the mervayles there, but she wrought so there for hym that he come never oute for all the craufte he coude do, and so she departed and leffte Merlyon.

And as Kyng Arthure rode to Camelot and helde there a grete feste with myrth and joy, and sone aftir he returned unto Cardolle. And there come unto Arthure newe tydynges that the Kyng of Denmarke and the Kyng of Irelonde, that was his brothir, and the Kyng of the Vale and the Kynge of Sorleyse and the Kyng of the Ile of Longtaynse, all these fyve kynges with a grete oste was entirde into the londis of Kyng Arthure, and brent and slewe and distroyed clene byfore hem bothe the citeis and castels, that hit was pité to here.

"Alas!" seyde Arthure, "yet had I never reste one monethe syne I was kyng crowned of this londe. Now shall I never reste tylle I mete with tho kyngis in a fayre felde, that I make myne avow; for my trwe lyege peple shall nat be destroyed in my defaughte. Therefore go with me who so woll, and abyde who that wyll."

Than Kyng Arthure lette wryte unto Kyng Pellynor and prayde hym in all haste to make hym redy with suche peple as he myght lyghtlyeste arere, and to hyghe hym aftir in haste. Than all the barownes were wrothe prevayly that the kynge wolde departe so suddaynly; but the kynge by no meane wolde abyde, but made wrytyng unto them that were nat ther and bade hyghe them aftir hym suche as were nat at that tyme at that courte.

Than the kynge come to Quene Gwenyvere and seyde unto her, "Madame, make you redy, for ye shall go with me, for I may nat longe mysse you. Ye shall cause me to be the more hardy, what adventure so befalle me; yette woll I nat wyte my lady to be in no joupardye."

"Sir," she seyde, "I am at youre commaundemente, and shall be redy at all tymes."

So on the morne the kyng and the quene departed with suche felyship as they had and come into the North, into a foreyste besyde Humbir, and there lodged hem.

So whan this worde come unto the fyve kynges abovynseyde that Arthure was besyde Humbir in a foreste, so there was a knyght, brothir unto one of the fyve kynges, that gaff hem suche counseyle: "Ye knowe well that Sir Arthur hath the floure of chevalry of the worlde with hym, and hit preved by the grete batayle he did with the eleven kynges. And therefore hyghe ye unto hym nyght and day tyll that we be nyghe hym, for the lenger he taryeth the bygger he is, and we ever the weyker. And he is so corageous of hymself that he is com to the felde with lytyll peple, and therefore lette us sette uppon hym or day, and we shall sle downe of his knyghtes that none shall helpe other of them."

So unto this counseyle these fyve kynges assented, and so they passed forth with hir oste thorow North Walys and come uppon

Arthure be nyght and sette uppon his oste as the kynge and his knyghtes were in theire pavylyons. So Kynge Arthure was unarmed and leyde hym to reste with his quene Gwenyvere.

"Sir," seyde Sir Kayyus, "hit is nat beste we be unarmed."

"We shall have no nede," seyde Sir Gawayne and Sir Gryflet, that lay in a lytyll pavylyon by the kynge.

So with that they harde a grete noyse, and many cryed "Treson! Treson!"

"Alas," seyde Arthure, "we be betrayed! Unto armys, felowys!" than he cryed. So they were armed anone at all poyntes. Than come there a wounded knyght unto the kynge and seyde, "Sir, save youreself and my lady the quene, for oure oste is destroyed, and slayne is much of oure peple."

So anone the kynge and the quene and the thre knyghtes toke hir horses and rode toward Humbir to passe over hit, and the watir was so rowghe that they were aferde to passe over hit.

"Now may ye chose," seyde Kynge Arthure, "whethir ye woll abyde and take the adventure on this syde, for and ye be takyn they woll sle you."

"Yet were me lever to dey in this watir than to falle in youre enemyes handis," seyde the quene, "and there to be slayne."

And as they stode talkying Sir Kayus saw the fyve kynges commynge on horsebak by hemself alone, wyth hir sperys in hir hondis, evyn towarde hem.

"Lo," seyde Sir Kayus, "yondir be tho fyve kynges. Lette us go to them and macche hem."

"That were foly," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for we ar but foure, and they be fyve."

"That is trouth," seyde Sir Gryfflette.

"No force," seyde Sir Kayus, "I woll undirtake for too of the beste of hem, and than may ye thre undirtake for all the othir thre."

And therewithall Sir Kay lette his horse renne as faste as he myght to encountir with one of them, and strake one of the kynges thorow the shelde and also the body a fadom, that the kyng felle to the erthe starke dede. That sawe Sir Gawayne and ran unto anothir

kyng so harde that he smote hym thorow the body with a spere, that he felle to the erthe dede. And therwithall Kyng Arthure ran to anothir and smote hym thorow the body with a spere, that he fell to the erthe dede. Than Sir Grysfflet ran to the fourthe kynge and gaff hym suche a falle that his necke brake in sondir. Anone Sir Kay ran unto the fyfth kynge and smote hym so harde on the helme that the stroke clave the helme and hede to the erthe.

"That was well stryken," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and worshipfully haste thou holde thy promyse; therefore I shall honoure the whyle that I lyve."

And therewithall they sette the quene in a barge into Humbir. But allwayes Quene Gwenyvere praysed Sir Kay for his dedis and seyde, "What lady that ye love, and she love you nat agayne, she were gretly to blame. And amonge all ladyes," seyde the quene, "I shall bere your noble fame, for ye spake a grete worde and fulfylled hit worshipfully."

And therewith the quene departed.

Than the kynge and the thre knyghtes rode into the foreyste, for there they supposed to here of them that were ascapid, and there founde the moste party of his peple, and tolde hem how the fyve kynges were dede. "And therefore lette us holde us togedyrs tyll hit be day, and whan hir oste have aspyed that theire chyfteynes be slayne, they woll make such dole that they shall nat mowe helpe hemself."

And ryght as the kynge seyde, so hit was, for whan they founde the fyve kynges dede they made such dole that they felle downe of there horsis. And therewithall com in Kyng Arthure but with a fewe peple, and slewe on the ryght honde and the lyffte honde, that well nye there ascaped no man, but all were slayne to the numbir of thirty thousande. And whan the batayle was all ended the kynge kneled downe and thanked God mekely; and than he sente for the quene. And anone she was com and made grete joy of the overcommynge of that batayle.

Therewithall come one to Kynge Arthure and tolde hym that Kynge Pellynore was within thre myle with a grete oste. And so

he seyde, "Go unto hym and let hym undirstonde how we have spedde."

So within a whyle Kyng Pellynore com with a grete oste and salewed the peple and the kynge, and there was grete joy on every syde. Than the kynge let serch how many peple he had slayne, and there was founde but lytyll paste too hondred men slayne, and eyght Knyghtes of the Table Rounde in theire pavylyons. Than the kynge lat rere and devyse, in the same place thereas the batayle was done and made, a fayre abbay, and endewed hit with grete lyvelode, and let calle hit the Abbay of La Beale Adventure.

But whan som of them come into there contrayes thereas the fyve kynges were kynges and tolde hem how they were slayne, there was made grete dole. And all the kynge Arthurs enemyes, as the Kynge of North Walis and the kynges of the Northe, knewe of this batayle; they were passynge hevy. And so the kynge retourned unto Camelot in haste.

And whan he was com to Camelot he called Kyng Pellynore unto hym and seyde, "Ye undirstonde well that we have loste eyght knyghtes of the beste of the Table Rounde, and by youre advyse we muste chose eyght knyghtes of the beste we may fynde in this courte."

"Sir," seyde Pellynore, "I shall counsayle you aftir my conceyte the beste wyse. There ar in youre courte full noble knyghtes bothe of olde and yonge. And be myne advyse ye shall chose half of the olde and half of the yonge."

"Whych be the olde?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir, mesemyth Kynge Uryence that hath wedded youre sistir Morgan le Fay, and the Kynge of the Lake and Sir Hervyse de Revell, a noble knyght, and Sir Galagars the fourthe."

"This is well devysed," seyde Arthure, "and ryght so shall hit be. Now, whyche ar the foure yonge knyghtes?"

"Sir, the fyrste is Sir Gawayne, youre nevew, that is as good a knyght of his tyme as is ony in this londe. And the secunde as mesemyth beste is Sir Gryfflette le Fyse de Du, that is a good knyght and full desyrous in armys, and who may se hym lyve, he shall

preve a good knyght. And the thirde as mesemyth ys well worthy to be one of the Table Rounde, Sir Kay the Senesciall, for many tymes he hath done full worshipfully. And now at youre laste batayle he dud full honorably for to undirtake to sle too kynges."

"Be my hede," seyde Arthure, "ye sey soth. He is beste worthy to be a Knyght of the Rounde Table of ony that is rehersed yet, and he had done no more prouesse his lyve dayes."

"Now," seyde Kynge Pellynore, "chose you of too knyghtes that I shall reherce whyche is moste worthy, of Sir Bagdemagus and Sir Tor, my son; but for because he is my son I may nat prayse hym, but ellys and he were nat my son I durste say that of his age there is nat in this londe a bettir knyght than he is, nother of bettir condycions, and loth to do ony wronge and loth to take ony wronge."

"Be my hede," seyde Arthure, "he is a passyng good knyght as ony ye spake of this day. That wote I well," seyde the kynge, "for I have sene hym proved; but he seyth but lytil but he doth much more, for I know none in all this courte, and he were as well borne on his modir syde as he is on youre syde, that is lyke hym of prouesse and of myght. And therefore I woll have hym at this tyme and leve Sir Bagdemagus tyll anothir tyme."

So whan they were chosyn by the assent of the barouns, so were there founden in hir seges every knyghtes name that here ar reherced. And so were they sette in hir seges, whereof Sir Bagdemagus was wondirly wrothe that Sir Tor was avaunced afore hym. And therefore soddeynly he departed frome the courte and toke his squyre with hym, and rode longe in a foreste tyll they come to a crosse, and there he alyght and seyde his prayers devoutely. The meane whyle his squyre founde wretyn uppon the crosse that Bagdemagus sholde never retourne unto the courte agayne tyll he had wonne a Knyght of the Table Rounde body for body.

"Loo, sir," seyde his squyer, "here I fynde wrytyng of you; therefore I rede you, returne agayne to the courte."

"That shall I never," seyde Bagdemagus, "tyll men speke of me ryght grete worship, and that I be worthy to be a Knyght of the Rounde Table."

And so he rode forth, and there by the way he founde a braunche of holy herbe that was the signe of the Sancgreall, and no knyght founde no suche tokyns but he were a good lyver and a man of prouesse.

So as Sir Bagdemagus rode to se many adventures, so hit happed hym to com to the roche thereas the Lady of the Lake had put Merlyon undir the stone, and there he herde hym make a grete dole; wherefore Sir Bagdemagus wolde have holpyn hym, and wente unto the grete stone, and hit was so hevy that an hondred men myght nat lyffte hit up. Whan Merlyon wyste that he was there, he bade hym leve his laboure, for all was in vayne: for he myght never be holpyn but by hir that put hym there. And so Bagdemagus departed and dud many adventures and preved aftir a full good knyght, and come ayen to the courte and was made Knyght of the Rounde Table.

So on the morne there befelle new tydyngis and many othir adventures.

ACCOLON

Than hit befelle that Arthure and many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge into a grete foreste, and hit happed Kynge Arthure and Kynge Uryence and Sir Accalon of Gawle folowed a grete harte, for they thre were well horsed; and so they chaced so faste that within a whyle they thre were more than ten myle from her felyshep. And at the laste they chaced so sore that they slewe hir horsis undirnethe them, and the horses were so fre that they felle downe dede. Than were all thre on foote, and ever they saw the harte before them passynge wery and inboced.

"What shall we do?" seyde Kynge Arthure, "we ar harde bestadde."

"Lette us go on foote," seyde Kynge Uryence, "tyll we may mete with somme lodgyng."

Than were they ware of the harte that lay on a grete watir banke, and a brachette bytyng on his throte; and mo othir houndis come aftir. Than Kynge Arthure blewe the pryce and dyght the harte. Than the kynge loked aboute the worlde and sawe before hym in a grete watir a lytyll shippe all apparayled with sylke downe to

the watir, and the shippe cam ryght unto them and landed on the sandis. Than Arthure wente to the banke and loked in and saw none erthely creature therein.

"Sirs," seyde the kynge, "com thens and let us se what is in this shippe."

So at the laste they wente into the shippe all thre, and founde hit rychely behanged with cloth of sylke. So by that tyme hit was durke nyght, there suddeynly was aboute them an hondred torchis sette uppon all the sydes of the shyppebordis, and hit gaff grete lyght. And therewithall there come oute twelve fayre damesels and salued Kynge Arthure on hir kneis, and called hym be his name and seyde he was ryght wellcom, and suche chere as they had he sholde have of the beste.

Than the kynge thanked hem fayre. Therewythall they ledde the kynge and his felawys into a fayre chambir, and there was a clothe leyde rychely beseyne of all that longed to a table, and there were they served of all wynes and metys that they coude thynke of. But of that the kynge had grete mervayle, for he never fared bettir in his lyff as for one souper. And so whan they had souped at her leyser Kyng Arthure was lad into a chambir, a rycher besene chambir sawe he never none; and so was Kynge Uryence served and lad into such anothir chambir; and Sir Accolon was lad into the thirde chambir passyng rychely and well besayne. And so were they leyde in theire beddis easyly, and anone they felle on slepe and slepte merveylously sore all the nyght.

And on the morne Kynge Uryence was in Camelot abedde in hys wyves armys, Morgan Le Fay. And whan he woke he had grete mervayle how he com there, for on the evyn before he was too dayes jurney frome Camelot.

And whan Kyng Arthure awoke he founde hymself in a durke preson, heryng aboute hym many complayntes of wofull knyghtes.

"What ar ye that so complayne?" seyde Kyng Arthure.

"We bene here twenty knyghtes presoners, and som of us hath layne here eyght yere, and som more and somme lesse."

"For what cause?" seyde Arthure.

"We shall tell you," seyde the knyghtes. "This lorde of this castell his name is Sir Damas, and he is the falsyst knyght that lyvyth, and full of treson, and a very cowarde as ony lyvyth. And he hath a yonger brothir, a good knyght of prouesse, and his name is Sir Oughtlake. And this traytoure Damas, the elder brothir, woll geff hym no parte of his londis but as Sir Outlake kepyth hit thorow prouesse of his hondis. And so he kepith frome hym a full fayre maner and a rych, and therein Sir Outlake dwellyth worshypfully and is well beloved with all peple. And this Sir Damas oure mayster is as evyll beloved, for he is withoute mercy, and he is a cowarde, and grete warre hath bene betwyxte them bothe. But Outlake hath ever the bettir, and ever he proferyth Sir Damas to fyght for the lyvelode, body for body, but he woll nat of hit, other ellys to fynde a knyght to fyght for hym. Unto that Sir Damas hath grauntid, to fynde a knyght, but he is so evyll beloved and hated that there is no knyght woll fyght for hym.

"And whan Damas saw this, that there was never a knyght wolde fyght for hym, he hath dayly layne awayte wyth many a knyght with hym and takyn all the knyghtes in this contray to se and aspye hir aventures: he hath takyn hem by force and brought hem to his preson. And so toke he us severally, as we rode on oure adventures, and many good knyghtes hath deyde in this preson for hunger, to the numbir of eyghtene knyghtes. And yf ony of us all that here is or hath bene wolde have foughtyn with his brothir Outlake he wolde have delyverde us; but for because this Damas ys so false and so full of treson we wolde never fyght for hym to dye for hit, and we be so megir for hungir that unnethe we may stonde on oure fete."

"God delyver you for His grete mercy!"

Anone withall come a damesel unto Arthure and asked hym, "What chere?"

"I can nat sey," seyde Arthure.

"Sir," seyde she, "and ye woll fyght for my lorde ye shall be delyverde oute of preson, and ellys ye ascape never with the lyff."

"Now," seyde Arthure, "that is harde; yet had I lever fyght with a knyght than to dey in preson. Wyth this," seyde Arthure, "I may be delyverde and all thes presoners, I woll do the batayle."

"Yes," seyde the damesell.

"Than I am redy," seyde Arthure, "and I had horse and armoure."

"Ye shall lak none," seyde the damesell.

"Mesemethe, damesell, I shold have sene you in the courte of Arthure."

"Nay," seyde the damesell, "I cam never there. I am the lordis doughter of this castell."

Yet was she false, for she was one of the damesels of Morgan le Fay. Anone she wente unto Sir Damas and tolde hym how he wolde do batayle for hym, and so he sente for Arthure. And whan he com he was well coloured and well made of hys lymmes, that all knyghtes that sawe hym seyde hit were pité that suche a knyght sholde dey in preson. So Sir Damas and he were agreed that he sholde fyght for hym uppon this covenaunte, that all the othir knyghtes sholde be delyverde. And unto that was Sir Damas sworne unto Arthur, and also he to do the batayle to the uttermoste. And with that all the twenty knyghtes were brought oute of the durke preson into the halle, and delyverde hem, and so they all abode to se the batayle.

Now turne we unto Accalon of Gaule, that whan he awoke he founde hymself by a depe welles syde within half a foote, in grete perell of deth. And there com oute of that fountayne a pype of sylver, and oute of that pype ran watir all on hyghe in a stone of marbil. Whan Sir Accolon sawe this he blyssed hym and seyde, "Jesu save my lorde Kynge Arthure and Kynge Uryence, for thes damysels in this shippe hath betrayed us: they were fendis and no women. And if I may ascape this mysadventure I shall distroye them, all that I may fynde of thes false damysels that faryth thus with theire inchauntementes."

And ryght with that there com a dwarf with a grete mowthe and a flatte nose, and salewed Sir Accalon and tolde hym how he cam fromme Quene Morgan le Fay. "And she gretys yow well and

byddyth you be of stronge herte, for ye shall fyght to-morne wyth a knyght at the houre of pryme. And therefore she hath sent you Excalebir, Arthurs swerde, and the scawberde, and she byddyth you as ye love her that ye do that batayle to the uttirmoste withoute ony mercy, lyke as ye promysed hir whan ye spoke laste togedir in prevyté. And what damesell that bryngyth her the knyghtes hede whyche ye shall fyght withall, she woll make hir a quene."

"Now I undirstonde you," seyde Accalon, "I shall holde that I have promysed her, now I have the swerde. Sir, whan sawe ye my lady Quene Morgan le Fay?"

"Ryght late," seyde the dwarff.

Than Accalon toke hym in his armys and sayde, "Recommaunde me unto my lady the quene and telle hir all shall be done that I promysed hir, and ellis I woll dye for hit. Now I suppose," seyde Accalon, "she hath made all this crauftis and enchauntemente for this batayle."

"Sir, ye may well beleve hit," seyde the dwarff.

Ryght so there come a knyght and a lady wyth six squyers, and salewed Accalon and prayde hym to aryse and com and reste hym at his maner. And so Accalon mounted uppon a voyde horse and wente with the knyght unto a fayre maner by a pryory, and there he had passyng good chere.

Than Sir Damas sente unto his brothir Outelake and bade make hem redy be to-morne at the houre of pryme, and to be in the felde to fyght with a good knyght; for he had founden a knyght that was redy to do batayle at all poyntis. Whan this worde come to Sir Outlake he was passyng hevy, for he was woundid a lytyll tofore thorow bothe his thyghes with a glayve, and he made grete dole; but as he was wounded he wolde a takyn the batayle an honde.

So hit happed at that tyme, by the meanys of Morgan le Fay, Accalon was with Sir Oughtlake lodged. And whan he harde of that batayle and how Oughtlake was wounded he seyde that he wolde fyght for hym, because that Morgan le Fay had sent hym Excaliber and the shethe for to fyght with the knyght on the morne. This was the cause Sir Accalon toke the batayle uppon hym. Than

Sir Outelake was passyng glad and thanked Sir Accolon with all his herte that he wolde do so muche for hym. And therewithall Sir Outlake sente worde unto his brothir Sir Damas that he hadde a knyght redy that sholde fyght with hym in the felde be the houre of pryme.

So on the morne Sir Arthure was armed and well horsed, and asked Sir Damas, "Whan shall we to the felde?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Damas, "ye shall hyre masse."

And so Arthure herde a masse, and whan masse was done there com a squyre on a grete horse and asked Sir Damas if his knyght were redy, "for oure knyght is redy in the felde."

Than Sir Arthure mounted uppon horsebak. And there were all the knyghtes and comons of that contray, and so by all theire advyces there was chosyn twelve good men of the contrey for to wayte uppon the too knyghtes. And ryght as Arthure was on horsebak, there com a damesel fromme Morgan le Fay and brought unto Sir Arthure a swerde lyke unto Excaliber and the scawberde, and seyde unto Arthure, "Morgan le Fay sendis here youre swerde for grete love."

And he thanked hir and wente hit had bene so; but she was falce, for the swerde and the scawberde was counterfete and brutyll and false.

Than they dressed hem on too partyes of the felde and lette theire horses ren so faste that aythir smote other in the myddis of the shelde, and theire sperys helde, that bothe horse and man wente to the erthe, and than they stert up bothe and pulde oute theire swerdis.

The meane whyle that they were thus at the batayle com the Damesel of the Lake into the felde that put Merlyon undir the stone. And she com thidir for the love of Kynge Arthur, for she knew how Morgan le Fay had ordayned for Arthur sholde have bene slayne that day, and therefore she com to save his lyff.

And so they went egerly to the batayle and gaff many grete strokes. But allwayes Arthurs swerde bote nat lyke Accalons swerde, and for the moste party every stroke that Accalon gaff he wounded

Sir Arthure sore, that hit was mervayle he stood, and allwayes his blood felle frome hym faste. Whan Arthure behelde the grounde so sore bebledde he was dismayde. And than he demed treson, that his swerde was chonged, for his swerde bote nat steele as hit was wonte to do. Therefore he dred hym sore to be dede, for ever hym semyd that the swerde in Accalons honde was Excaliber, for at every stroke that Accalon stroke he drewe bloode on Arthure.

"Now, knyght," seyde Accolon unto Arthure, "kepe the well frome me!"

But Arthure answerde not agayne, but gaff hym suche a buffette on the helme that he made hym to stowpe, nyghe fallyng to the erthe. Than Sir Accalon wythdrewe hym a lytyll, and com on wyth Excaliber on heyght, and smote Sir Arthure suche a buffette that he fylle ny to the erthe. Than were they bothe wrothe oute of mesure and gaff many sore strokis. But allwayes Sir Arthure loste so muche bloode that hit was mervayle he stoode on his feete, but he was so full of knyghthode that he endured the payne. And Sir Accolon loste nat a dele of blood; therefore he waxte passynge lyght, and Sir Arthure was passynge fyeble and wente veryly to have dyed, but for all that he made countenaunce as he myght welle endure and helde Accolon as shorte as he myght. But Accolon was so bolde because of Excalyber that he wexed passyng hardy. But all men that behelde hem seyde they sawe nevir knyght fyght so well as Arthur ded, conciderynge the bloode that he had bled. So were all the peple sory for hym, but the too brethirne wolde nat accorde.

So allwayes they fought togedir as fers knyghtes, and at the laste Kynge Arthure withdrew hym a lytyll for to reste hym, and Sir Accolon callyd hym to batayle and seyde, "Hit is no tyme for me to suffir the to reste," and therewith he come fersly uppon Arthure. But Arthur therewith was wroth for the bloode that he had loste, and smote Accolon on hyghe uppon the helme so myghtyly that he made hym nyghe falle to the erthe; and therewith Arthurs swerde braste at the crosse and felle on the grasse amonge the bloode, and the pomell and the sure handyls he helde in his honde. Whan Kynge Arthure saw that, he was in grete feare to dye, but allwayes he

helde up his shelde and loste no grounde nother batyd no chere.

Than Sir Accolon began with wordis of treson and seyde, "Knyght, thou art overcom and mayste nat endure, and also thou art wepynles, and loste thou haste much of thy bloode, and I am full loth to sle the. Therefore yelde the to me recreaunte."

"Nay," seyde Sir Arthur, "I may nat so, for I promysed by the feythe of my body to do this batayle to the uttermuste whyle my lyff lastith, and therefore I had to levir to dye with honour than to lyve with shame. And if hit were possible for me to dye an hondred tymes, I had levir to dye so oufte than yelde me to the. For though I lak wepon, yett shall I lak no worship, and if thou sle me wepynles that shall be thy shame."

"Welle," seyde Accolon, "as for that shame I woll nat spare. Now kepe the fro me, for thou art but a dede man!" And therewith Accolon gaff hym such a stroke that he felle nyghe to the erthe, and wolde have had Arthure to have cryed hym mercy. But Sir Arthure preced unto Accolon with his shelde and gaff hym wyth the pomell in his honde suche a buffette that he reled thre strydes abake.

Whan the Damesell of the Lake behelde Arthure, how full of prouesse his body was, and the false treson that was wrought for hym to have had hym slayne, she had grete peté that so good a knyght and such a man of worship sholde so be destroyed. And at the nexte stroke, Sir Accolon stroke at hym suche a stroke that by the damesels inchauntemente the swerde Excaliber fell oute of Accalons honde to the erthe, and therewithall Sir Arthure lyghtly lepe to hit and gate hit in his honde, and forthwithall he knew hit, that hit was his swerde Excalyber.

"A," seyde Arthure, "thou haste bene frome me all to longe, and muche damage hast thou done me!"

And therewith he aspyed the scawberde hangynge by his syde, and suddaynly he sterte to hym and pulled the scawberte frome hym and threw hit frome hym as fer as he myght throw hit.

"A, sir knyght," seyde Kynge Arthur, "this day haste thou done me grete damage wyth this swerde. Now ar ye com unto youre deth, for I shall nat warraunte you but ye shall be as well rewarded

with this swerde or ever we departe as ye have rewarded me, for muche payne have ye made me to endure and much bloode have I loste."

And therewith Sir Arthure russhed on hym with all his myght and pulde hym to the erthe, and than raced of his helme and gaff hym suche a buffette on his hede that the bloode com oute at his erys, nose, and mowthe.

"Now woll I sle the!" seyde Arthure.

"Sle me ye may well," seyde Sir Accolon, "and hit please you, for ye ar the beste knyght that ever I founde, and I se well that God is with you. But for I promysed," seyde Accolon, "to do this batayle to the uttirmyst and never to be recreaunte while I leved, therefore shall I never yelde me with my mowthe, but God do with my body what He woll."

Than Sir Arthure remembirde hym and thought he scholde have sene this knyght.

"Now telle me," seyde Arthure, "or I woll sle the, of what contrey ye be and of what courte."

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Accolon, "I am of the ryall courte of Kyng Arthure, and my name is Accolon of Gaule."

Than was Arthure more dismayde than he was toforehonde, for than he remembirde hym of his sistir Morgan le Fay and of the enchauntement of the shippe.

"A, sir knyght, I pray you telle me who gaff you this swerde and by whom ye had hit."

Than Sir Accolon bethought hym and seyde, "Wo worthe this swerde! for by hit I have gotyn my deth."

"Hit may well be," seyde the kynge.

"Now, sir," seyde Accolon, "I woll tell you: this swerde hath bene in my kepynge the moste party of this twelve-monthe, and Morgan le Fay, Kyng Uryence wyff, sente hit me yestirday by a dwarfe to the entente to sle Kynge Arthure, hir brothir; for ye shall undirstonde that Kynge Arthur ys the man in the worlde that she hatyth moste, because he is moste of worship and of prouesse of ony of hir bloode. Also she lovyth me oute of mesure as paramour,

and I hir agayne. And if she myght bryng hit aboute to sle Arthure by hir crauftis, she wolde sle hir husbonde Kynge Uryence lyghtly, and than had she devysed to have me kynge in this londe and so to reigne, and she to be my quene. But that is now done," seyde Accolon, "for I am sure of my deth."

"Well," seyde Kyng Arthure, "I fele by you ye wolde have bene kynge of this londe, yett hit had be grete damage to have destroyed your lorde," seyde Arthure.

"Hit is trouthe," seyde Accolon, "but now I have tolde you the trouthe, wherefore I pray you tell me of whens ye ar and of what courte."

"A, Accolon," seyde Kynge Arthure, "now y let the wete that I am Kynge Arthure that thou haste done grete damage to."

Whan Accolon herd that he cryed on-lowde, "Fayre swete lorde, have mercy on me, for I knew you nat."

"A, Sir Accolon," seyde Kynge Arthur, "mercy thou shalt have, because I fele be thy wordis at this tyme thou knewest me nat. But I fele by thy wordis that thou haste agreed to the deth of my persone, and therefore thou art a traytoure; but I wyte the the lesse for my sistir Morgan le Fay by hir false crauftis made the to agré to hir fals lustes. But I shall be sore avenged uppon hir, and I lyve, that all Crystendom shall speke of hit. God knowyth I have honoured hir and worshipped hir more than all my kyn, and more have I trusted hir than my wyff and all my kyn aftir."

Than Kynge Arthure called the kepers of the felde and seyde, "Sirres, commyth hyder, for here ar we too knyghtes that have foughtyn unto grete damage unto us bothe, and lykly eche of us to have slayne other, and had ony of us knowyn othir, here had bene no batayle nothir no stroke stryken."

Than all alowde cryed Accolon unto all the knyghtes and men that were than there, and seyde, "A lordis! This knyght that I have foughten withall is the moste man of prouesse and of worship in the worlde, for hit is hymself Kynge Arthure, oure alther lyege lorde, and with myssehappe and mysseadventure have I done this batayle with the lorde and kynge that I am withholdyn withall."

Than all the peple felle downe on her knees and cryed Kynge Arthure mercy.

"Mercy shall ye have," seyde Arthure. "Here may ye se what soddeyn adventures befallys ouftyn of arraunte knyghtes, how that I have foughtyn with a knyght of myne owne unto my grete damage and his bothe.

"But, syrs, because I am sore hurte and he bothe, and I had grete nede of a lytyll reste, ye shall undirstonde this shall be the opynyon betwyxte you too brethirne. As to the, Sir Damas, for whom I have bene champyon and wonne the felde of this knyght, yett woll I juge. Because ye, Sir Damas, ar called an orgulus knyght and full of vylony, and nat worth of prouesse of youre dedis, therefore woll I that ye geff unto youre brothir all the hole maner with the appertenaunce undir this fourme, that Sir Outelake holde the maner of you and yerely to gyff you a palfrey to ryde uppon, for that woll becom you bettir to ryde on than uppon a courser.

"Also I charge the, Sir Damas, uppon payne of deth, that thou never distresse no knyghtes araunte that ryde on theire adventure, and also that thou restore thyse twenty knyghtes that thou haste kepte longe presoners of all theire harmys, that they be contente. For, and ony of them com to my courte and complayne on the, be my hede, thou shalt dye therefore!

"Also, Sir Oughtlake, as to you, because ye ar named a good knyght and full of prouesse and trew and jantyll in all youre dedis, this shall be youre charge I woll gyff you: that in all goodly hast ye com unto me and my courte, and ye shall be a knyght of myne, and if youre dedis be thereaftir I shall so proferre you by the grace of God that ye shall in shorte tyme be in ease as for to lyve as worshipfully as youre brothir Damas."

"God thonke youre largenesse of youre grete goodnesse and of youre bounté! I shall be frome hens forewarde in all tymes at your commaundement. For, sir," seyde Sir Oughtlake, "as God wolde, I was hurte but late with an adventures knyght thorow bothe the thyghes that greved me sore, and ellys had I done this batayle with you."

"God wolde," seyde Sir Arthure, "hit had bene so, for than had nat I bene hurte as I am. I shall tell you the cause why: for I had nat bene hurte as I am, had nat bene myne owne swerde, that was stolyn frome me by treson; and this batayle was ordeyned aforehonde to have slayne me, and so hit was broughte to the purpose by false treson and by enchauntment."

"Alas," seyde Sir Outlake, "that is grete pyté, that ever so noble a man as ye ar of your dedis and prouesse, that ony man or woman myght fynde in theire hertis to worche ony treson ayenst you."

"I shall rewarde them," seyde Arthure. "Now telle me," seyde Arthure, "how far am I frome Camelot?"

"Sir, ye ar too dayes jurney."

"I wolde be at som place of worship," seyde Sir Arthure, "that I myght reste me."

"Sir," seyde Outlake, "hereby is a ryche abbey of youre elders foundacion, of nunnys, but thre myle hens."

So the kynge toke his leve of all the peple and mounted uppon horsebak, and Sir Accolon with hym. And whan they were com to the abbey he lete fecch lechis and serchid his woundis and Sir Accolons bothe. But Sir Accolon deyed within foure dayes, for he had bled so much blood that he myght nat lyve, but Kynge Arthure was well recoverde. So whan Accolon was dede he lette sende hym in an horse-bere with six knyghtes unto Camelot, and bade, "Bere hym unto my systir, Morgan le Fay, and sey that I sende her hym to a present. And telle hir I have my swerde Excalyber and the scawberde."

So they departe with the body.

The meane whyle Morgan le Fay had wente Kynge Arthure had bene dede. So on a day she aspyed Kynge Uryence lay on slepe on his bedde, than she callyd unto hir a mayden of her counseyle and sayde, "Go fecche me my lordes swerde, for I sawe never bettir tyme to sle hym than now."

"A, madame," seyde the damesell, "and ye sle my lorde ye can never ascape."

"Care the not," sayde Morgan le Fay, "for now I se my tyme is beste to do hit, and therefore hyghe the faste and fecche me the swerde."

Than this damesell departed and founde Sir Uwayne slepyng uppon a bedde in anothir chambir. So she wente unto Sir Uwayne and awaked hym and bade hym, "Aryse and awayte on my lady youre modir, for she woll sle the kynge youre fadir slepynge on his bedde, for I go to fecch his swerde."

"Well," seyde Sir Uwayne, "go on your way and lette me dele."

Anone the damesell brought the quene the swerde with quakyng hondis. And lyghtly she toke the swerde and pullyd hit oute, and wente boldely unto the beddis syde and awayted how and where she myght sle hym beste. And as she hevyd up the swerde to smyte, Sir Uwayne lepte unto his modir and caught hir by the honde and seyde, "A, fende, what wolt thou do? And thou were nat my modir, with this swerde I sholde smyte of thyne hede! A," seyde Sir Uwayne, "men seyde that Merlyon was begotyn of a fende, but I may sey an erthely fende bare me."

"A, fayre son Uwayne, have mercy uppon me! I was tempted with a fende, wherefore I cry the mercy. I woll never more do so. And save my worship and discover me nat!"

"On this covenaunte," seyde Sir Uwayne, "I woll forgyff you: so ye woll never be aboute to do such dedis."

"Nay, son, and that I make you assuraunce."

Than come tydynges unto Morgan le Fay that Accolon was dede and his body brought unto the chirche, and how Kyng Arthure had his swerde ayen. But whan Quene Morgan wyste that Accolon was dede, she was so sorowfull that nye hir herte to-braste, but bycause she wolde nat hit were knowyn oute, she kepte hir countenaunce and made no sembelaunte of dole. But welle sche wyste, and she abode tylle hir brothir Arthure come thydir, there sholde no golde go for hir lyff. Than she wente unto the quene Gwenyvere and askid hir leve to ryde into hir contrey.

"Ye may abyde," seyde the quene, "tyll youre brothir the kynge com home."

"I may nat, madame," seyde Morgan le Fay, "for I have such hasty tydynges that I maye not tary."

"Well," seyde the quene, "ye may departe whan ye woll."

So erely on the morne, or hit was day, she toke hir horse and rode all that day and moste party of the nyght, and on the morne by none she com to the same abbey of nonnys whereas lay Kynge Arthure, and she wyste welle that he was there. And anone she asked where he was, and they answerde and seyde how he had leyde hym on his bedde to slepe, "for he had but lytyll reste this thre nyghtes."

"Well," seyde she, "I charge that none of you awake hym tyll I do."

And than she alyght of hir horse and thought for to stele away Excaliber, his swerde. And she wente streyte unto his chambir, and no man durste disobey hir commaundement. And there she found Arthur aslepe on his bedde, and Excalyber in his ryght honde naked. Whan she sawe that, she was passyng hevy that she myght nat com by the swerde withoute she had awaked hym, and than she wyste welle she had bene dede. So she toke the scawberde and went hir way to horsebak. Whan the kynge awoke and myssid his scawberde, he was wroth, and so he asked who had bene there, and they seyde his sister, Quene Morgan le Fay, had bene there and had put the scawberde undir hir mantell "and is gone."

"Alas," seyde Arthure, "falsly have ye wacched me."

"Sir," seyde they all, "we durst nat disobey your sistyrs commaundemente."

"A," seyde the kynge, "lette fecch me the beste horse that may be founde, and bydde Sir Outlake arme hym in all hast and take anothir good horse and ryde with me."

So anone the kynge and Sir Outlake were well armyd and rode aftir this lady. And so they com be a crosse and founde a cowherde, and they asked the pore man if there cam ony lady late rydynge that way.

"Sir," seyde this pore man, "ryght late com a lady rydynge this way with a fourty horses, and to yondir foreste she rode."

Thenne they spurred theire horses and folowed faste, and within a whyle Arthur had a syght of Morgan le Fay. Than he chaced as faste as he myght. Whan she aspyed hym folowynge her, she rode a grete pace thorow the foreste tyll she com to a playn. And whan she sawe she myght nat ascape she rode unto a lake thereby and seyde, "Whatsoever com of me, my brothir shall nat have this scawberde!" And than she lete throwe the scawberde in the deppyst of the watir. So hit sanke, for hit was hevy of golde and precious stonys.

Than she rode into a valey where many grete stonys were, and whan she sawe she muste be overtake, she shope hirself, horse and man, by enchauntemente unto grete marbyll stonys. And anone withall come Kynge Arthure and Sir Outlake whereas the kynge myght know his sistir and her men and one knyght frome another.

"A," seyde the kynge, "here may ye se the vengeaunce of God! And now am I sory this mysaventure is befalle."

And than he loked for the scawberde, but hit wolde nat be founde; so he turned to the abbey there she come fro. So whan Arthure was gone, she turned all into the lyknesse as she and they were before, and seyde, "Sirs, now may we go where we wyll."

Than seyde Morgan le Fay, "Saw ye of Arthure, my brothir?"

"Yee," seyde hir men, "ryght well, and that ye sholde have founde, and we myght a stered of one stede; for by his amyvestyall countenaunce he wolde have caused us to have fledde."

"I beleve you," seyde the quene.

So anone after as she rode she mette a knyght ledynge another knyght on horsebacke before hym, bounde hande and foote, blyndefelde, to have drowned hym in a fowntayne. Whan she sawe this knyght so bounde she asked, "What woll ye do with that knyght?"

"Lady," seyde he, "I woll drowne hym."

"For what cause?" she asked.

"For I founde hym with my wyff, and she shall have the same deth anone."

"That were pyté," seyde Morgan le Fay. "Now, what sey ye, knyght? Is hit trouthe that he seyth of you?"

"Nay, truly, madame, he seyth nat ryght on me."

"Of whens be ye," seyde the quene, "and of what contrey?"

"I am of the courte of Kynge Arthure, and my name is Manessen, cosyn unto Accolon of Gaule."

"Ye sey well," seyde she, "and for the love of hym ye shall be delyverde, and ye shall have youre adversary in the same case that ye were in."

So this Manessen was loused, and the other knyght bounde. And anone Manessen unarmed hym and armede hymself in his harneyse, and so mounted on horsebak and the knyght afore hym, and so threw hym in the fountayne and so drowned hym. And than he rode unto Morgan ayen and asked if she wolde onythyng unto Arthure.

"Telle hym," seyde she, "that I rescewed the nat for the love of hym but for the love of Accolon, and tell hym I feare hym nat whyle I can make me and myne in lyknesse of stonys, and lette hym wete I can do much more whan I se my tyme."

And so she departed into the contrey of Gore, and there was she rychely receyved, and made hir castels and townys stronge, for allwey she drad muche Kyng Arthure.

SIRS GAWAIN, YWAIN, & MARHALT

Whan the kynge had well rested hym at the abbey, he rode unto Camelot and founde his quene and his barownes ryght glad of his commyng. And whan they herde of his strange adventures, as hit is before rehersed, they all had mervayle of the falshede of Morgan le Fay: many knyghtes wysshed hir brente. Than come Manessen to courte and tolde the kynge of his adventure.

"Well," seyde the kyng, "she is a kynde sister! I shall so be avengid on hir and I lyve that all Crystendom shall speke of hit."

So on the morne there cam a damesell on message frome Morgan le Fay to the kynge, and she brought with hir the rycheste mantell that ever was sene in the courte, for hit was sette all as full of precious stonys as one myght stonde by another, and therein were the rycheste stonys that ever the kynge saw. And the damesell seyde, "Your sister sendyth you this mantell and desyryth that ye sholde

take this gyfte of hir, and in what thynge she hath offended she woll amende hit at your owne plesure."

Whan the kyng behelde this mantell hit pleased hym much, but he seyde but lytyll.

With that come the Damesell of the Lake unto the kynge and seyde, "Sir, I muste speke with you in prevyté."

"Sey on," seyde the kynge, "what ye woll."

"Sir," seyde this damesell, "putt nat uppon you this mantell tylle ye have sene more, and in no wyse lat hit nat com on you nother on no knyght of youres tyll ye commaunde the brynger thereof to putt hit uppon hir."

"Well," seyde the kynge, "hit shall be as you counseyle me."

And than he seyde unto the damesell that com frome his sister, "Damesell, this mantell that ye have brought me, I woll se hit uppon you."

"Sir," she seyde, "hit woll nat beseme me to were a kynges garmente."

"Be my hede," seyde Arthure, "ye shall were hit or hit com on my bak, other on ony mannys bak that here is."

And so the kynge made to putt hit uppon hir, and forthwithall she fell downe dede and never spoke worde after, and brente to colys.

Than was the kynge wondirly wroth more than he was toforehande, and seyde unto Kynge Uryence, "My sistir your wyff is allway aboute to betray me, and welle I wote other ye or my nevewe your son is accounseyle with hir to have me distroyed. But as for you," seyde the kynge unto Kynge Uryence, "I deme nat gretly that ye be of hir counseyle, for Accolon confessed to me his owne mowthe that she wolde have distroyed you as well as me; therefore y holde you excused. But as for your son Sir Uwayne, I holde hym suspecte. Therefore I charge you, putt hym oute of my courte."

So Sir Uwayne was discharged. And whan Sir Gawayne wyste that, he made hym redy to go with hym, "for whoso banyshyth my cosyn jarmayne shall banyshe me." So they too departed and rode into a grete foreste, and so they com unto an abbey of monkys,

and there were well logged. But whan the kynge wyste that Sir Gawayne was departed frome the courte, there was made grete sorowe amonge all the astatis.

"Now," seyde Gaherys, Gawaynes brothir, "we have loste too good knyghtes for the love of one."

So on the morne they herde theire masses in the abbey and so rode forth tyll they com to the grete foreste. Than was Sir Gawayne ware in a valey by a turrette of twelve fayre damesels and too knyghtes armed on grete horses, and the damesels wente to and fro by a tre. And than was Sir Gawayne ware how there hynge a whyght shelde on that tre, and ever as the damesels com by hit they spette uppon hit and som threwe myre uppon the shylde. Than Sir Gawayne and Sir Uwayne wente and salewed them, and asked why they dud that dispyte to the shelde.

"Sir," seyde the damesels, "we shall telle you. There is a knyght in this contrey that owyth this whyght shelde, and he is a passyng good man of his hondis, but he hatyth all ladyes and jantylwomen, and therefore we do all this dyspyte to that shelde."

"I shall sey you," seyde Sir Gawayne, "hit besemyth evyll a good knyght to dispyse all ladyes and jantyllwomen; and peraventure thoughe he hate you he hath som cause, and peraventure he lovyth in som other placis ladyes and jantyllwomen and ys belovyd agayne, and he be suche a man of prouesse as ye speke of. Now, what is his name?"

"Sir," they seyde, "his name is Sir Marhaus, the kynges son of Irelonde."

"I knowe hym well," seyde Sir Uwayne, "he is a passynge good knyght as ony on lyve, for I sawe hym onys preved at a justys where many knyghtes were gadird, and that tyme there myght no man withstonde hym."

"A," sayde Sir Gawayne, "damesels, methynkes ye ar to blame, for hit is to suppose he that hyng that shelde there, he woll nat be longe therefro, and than may tho knyghtes macche hym on horsebak. And that is more youre worshyp than thus to do, for I woll abyde no lenger to se a knyghtes shelde so dishonoured."

And therewith Sir Gawayne and Sir Uwayne departed a lytyll fro them, and than were they ware where Sir Marhaus com rydynge on a grete horse streyte toward hem. And whan the twelve damesels sawe Sir Marhaus they fledde to the turret as they were wylde, that som of hem felle by the way.

Than that one of the knyghtes of the towre dressed his shylde and seyde on hyghe, "Sir Marhaus, defende the!"

And so they ran togyders that the knyght brake his spere on Sir Marhaus, but Marhaus smote hym so harde that he brake his necke and his horse bak. That sawe the other knyght of the turret and dressed hym to Marhaus, that so egerly they mette that this knyght of the turret was smyte doune, horse and man, starke dede.

And than Sir Marhaus rode unto his shylde and sawe how hit was defoyled, and sayde, "Of this dispyte of parte I am avenged; but yet for hir love that gaff me this whyght shelde I shall were the and hange myne where thou was." And so he honged hit aboute his necke.

Than he rode streyte unto Sir Gawayne and to Sir Uwayne and asked them what they dud there. They answerde hym and seyde they come frome Kynge Arthurs courte for to seke aventures.

"Welle," seyde Sir Marhaus, "here am I redy, an adventures knyght that woll fulfylle any adventure that ye woll desyre." And so departyd frome hem to fecche his raunge.

"Late hym go," seyde Sir Uwayne unto Sir Gawayne, "for he is a passynge good knyght os ony lyvynge. I wolde not be my wylle that ony of us were macched with hym."

"Nay," seyde Sir Gawayne, "nat so! Hit were shame to us and he were nat assayed, were he never so good a knyght."

"Welle," seyde Sir Uwayne, "I wolle assay hym before you, for I am weyker than ye. And yff he smyte me downe than may ye revenge me."

So thes too knyghtes come togedir with grete raundom, that Sir Uwayne smote Sir Marhaus that his spere braste in pecis on the shelde. And Sir Marhaus smote hym so sore that horse and man he bare to the erthe, and hurte Sir Uwayne on the lefte syde. Than Sir

Marhaus turned his horse and rode thidir as he com fro and made hym redy with his spere. Whan Sir Gawayne saw that, he dressed his shelde, and than they feautirde theire sperys, and they com togedyrs with all the myght of theire horses, that eyther knyght smote other so harde in myddis the sheldis that Sir Gawaynes spere brake, but Sir Marhaus speare helde, and therewith Sir Gawayne and his horse russhed downe to the erthe. And lyghtly Sir Gawayne wan on his feete and pulde oute his swerde and dressed hym toward Sir Marhaus on foote. And Sir Marhaus saw that, and he pulde oute his swerde and began to com to Sir Gawayne on horsebak.

"Sir knyght," sayde Sir Gawayne, "alyght on foote, or elles I woll sle thyne horse."

"Gramercy," sayde Sir Marhaus, "of your jentylnesse! Ye teche me curtesy, for hit is nat commendable for one knyght to be on horsebak and the other on foote."

And therewith Sir Marhaus sette his spere agayne a tre, and alyght and tyed his horse to a tre, and dressed his shelde, and eyther com unto other egirly and smote togedyrs with hir swerdys, that hir sheldis flew in cantellys, and they bresed theire helmys and hawbirkes and woundid eyther other.

But Sir Gawayne, fro hit was nyne of the clok, wexed ever strenger and strenger, for by than hit cam to the howre of noone he had thre tymes his myght encresed. And all this aspyed Sir Marhaus and had grete wondir how his myght encreced. And so they wounded eyther other passyng sore. So whan hit was paste noone and drew toward evynsonge, Sir Gawayns strength fyebled and woxe passyng faynte, that unnethe he myght dure no lenger, and Sir Marhaus was than bygger and bygger.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Marhaus, "I have welle felt that ye ar a passynge good knyght and a mervaylous man of myght as ever I felte ony whyle hit lastyth, and oure quarellys ar nat grete, and therefore hit were pyté to do you hurte, for I fele ye ar passynge fyeble."

"A," seyde Sir Gawayne, "jantyll knyght, ye say the worde that I sholde sey."

And therewith they toke of her helmys and eyther kyssed other and there they swore togedyrs eythir to love other as brethirne. And Sir Marhaus prayde Sir Gawayne to lodge with hym that nyght. And so they toke theire horsis and rode towarde Sir Marhaus maner.

And as they rode by the way, "Sir knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I have mervayle of you, so valyaunte a man as ye be of prouesse, that ye love no ladyes and damesels."

"Sir," seyde Marhaus, "they name me wrongfully, tho that gyve me that name, for well I wote it ben the damesels of the turret that so name me, and other suche as they be. Now shall I telle you for what cause I hate them: for they be sorsserers and inchaunters many of them, and be a knyght never so good of his body and as full of prouesse as a man may be, they woll make hym a starke cowerde to have the bettir of hym. And this is the pryncipall cause that I hate them; and all good ladyes and jantyllwomen, I owghe them my servyse as a knyght ought to do."

For, as the booke rehersyth in Freynsch, there was this many knyghtes that overmacched Sir Gawayne for all his thryse double myghte that he had: Sir Launcelot de Lake, Sir Trystrams, Sir Bors de Gaynes, Sir Percivale, Sir Pelleas, Sir Marhaus; thes six knyghtes had the bettir of Sir Gawayne.

Than within a lytyll whyle they come to Sir Marhaus place, which was in a lytyll pryory, and there they alyght, and ladyes and damesels unarmed them and hastely loked to theire hurtes, for they were all thre hurte. And so they had good lodgyng with Sir Marhaus and good chere, for whan he wyste that they were Kynge Arthurs syster-sonnes he made them all the chere that lay in his power. And so they sojourned there a sevennyght and were well eased of theire woundis, and at the laste departed.

"Nay," sayde Sir Marhaus, "we woll nat departe so lyghtly, for I woll brynge you thorow the foreste."

So they rode forth all thre, and Sir Marhaus toke with hym his grettyste spere. And so they rode thorow the foreste, and rode day be day well-nye a seven dayes or they founde ony aventure. So at

the laste they com into a grete foreste that was named the contrey and foreste of Arroy, and the contrey is of straunge adventures.

"In this contrey," seyde Marhaus, "cam nevir knyght syn hit was crystynde but he founde strange adventures."

And so they rode and cam into a depe valey full of stonys, and thereby they sawe a fayre streme of watir. Aboven thereby was the hede of the streme, a fayre founteyne, and thre damesels syttynge thereby. And than they rode to them and ayther salewed othir. And the eldyst had a garlonde of golde aboute her hede, and she was thre score wyntir of age or more, and hir heyre was whyght undir the garlonde. The secunde damesell was of thirty wyntir of age, wyth a cerclet of golde aboute her hede. The thirde damesel was but fyftene yere of age, and a garlonde of floures about hir hede. Whan thes knyghtes had so beholde them, they asked hem the cause why they sate at the fountayne.

"We be here," seyde the damesels, "for this cause: if we may se ony of arraunte knyghtes to teche hem unto straunge aventures. And ye be thre knyghtes adventures and we be thre damesels, and therefore eche one of you muste chose one of us; and whan ye have done so, we woll lede you unto thre hyghewayes, and there eche of you shall chose a way and his damesell with hym. And this day twelve moneth ye muste mete here agayne, and God sende you the lyves, and thereto ye muste plyght your trouth."

"This is well seyde," seyde Sir Marhaus. "Now shall everyche of us chose a damesell."

"I shall tell you," seyde Sir Uwayne, "I am yongyst and waykest of you bothe, therefore lette me have the eldyst damesell, for she hath sene much and can beste helpe me whan I have nede, for I have moste nede of helpe of you bothe."

"Now," seyde Sir Marhaus, "I woll have the damesell of thirty wyntir age, for she fallyth beste to me."

"Well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I thanke you, for ye have leffte me the yongyst and the fayryste, and she is me moste levyste."

Than every damesell toke hir knyght by the reygne of his brydyll and brought hem to the thre wayes, and there was made promesse

to mete at the fountayne that day twelve monthe and they were lyvynge. And so they kyssed and departed and every knyght sette his lady behynde hym. And Sir Uwayne toke the way that lay weste, and Sir Marhaus toke the way that lay sowthe, and Sir Gawayne toke the way that lay northe.

Now woll we begyn at Sir Gawayne, that helde that way tyll that he com to a fayre maner where dwelled an olde knyght and a good householder. And there Sir Gawayne asked the knyght if he knewe of any aventures in that contrey.

"I shall shewe you to-morne," seyde the knyght, "mervelous adventures."

So on the morne they rode all in same into the foreste of aventures tyll they com to a launde, and thereby they founde a crosse. And as they stood and hoved, there cam by them the fayreste knyght and the semelyest man that ever they sawe, but he made the grettyst dole that ever man made. And than he was ware of Sir Gawayne and salewed hym, and prayde to God to sende hym muche worshyp.

"As for that," sayde Sir Gawayne, "gramercy. Also I pray to God that He sende you honoure and worshyp."

"A," sayde the knyght, "I may lay that on syde, for sorow and shame commyth unto me after worshyppe."

And therewyth he passed unto that one syde of the lawnde, and on that other syde saw Sir Gawayne ten knyghtes that hoved and made hem redy with hir sheldis and with hir sperys agaynste that one knyght that cam by Sir Gawayne. Than this one knyght feautred a grete spere, and one of the ten knyghtes encountird with hym. But this wofull knyght smote hym so harde that he felle over his horse tayle. So this dolorous knyght served them all, that at the leste way he smote downe horse and man, and all he ded with one spere. And so whan they were all ten on foote they wente to the one knyght, and he stoode stone-stylle and suffyrde hem to pulle hym downe of his horse, and bounde hym honde and foote, and tyed hym undir the horse bely, and so led hym with hem.

"A, Jesu," seyde Sir Gawayne, "this is a dolefull syght to se the yondir knyght so to be entreted. And hit semyth by the knyght that he sufferyth hem to bynde hym so, for he makyth no resistence."

"No," seyde hys hoste, "that is trouth, for, and he wolde, they all were to weyke for hym."

"Sir," seyde the damesell unto Sir Gawayne, "mesemyth hit were your worshyp to helpe that dolerouse knyght, for methynkes he is one of the beste knyghtes that ever I sawe."

"I wolde do for hym," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but hit semyth he wolde have no helpe."

"No," seyde the damesell, "methynkes ye have no lyste to helpe hym."

Thus as they talked they sawe a knyght on the other syde of the launde all armed save the hede. And on the other syde there com a dwarff on horsebak all armed save the hede, with a grete mowthe and a shorte nose. And whan the dwarff com nyghe he seyde, "Where is this lady sholde mete us here?" And therewithall she com forth oute of the woode. And than they began to stryve for the lady, for the knyght seyde he wolde have hir and the dwarff seyde he wolde have hir.

"Woll we do welle?" seyde the dwarff. "Yondir is a knyght at the crosse. Lette hit be putt uppon hym, and as he demeth hit, so shall hit be."

"I woll well," seyde the knyght.

And so they wente all thre unto Sir Gawayne and tolde hym wherefore they strooff.

"Well, sirres, woll ye putt the mater in myne honde?"

"Ye, sir," they seyde bothe.

"Now, damesell," seyde Sir Gawayne, "Ye shall stonde betwyxte them bothe, and whethir ye lyste bettir to go to, he shall have you."

And whan she was sette betwene hem bothe she lefte the knyght and went to the dwarff. And than the dwarff toke hir up and wente his way syngyng, and the knyght wente his way with grete mournyng.

Than com there too knyghtes all armed, and one cryed on hyght, "Sir Gawayne, knyght of Kynge Arthures courte! Make the redy in haste and juste with me!"

So they ran togedirs, that eyther felle downe. And than on foote they drew there swerdis and dud full actually. The meane whyle the other knyght went to the damesell and asked hir why she abode with that knyght, and seyde, "And if ye wolde abyde with me I wolde be your faythefull knyght."

"And with you woll I be," seyde the damesell, "for I may nat fynde in my herte to be with hym, for ryght now here was one knyght that scomfyted ten knyghtes, and at the laste he was cowardly ledde away. And therefore let us too go whyle they fyght."

And Sir Gawayne fought with that othir knyght longe, but at the laste they accorded bothe. And than the knyght prayde Sir Gawayne to lodge with hym that nyght. So as Sir Gawayne wente with this knyght he seyde, "What knyght is he in this contrey that smote downe the ten knyghtes? For whan he had done so manfully he suffirde hem to bynde hym hande and foote, and so led hym away."

"A," sayde the knyght, "that is the beste knyght I trow in the worlde and the moste man of prouesse. And hit is the grettyst pyté of hym as of ony knyght lyvynge, for he hath be served so as he was this tyme more than ten tymes. And his name hyght Sir Pelleas; and he lovyth a grete lady in this contrey, and hir name is Ettarde. And so whan he loved hir there was cryed in this contray a grete justis thre dayes, and all this knyghtes of this contrey were there, and jantyllwomen. And who that preved hym the beste knyght sholde have a passyng good swerde and a cerclet of golde, and that cerclet the knyght sholde geff hit to the fayryste lady that was at that justis.

"And this knyght Sir Pelleas was far the beste of ony that was there, and there were fyve hondred knyghtes, but there was nevir man that ever Sir Pelleas met but he stroke hym downe other ellys frome his horse, and every day of thre dayes he strake downe twenty knyghtes. And therefore they gaff hym the pryce. And furthewithall

he wente thereas the lady Ettarde was and gaff her the cerclet and seyde opynly she was the fayreste lady that there was, and that wolde he preve uppon ony knyght that wolde sey nay.

"And so he chose hir for his soveraygne lady, and never to love other but her. But she was so prowde that she had scorne of hym, and seyde she wolde never love hym thoughe he wolde dye for hir; wherefore all ladyes and jantyllwomen had scorne of hir that she was so prowde; for there were fayrer than she, and there was none that was there but and Sir Pelleas wolde have profyrde hem love they wolde have shewed hym the same for his noble prouesse. And so this knyght promysed Ettarde to folow hir into this contray and nevir to leve her tyll she lovid hym, and thus he is here the moste party nyghe her and logged by a pryory.

"And every weke she sendis knyghtes to fyght with hym, and whan he hath putt hem to the worse, than woll he suffir hem wylfully to take hym presonere because he wolde have a syght of this lady. And allwayes she doth hym grete dispyte, for somtyme she makyth hir knyghtes to tye hym to his horse tayle, and somtyme to bynde hym undir the horse bealy. Thus in the moste shamfullyste wyse that she can thynke he is brought to hir, and all she doth hit is for to cawse hym to leve this contrey and to leve his lovynge. But all this can nat make hym to leve, for, and he wolde a fought on foote, he myght have had the bettir of the ten knyghtes as well on foote as on horsebak."

"Alas," sayde Sir Gawayne, "hit is grete pyté of hym, and aftir this nyght I woll seke hym tomorow in this foreste to do hym all the helpe I can."

So on the morow Sir Gawayne toke his leve of his oste, Sir Carados, and rode into the foreste. And at the laste he mette with Sir Pelleas makynge grete mone oute of mesure: so eche of hem salewed other, and asked hym why he made suche sorow, and as hit above rehersyth Sir Pelleas tolde Sir Gawayne. "But allwayes I suffir her knyghtes to fare so with me as ye sawe yestirday, in truste at the laste to wynne hir love; for she knoweth well all hir knyghtes sholde nat lyghtly wynne me and me lyste to fyght with them to the

uttirmoste. Wherefore and I loved hir nat so sore I had lever dye an hondred tymes, and I myght dye so ofte, rathir than I wolde suffir that dispyte, but I truste she woll have pyté uppon me at the laste; for love causyth many a good knyght to suffir to have his entente, but alas, I am infortunate!"

And therewith he made so grete dole that unnethe he myght holde hym on his horse bak.

"Now," sayde Sir Gawayne, "leve your mournynge, and I shall promyse you by the feyth of my body to do all that lyeth in my powere to gete you the love of your lady, and thereto I woll plyghte you my trouthe."

"A," seyd Sir Pelleas, "of what courte ar ye?"

"Sir, I am of the courte of Kynge Arthure, and his sistir son, and Kynge Lotte of Orkeney was my fadir, and my name is Sir Gawayne."

"And my name is Sir Pelleas, born in the Iles, and of many iles I am lorde. And never loved I lady nother damesel tyll nowe. And sir knyght, syn ye ar so nye cosyn unto Kyng Arthure and ar a kynges son, therefore betray me nat, but helpe me, for I may nevir com by hir but by som good knyght. For she is in a stronge castell here faste by, within this foure myle, and over all this contrey she is lady off.

"And so I may never com to hir presence but as I suffir hir knyghtes to take me, and but if I ded so that I myght have a syght of hir, I had bene dede longe ar this tyme. And yet fayre worde had I never none of hir, but whan I am brought tofore hir she rebukyth me in the fowlyst maner; and than they take me my horse and harneyse and puttyth me oute of the yatis, and she woll nat suffir me to ete nother drynke. And allwayes I offir me to be her presoner, but that woll she nat suffir me; for I wolde desire no more, what paynes that ever I had, so that I myght have a syght of hir dayly."

"Well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "all this shall I amende, and ye woll do as I shall devyse. I woll have your horse and your armoure, and so woll I ryde unto hir castell and tell hir that I have slayne you, and so shall I com within hir to cause hir to cheryshe me. And than shall I do my trew parte, that ye shall nat fayle to have the love of hir."

And there, whan Sir Gawayne plyght his trouthe unto Sir Pelleas to be trew and feythfull unto hym, so eche one plyght theire trouthe to other, and so they chonged horse and harneyse. And Sir Gawayne departed and com to the castel where stood hir pavylyons withoute the yate. And as sone as Ettarde had aspyed Sir Gawayne she fledde in toward the castell. But Sir Gawayne spake on hyght and bade hir abyde, for he was nat Sir Pelleas. "I am another knyght that have slayne Sir Pelleas."

"Than do of your helme," seyde the lady Ettarde, "that I may se your vysage."

So whan she saw that hit was nat Sir Pelleas she made hym alyght and lad hym into hir castell, and asked hym feythfully whethir he had slayne Sir Pelleas, and he seyde yee. Than he tolde hir his name was Sir Gawayne, of the courte of Kynge Arthure and his sistyrs son, and how he had slayne Sir Pelleas.

"Truly," seyde she, "that is grete pyté, for he was a passynge good knyght of his body. But of all men on lyve I hated hym moste, for I coude never be quytte of hym. And for ye have slayne hym I shall be your woman and to do onythynge that may please you."

So she made Sir Gawayne good chere. Than Sir Gawayne sayde that he loved a lady and by no meane she wolde love hym.

"Sche is to blame," seyde Ettarde, "and she woll nat love you, for ye that be so well-borne a man and suche a man of prouesse, there is no lady in this worlde to good for you."

"Woll ye," seyde Sir Gawayne, "promyse me to do what that ye may do be the fayth of your body to gete me the love of my lady?"

"Yee, sir, and that I promyse you be my fayth."

"Now," seyde Sir Gawayne, "hit is yourself that I love so well; therefore holde your promyse."

"I may nat chese," seyde the lady Ettarde, "but if I sholde be forsworne."

And so she graunted hym to fulfylle all his desyre.

So hit was in the monthe of May that she and Sir Gawayne wente oute of the castell and sowped in a pavylyon and there was made a

bedde, and there Sir Gawayne and Ettarde wente to bedde togedyrs. And in another pavylyon she leyde hir damesels, and in the thirde pavylyon she leyde parte of hir knyghtes, for than she had no drede of Sir Pelleas. And there Sir Gawayne lay with hir in the pavylyon too dayes and too nyghtes.

And on the thirde day on the morne erly Sir Pelleas armed hym, for he hadde never slepte syn Sir Gawayne departed from hym, for Sir Gawayne promysed hym by the feythe of his body to com to hym unto his pavylyon by the pryory within the space of a day and a nyght. Than Sir Pelleas mounted uppon horsebak and com to the pavylyons that stood withoute the castell, and founde in the fyrste pavylyon thre knyghtes in thre beddis, and thre squyres lyggynge at theire feete. Than wente he to the secunde pavylyon and founde foure jantyllwomen lyggyng in foure beddis. And than he yode to the thirde pavylyon and founde Sir Gawayne lyggyng in the bed with his lady Ettarde and eythir clyppynge other in armys. And whan he sawe that, his hert well-nyghe braste for sorow, and sayde, "Alas, that ever a knyght sholde be founde so false!"

And than he toke his horse and myght nat abyde no lenger for pure sorow, and whan he had ryden nyghe half a myle he turned agayne and thought for to sle hem bothe. And whan he saw hem lye so bothe slepynge faste, than unnethe he myght holde hym on horsebak for sorow, and seyde thus to hymself: "Though this knyght be never so false, I woll never sle hym slepynge, for I woll never dystroy the hyghe ordir of knyghthode," and therewith he departed agayne. And or he had rydden half a myle he returned agayne and thought than to sle hem bothe, makynge the grettyst sorow that ever man made. And whan he come to the pavylyons he tyed his horse to a tre and pulled oute his swerde naked in his honde and wente to them thereas they lay. And yet he thought hit were shame to sle them slepynge, and leyde the naked swerde overthwarte bothe theire throtis, and so toke his horse and rode his way.

And whan Sir Pelleas com to his pavylyons he tolde his knyghtes and his squyers how he had spedde, and seyde thus unto them: "For youre good and trew servyse ye have done me I shall gyff you

all my goodes, for I woll go unto my bedde and never aryse tyll I be dede. And whan that I am dede, I charge you that ye take the herte oute of my body and bere hit her betwyxte too sylver dysshes and telle her how I sawe hir lye wyth that false knyght Sir Gawayne."

Ryght so Sir Pelleas unarmed hymself and wente unto his bedde, makyng merveylous dole and sorow.

Than Sir Gawayne and Ettarde awoke of her slepe and founde the naked swerde overthwarte theire throtis. Than she knew well hit was the swerde of Sir Pelleas.

"Alas!" she seyde, "Sir Gawayne, ye have betrayde Sir Pelleas and me, for ye tolde me ye had slayne hym, and now I knowe well hit is nat so. But had he bene so uncurteyse unto you as ye have bene to hym, ye had bene a dede knyght. But ye have dissayved me, that all ladyes and damesels may beware be you and me." And therewith Sir Gawayne made hym redy and wente into the foreste.

So hit happed the Damesell of the Lake, Nynive, mette with a knyght of Sir Pelleas that went on his foote in this foreste makynge grete doole, and she askede hym the cause; and so the wofull knyght tolde her all how his mayster and lorde was betrayed thorow a knyght and a lady, and how he woll never aryse oute of his bedde tyll he be dede.

"Brynge me to hym," seyde she anone, "and y woll waraunte his lyfe. He shall nat dye for love, and she that hath caused hym so to love, she shall be in as evylle plyte as he is or hit be longe to, for hit is no joy of suche a proude lady that woll nat have no mercy of suche a valyaunte knyght."

Anone that knyght broughte hir unto hym, and whan she sye hym lye on his bedde she thought she sawe never so lykly a knyght. And therewith she threw an enchauntemente uppon hym, and he fell on slepe. And than she rode unto the lady Ettarde and charged that no man scholde awake hym tyll she come agayne. So within too owres she brought the lady Ettarde thidir, and bothe the ladyes founde hym on slepe.

"Loo," seyde the Damesell of the Lake, "ye oughte to be ashamed for to murther suche a knyght," and therewith she threw such an

inchauntemente uppon hir that she loved hym so sore that wellnyghe she was nere oute of hir mynde.

"A, Lorde Jesu," seyde this lady Ettarde, "how is hit befallyn unto me that I love now hym that I have hatyd moste of ony man on lyve?"

"That is the ryghteuouse jugemente of God," seyde the damesell.

And than anone sir Pelleas awaked and loked uppon Ettarde, and whan he saw hir he knew her; and than he hated hir more than ony woman on lyve, and seyde, "Away, traytoures, and com never in my syght!"

And whan she herde hym sey so she wepte and made grete sorow oute of mesure.

"Sir knyght Pelleas," seyde the Damesel of the Lake, "take your horse and com forthwith oute of this contrey, and ye shall love a lady that woll love you."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Pelleas, "for this lady Ettarde hath done me grete dispyte and shame;" and there he tolde hir the begynnyng and endyng, and how he had never purposed to have rysen agayne tyll he had bene dede. "And now suche grace God hath sente me that I hate hir as much as I have loved hir."

"Thanke me therefore," seyde the Lady of the Lake.

Anone Sir Pelleas armed hym and toke his horse and commaunded his men to brynge aftir his pavylyons and his stuffe where the Lady of the Lake wolde assyngne them. So this lady Ettarde dyed for sorow, and the Damesel of the Lake rejoysed Sir Pelleas, and loved togedyrs duryng theire lyfe dayes.

Now turne we unto Sir Marhaute that rode with the damesel of thirty wynter of ayge southwarde. And so they come into a depe foreste, and by fortune they were nyghted and rode longe in a depe way, and at the laste they com unto a courtlage and there they asked herborow. But the man of the courtlage wolde nat logge them for no tretyse that they coude trete, but this much the goodman seyde: "And ye woll take the adventure of youre herbourage, I shall bryng you there ye may be herbourde."

"What aventure is that that I shall have for my herborow?" seyde Sir Marhaute.

"Ye shall wete whan ye com there," seyde the goodman.

"Sir, what adventure so hit be, I pray the to brynge me thidir, for I am wery, and my damesel and my horse both."

So the goodman wente uppon his gate before hym in a lane, and within an houre he brought hym untyll a fayre castel. And than the pore man called the porter, and anone he was lette in to the castell. And so he tolde the lorde how he had brought hym a knyght arraunte and a damesell wolde be lodged with hym.

"Lette hym in," seyde the lorde, "for hit may happen he shall repente that they toke theire herborow here."

So Sir Marhaute was let in with a torchelyght, and there was a grete syght of goodly men that welcomed hym; and than his horse was lad into a stable, and he and the damesel were brought into the halle, and there stoode a myghty duke and many goodly men aboute hym. Than this duke asked hym what he hyght, and fro whens he com, and with whom he dwelte.

"Sir," he seyde, "I am a knyght of Kynge Arthurs and Knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name is Sir Marhaute, and borne I was in Irelonde."

"That me repentes," seyde the duke, "for I love nat thy lorde nother none of thy felowys of the Table Rounde. And therefore ease thyself this nyght as well as thou mayste, for as to-morne I and my six sonnes shall macch with you."

"Is there no remedy," seyde Sir Marhaute, "but that I muste have ado with you and your six sunnes at onys?"

"No," seyde the duke. "For this cause I made myne avowe: for Sir Gawayne slew my sevynth sonne in a recountre, therefore I made myne avow that there sholde never knyght of Kynge Arthurs courte lodge with me or com thereas I myght have ado with hym but I wolde revenge me of my sonnes deth."

"What is your name?" sayde Sir Marhaute, "I requyre you telle me, and hit please you."

"Wete thou well I am the Duke of Southe Marchis."

"A!" seyde Sir Marhaute, "I have herde seyde that ye have bene longe tyme a grete foo unto my lorde Arthure and unto his knyghtes."

"That shall ye fele to-morne," seyde the Duke, "and ye leve so longe."

"Shall I have ado with you?" seyde Sir Marhaute.

"Ye," seyde the duke, "thereof shalt thou not chose. And therefore let take hym to his chambir and lette hym have all that tyll hym longis."

So Sir Marhaute departed and was led unto his chambir, and his damesel was led in tyll hir chambir.

And on the morne the duke sente unto Sir Marhaute and bade hym make hym redy. And so Sir Marhaute arose and armed hym. And than there was a masse songe afore hym, and brake his faste, and so mounted on horsebak in the courte of the castell there they sholde do batayle. So there was the deuke all redy on horsebak and clene armed, and his six sonnys by hym, and everyche had a spere in his honde. And so they encountirde, whereas the deuke and his too sonnys brake her sperys uppon hym.

But Sir Marhaute hylde up his spere and touched none of hem. Than come the foure sonnes by couple, and too of them brake theire sperys, and so dud the other too. And all this whyle Sir Marhaute towched hem nat. Than Sir Marhaute ran to the deuke and smote hym downe with his speare, that horse and man felle to the erthe, and so he served his sonnes. Than Sir Marhaute alyght downe and bade the deuke yelde hym, other he wolde sle hym. Than som of his sonnes recovirde and wolde have sette uppon Sir Marhaute. Than Sir Marhaute seyde, "Sir duke, cese thy sonnys, and ellys I woll do the uttirmust to you all."

Than the deuke sye he myght nat ascape the deth, he cryed to his sonnes and charged them to yelde them to Sir Marhaute, and than they kneled alle adowne and putt the pomels of theire swerdis to the knyght, and so he receyvid them; and than they hove up theire fadir on his feete, and so by theire comunal assent promysed to Sir Marhaute never to be fooys unto Kynge Arthure, and thereuppon

at Whytsonday next aftir to com, he and his sonnes, and there to putt them in the kynges grace.

Than Sir Marhaute departed, and within too dayes Sir Marhautes damesel brought hym whereas was a grete turnemente that the Lady Vawse had cryed, and who that dud beste sholde have a ryche cerclet of golde worth a thousande besauntis. And there Sir Marhaute dud so nobely that he was renomed, and had smeten doune fourty knyghtes, and so the cerclet of golde was rewarded hym.

Than he departed thens with grete honoure, and so within sevennyght his damesel brought hym to an erlys place. His name was the erle Fergus, that aftir was Sir Trystrams knyght, and this erle was but a yonge man and late com to his londis, and there was a gyaunte faste by hym that hyght Taulurd, and he had another brothir in Cornuayle that hyght Taulas that Sir Trystram slewe whan he was oute of his mynde. So this erle made his complaynte unto Sir Marhaute that there was a gyaunte by hym that destroyed all his londis and how he durste nowhere ryde nother go for hym.

"Sir," seyde he, "whether usyth he to fyght, on horsebak othir on foote?"

"Nay," seyde the erle, "there may no horse bere hym."

"Well," seyde Sir Marhaute, "than woll I fyght with hym on foote."

So on the morne Sir Marhaute prayde the erle that one of his men myght brynge hym where the gyaunte was, and so one brought hym where he syghe hym sytte undir a tre of hooly, and many clubbis of ironne and gysernes aboute hym. So this knyght dressed hym to the gyaunte and put his shylde before hym, and the gyaunte toke an ironne club in his honde, and at the fyrste stroke he clave Syr Marhautis shelde in too pyeces. And there he was in grete perell, for the gyaunte was a sly fyghter. But at the laste Sir Marhaute smote of his ryght arme aboven the elbow. Than the gyaunte fledde and the knyght affter hym, and so he drove hym into a watir; but the gyaunte was so hyghe that he myght nat wade aftir hym. And than Sir Marhaute made the erle Fergus man to fecche hym stonys, and with tho stonys the knyght gave the gyaunte many sore strokis

tylle at the laste he made hym falle downe in the watir, and so was he there dede.

Than Sir Marhalte wente into the gyauntes castell, and there he delyverde foure and twenty knyghtes oute of the gyauntes preson and twelve ladyes; and there had grete rychesse oute of numbir, that dayes of his lyff he was nevir poore man. Than he returned to the erle Fergus, the whyche thanked hym gretly and wolde have yevyn hym half his londys, but he wolde none take. So Sir Marhaute dwellid with the erle nye half a yere, for he was sore brused with the gyaunte. So at the laste he toke his leve, and as he rode by the way with his damysel to mete with Sir Gawayne and wyth Sir Uwayne, so by adventure he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte: the fyrst was Sir Sagramour le Desyrus, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Dodynas le Saveage, and Sir Felotte of Lystynoyse. And there Sir Marhaute with one spere smote downe these foure knyghtes and hurte them sore, and so departed to mete at his day.

Now turne we unto Sir Uwayne that rode westwarde with his damesell of thre score wyntir of ayge. And she brought hym theras was a turnemente nyghe the marche of Walys, and at that turnemente Sir Uwayne smote doune thirty knyghtes. Therefore was gyffyn hym the pryce, and that was a jarfaucon and a whyght stede trapped with cloth of golde. So than Sir Uwayne ded many strange adventures by the meanys of the olde damesel, and so she brought hym to a lady that was called the Lady of the Roche, the whyche was curtayse.

So there was in that contrey too knyghtes that were brethirne, and they were called too perelous knyghtes: that one hyght Sir Edwarde of the Rede Castell, and that other Sir Hew of the Rede Castell, and these too brethirne had disheryted the Lady of the Roche of a baronnery of londis by theire extorsion. And as this knyghte was lodged with this lady, she made hir complaynte to hym of thes too knyghtes.

"Madam," seyde Sir Uwayne, "they ar to blame, for they do ayenste the hyghe order of knyghthode and the oth that they made.

And if hit lyke you I woll speke with hem, because I am a knyght of Kyng Arthurs, and to entrete them with fayrenesse; and if they woll nat, I shall do batayle with hem for Goddis sake and in the defence of your ryght."

"Gramercy," seyde the lady, "and thereas I may nat acquyte you, God shall."

So on the morne the too knyghtes were sente fore, that they sholde speke with the Lady of the Roche, and wete you well they fayled nat, for they com with an hondred horses. But whan this lady sawe them in suche maner so bygge she wolde nat suffir Sir Uwayne to go oute to them uppon no sureté ne for no fayre langage, but she made hym to speke with them over a toure. But fynally thes too brethirne wolde nat be entreted, and answerde that they wolde kepe that they had.

"Well," seyde Syr Uwayne, "than woll I fyght with one of you and preve that ye do this lady wronge."

"That woll we nat," seyde they, "for and we do batayle we too woll fyght bothe at onys with one knyght. And therefore yf ye lyste to fyght so, we woll be redy at what oure ye woll assygne, and yf ye wynne us in batayle, she to have hir londis agayne."

"Ye say well," seyde Sir Uwayne. "Therefore make you redy, and that ye be here to-morne in the defence of this ladyes ryght."

So was there sykernesse made on bothe partyes that no treson sholde be wrought. And so thes knyghtes departed and made them redy.

And that nyght Sir Uwayne had grete chere, and on the morne he arose erly and harde masse and brake his faste, and so rode into the playne withoute the gatis, where hoved the too brethirne abydyng hym. So they ran togedyrs passynge sore, that Sir Edwarde and Sir Hew brake theire sperys uppon Sir Uwayne, and Sir Uwayne smote Sir Edwarde, that he felle over his horse and yette his spere braste nat. And than he spurred his horse and com uppon Sir Hew and overthrew hym. But they sone recoverde and dressed theire shyldes and drew oute theire swerdes, and bade Sir Uwayne alyght and do his batayle to the utteraunce.

Than Sir Uwayne devoyded his horse delyverly and put his shylde before hym and drew his swerde, and so they threste togedyrs and eythir gave other grete strokis. And there thes too brethirne wounded Sir Uwayne passyng grevously, that the Lady of the Roche wente he sholde have deyed. And thus they fought togedyrs fyve oures as men outraged of reson, and at the laste Sir Uwayne smote Sir Edwarde uppon the helme suche a stroke that his swerde kerved unto his canellbone; and than Sir Hew abated his corrage, but Sir Uwayne presed faste to have slayne hym. That saw Sir Hew, and he kneled adowne and yelded hym to Sir Uwayne, and he of his jantylnesse resceyved his swerde and toke hym by the honde, and wente into the castell togedirs.

Than this Lady of the Roche was passyng glad, and Sir Hew made grete sorow for his brothirs deth. But this lady was restored ayen of all hir londis and Sir Hew was commaunded to be at the courte of Kynge Arthure at the next feste of Pentecoste. So Sir Uwayne dwelled with this lady nyghe halfe a yere, for hit was longe or he myght be hole of his grete hurtis. And so, whan hit drew nyghe the terme day that Sir Gawayne, Sir Marhaute and Sir Uwayne made to mete at the crosseway, than every knyght drew hym thydir to holde his promyse that they made; and Sir Marhalte and Sir Uwayne brought theire damesels with hem, but Sir Gawayne had loste his damesel, as hit is afore reherced.

Ryght so at the twelve monthis ende they mette all thre knyghtes at the fountayne and theire damesels, but the damesell that Sir Gawayne had coude sey but lytyll worshyp of hym. So they departed frome the damesels and rode thorowe a grete foreste, and there they mette with a messyngere that com from Kynge Arthurs courte that had sought hem well-nyghe a twelve-monthe thorowoute all Ingelonde, Walis, and Scotlonde, and charged yf ever he myght fynde Sir Gawayne and Sir Uwayne to haste hem unto the courte agayne. And than were they all glad, and so they prayde Sir Marhaute to ryde with hem to the kynges courte.

And so within twelve dayes they come to Camelot, and the kynge was passyng glad of theire commyng, and so was all the courte.

Than the kynge made hem to swere uppon a booke to telle hym all theire adventures that had befalle them that twelve-monthe before, and so they ded. And there was Sir Marhaute well knowyn, for there were knyghtes that he had macched aforetyme, and he was named one of the beste knyghtes lyvyng.

So agayne the feste of Pentecoste cam the Damesell of the Laake and brought with hir Sir Pelleas, and at that hyghe feste there was grete joustys. Of all knyghtes that were at that justis Sir Pelleas had the pryce and Syr Marhaute was named next. But Sir Pelleas was so stronge that there myght but fewe knyghtes sytte hym a buffette with a spere. And at the next feste Sir Pelleas and Sir Marhalt were made Knyghtes of the Rounde Table; for there were too segis voyde, for too knyghtes were slayne that twelve-monthe. And grete joy had Kynge Arthure of Sir Pelleas and of Sir Marhalte, but Pelleas loved never aftir Sir Gawayne but as he spared hym for the love of the kynge; but oftyntymes at justis and at turnementes Sir Pelleas quytte Sir Gawayne, for so hit rehersyth in the booke of Frensh.

So Sir Trystrams many dayes aftir fought with Sir Marhaute in an ilande. And there they dud a grete batayle, but at the laste Sir Trystrams slew hym. So Sir Trystrams was so wounded that unnethe he myght recover, and lay at a nunrye half a yere.

And Sir Pelleas was a worshypfull knyght, and was one of the foure that encheved the Sankgreal. And the Damesel of the Laake made by her meanes that never he had ado with Sir Launcelot de Laake, for where Sir Launcelot was at ony justis or at ony turnemente she wolde not suffir hym to be there that day but yf hit were on the syde of Sir Launcelot.

Here endyth this tale, as the Freynshe booke seyth, fro the maryage of Kynge Uther unto Kyng Arthure that regned aftir hym and ded many batayles. And this booke endyth whereas Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystrams com to courte.

Who that woll make ony more lette hym seke other bookis of Kynge Arthure or of Sir Launcelot or Sir Trystrams; for this was drawyn by a knyght presoner, Sir Thomas Malleorré, that God sende hym good recover. Amen.

Explicit.

THE BEGETTING OF GALAHAD

NOW LEVE WE SIR TRYSTRAM de Lyones and speke we of Sir Launcelot du Laake and of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelottis sonne, how he was begotyn and in what maner.

As the booke of Frenshe makyth mencion, afore the tyme that Sir Galahad was begotyn or borne, there cam in an ermyte unto Kynge Arthure uppon Whitsonday, as the knyghtes sate at the Table Rounde. And whan the ermyte saw the Syege Perelous he asked the kynge and all the knyghtes why that syege was voyde. Than Kynge Arthure for all the knyghtes answerde and seyde, "There shall never none sytte in that syege but one, but if he be destroyed."

Than seyde the ermyte, "Sir, wote ye what he ys?"

"Nay," seyde Kynge Arthure and all the knyghtes, "we know nat who he ys that shall sytte there."

"That wote I," seyde the ermyte. "For he that shall sytte there ys yet unborne and unbegotyn, and this same yere he shall be bygotyn that shall sytte in that Syege Perelous, and he shall wynne the Sankgreall."

Whan this ermyte had made this mencion he departed frome the courte of Kynge Arthure.

And so aftir this feste Sir Launcelot rode on his adventure tyll on a tyme by adventure he paste over the Pounte de Corbyn. And there he saw the fayryste towre that ever he saw, and thereundir was a fayre lytyll towne full of people. And all the people, men and women, cryed at onys, "Wellcom, Sir Launcelot, the floure of knyghthode! For by the we shall be holpyn oute of daungere!"

"What meane ye," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ye cry thus uppon me?"

"A, fayre knyght," seyde they all, "here is wythin this towre a dolerous lady that hath bene there in paynes many wyntyrs and

dayes, for ever she boyleth in scaldynge watir. And but late," seyde all the people, "Sir Gawayne was here, and he myght nat helpe her, and so he leffte her in payne stylle."

"Peradventure so may I," seyde Sir Launcelot, "leve her in payne as well as Sir Gawayne."

"Nay," seyde the people, "we know well that hit ys ye, Sir Launcelot, that shall delyver her."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "than telle me what I shall do."

And so anone they brought Sir Launcelot into the towre. And whan he cam to the chambir thereas this lady was, the doorys of iron unloked and unbolted, and so Sir Launcelot wente into the chambir, that was as hote as ony styew. And there Sir Launcelot toke the fayryst lady by the honde that ever he sawe, and she was as naked as a nedyll. And by enchauntemente Quene Morgan le Fay and the Quene of Northe Galys had put her there in that paynes, bycause she was called the fayryst lady of that contrey; and there she had bene fyve yere, and never myght she be delyverde oute of her paynes unto the tyme the beste knyght of the worlde had takyn her by the honde.

Than the people brought her clothis, and whan sche was arayed Sir Launcelot thought she was the fayryst lady that ever he saw but yf hit were Quene Gwenyvere. Than this lady seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Sir, if hit please you, woll ye go wyth me hereby into a chapel, that we may gyff lovynge and thankynge to God?"

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "commyth on wyth me, and I woll go with you."

So whan they cam there they gaff thankynges to God, all the people bothe lerned and lewde, and seyde, "Sir knyght, syn ye have delyverde this lady ye muste delyver us also frome a serpente whyche ys here in a tombe."

Than Sir Launcelot toke hys shylde and seyde, "Sirrys, brynge me thydir, and what that I may do to the plesure of God and of you I shall do."

So whan Sir Launcelot cam thydir he saw wrytten uppon the tombe lettyrs of golde that seyde thus: "Here shall com a lybarde of

kynges blood, and he shall sle this serpente. And this lybarde shall engendir a lyon in this forayne contrey whyche lyon shall passe all other knyghtes."

So whan Sir Launcelot had lyffte up the tombe there cam oute an orryble and a fyendely dragon spyttynge wylde fyre oute of hys mowthe. Than Sir Launcelot drew his swerde and faught wyth that dragon longe, and at the laste wyth grete payne Sir Launcelot slew that dragon.

And therewythall cam Kynge Pelles, the good and noble kynge, and salewed Sir Launcelot and he hym agayne.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde the kynge, "what is youre name? I requyre you of youre knyghthode, telle ye me."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyte you well my name ys Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"And my name ys Kynge Pelles, kynge of the forayne contré and cousyn nyghe unto Joseph of Aramathy."

And than aythir of them made muche of othir, and so they wente into the castell to take there repaste. And anone there cam in a dove at a wyndow, and in her mowthe there semed a lytyll sensar of golde, and therewythall there was suche a savour as all the spycery of the worlde had bene there. And furthwythall there was uppon the table all maner of meates and drynkes that they coude thynke uppon.

So there came in a damesell passynge fayre and yonge, and she bare a vessell of golde betwyxt her hondis; and thereto the kynge kneled devoutly and seyde his prayers, and so ded all that were there.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "what may this meane?"

"Sir," seyde the kynge, "this is the rychyst thynge that any man hath lyvynge, and whan this thynge gothe abrode the Rounde Table shall be brokyn for a season. And wyte you well," seyde the kynge, "this is the holy Sankgreall that ye have here seyne."

So the kynge and Sir Launcelot lad there lyff the moste party of that day togydir. And fayne wolde Kynge Pelles have found the meane that Sir Launcelot sholde have leyne by his doughter, fayre Eleyne, and for this entente: the kynge knew well that Sir Launcelot

shulde gete a pusyll uppon his doughtir, whyche shulde be called Sir Galahad, the good knyght by whom all the forayne cuntrey shulde be brought oute of daunger; and by hym the Holy Grayle sholde be encheved.

Than cam furth a lady that hyght Dame Brusen, and she seyde unto the kynge, "Sir, wyte you well Sir Launcelot lovyth no lady in the worlde but all only Quene Gwenyvere. And therefore worche ye be my counceyle, and I shall make hym to lye wyth youre doughter, and he shall nat wyte but that he lyeth by Quene Gwenyvere."

"A, fayre lady," sayde the kynge, "hope ye that ye may brynge this mater aboute?"

"Sir," seyde she, "uppon payne of my lyff, latte me deale."

For thys Dame Brusen was one of the grettyst enchaunters that was that tyme in the worlde.

And so anone by Dame Brusens wytte she made one to com to Sir Launcelot that he knew well, and this man brought a rynge frome Quene Gwenyvere lyke as hit had cam frome her. And whan Sir Launcelot saw that tokyn, wyte you well he was never so fayne.

"Where is my lady?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"In the castell of Case," seyde the messyngere, "but fyve myle hens."

Than thought Sir Launcelot to be there the same nyght. And than this Dame Brusen, by the commaundemente of Kynge Pelles he let sende Elayne to this castell wyth fyve and twenty knyghtes unto the castell of Case.

Than Sir Launcelot ayenst nyght rode unto that castell, and there anone he was receyved worshypfully wyth suche people, to his semynge, as were aboute Quene Gwenyvere secrete. So whan Sir Launcelot was alyght he asked where the quene was. So Dame Brusen seyde she was in her bed. And than people were avoyded and Sir Launcelot was lad into her chambir. And than Dame Brusen brought Sir Launcelot a kuppe full of wyne, and anone as he had drunken that wyne he was so asoted and madde that he myght make no delay but wythoute ony let he wente to bedde. And so he wente that mayden Elayne had bene Quene Gwenyvere. And wyte

you well that Sir Launcelot was glad, and so was that lady Eleyne that she had gotyn Sir Launcelot in her armys, for well she knew that that same nyght sholde be bygotyn Galahad uppon her, that sholde preve the beste knyght of the worlde.

And so they lay togydir untyll underne of the morne; and all the wyndowys and holys of that chambir were stopped that no maner of day myght be seyne. And anone Sir Launcelot remembryd hym and arose up and wente to the wyndow, and anone as he had unshutte the wyndow the enchauntemente was paste. Than he knew hymselff that he had done amysse.

"Alas!" he seyde, "that I have lyved so longe, for now am I shamed."

And anone he gate his swerde in his honde and seyde, "Thou traytoures! What arte thou that I have layne bye all this nyght? Thou shalt dye ryght here of myne hondys!"

Than this fayre lady Elayne skypped oute of her bedde all naked and kneled downe afore Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Fayre curteyse knyght, ye ar comyn of kynges bloode, and therefore I requyre you, have mercy uppon me! And as thou arte renowmed the moste noble knyght of the worlde, sle me nat, for I have in my wombe bygetyn of the that shall be the moste nobelyste knyght of the worlde."

"A, false traytoures! Why haste thou betrayed me? Telle me anone," seyde Sir Launcelot, "what thou arte."

"Sir," she seyde, "I am Elayne, the doughter of Kynge Pelles."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll forgyff you." And therewyth he toke her up in his armys and kyssed her, for she was as fayre a lady, and therto lusty and yonge and wyse, as ony was that tyme lyvynge.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may nat wyte thys to you but her that made thys enchauntemente uppon me, as betwene you and me. And I may fynde her, that same lady Dame Brusen shall lose her hede for her wycchecrauftys, for there was never knyght disceyved as I am this nyght."

And than she seyde, "My lorde Sir Launcelot, I beseche you, se me as sone as ye may, for I have obeyde me unto the prophesye

that my fadir tolde me; and by hys commaundemente to fullfyll this prophecie I have gyvyn the the grettyst ryches and the fayryst floure that ever I had, and that is my maydynhode, that I shall never have agayne. And therefore jantyll knyght, owghe me youre good wyll."

And so Sir Launcelot arayed hym and armed hym and toke hys leve myldely at that yonge lady Elayne. And so he departed and rode to the Castell of Corbyn where her fadir was. And as faste as her tyme cam she was delyverde of a fayre chylde, and they crystynd hym Galahad. And wyte yow well that chylde was well kepte and well norysshed, and he was so named Galahad bycause Sir Launcelot was so named at the fountayne stone and aftir that the Lady of the Lake confermed hym Launcelot du Lake.

Than aftir the lady was delyverde and churched, there cam a knyght unto her, hys name was Sir Bromell la Pleche, the whyche was a grete lorde. And he had loved that lady Eleyne longe, and he evermore desyred to wedde her. And so by no meane she coude put hym off, tylle on a day she seyde to Sir Bromell, "Wyte you well, sir knyght, I woll nat love you, for my love ys sette uppon the beste knyght of the worlde."

"Who ys that?" seyde Sir Bromell.

"Sir," she seyde, "hit ys Sir Launcelot du Lake that I love and none other, and therefore wowe ye me no lenger."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Bromell, "and sytthyn ye have tolde me so muche ye shall have but lytyll joy of Sir Launcelot, for I shall sle hym wheresomever I mete hym!"

"Sir," seyde this lady Elayne, "do to hym no treson, and God forbede that ye spare hym!"

"Wete ye well, my lady," seyde Sir Bromell, "and I shall promyse you this twelve-monthe and a day I shall kepe Le Pounte de Corbyn for Sir Launcelot sake, that he shall nothir com nother go unto you but I shall mete wyth hym."

Than as hit fell by fortune and adventure, Sir Bors de Ganys that was nevew unto Sir Launcelot com over that brydge; and there Sir

Bromell and Sir Bors justed, and Sir Bors smote Sir Bromell suche a buffette that he bare hym over his horse croupe.

And than Sir Bromell as an hardy man pulled oute his swerde and dressed hys shylde to do batayle wyth Sir Bors. And anone Sir Bors alyght and voyded his horse, and there they daysshed togydyrs many sad strokys. And longe thus they faught, and at the laste Sir Bromell was leyde to the erthe, and there Sir Bors began to unlace his helme to sle hym. Than Sir Bromell cryed hym mercy and yeldyd hym.

"Uppon this covenaunte thou shalt have thy lyff," seyde Sir Bors, "so thou go unto my lorde Sir Launcelot uppon Whytsonday nexte commynge and yelde the unto hym as a knyght recreaunte."

"Sir, I woll do hit," seyde Sir Bromell.

And so he sware uppon the crosse of the swerde, and so he lete hym departe. And Sir Bors rode unto Kynge Pelles that was wythin Corbyne, and whan the kynge and Elayne hys doughter knew that Sir Bors was nevew unto Sir Launcelot they made hym grete chere. Than seyde Dame Elayne, "We mervayle where Sir Launcelot ys, for he cam never here but onys that ever I sawe."

"Madame, mervayle ye nat," seyde Sir Bors, "for this halff yere he hath bene in preson wyth Quene Morgan le Fay, Kynge Arthurs systir."

"Alas," seyde Dame Eleyne, "that me sore repentyth!"

And ever Sir Bors behylde that chylde in her armys, and ever hym semed hit was passynge lyke Sir Launcelot.

"Truly," seyde Dame Elayne, "wyte you well, this chylde he begate uppon me."

Than Sir Bors wepte for joy, and there he prayde to God that hit myght preve as good a knyght as hys fadir was.

And so there cam in a whyght dowve, and she bare a lytyll sensar of golde in her mowthe, and there was all maner of metys and drynkis, and a mayden bare that Sankgreall, and she seyde there opynly, "Wyte you well, Sir Bors, that this chylde is Galahad that shall sytte in the Syege Perelous and enchyve the Sankgreall, and he shall be muche bettir than ever was Sir Launcelot, that ys hys owne fadir."

And than they kneled adowne and made there devocions, and there was suche a savoure as all the spycery in the worlde had bene there. And as the dowve had takyn her flyght the mayden vanysshed wyth the Sankgreall as she cam.

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors than unto Kynge Pelles, "this castell may be named the Castell Adventures, for here be many straunge adventures."

"That is sothe," seyde the kynge, "for well may thys place be called the adventures place. For there com but feaw knyghtes here that goth away wyth ony worshyppe; be he never so stronge, here he may be preved. And but late ago Sir Gawayne, the good knyght, gate lytyll worshyp here. For I lat you wyte," seyde Kynge Pelles, "here shall no knyght wynne worshyp but yf he be of worshyp hymselff and of good lyvynge, and that lovyth God and dredyth God. And ellys he getyth no worshyp here, be he never so hardy a man."

"That is a wondir thynge," seyde Sir Bors. "What ye meane in thys contrey I wote nat, for ye have many straunge adventures. And therefore woll I lye in thys castell thys nyght."

"Sir, ye shall nat do so," seyde Kynge Pelles, "be my counceyle, for hit ys harde and ye ascape wythoute a shame."

"Sir, I shall take the adventure that woll fall," seyde Sir Bors.

"Than I counceyle you," seyde the kynge, "to be clene confessed."

"As for that," seyde Sir Bors, "I woll be shryvyn wyth a good wyll."

So Sir Bors was confessed. And for all women Sir Bors was a vergyne sauff for one, that was the doughter of Kynge Braundegorys, and on her he gate a chylde whyche hyght Elayne. And sauff for her Sir Bors was a clene mayden. And so Sir Bors was lad unto bed in a fayre large chambir, and many durres were shutte aboute the chambir. Whan Sir Bors had aspyde all tho durrys he avoyded all the people, for he myght have nobody wyth hym. But in no wyse Sir Bors wolde unarme hym, but so he leyde hym downe uppon the bed.

And ryght so he saw a lyght com in, that he myght well se a speare grete and longe that cam streyte uppon hym poyntelynge, and Sir Bors semed that the hede of the speare brente lyke a tapir. And anone, or Sir Boors wyste, the speare-hede smote hym in the shuldir an hande-brede in depnes, and that wounde grevid Sir Bors passyng sore, and than he layde hym downe agayne for payne.

And anone therewythall cam a knyght armed wyth hys shylde on hys shuldir and hys swerde in hys honde, and he bade Sir Bors, "Aryse, sir knyght, and fyght wyth me!"

"I am sore hurte, but yet I shall nat fayle the!"

And than Sir Bors sterte up and dressed his shylde, and than they laysshed togydyrs myghtyly a grete whyle; and at the laste Sir Bors bare hym bakwarde tyll that he cam to a chambir dore, and there that knyght yode into that chambir and rested hym a grete whyle. And whan he had reposed hym he cam oute freyshely agayne and began new batayle wyth Sir Bors myghtyly and strongely. Than Sir Bors thought he sholde no more go into that chambir to reste hym, and so Sir Bors dressed hym betwyxte the knyght and the chambir dore. And there Sir Bors smote hym downe, and than that knyght yelded hym.

"What ys youre name?" seyde Sir Bors.

"Sir, my name ys Sir Bedyvere of the Streyte Marchys."

So Sir Bors made hym to swere at Whytsonday nexte commynge to com to the courte of Kynge Arthure, "and yelde you there as a presonere and as an overcom knyght by the hondys of Sir Bors."

So thus departed Sir Bedyvere of the Strayte Marche. And than Sir Bors layde hym downe to reste. And anone he harde muche noyse in that chambir, and than Sir Bors aspyed that there cam in, he wyst nat whethir at durrys or at wyndowys, shotte of arowys and of quarellys so thyk that he mervayled, and many felle uppon hym and hurte hym in the bare placys.

And than Sir Bors was ware where cam in an hedyous lyon. So Sir Bors dressed hym to that lyon, and anone the lyon beraufte hym hys shylde, and with hys swerde Sir Bors smote of the lyons hede.

Ryght so furthwythall he sawe a dragon in the courte, passynge perelous and orryble, and there semyd to hym that there were lettyrs off golde wryttyn in hys forhede, and Sir Bors thought that the lettyrs made a sygnyfycacion of Kynge Arthure. And ryght so there cam an orryble lybarde and an olde, and there they faught longe and ded grete batayle togydyrs. And at the laste the dragon spytte oute of hys mowthe as hit had bene an hondred dragons; and lyghtly all the smale dragons slew the olde dragon and tore hym all to pecys.

And anone furthwythall there cam an olde man into the halle, and he sette hym downe in a fayre chayre, and there semed to be too addirs aboute hys nek. And than the olde man had an harpe, and there he sange an olde lay of Joseph of Aramathy, how he cam into this londe. And whan he had sungen this olde man bade Sir Bors go frome thens, "for here shall ye have no mo adventures; yet full worshypfully have ye encheved this, and bettir shall ye do hyreaftir."

And than Sir Bors semed that there cam the whyghtyst dowve that ever he saw, wyth a lytyll goldyn sensar in her mowthe. And anone therewythall the tempeste ceased and passed away that afore was mervaylous to hyre. So was all that courte full of good savoures.

Than Sir Bors saw foure fayre chyldren berynge foure fayre tapirs, and an olde man in the myddys of this chyldyrn wyth a sensar in hys one honde and a speare in hys othir honde, and that speare was called the Speare of Vengeaunce.

"Now," seyde that olde man to Sir Bors, "go ye to youre cousyn Sir Launcelot and telle hym this adventure had be moste convenyent for hym of all earthely knyghtes, but synne ys so foule in hym that he may nat enchyve none suche holy dedys; for had nat bene hys synne, he had paste all the knyghtes that ever were in hys dayes. And telle thou Sir Launcelot, of all worldly adventures he passyth in manhode and proues all othir, but in this spyrytuall maters he shall have many hys bettyrs."

And than Sir Bors sawe foure jantyllwomen com by hym, pourely beseyne, and he saw where that they entirde into a chambir where was grete lyght, as hit were a somers lyght. And the women kneled downe before an auter of sylver wyth foure pyloures, and as hit

had bene a bysshop kneled afore the table of sylver. And as Sir Bors loked over hys hede he saw a swerde lyke sylver, naked, hovynge over hys hede, and the clyernes thereof smote in hys yghen, that as at that tyme Sir Bors was blynde.

And there he harde a voyce whyche seyde, "Go hens, thou Sir Bors, for as yet thou arte nat worthy for to be in thys place!" And than he yode bakwarde tylle hys bedde tylle on the morne.

And so on the morne Kyng Pelles made grete joy of Sir Bors, and than he departed and rode unto Camelot. And there he founde Sir Launcelot and tolde hym of the adventures that he had sene wyth Kynge Pelles at Corbyn.

And so the noyse sprange in Kynge Arthurs courte that Sir Launcelot had gotyn a chylde uppon Elayne, the doughter of Kynge Pelles, wherefore Quene Gwenyvere was wrothe, and she gaff many rebukes to Sir Launcelot and called hym false knyght. And than Sir Launcelot tolde the quene all, and how he was made to lye by her, "in the lyknes of you, my lady the quene;" and so the quene hylde Sir Launcelot exkused.

And as the booke seythe, Kynge Arthure had bene in Fraunce and hadde warred uppon the myghty Kynge Claudas and had wonne muche of hys londys. And whan the kynge was com agayne he lete cry a grete feste, that all lordys and ladyes of all Ingelonde shulde be there but yf hit were suche as were rebellyous agaynste hym.

And whan Dame Elayne, the doughter of Kynge Pelles, harde of thys feste she yode to her fadir and requyred hym that he wolde gyff her leve to ryde to that feste. The kynge answerde and seyde, "I woll that ye go thydir; but in ony wyse, os ye love me and woll have my blyssynge, loke that ye be well beseyne in the moste rychest wyse, and loke that ye spare nat for no coste. Aske and ye shall have all that nedyth unto you."

Than by the advyce of Dame Brusen her mayden, all thynge was appareyled unto the purpose, that there was never no lady rychelyar beseyne. So she rode wyth twenty knyghtes and ten ladyes and jantyllwomen, to the numbir of an hondred horse. And whan she

cam to Camelot, Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvere seyde wyth all the knyghtes that Dame Elayne was the fayrest and the beste beseyne lady that ever was seyne in that courte.

And anone as Kynge Arthure wyste that she was com he mette her and salewed her, and so ded the moste party of all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table, both Sir Trystram, Sir Bleoberys, and Sir Gawayne, and many mo that I woll nat reherse. But whan Sir Launcelot sye her he was so ashamed, and that bycause he drew hys swerde to her on the morne aftir that he had layne by her, that he wolde nat salewe her nother speke wyth her. And yet Sir Launcelot thought that she was the fayrest woman that ever he sye in his lyeff dayes.

But whan Dame Elayne saw Sir Launcelot wolde nat speke unto her she was so hevy she wente her harte wolde have to-braste; for wyte you well, oute of mesure she loved hym. And than Dame Elayne seyde unto her woman, Dame Brusen, "The unkyndenes of Sir Launcelot sleyth myne harte nere!"

"A! peas, madame," seyde Dame Brusen, "I shall undirtake that this nyght he shall lye wyth you and ye woll holde you stylle."

"That were me lever," seyde Dame Elayne, "than all the golde that ys abovyn erthe."

"Lat me deale," seyde Dame Brewsen.

So whan Dame Eleyne was brought unto the quene aythir made other good chere as by countenaunce, but nothynge wyth there hartes. But all men and women spake of the beauté of Dame Elayne.

Than at nyghte the quene commaunded that Dame Elayne shulde slepe in a chambir nygh by her chambir, and all undir one rooff. And so hit was done as the quene commaunded. Than the quene sente for Sir Launcelot and bade hym com to her chambir that nyght, "other ellys," seyde the quene, "I am sure that ye woll go to youre ladyes bedde, Dame Elayne, by whome ye gate Galahad."

"A, madame!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "never say ye so, for that I ded was ayenste my wylle."

"Than," seyde the quene, "loke that ye com to me whan I sende for you."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I shall nat fayle you, but I shall be redy at youre commaundement."

So this bargayne was nat so sone done and made betwene them but Dame Brusen knew hit by her crauftes and tolde hit unto her lady Dame Elayne.

"Alas!" seyde she, "how shall I do?"

"Lat me deale," seyde Dame Brusen, "for I shall brynge hym by the honde evyn to youre bedde, and he shall wyne that I am Quene Gwenyveres messyngere."

"Than well were me," seyde Dame Elayne, "for all the worlde I love nat so muche as I do Sir Launcelot."

So whan tyme com that all folkys were to bedde, Dame Brusen cam to Sir Launcelottes beddys syde and seyde, "Sir Launcelot du Lake, slepe ye? My lady Quene Gwenyvere lyeth and awaytyth uppon you."

"A, my fayre lady!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am redy to go wyth you whother ye woll have me."

So Launcelot threwe uppon hym a longe gowne, and so he toke his swerde in hys honde. And than Dame Brusen toke hym by the fyngir and lad hym to her ladyes bedde, Dame Elayne, and than she departed and leffte them there in bedde togydyrs. And wyte you well this lady was glad, and so was Sir Launcelot, for he wende that he had had another in hys armys.

Now leve we them kyssynge and clyppynge, as was a kyndely thynge, and now speke we of Quene Gwenyvere that sente one of her women that she moste trusted unto Sir Launcelotys bedde. And whan she cam there she founde the bedde colde, and he was nat therein; and so she cam to the quene and tolde her all.

"Alas!" seyde the quene, "where is that false knyght becom?"

So the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte, and than she wrythed and waltred as a madde woman, and myght nat slepe a foure or a fyve owres.

Than Sir Launcelot had a condicion that he used of custom, to clatir in his slepe and to speke oftyn of hys lady Quene Gwenyvere.

So Sir Launcelot had awayked as longe as hit had pleased hym, and so by course of kynde he slepte and Dame Elayne bothe. And in his slepe he talked and claterde as a jay of the love that had bene betwyxte Quene Gwenyvere and hym, and so as he talked so lowde the quene harde hym thereas she lay in her chambir. And whan she harde hym so clattir she was wrothe oute of mesure, and than she cowghed so lowde that Sir Launcelot awaked. And anone he knew her hemynge, and than he knew welle that he lay nat by the quene, and therewyth he lepte oute of hys bedde as he had bene a wood man, in hys shurte, and anone the quene mette hym in the floure; and thus she seyde: "A, thou false traytoure knyght! Loke thou never abyde in my courte, and lyghtly that thou voyde my chambir, and nat so hardy, thou false traytoure knyght, that evermore thou com in my syght!"

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot.

And therewyth he toke suche an hartely sorow at her wordys that he felle downe to the floure in a sowne. And therewythall Quene Gwenyvere departed.

And whan Sir Launcelot awooke oute of hys swoghe, he lepte oute at a bay wyndow into a gardyne, and there wyth thornys he was all to-cracched of his vysage and hys body, and so he ranne furth he knew nat whothir, and was as wylde woode as ever was man. And so he ran too yere, and never man had grace to know hym.

Now turne we unto Quene Gwenyvere and to the fayre lady Elayne, that whan Dame Elayne harde the quene so rebuke Sir Launcelot, and how also he sowned and how he lepte oute of the bay wyndow, than she seyde unto Quene Gwenyvere, "Madame, ye ar gretly to blame for Sir Launcelot, for now have ye loste hym, for I saw and harde by his countenaunce that he ys madde for ever. And therefore, alas! madame, ye have done grete synne and youreselff grete dyshonoure, for ye have a lorde royall of youre owne, and therefore hit were youre parte for to love hym; for there ys no quene in this worlde that hath suche another kynge as ye have. And yf ye were nat, I myght

have getyn the love of my lorde Sir Launcelot; and a grete cause I have to love hym, for he hadde my maydynhode and by hym I have borne a fayre sonne, whose name ys Sir Galahad. And he shall be in hys tyme the beste knyght of the worlde."

"Well, Dame Elayne," seyde the quene, "as sone as hit ys daylyght I charge you to avoyde my courte. And for the love ye owghe unto Sir Launcelot discover not hys counceyle, for and ye do, hit woll be hys deth!"

"As for that," seyde Dame Elayne, "I dare undirtake he ys marred for ever, and that have you made. For nother ye nor I ar lyke to rejoyse hym, for he made the moste pyteuous gronys whan he lepte oute at yondir bay wyndow that ever I harde man make. Alas!" seyde feyre Elayne, and "Alas!" seyde the quene, "for now I wote well that we have loste hym for ever!"

So on the morne Dame Elayne toke her leve to departe and wolde no lenger abyde. Than Kynge Arthur brought her on her way wyth mo than an hondred knyghtes thorowoute a foreyste. And by the way she tolde Sir Bors de Ganys all how hit betydde that same nyght, and how Sir Launcelot lepte oute at a wyndow araged oute of hys wytte.

"Alas!" than seyde Sir Bors, "where ys my lorde Sir Launcelot becom?"

"Sir," seyde Dame Eleyne "I wote nere."

"Now alas!" seyde Sir Bors, "betwyxt you bothe ye have destroyed a good knyght."

"As for me, sir," seyde Dame Elayne, "I seyde nevir nother dede thynge that shulde in ony wyse dysplease hym. But wyth the rebuke, sir, that Quene Gwenyvere gaff hym I saw hym sowne to the erthe. And whan he awoke he toke hys swerd in hys honde, naked save hys shurte, and lepe oute at a wyndow wyth the greselyest grone that ever I harde man make."

"Now farewell," seyde Sir Bors unto Dame Elayne, "and holde my lorde Kynge Arthure wyth a tale as longe as ye can, for I woll turne agayne unto Quene Gwenyvere and gyff her an hete. And I requyre you, as ever ye woll have my servyse, make good

wacche and aspye yf ever hit may happyn you to se my lorde Sir Launcelot."

"Truly," seyde Dame Elayne, "I shall do all that I may do, for I wolde lose my lyff for hym rathir than he shulde be hurte."

"Madame," seyde Dame Brusen, "lat Sir Bors departe and hyghe hym as faste as he may to seke Sir Launcelot, for I warne you he ys clene oute of hys mynde and yet he shall be welle holpyn, and but by myracle."

Than wepte Dame Elayne, and so ded Sir Bors de Ganys, and anone they departed. And Sir Bors rode streyte unto Quene Gwenyvere, and whan she saw Sir Bors she wepte as she were wood.

"Now, fye on youre wepynge!" seyde Sir Bors de Ganys, "for ye wepe never but whan there ys no boote. Alas," seyde Sir Bors, "that ever Sir Launcelot or ony of hys blood ever saw you! for now have ye loste the beste knyght of oure blood, and he that was all oure leder and oure succoure. And I dare say and make hit good that all kynges crystynde nother hethynde may nat fynde suche a knyght, for to speke of his noblenes and curtesy, wyth hys beauté and hys jantylnes. Alas!" seyde Sir Bors, "what shall we do that ben of hys bloode?"

"Alas!" seyde Sir Ector de Marys, and "alas!" seyde Sir Lyonell.

And whan the quene harde hem sey so she felle to the erthe in a dede sowne. And than Sir Bors toke her up and dawed her, and whan she awaked she kneled afore tho thre knyghtes and hylde up bothe her hondys and besought them to seke hym, "and spare nat for no goodys but that he be founden, for I wote well that he ys oute of hys mynde."

And Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lyonell departed frome the quene, for they myght nat abyde no lenger for sorow. And than the quene sente them tresoure inowe for there expence, and so they toke there horsys and there armour and departede. And than they rode frome contrey to contrey, in forestes and in wyldirnessys and in wastys, and ever they leyde waycche bothe at forestes and at all maner of men as they rode to harkyn and to spere afftir hym, as he that was a naked man in his shurte wyth a swerde in hys honde.

And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere, endelonge and overtwarte, and never cowde hyre worde of hym, and wyte you well these thre knyghtes were passynge sory. And so at the laste Sir Bors and hys felowys mette wyth a knyght that hyght Sir Melyon de Tartare.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Bors, "whothir be ye away?" For they knew aythir other aforetyme.

"Sir," seyde Sir Mellyon, "I am in the way to the courte of Kynge Arthure."

"Than we pray you," seyde Sir Bors, "that ye woll telle my lorde Arthure and my lady Quene Gwenyvere and all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table that we can nat in no wyse here telle where Sir Launcelot ys becom."

Than Sir Mellyon departed from them and seyde that he wolde telle the kynge and the quene and all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table as they had desyred hym. And whan Sir Mellyon cam to the courte he tolde the kynge and the quene and all the felyship as they had desyred hym, how Sir Bors had seyde of Sir Launcelot. Than Sir Gawayne, Sir Uwayne, Sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, Sir Agglovale, and Sir Percyvale de Galys toke uppon them by the grete desyre of the kynge, and in especiall by the quene, to seke all Inglonde, Walys, and Scotlonde to fynde Sir Launcelot. And wyth them rode eyghtene knyghtes mo to beare them felyshyppe, and wyte you well they lakked no maner of spendynge; and so were they thre and twenty knyghtes.

Now turne we unto Sir Launcelot, and speke we of hys care and woo, and what payne he there endured; for colde hungir and thyrste he hadde plenté. And thus as these noble knyghtes rode togydyrs they by one assente departed; and than they rode by too and by thre, and by foure and by fyve, and ever they assygned where they sholde mete.

And so Sir Agglovale and Sir Percyvale rode togydir unto there modir, whyche was a quene in tho dayes. And whan she saw her too sunnes, for joy she wepte tendirly, and than she seyde, "A, my dere sonnes! Whan youre fadir was slayne he leffte me foure sonnes

of the whyche now be too slayne. And for the dethe of my noble sonne Sir Lamorak shall myne harte never be glad!"

And than she kneled downe uppon her knees tofore Sir Agglovale and Sir Percyvale and besought them to abyde at home wyth her.

"A, my swete modir," seyde Sir Percyvale, "we may nat, for we be comyn of kynges bloode of bothe partis. And therefore, modir, hit ys oure kynde to haunte armys and noble dedys."

"Alas! my swete sonnys," than she seyde, "for youre sakys I shall fyrste lose my lykynge and luste, and than wynde and wedir I may nat endure, what for the dethe of Kynge Pellynor youre fadir, that was shamefully slayne by the hondys of Sir Gawayne and hys brothir, Sir Gaherys! And they slew hym nat manly, but by treson. And alas! my dere sonnes, thys ys a pyteuous complaynte for me off youre fadyrs dethe, conciderynge also the dethe of Sir Lamorak that of knyghthod had but feaw fealowys. And now, my dere sonnes, have this in youre mynde."

And so there was but wepynge and sobbynge in the courte whan they sholde departe, and she felle in sownynge in the myddys of the courte.

And whan she was awaked, aftir them she sente a squyar wyth spendynge inowghe. And so whan the squyar had overtake them they wolde nat suffir hym to ryde wyth them, but sente hym home agayne to comforte there modir, prayynge her mekely of her blyssynge. And so he rode agayne, and so hit happened hym to be benyghtyd. And by mysfortune he cam to a castel where dwelled a barowne, and whan the squyar was com into the castell the lorde asked hym from whens he cam and whom he served.

"My lorde," seyde the squyar, "I serve a good knyght that ys called Sir Agglovale."

The squyar sayde hit to good entente, wenynge unto hym to have be more forborne for Sir Agglovales sake than and he had seyde he had served the quene hys modir.

"Well, my felow," seyde the lorde of the castell, "for Sir Agglovalys sake thou shalt have evyll lodgyng, for Sir Agglovale slew my brothir.

And therefore thou shalt have thy dethe in party of paymente."

And than that lorde commaunded hys men to have hym away and to sle hym. And so they ded, and than they pulled hym oute of the castell and there they slewe hym wythoute mercy. And ryght so on the morne com Sir Agglovale and Sir Percyvale rydynge by a churcheyearde where men and women were busy and behylde the dede squyar, and so thought to bury hym.

"What ys that there," seyde Sir Agglovale, "that ye beholde so faste?"

Anone a good woman sterte furth and seyde, "Fayre knyght, here lyeth a squyar slayne shamefully this nyght."

"How was he slayne, fayre modir?" sayde Sir Agglovale.

"My fayre lorde," seyde the woman, "the lorde of thys castell lodged this squyar thys nyght. And because he seyde he was servaunte unto a good knyght whyche is wyth Kynge Arthure, whos name ys Sir Agglovale, therefore the lorde commaunded to sle hym, and for thys cause ys he slayne."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Agglovale, "and ye shall se hys deth lyghtly revenged! For I am that same knyght for whom thys squyar was slayne."

Than Sir Agglovale called unto hym Sir Percyvale and bade hym alyght lyghtly. And anone they betoke there men theire horsys, and so they yode on foote into the castell. And as sone as they were wythin the castell gate Sir Agglovale bade the porter go unto hys lorde and tell his lorde that "I am here, Sir Agglovale, for whom my squyar was slayne thys nyght."

And anone as this porter had tolde hys lorde, "He ys welcom!" seyde Sir Goodwyne. And anone he armed hym and cam into the courte and seyde, "Whyche of you ys Sir Agglovale?"

"Here I am, loo! But for what cause slewyst thou thys nyght my modyrs squyar?"

"I slew hym," seyde Sir Goodwyne, "bycause of the, for thou slewyste my brothir Sir Gawdelyne."

"As for thy brothir," seyde Sir Agglovale, "I avow I slew hym, for he was a false knyght and a betrayer of ladyes and of good

knyghtes. And for the dethe of my squyar," seyde Sir Agglovale, "thou shalt dye."

"I defye the!" seyde Sir Goodwyne

Than they laysshed togydyrs as egirly as hit had bene too lyons. And Sir Percyvale he faught wyth all the remenaunte that wolde fyght, and wythin a whyle Sir Percyvale had slayne all that wolde withstonde hym, for Sir Percyvale deled so hys strokys that were so rude that there durste no man abyde hym. And wythin a whyle Sir Agglovale had Sir Goodwyne at the erthe, and there he unlaced hys helme and strake of hys hede. And than they departed and toke theire horsys; and than they let cary the dede squyar unto a pryory, and there they entered hym.

And whan thys was done they rode in many contreys, ever inquyrynge aftir Sir Launcelot. But they coude never hyre of hym. And at the laste they com to a castell that hyght Cardycan and there Sir Percyvale and Sir Agglovale were lodged togydyrs. And prevaly, aboute mydnyght, Sir Percyvale com to Sir Agglovales squyar and seyde, "Aryse and make the redy, for ye and I woll ryde away secretely."

"Sir," seyde the squyar, "I wolde full fayne ryde with you where ye wolde have me, but and my lorde youre brothir take me he woll sle me."

"As for that, care not, for I shall be youre warraunte."

And so Sir Percyvale rode tyll hyt was aftir none, and than he cam uppon a brydge of stone, and there he founde a knyght whyche was bounden wyth a chayne faste aboute the waste unto a pylloure of stone.

"A, my fayre knyght," seyde that boundyn knyght, "I requyre the of knyghthode, lowse my bondys of!"

"Sir, what knyght ar ye?" seyde Sir Percyvale. "And for what cause ar ye bounden?"

"Sir, I shall telle you," seyde that knyght. "I am a Knyght off the Table Rounde, and my name ys Sir Persydes. And thus by adventure I cam thys way, and here I lodged in thys castell at the brydge foote. And therein dwellyth an uncurteyse lady, and bycause she proffyrd

me to be her paramoure and I refused her, she sette her men uppon me suddeynly or ever I myght com to my wepyn. Thus they toke me and bounde me, and here I wote well I shall dye but yf som man of worshyp breke my bondys."

"Sir, be ye of good chere!" seyde Sir Percyvale. "And bycause ye ar a Knyght of the Rounde Table as well as I, I woll truste to God to breke youre bondys."

And therewyth Sir Percyvale pulled oute hys swerde and strake at the chayne wyth suche a myght that he cutte a-to the chayne and thorow Sir Parsydes hawbirke, and hurte hym a lytyll. "A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Parsydes, "that was a myghty stroke as ever I felte of mannes hande! For had nat the chayne be, ye had slayne me."

And therewithall Sir Parsydes saw a knyght whyche cam oute of the castell as faste as ever he myght flynge. "Sir, beware! For yondyr commyth a knyght that woll have ado with you."

"Lat hym com!" seyde Sir Percyvale. And so mette that knyght in myddys the brydge, and Sir Percyvale gaff hym suche a buffette that he smote hym quyte frome hys horse and over a parte of the brydge, that and there had nat bene a lytyll vessell undir the brydge, that knyght had bene drowned.

And than Sir Percyvale toke the knyghtes horse and made Sir Persydes to mounte uppon hym. And so they too rode unto the castell and bade the lady delyver Sir Persydes servauntys, othir ellys he wolde sle all that ever he founde. And so for feare she delyverde them all.

Than was Sir Percyvale ware of a lady that stoode in that towre.

"A, madame," seyde Sir Percyvale, "what use and custom ys that in a lady to destroy good knyghtes but yf they woll be youre paramour? Pardé, this is a shamefull custom of a lady, and yf I had nat a grete mater to do in my honde I shulde fordo all youre false customys!"

And so Sir Parsydes brought Sir Percyvale unto hys owne castell, and there he made hym grete chere all that nyght. And on the morne, whan Sir Percyvale had harde a masse and broke hys faste, he bade Sir Parsydes ryde unto Kynge Arthure, "and telle ye the kynge how

that ye mette wyth me, and telle you my brothir Sir Agglovale how I rescowed you. And byd hym seke nat aftir me, for I am in the queste to syke Sir Launcelot du Lake. And thoughe he seke me, he shall nat fynde me. And tell hym I woll never se hym nothir the courte tylle that I have founde Sir Launcelot. Also telle Sir Kay the Senescyall and Syr Mordred that I truste to Jesu to be of as grete worthynes as aythir of them, for tell them that I shall never forgete theire mokkys and scornys that they dud to me that day that I was made knyght; and telle them I woll never se that courte tylle men speke more worshyp of me than ever they ded of ony of them bothe."

And so Sir Parsydes departed frome Sir Percyvale, and than he rode unto Kynge Arthure and tolde of Sir Percyvale. And whan Sir Agglovale harde hym speke of hys brothir Sir Percyvale, "Forsothe," he seyde, "he departed fro me unkyndly."

"Sir," seyde Sir Persydes, "on my lyff, he shall preve a noble knyght as ony now ys lyvynge."

And whan he saw Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, Sir Parsydes sayde thus: "My fayre lordys, Sir Percyvale gretyth you well bothe, and he sente you worde by me that he trustyth to God or ever he com to courte agayne to be of as grete nobles as ever were you bothe, and mo men to speke of his noblenesse than ever spake of youres."

"Hyt may well be," seyde Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, "but at that tyme he was made knyght he was full unlykly to preve a good knyght."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "he muste nedys preve a good knyght, for hys fadir and hys bretherne were noble knyghtes all."

And now woll we turne unto Sir Percyvale that rode longe, and in a foreyste he mette wyth a knyght wyth a brokyn shylde and a brokyn helme. And as sone as aythir saw other they made them redy to juste, and so they hurled togydyrs wyth all the myghtes of theire horses, and they mette togydyrs so hard that Sir Percyvale was smyttyn to the erthe. And than Sir Percyvale arose delyverly, and keste hys shylde on hys shuldir and drew hys swerde, and bade the other knyght alyght and do batayle unto the uttirmuste.

"Well, sir, wyll ye more yet?" seyde that knyght.

And therewyth he alyght, and put hys horse from hym. And than they cam togydir an easy pace and laysshed togydyrs with noble swerdys. And somtyme they stroke and somtyme they foyned, that ayther gaff other many sad strokys and woundys. And thus they faught nerehande halffe a day and never rested but lytyll, and there was none of them bothe that hadde leste woundys but he had fyftene, and they bledde so muche that hyt was mervayle they stoode on theire feete. But thys knyght that faught wyth Sir Percyvale was a proved knyght and a wyse-fyghtynge knyght, and Sir Percyvale was yonge and stronge, nat knowynge in fyghtynge as the othir was. Than Sir Percyvale spake fyrste and seyde, "Sir knyght, holde thy honde a whyle, for we have foughtyn over longe for a symple mater and quarell. And therefore I requyre the tell me thy name, for I was never ar thys tyme thus macched."

"So God me helpe," seyde that knyght, "and never or this tyme was there never knyght that wounded me so sore as thou haste done, and yet have I foughtyn in many batayles. And now shall thou wyte that I am a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name ys Sir Ector de Marys, brothir unto the good knyght Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Alas!" sayde Sir Percyvale, "and my name ys Sir Percyvale de Galys, whyche hath made my queste to seke Sir Launcelot. And now am I syker that I shall never fenyshe my queste, for ye have slayne me with youre hondys."

"Hit is nat so," seyde Sir Ector, "for I am slayne by youre hondys, and may not lyve. And therefore I requyre you," seyde Sir Ector unto Sir Percyvale, "ryde ye here faste by to a pryory, and brynge me a preste, that I may resseyve my Savyoure, for I may nat lyve. And whan ye com to the courte of Kynge Arthure tell nat my brothir, Sir Launcelot, how that ye slew me, for than woll he be youre mortall enemy, but ye may sey that I was slayne in my queste as I sought hym."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Percyvale, "ye sey that thynge that never woll be, for I am so faynte for bledynge that I may unnethe stonde. How sholde I than take my horse?"

Than they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure.

"This woll nat avayle," seyde Sir Percyvale. And than he kneled downe and made hys prayer devoutely unto Allmyghty Jesu, for he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde at that tyme, in whom the verrey fayth stoode moste in.

Ryght so there cam by the holy vessell, the Sankegreall, wyth all maner of swetnesse and savoure, but they cowde nat se redyly who bare the vessell. But Sir Percyvale had a glemerynge of the vessell and of the mayden that bare hit, for he was a perfyte mayden. And furthwithall they were as hole of hyde and lymme as ever they were in theire lyff. Than they gaff thankynges to God with grete myldenesse.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Percyvale, "what may thys meane that we be thus heled, and ryght now we were at the poynte of dyynge?"

"I woote full well," seyde Sir Ector, "what hit is. Hit is an holy vessell that is borne by a mayden, and therein ys a parte of the bloode of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But hit may nat be sene," seyde Sir Ector, "but yff hit be by a perfyte man."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Percyvale, "I saw a damesell, as me thought, all in whyght, with a vessell in bothe her hondys, and furthwithall I was hole."

So than they toke theire horsys and theire harneys, and mended hyt as well as they myght that was brokyn; and so they mounted up and rode talkynge togydyrs. And there Sir Ector de Marys tolde Sir Percyvale how he had sought hys brothir, Sir Launcelot, longe, and never cowde hyre wytynge of hym: "In many harde adventures have I bene in thys queste!"

And so aythir tolde othir of there grete adventures.

And now leve we of a whyle of Sir Ector and of Sir Percyvale, and speke we of Sir Launcelot that suffird and endured many sharpe showres, that ever ran wylde woode frome place to place, and lyved by fruyte and suche as he myght gete, and dranke watir too yere. And other clothynge had he but lytyll, but in his shurte and his breke.

SIR TRISTRAM OF LYONES

ISODE THE FAIR

Here begynnyth the Fyrste Boke of Syr Trystrams de Lyones, and who was his fadir and hys modyr, and how he was borne and fostyrd, and how he was made knyght of Kynge Marke of Cornuayle.

THERE WAS a kynge that hyght Melyodas, and he was lorde of the contrey of Lyones. And this Melyodas was a lykly knyght as ony was that tyme lyvyng. And by fortune he wedded Kynge Markis sister of Cornuayle, and she was called Elyzabeth, that was called bothe good and fayre. And at that tyme Kynge Arthure regned, and he was hole kynge of Ingelonde, Walys, Scotlonde, and of many othir realmys. Howbehit there were many kynges that were lordys of many contreyes, but all they helde theire londys of Kynge Arthure; for in Walys were too kynges, and in the Northe were many kynges, and in Cornuayle and in the Weste were too kynges; also in Irelonde were too or thre kynges, and all were undir the obeysaunce of Kynge Arthure; so was the Kynge of Fraunce and the Kyng of Bretayne, and all the lordshyppis unto Roome.

So whan this Kynge Melyodas had bene with his wyff, wythin a whyle she wexed grete with chylde. And she was a full meke lady, and well she loved hir lorde and he hir agayne, so there was grete joy betwyxte hem.

So there was a lady in that contrey that had loved Kynge Melyodas longe, and by no meane she never cowde gete his love. Therefore she let ordayne uppon a day as Kynge Melyodas rode an-huntynge,

for he was a grete chacer of dere, and there be enchauntemente she made hym chace an harte by hymself alone tyll that he com to an olde castell, and there anone he was takyn presoner by the lady that loved hym.

Whan Elyzabeth, Kynge Melyodas hys wyff, myssed hir lorde she was nyghe oute of hir wytte, and also, as grete with chylde as she was, she toke a jantylwoman with hir and ran into the foreste suddeynly to seke hir lorde. And whan she was farre in the foreste she myght no farther, but ryght there she gan to travayle faste of hir chylde, and she had many grymly throwys, but hir jantyllwoman halpe hir all that she myght. And so by myracle of Oure Lady of hevyn she was delyverde with grete paynes, but she had takyn suche colde for the defaute of helpe that the depe draughtys of dethe toke hir, that nedys she muste dye and departe oute of thys worlde; there was none othir boote.

Whan this Quene Elyzabeth saw that she myght nat ascape, she made grete dole and seyde unto hir jantylwoman, "Whan ye se my lorde Kynge Melyodas, recommaunde me unto hym and tell hym what paynes I endure here for his love, and how I muste dye here for his sake for defawte of good helpe, and lat hym wete that I am full sory to departe oute of this worlde fro hym. Therefore pray hym to be frende to my soule. Now lat me se my lytyll chylde for whom I have had all this sorow."

And whan she sye hym she seyde thus: "A, my lytyll son, thou haste murtherd thy modir! And therefore I suppose thou that arte a murtherer so yonge, thow arte full lykly to be a manly man in thyne ayge; and bycause I shall dye of the byrth of the, I charge my jantyllwoman that she pray my lorde the kynge Melyodas that whan he is crystened let calle hym Trystrams, that is as muche to say as a sorowfull byrth." And therewith the quene gaff up the goste and dyed. Than the jantyllwoman leyde hir undir an umbir of a grete tre, and than she lapped the chylde as well as she myght fro colde.

Ryght so there cam the barowns of Kynge Melyodas folowyng aftir the quene. And whan they sye that she was dede and undirstode

none othir but that the kynge was destroyed, than sertayne of them wolde have slayne the chylde bycause they wolde have bene lordys of that contrey of Lyonesse. But than, thorow the fayre speche of the jantyllwoman and by the meanys that she made, the moste party of the barowns wolde nat assente thereto. But than they latte cary home the dede quene and muche sorow was made for hir.

Than this meane whyle Merlyon had delyverde Kynge Melyodas oute of preson on the morne aftir his quene was dede. And so whan the kynge was com home the moste party of the barowns made grete joy, but the sorow that the kynge made for his quene there myght no tonge tell. So than the kynge let entyre hir rychely, and aftir he let crystyn his chylde as his wyff had commaunded byfore hir deth; and than he lette calle hym Trystrams, "the sorowfull-borne chylde."

Than Kynge Melyodas endured aftir that seven yere withoute a wyff, and all this tyme Trystrams was forstred well. Than hit befelle that the Kynge Melyodas wedded Kynge Howellys of Bretaynes doughter, and anone she had chyldirne by Kynge Melyodas. Than was she hevy and wroth that hir chyldirne sholde nat rejoyse the contrye of Lyonesse, wherefore this quene ordayned for to poyson yonge Trystrams.

So at the laste she let poyson be putt in a pees of sylver in the chambir where Trystrams and hir chyldir were togydyrs, unto that entente that whan Trystrams were thirsty he sholde drynke that drynke. And so hit felle uppon a day the quenys son, as he was in that chambir, aspyed the pyese with poyson, and he wente hit had been good drynke; and because the chylde was thirsty he toke the pyese with poyson and dranke frely, and therewith the chylde suddaynly braste and was dede.

So whan the quene of Melyodas wyste of the deth of hir son, wete you well that she was hevy; but yet the kynge undirstood nothynge of hir treson. Notwythstondynge the quene wolde not leve by this, but effte she lette ordeyne more poyson and putt hit in a pyese. And by fortune Kynge Melyodas hir husbonde founde the pyese with wyne wherein was the poyson, and as he that was thirstelew

toke the pyse for to drynke; and as he wolde have drunken thereof the quene aspyed hym and ran unto hym and pulde the pyse from hym sodeynly.

The kynge mervayled of hir why she ded so and remembred hym suddaynly how hir son was slayne with poyson. And than he toke hir by the honde and sayde, "Thou false traytoures! Thou shalt telle me what maner of drynke this is, other ellys I shall sle the!" And therewith he pulde oute his swerde and sware a grete othe that he sholde sle hir but yf she tolde hym the trouthe.

"A! mercy, my lorde," she seyde, "and I shall telle you all." And than she tolde hym why she wolde have slayne Trystrams, because her chyldir sholde rejoyse his londe.

"Well," seyde the kynge, "and therefore ye shall have the lawe."

And so she was dampned by the assente of the barownes to be brente, and ryght as she was at the fyre to take hir execussion this same yonge Trystrams kneled byfore his fadir Kynge Melyodas and besought hym to gyff hym a done.

"I woll well," seyde the kynge.

Than seyde yonge Trystrams, "Geff me the lyff of your quene, my stepmodir."

"That is unryghtfully asked," seyde the Kynge Melyodas, "for thou ought of ryght to hate hir, for she wolde have slayne the with poyson, and for thy sake moste is my cause that she sholde be dede."

"Sir," seyde Trystrams, "as for that, I beseche you of your mercy that ye woll forgyff hir. And as for my parte, God forgyff hir and I do. And for hit lyked so muche youre hyghenesse to graunte me my boone, for Goddis love I requyre you holde your promyse."

"Sytthen hit is so," seyde the kynge, "I woll that ye have hir lyff," and sayde: "I gyff hir to you, and go ye to the fyre and take hir, and do with hir what ye woll."

So thus Trystramys wente to the fyre, and by the commaundemente of the kynge delyverde hir frome the deth. But afftir that Kynge Melyodas wolde never have ado with hir as at bedde and at bourde. But by the meanys of yonge Trystrams he made the kynge and hir

accorded, but than the kynge wolde nat suffir yonge Trystrams to abyde but lytyll in his courte.

And than he lett ordayne a jantyllman that was well lerned and taught, and his name was Governayle, and than he sente yonge Tristrams with Governayle into Fraunce to lerne the langage and nurture and dedis of armys, and there was Trystrams more than seven yere. So whan he had lerned what he myght in tho contreyes, than he com home to his fadir Kynge Melyodas agayne. And so Trystrams lerned to be an harper passyng all other, that there was none suche called in no contrey. And so in harpynge and on instrumentys of musyke in his youthe he applyed hym for to lerne. And aftir, as he growed in myght and strength, he laboured in huntynge and in hawkynge – never jantylman more that ever we herde rede of. And as the booke seyth, he began good mesures of blowynge of beestes of venery and beestes of chaace, and all maner of vermaynes, and all the tearmys we have yet of hawkynge and huntynge. And therefore the booke of venery, of hawkynge and huntynge, is called *The Booke of Sir Trystrams*.

Wherefore, as me semyth, all jantyllmen that beryth olde armys ought of ryght to honoure Sir Trystrams for the goodly tearmys that jantylmen have and use and shall do unto the Day of Dome, that thereby in a maner all men of worshyp may discover a jantyllman frome a yoman and a yoman frome a vylayne. For he that jantyll is woll drawe hym to jantyll tacchis and to folow the noble customys of jantylmen.

Thus Trystrams enduryed in Lyonesse unto that he was stronge and bygge, of the ayge of eyghtene yere. And than Kyng Melyodas had grete joy of yonge Trystrams, and so had the quene his wyff, for ever aftir in hir lyff, because Sir Trystrams saved hir frome the fyre, she ded never hate hym more afftir, but ever loved hym and gaff hym many grete gyfftys; for every astate loved hym where that he wente.

Than hit befelle that Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde sente unto Kynge Marke of Cornwayle for his trwayge that Cornuayle had payd

many wyntyrs, and at that tyme Kynge Marke was behynde of the trwayge for seven yerys. And Kynge Marke and his barownes gaff unto the messyngers of Irelonde thes wordis and answere, that they wolde none pay, and bade the messyngers go unto theire Kynge Angwysh, "and tell hym we woll pay hym no trwayge, but tell youre lorde, and he woll allwayes have trwayge of us of Cornwayle, bydde hym send a trusty knyght of his londe that woll fyght for his ryght, and we shall fynde another for to defende us."

So the messyngers departed into Irelonde, and whan Kynge Angwysh undyrstoode the answere of the messyngers he was wrothe. And than he called unto hym Sir Marhalt, the good knyght that was nobly proved and a Knyght of the Rounde Table. And this Marhalt was brothir unto the quene of Irelonde.

Than the kyng seyde thus: "Fayre brothir Sir Marhalt, I pray you go unto Cornewayle for my sake to do batayle for oure trwayge that we of ryght ought to have. And whatsomevir ye spende, ye shall have suffyciauntely more than ye shall nede."

"Sir," seyde Sir Marhalte, "wete you well that I shall nat be loth to do batayle in the ryght of you and your londe with the beste knyght of the Table Rounde, for I know them for the moste party what bene theire dedis. And for to avaunce my dedis and to encrece my worshyp I woll ryght gladly go unto this journey."

So in all haste there was made purvyaunce for Sir Marhalte, and he had all thynge that hym neded, and so he departed oute of Irelonde and aryved up in Cornwayle even faste by the Castell of Tyntagyll. And whan Kynge Marke undirstood that he was there aryved for to fyght for Irelonde, than made Kynge Marke grete sorow whan he undirstood that the good knyght Sir Marhalt was com; for they knew no knyght that durste have ado with hym, for at that tyme Sir Marhalte was called one of the famuste knyghtes of the worlde. And thus Sir Marhalte abode in the see, and every day he sente unto Kynge Marke for to pay the trwayge that was behynde seven yere, other ellys to fynde a knyght to fyght with hym for the trewayge. This maner of message Sir Marhalte sente unto Kynge Marke.

Than they of Cornwayle lete make cryes that what knyght that wolde fyght for to save the trwayge of Cornwayle, he sholde be rewarded to fare the bettir, terme of his lyff. Than som of the barowns seyde to Kynge Marke and counceyled hym to sende to the courte of Kynge Arthure for to seke Sir Launcelot du Lake that was that tyme named for the mervaylyste knyght of the worlde. Than there were other barownes that counceyled the kynge not to do so, and seyde that hit was laboure in vayne bycause Sir Marhalte was a Knyght of the Rounde Table; therefore ony of hem wolde be loth to have ado with other, but yf hit were so that ony knyght at his owne rekeyste wolde fyght disgysed and unknowyn. So the kynge and all his barownes assentyd that hit was no boote to seke aftir no Knyght of the Rounde Table.

This meane whyle cam the langayge and the noyse unto Kynge Melyodas, how that Sir Marhalte abode faste by Tyntagyll, and how Kynge Marke cowde fynde no maner of knyght to fyght for hym. So whan yonge Trystrams herde of thys he was wroth and sore ashamed that there durste no knyght in Cornwayle have ado with Sir Marhalte of Irelonde. Therewithall Trystrams wente unto his fadir Kynge Melyodas and asked hym counceyle what was beste to do for to recovir Cornwayle frome bondage. "For as me semyth," seyde Trystrams, "hit were shame that Sir Marhalte, the quenys brothir of Irelonde, sholde go away onles that he were foughtyn withall."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Melyodas, "wete you well, sonne Trystramys, that Sir Marhalte ys called one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and therefore I know no knyght in this contrey is able to macche hym."

"Alas," seyde Trystrams, "that I am nat made knyght! And yf Sir Marhalte sholde thus departe into Irelonde, God let me never have worshyp: and I were made knyght I sholde macche hym. And sir," seyde Tristrams, "I pray you, gyff me leve to ryde to Kynge Marke. And so ye woll nat be displesed, of Kynge Marke woll I be made knyght."

"I woll well," seyde Kynge Melyodas, "that ye be ruled as youre corrage woll rule you."

Than Trystrams thanked his fadir, and than he made hym redy to ryde into Cornwayle.

So in the meane whyle there com a messyngere with lettyrs of love fro Kynge Faramon of Fraunces doughter unto Trystrams that were peteuous lettyrs, but in no wyse Trystrams had no joy of hir lettyrs nor regarde unto hir. Also she sente hym a lytyll brachet that was passynge fayre. But whan the kynges doughter undirstoode that Trystrams wolde nat love hir, as the booke seyth, she dyed for sorow. And than the same squyre that brought the lettyrs and the brachet cam ayen unto Sir Trystrams, as aftir ye shall here in the tale folowynge.

So aftir this yonge Trystrames rode unto hys eme, Kynge Marke of Cornwayle, and whan he com there he herde sey that there wolde no knyght fyght with Sir Marhalt. Thenne yede Trystrams unto his eme. "Sir," seyde Trystrams, "yf ye woll gyff me the ordir of knyghthode, I woll do batayle with Sir Marhalte."

"What ar ye?" seyde the kynge, "and frome whens be ye com?"

"Sir," seyde Trystrames, "I com frome Kynge Melyodas that wedded your systir, and a jantylman, wete you welle, I am."

So Kyng Marke behylde Trystrams and saw that he was but a yonge man of ayge, but he was passyngly well made and bygge.

"Fayre sir," seyde the kynge, "what is your name and where were ye borne?"

"Sir, my name is Trystrams, and in the contrey of Lyonesse was I borne."

"Ye sey well," seyde the kynge, "and yf ye woll do this batayle I shall make you knyght."

"Therefore cam I to you," seyde Trystrams, "and for none other cause."

But than Kynge Marke made hym knyght, and therewithall anone as he had made hym knyght he sente unto Sir Marhalte that he had founde a yonge knyght redy for to take the batayle to the utteraunce.

"Hit may well be so," seyde Sir Marhalte, "but tell Kynge Marke I woll nat fyght with no knyght but he be of blood royall, that is to

seye owther kynges son othir quenys son, borne of pryncis other of pryncesses."

Whan Kynge Marke undirstoode that, he sente for Sir Trystrams de Lyones and tolde hym what was the answere of Sir Marhalte. Than seyde Sir Trystrams, "Sytthen that he seyth so, lat hym wete that I am commyn of fadir syde and modir syde of as noble bloode as he is; for, sir, now shall ye know that I am Kynge Melyodas sonne, borne of youre owne sistir Dame Elyzabeth, that dyed in the foreste in the byrth of me."

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kynge Marke, "ye ar welcom, fayre nevew, to me."

Than in all haste the kyng horsed Sir Trystrams and armed hym on the beste maner that myght be gotyn for golde othir sylver. And than Kynge Marke sente unto Sir Marhalte and dud hym to wete that a bettir man borne than he was hymself sholde fyght with hym, "and his name ys Sir Trystrams de Lyones, begotyn of Kynge Melyodas and borne of Kynge Markys sistir." Than was Sir Marhalte gladde and blyeth that he sholde feyght with suche a jantylman.

And so by the assente of Kynge Marke they lete ordayne that they sholde fyght within an ilonde nyghe Sir Marhaltes shyppis. And so was Sir Trystrames put into a vessell, bothe his horse and he and all that to hym longed, bothe for his body and for his horse, that he lacked nothyng. And whan Kynge Marke and his barownes of Cornwayle behelde how yonge Sir Trystrams departed with such a caryage to feyght for the ryght of Cornwayle, there was nother man nother woman of worshyp but they wepte to se and undirstonde so yonge a knyght to jouparté hymself for theire ryght.

So, to shortyn this tale, whan Syr Trystrames aryved within the ilonde he loked to the farther syde, and there he sawe at an ankyr six othir shyppis nyghe to the londe, and undir the shadow of the shyppys, uppon the londe, there hoved the noble knyght Sir Marhalte of Irelonde. Than Sir Trystrams commaunded to have his horse uppon the londe. And than Governayle, his servaunte, dressed hys harneys at all maner of ryghtes, and than Sir Trystrams mounted

uppon his horse. And whan he was in his sadyll well apparayled, and his shylde dressed uppon his sholdir, so Sir Trystrams asked Governayle, "Where is this knyght that I shall have ado withall?"

"Sir," seyde Governayle, "se ye hym nat? I wente that ye had sene hym, for yondir he hovyth undir the umbir of his shyppys, on horseback, with his spere in his honde and his shylde uppon his sholdyr."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Trystrams, "now I se hym."

Than he commaunded Governayle to go to his vessayle agayne, "and commaunde me unto myne eme, Kynge Marke, and pray hym, yf that I be slayne in this batayle, for to entere my body as hym semyth beste. And as for me, lette hym wete I woll never be yoldyn for cowardyse, and if I be slayne and fle nat, than they have loste no trewayge for me. And yf so be that I fle other yelde me as recreaunte, bydde myne eme bury me never in Crystyn buryellys. And uppon thy lyff," seyde Sir Trystrams unto Govirnayle, "that thou com nat nyghe this ilonde tyll that thou see me overcom or slayne, other ellis that I wynne yondir knyght."

So eyther departed from other sore wepyng.

And than Sir Marhalte avysed Sir Trystrames, and seyde thus: "Yonge knyght, Sir Trystrams, what doste thou here? Me sore repentys of thy corrayge; for wete thou well, I have bene assayede with many noble knyghtes, and the beste knyghtes of this londe have bene assayed of myne hondys, and also the beste knyghtes of the worlde I have macched them. And therefore, be my counceyle, returne ayen unto thy vessell."

"A, fayre knyght and well proved," seyde Sir Trystrams, "thou shalt well wete I may nat forsake the in this quarell. For I am for thy sake made knyght, and thou shalt well wete that I am a kynges sonne, borne and gotyn uppon a quene. And suche promyse I have made at my nevewys requeste and myne owne sekynge that I shall fyght with the unto the uttirmust and delyvir Cornwayle frome the olde trewage.

"And also wete thou well, Sir Marhalte, that this ys the gretteste cause that thou coragyst me to have ado with the, for thou arte

called one of the moste renomed knyghtes of the worlde. And bycause of that noyse and fame that thou haste, thou gevyst me corrayge to have ado with the, for never yett was I proved with good knyght. And sytthen I toke the order of knyghthode this day, I am ryght well pleased, and to me moste worshyp, that I may have ado wyth suche a knyght as thou arte. And now wete thou well, Syr Marhalte, that I caste me to gete worshyp on thy body. And yf that I be nat proved, I truste to God to be worshypfully proved uppon thy body, and to delyver the contrey of Cornwayle for ever fro all maner of trewayge frome Irelonde for ever."

Whan Sir Marhalte had herde hym sey what he wolde, he seyde thus agayne: "Fayre knyght, sytthen hit is so that thou castyste to wynne worshyp of me, I lette the wete worshyp may thou none loose by me gyff thou may stonde me thre strokys, for I lat the wete, for my noble dedis proved and seyne Kynge Arthure made me Knyght of the Table Rounde."

Than they began to feauter there sperys, and they mette so fersly togydyrs that they smote aythir other down, bothe horse and man. But Sir Marhalte smote Sir Trystrams a grete wounde in the syde with his spere.

And than they avoyded theire horsis and pulde oute theire swerdys, and threwe theire shyldis afore them, and than they laysshed togydyrs as men that were wylde and corrageous. And whan they had strykyn so togydyrs longe that there armys fayled, than they leffte theire strokys and foyned at brestys and vysours. And whan they sawe that hit myght nat prevayle them, than they hurteled togedyrs lyke rammys to beare eythir othir downe.

Thus they fought stylle togydirs more than halffe a day, and eythir of them were wounded passynge sore, that the blood ran downe fresshly frome them uppon the grounde. By than Sir Trystramys wexed more fyerser than he dud and Sir Marhalte fyebled, and Sir Trystramys ever more well-wynded and bygger. And with a myghty stroke he smote Sir Marhalte uppon the helme suche a buffette that hit wente thorow his helme and thorow the coyffe of steele and thorow the brayne-panne, and the swerde stake so faste in the

helme and in his brayne-panne that Sir Trystramys pulled thre tymes at his swerde or ever he myght pulle hit oute frome his hede.

And there Sir Marhalte felle downe on his kneis, and the edge of his swerde leffte in hys brayne-panne. And suddeynly Sir Marhalte rose grovelynge and threw his swerde and his shylde frome hym, and so he ran to his shyppys and fledde his way. And Sir Trystramys had ever his shelde and his swerde, and whan Sir Trystramys saw Sir Marhalte withdraw hym he seyde, "A, Sir Knyght of the Rounde Table! Why withdrawyst thou the? Thou doste thyself and thy kynne grete shame, for I am but a yonge knyght: or now I was never preved. And rather than I sholde withdraw me frome the, I had rathir be hewyn in pyese-mealys."

Sir Marhalte answerde no worde, but yeode his way sore gronynge.

"Well, sir knyght," seyde Sir Trystrams, "I promyse the thy swerde and thy shylde shall be myne, and thy shylde shall I were in all placis where I ryde on myne adventures, and in the syght of Kyng Arthure and all the Rounde Table."

So Sir Marhalte and hys felyshyp departed into Irelonde. And as sone as he com to the kynge his brothir, they serched his woundis, and whan his hede was serched a pyese of Sir Trystrams swerde was therein founden, and myght never be had oute of his hede for no lechecraffte. And so he dyed of Sir Trystramys swerde, and that pyse of the swerde the quene his sistir she kepte hit for ever with hir, for she thought to be revenged and she myght.

Now turne we agayne unto Sir Trystames that was sore wounded and full sore forbledde, that he myght nat within a lytyll whyle stonde. Whan he had takyn colde he coude unnethe styrre hym of hys lymmes, and than he sette hym downe sofftely uppon a lytyll hylle and bledde faste. Than anone com Governayle his man with his vessell, and the kynge and the most party of his barownes com with procession ayenst Sir Trystrames.

And whan he was commyn unto the londe Kynge Marke toke hym in his armys, and he and Sir Dynas the Senescyall lad Sir

Tristrames into the castell of Tyntagyll; and than was he cerched in the beste maner and leyde in his bed. And whan Kynge Marke saw his woundys he wepte hertely, and so dud all his lordys.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Marke, "I wolde nat for all my londys that my nevew dyed."

So Sir Trystrames lay there a moneth and more, and ever he was lyke to dey of the stroke that Sir Marhalte smote hym fyrste wyth the spere; for, as the Frenshe booke seyth, the spere-hede was invenymed, that Sir Trystrams myght nat be hole. Than was Kynge Marke and all hys barownes passynge hevy, for they demed none other but that Sir Trystrames sholde nat recover.

Than the kynge lette sende for all maner of lechis and surgeons, bothe unto men and women, and there was none that wolde behote hym the lyff. Than cam there a lady that was a wytty lady, and she seyde playnly unto the Kyng Marke and to Sir Trystrames and to all his barownes that he sholde never be hole but yf that Sir Trystrames wente into the same contrey that the venym cam fro, and in that contrey sholde he be holpyn, other ellys never: thus seyde the lady unto the kynge. So whan the kynge undirstood hit he lette purvey for Syr Trystrames a fayre vessell and well vytayled, and therein was putt Sir Trystrames, and Governayle wyth hym, and Sir Trystrames toke his harpe with hym. And so he was putt into the see to sayle into Irelonde.

And so by good fortune he aryved up in Irelonde evyn faste by a castell where the kynge and the quene was. And at his aryvayle he sate and harped in his bedde a merry lay: suche one herde they never none in Irelonde before that tyme. And whan hit was tolde the kynge and the quene of such a syke knyght that was suche an harper, anone the kynge sente for hym and lette serche hys woundys, and than he asked hym his name. Than he answerde and seyde, "I am of the contrey of Lyones, and my name is Tramtryste, that was thus wounded in a batayle as I fought for a ladyes ryght."

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Angwysh, "ye shall have all the helpe in this londe that ye may have here. But I lette you wyte in Cornwayle but late I had a grete losse as ever had kynge, for there

I loste the beste knyght of the worlde. His name was Sir Marhalte, a full noble knyght and Knyght of the Table Rounde."

And there he tolde Sir Tramtryste wherefore Sir Marhalte was slayne. So Sir Tramtryste made sembelaunte as he had bene sory, and bettir he knew how hit was than the kynge.

Than the kynge for grete favour made Tramtryste to be put in his doughtyrs awarde and kepyng, because she was a noble surgeon. And whan she had serched hym she founde in the bottom of his wounde that therein was poyson, and so she healed hym in a whyle. And therefore Sir Tramtryste kyste grete love to La Beale Isode, for she was at that tyme the fayrest lady and maydyn of the worlde. And there Tramtryste lerned hir to harpe and she began to have a grete fantasy unto hym.

And at that tyme Sir Palomydes the Sarasyn was in that countrey, and well cherysshed with the kynge and the quene. And every day Sir Palomydes drew unto La Beale Isode and profirde hir many gyfftys, for he loved hir passyngly welle. All that aspyed Tramtryste, and full well he knew Palomydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man. And wete you well Sir Tramtryste had grete despyte at Sir Palomydes, for La Beale Isode tolde Tramtryste that Palomydes was in wyll to be crystynde for hir sake. Thus was ther grete envy betwyste Tramtryste and Sir Palomydes.

Than hit befelle that Kynge Angwysh lett cry a grete justis and a grete turnemente for a lady that was called the Lady of the Laundys, and she was ny cosyn unto the kynge. And what man wanne her, foure dayes aftir sholde wedde hir and have all hir londis. This cry was made in Ingelonde, Walys, and Scotlonde, and also in Fraunce and in Bretayne.

So hit befelle uppon a day, La Beale Isolde com unto Tramtryste and tolde hym of this turnemente. He answerde and sayde, "Fayre lady, I am but a feeble knyght, and but late I had bene dede, had nat your good ladyshyp bene. Now, fayre lady, what wolde ye that I sholde do in this mater? Well ye wote, my lady, that I may nat juste."

"A, Tramtryste!" seyde La Beale Isode, "why woll ye nat have ado at that turnamente? For well I wote that Sir Palomydes woll

be there and to do what he may. And therefore, Sir Tramtryste, I pray you for to be there, for ellys Sir Palomydes ys lyke to wynne the degré."

"Madam, as for that, hit may be so, for he is a proved knyght, and I am but a yonge knyght and late made, and the fyrste batayle that ever I ded hit myssehapped me to be sore wounded, as ye se. But and I wyste that ye wolde be my bettir lady, at that turnemente woll I be, on this covenaunte: so that ye woll kepe my counceyle, and lette no creature have knowlech that I shall juste but yourself and suche as ye woll to kepe your counceyle, my poure person shall I jouparté there for youre sake, that peradventure Sir Palomydes shall know whan that I com."

Thereto seyde La Beale Isolde, "do your beste. And as I can," seyde La Beale Isode, "I shall purvey horse and armoure for you at my devyse."

"As ye woll, so be hit," seyde Sir Tramtryste, "I woll be at youre commaundemente."

So at the day of justys there cam Sir Palomydes with a blacke shylde and he ovirthrew many knyghtes, that all people had mervayle; for he put to the warre Sir Gawayne, Gaherys, Aggravayne, Bagdemagus, Kay, Dodynas le Savyaige, Sagramour le Desyrous, Gwyarte le Petyte, and Grysflet le Fyse de Du – all thes the fyrste day Sir Palomydes strake downe to the erthe. And than all maner of knyghtes were adrad of Sir Palomydes, and many called hym the Knyght with the Blacke Shylde; so that day Sir Palomydes had grete worshyp.

Than cam Kynge Angwyshe unto Tramtryste and asked hym why he wolde nat juste.

"Sir," he seyde, "I was but late hurte and as yett I dare nat aventure."

Than there cam the same squyre that was sente frome the kynges doughter of Fraunce unto Sir Tramtryste, and whan he had aspyed Sir Trystrames he felle flatte to his feete. And that aspyed La Beale Isode, what curtesy the squyre made to Tramtryste. And therewithall suddeynly Sir Trystrames ran into the squyre – his

name was called Ebes le Renownys – and prayde hym hartely in no wyse to telle his name.

"Sir," seyde Hebes, "I woll nat discovir your name but yf ye commaunde me."

Than Sir Trystramys asked hym what he dede in this contreys.

"Sir," he seyde, "I com hydir with Sir Gawayne for to be made knyght, and yf hit please you of your hondis that I may be made knyght."

"Well, awayte on me as to-morne secretly, and in the fylde I shall make you knyght."

Than had La Beale Isode grete suspeccion unto Tramtryste that he was som man of worshyp preved, and therewith she comforted herselffe and kyste more love unto hym, for well she demed he was som man of worshyp.

And so on the morne Sir Palomydes made hym redy to com into the fylde, as he dud the fyrste day, and there he smote downe the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and the Kynge of Scottis. Than had La Beale Isode ordayned and well arayde Sir Tramtryste with whyght horse and whyght armys, and ryght so she lette put hym oute at a prevy postren, and he cam so into the felde as hit had bene a bryght angell. And anone Sir Palomydes aspyed hym, and therewith he feautred hys spere unto Sir Trystramys and he agayne unto hym, and there Sir Trystrams smote downe Sir Palomydes unto the erthe.

And than there was a grete noyse of people: som seyde Sir Palomydes had a fall, som seyde the Knyght with the Blacke Shylde hath a falle. And wete you well La Beale Isode was passyng gladde. And than Sir Gawayne and his felowys nyne had mervayle who hit myght be that had smytten downe Sir Palomydes. Than wolde there none juste with Tramtryste, but all that there were forsoke hym, most and leste.

Than Sir Trystramys made Hebes a knyght and caused to put hymself forth, and dud ryght well that day. So aftir that Sir Hebes helde hym with Sir Trystrams. And whan Sir Palomydes had reseyved hys falle, wete ye well that he was sore ashamed, and as prevayly

as he myght he withdrew hym oute of the fylde. All that aspyed Sir Tramtryste, and lyghtly he rode aftir Sir Palomydes and overtoke hym and bade hym turne, for bettir he wolde assay hym or ever he departed. Than Sir Palomydes turned hym and eythir laysshed at other with theire swerdys; but at the fyrste stroke Sir Trystrames smote downe Sir Palomydes and gaff hym suche a stroke uppon the hede that he felle to the erthe.

So than Sir Trystrams bade hym yelde hym and do his commaundemente, other ellis he wolde sle hym. Whan Sir Palomydes behylde hys countenaunce he drad his buffettes so that he graunted all his askynges.

"Well," seyde Sir Tramtryste, "this shall be youre charge: fyrst, uppon payne of youre lyff, that ye forsake my lady, La Beale Isode, and in no maner of wyse that ye draw no more to hir; also, this twelve-monthe and a day that ye bere none armys nother none harneys of werre. Now promyse me this, othir here shalt thou dye."

"Alas," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for ever I am shamed!"

Than he sware as Sir Trystrames had commaunded hym. So for dispyte and angir Sir Palomydes kut of his harneyse and threw them awey.

And so Sir Trystrames turned agayne to the castell where was La Beale Isode, and by the way he mette wyth a damesell that asked aftir Sir Launcelot that wan the Dolorous Garde; and this damesell asked Sir Trystrames what he was, for hit was tolde her that hit was he that smote downe Sir Palamydes, by whom the ten knyghtes of Arthures were smyttyn downe. Than the damesell prayde Sir Trystames to telle her what he was and whether that he were Sir Launcelot du Lake, for she demed that there was no knyght in the world that myght do suche dedis of armys but yf hit were Sir Launcelot.

"Wete you well that I am nat Sir Launcelot, fayre damesell, for I was never of suche proues. But in God is all: He may make me as good a knyght as that good knyght Sir Launcelot is."

"Now, jantyll knyght, put up thy vyser!"

And whan she behylde his vysage she thought she sawe never a bettir mannys vysayge nothir a bettir-farynge knyght. So whan the damesell knew sertaynly that he was nat Sir Launcelot, than she toke hir leve and departed frome hym.

And than Sir Trystrames rode prevayly unto the posterne where kepte hym La Beale Isode, and there she made hym grete chere and thanked God of his good spede.

So anone within a whyle the kynge and the quene and all the courte undirstood that hit was Sir Tramtryste that smote downe Sir Palamydes, and than was he muche made of, more than he was tofore. Thus was Sir Tramtryste longe there well cherysshed with the kynge and wyth the quene, and namely with La Beale Isode.

So uppon a day the quene and La Beale Isode made a bayne for Sir Tramtryste, and whan he was in his bayne the quene and Isode hir doughter romed up and downe in the chambir the whyles Governayle and Hebes attended uppon Tramtryste. The quene behelde his swerde as hit lay uppon his bedde, and than at unhappis the quene drew oute his swerde and behylde hit a longe whyle. And bothe they thought hit a passynge fayre swerde, but within a foote and an halff of the poynte there was a grete pyese thereof outebrokyn of the edge. And whan the quene had aspyed that gappe in the swerde she remembirde hir of a pyese of a swerde that was founde in the brayne-panne of Sir Marhalte that was hir brothir.

"Alas!" than seyde she unto hir doughter La Beale Isode, "this is the same traytoure knyght that slewe my brothir, thyne eme."

Whan Isode herde her sey so she was passynge sore abaysshed, for passynge well she loved Tramtryste and full well she knew the crewelnesse of hir modir the quene.

So anone therewithall the quene wente unto hir owne chambir and sought hir cofyr, and there she toke oute the pyese of the swerde that was pulde oute of Sir Marhaltys brayne-panne aftir that he was dede. And than she ran wyth that pyese of iron unto the swerde that laye upon the bedde, and whanne she putte that pyese of stele and iron unto the swerde hit was as mete as hit myght be as whan hit was newe brokyn.

And than the quene gryped that swerde in hir honde fersely, and with all her myght she ran streyght uppon Tramtryste where he sate in his bayne. And there she had ryved hym thorowe, had nat Sir Hebes bene: he gate hir in his armys and pulde the swerde frome her, and ellys she had thriste hym thorowe. So whan she was lette of hir evyll wyll she ran to the kynge her husbonde and seyde, "A, my lorde!" – on hir kneys knelynge, she seyde – "here have ye in your house that traytoure knyght that slewe my brothir and your servaunte, the noble knyght Sir Marhalte!"

"Who is that?" seyde the kynge, "and where is he?"

"Sir," she seyde, "hit is Sir Tramtryste, the same knyght that my doughter helyd."

"Alas!" seyde the kynge, "therefore I am ryght hevy, for he is a full noble knyghte as ever I sawe in fylde. But I charge you," seyde the kynge, "that ye have nat ado with that knyght, but lette me dele with hym."

Than the kynge wente unto the chambir unto Sir Tramtryste, and than was he gone unto his owne chambir, and the kynge founde hym all redy armed to mownte uppon his horse. So whan the kynge sawe hym all redy armed to go unto horsebacke, the kynge seyde, "Nay, Tramtryste, hit woll nat avayle to compare ayenste me. But thus muche I shall do for my worshyp and for thy love: in so muche as thou arte wythin my courte, hit were no worship to sle the; therefore upon this conducion I woll gyff the leve for to departe frome this courte in savyté, so thou wolte telle me who was thy fadir and what is thy name, and also yf thou slewe Sir Marhalte, my brothir."

"Sir," seyde Tramtryste, "now I shall tell you all the trouthe. My fadyrs name ys Sir Melyodas, Kyng of Lyonesse, and my modir hyght Elyzabeth, that was sister unto Kynge Marke of Cornwayle. And my modir dyed of me in the foreste, and because thereof she commaunded or she dyed that whan I was crystened they sholde crystyn me Trystrames. And because I wolde nat be knowyn in this contrey I turned my name and let calle me Tramtryste. And for the trwage of Cornwayle I fought, for myne emys sake and for the ryght of Cornwayle that ye had be possessed many yerys. And

wete you well," seyde Sir Trystrames unto the kynge, "I dud the batayle for the love of myne uncle Kynge Marke and for the love of the contrey of Cornwayle, and for to encrece myne honoure: for that same day that I fought with Sir Marhalte I was made knyght, and never or than dud I no batayle with no knyght. And fro me he wente alyve and leffte his shylde and his swerde behynde hym."

"So God me helpe," seyde the kynge, "I may nat sey but ye dud as a knyght sholde do, and as hit was youre parte to do for your quarell and to encrece your worshyp as a knyght sholde do. Howbehit I may nat mayntayne you in this contrey with my worship, but that I sholde displease many of my barownes and my wyff and hir kynne."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I thanke you of your good lordeship that I have had within here with you, and the grete goodnesse my lady your doughter hath shewed me. And therefore," seyde Sir Trystramys, "hit may so be that ye shall wynne more be my lyff than be my deth, for in the partyes of Ingelonde hit may happyn I may do you servyse at som season that ye shall be glad that ever ye shewed me your good lordshyp. Wyth more I promyse you, as I am trewe knyght, that in all placis I shall be my lady your doughtyrs servaunte and knyght in ryght and in wronge, and I shall never fayle her to do as muche as a knyght may do. Also I beseche your good grace that I may take my leve at my lady youre doughter and at all the barownes and knyghtes."

"I woll well," seyde the kynge.

Than Sir Trystrames wente unto La Beale Isode and toke his leve. And than he tolde what he was, and how a lady tolde hym that he sholde never be hole "untyll I cam into this contrey where the poyson was made, wherethorow I was nere my deth, had nat your ladyshyp bene."

"A, jantyll knyght!" seyde La Beale Isode, "full wo I am of thy departynge, for I saw never man that ever I ought so good wyll to," and therewithall she wepte hertyly.

"Madam," seyde Sir Trystramys, "ye shall undirstonde that my name ys Sir Trystrames de Lyones, gotyn of Kyng Melyodas and

borne of his quene. And I promyse you faythfully, I shall be all the dayes of my lyff your knyght."

"Gramercy," seyde La Beale Isode, "and I promyse you thereagaynste I shall nat be maryed this seven yerys but by your assente, and whom that ye woll I shall be maryed to, hym woll I have and he wille haue me, if ye woll consente thereto."

And than Sir Trystrames gaff hir a rynge and she gaff hym another, and therewith he departed fro her, leuynge her makynge grete dole and lamentacion, and he streyghte wente unto the courte amonge all the barownes. And there he toke his leve at moste and leste, and opynly he seyde amonge them all, "Fayre lordys, now hit is so that I muste departe. If there be ony man here that I have offended unto, or that ony man be with me greved, lette hym complayne hym here afore me or that ever y departe, and I shall amende hit unto my power. And yf there be ony man that woll proffir me wronge other sey me wronge, other shame me behynde my backe, sey hit now or ellys never, and here is my body to make hit good, body ayenste body!"

And all they stood stylle – there was nat one that wolde sey one worde. Yett were there som knyghtes that were of the quenys bloode and of Sir Marhaltys blood, but they wolde nat meddyll wyth hym.

So Sir Trystramys departede and toke the see, and with good wynde he aryved up at Tyntagyll in Cornwayle. And whan Kynge Marke was holé in hys prosperité, there cam tydynges that Sir Trystrames was aryved, and hole of his woundis. Thereof was Kynge Marke passynge glad, and so were all the barownes. And whan he saw hys tyme he rode unto his fadir, Kynge Melyodas, and there he had all the chere that the kynge and the quene coude make hym. And than largely Kynge Melyodas and his quene departed of theire londys and goodys to Sir Trystrames.

Than by the lysence of Kynge Melyodas his fadir he returned ayen unto the courte of Kynge Marke. And there he lyved longe in grete joy longe tyme, untyll at the last there befelle a jolesy and an unkyndenesse betwyxt Kyng Marke and Sir Trystrames, for they

loved bothe one lady, and she was an erlys wyff that hyght Sir Segwarydes. And this lady loved Sir Trystrames passyngly well, and he loved hir agayne, for she was a passynge fayre lady and that aspyed Sir Trystrames well. Than Kynge Marke undirstode that and was jeluse, for Kynge Marke loved hir passyngly welle.

So hit befelle uppon a day, this lady sente a dwarff unto Sir Trystrames and bade hym, and he loved hir, that he wolde be with hir the nexte nyght folowynge: "Also she charged you that ye com nat to hir but yf ye be well armed." For her lorde was called a good knyght.

Sir Trystrames answerde to the dwarff and seyde, "Recommaunde me unto my lady and tell hir I woll nat fayle, but I shall be with her the terme that she hath sette me." And therewith the dwarff departed.

And Kyng Marke aspyed that the dwarff was with Sir Trystrames uppon message frome Segwarydes wyff. Than Kynge Marke sente for the dwarff, and whan he was comyn he made the dwarff by force to tell hym all why and wherefore that he cam on message to Sir Trystrames, and than he tolde hym.

"Welle," seyde Kyng Marke, "go where thou wolte, and uppon payne of deth that thou sey no worde that thou spake with me."

So the dwarff departed from the kynge, and that same nyght that the steavyn was sette betwyxte Segwarydes wyff and Sir Trystrames, so Kynge Marke armed and made hym redy and toke too knyghtes of his counceyle with hym. And so he rode byfore for to abyde by the wayes for to wayte uppon Sir Trystrames.

And as Sir Trystrames cam rydynge uppon his way with his speare in his hande, Kynge Marke cam hurlynge uppon hym and hys too knyghtes suddeynly, and all thre smote hym with theire sperys, and Kynge Marke hurte Sir Trystrames on the breste ryght sore. And than Sir Trystrames feautred his spere and smote Kynge Marke so sore that he russhed hym to the erthe and brused hym, that he lay stylle in a sowne and longe hit was or he myght welde hymselff. And than he ran to the one knyght and effte to the tothir, and smote hem to the colde erthe, that they lay stylle.

And therewithall Sir Trystrames rode forth sore wounded to the lady and founde hir abydynge hym at a postren, and there she welcommed hym fayre, and eyther halsed other in armys. And so she lette putt up his horse in the beste wyse, and than she unarmed hym, and so they soupede lyghtly and wente to bedde with gret joy and plesaunce. And so in hys ragynge he toke no kepe of his grene wounde that Kynge Marke had gyffyn hym, and so Sir Trystrames bebledde bothe the over-shete and the neyther-sheete, and the pylowes and the hede-shete. And within a whyle there cam one before, that warned her that hir lorde Sir Segwarydes was nerehonde, within a bowe-drawght. So she made Sir Trystrames to aryse, and so he armed hym and toke his horse and so departed.

So by than was Sir Segwarydes hir lorde com, and whan he founde hys bedde troubled and brokyn and wente nere and loked by candyll-lyght, than he sawe that there had leyne a wounded knyght. "A, false traytoures!" he seyde, "why haste thou betrayde me?" And therewithall he swange oute a swerde and seyde, "But yf thou telle me who hath bene here, now shalt thou dey!"

"A, my lorde, mercy!" seyde the lady, and helde up hir hondys and seyde, "sle me nat, and I shall tell you all who hath bene here."

Than anone seyde Segwarydes, "Sey and tell me the trouthe."

Anone for drede she seyde, "Here was Sir Trystrames with me, and by the way, as he come to me-warde, he was sore wounded."

"A, false traytoures! Where is he becom?"

"Sir," she seyde, "he is armed and departed on horsebacke nat yett hens halff a myle."

"Ye sey well," seyde Segwarydes.

Than he armed hym lyghtly and gate his horse and rode aftir Sir Trystrames the streyght wey unto Tyntagyll, and within a whyle he overtoke Sir Trystrams. And than he bade hym "turne, false traytoure knyght!" And therewithall Sir Trystrams anon turned hym ageynst hym, and Segwarydes smote Sir Trystrames with a speare, that hit all to-braste, and than he swange oute hys swerde and smote faste at Sir Trystrames.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I counceyle you smyte no more! Howbehit for the wrongys that I have done you I woll forbere you as longe as I may."

"Nay," seyde Segwarydes, "that shall nat be, for other thou shalt dye othir ellys I."

Than Sir Trystrames drew oute his swerde and hurled his horse unto hym freysshely, and thorow the waste of the body he smote Sir Segwarydes, that he felle to the erthe in a sowne.

And so Sir Trystrames departed and leffte hym there. And so he rode unto Tyntagyll and toke hys lodgynge secretely, for he wolde nat be know that he was hurte. Also Sir Segwarydes men rode afftir theire master and brought hym home on his shylde; and there he lay longe or he were hole, but at the laste he recoverde.

Also Kynge Marke wolde nat be a-knowyn of that he had done unto Sir Trystramys whan he mette with hym that nyght; and as for Sir Trystramys, he knew nat that Kynge Marke had mette with hym. And so the kyng com ascawnce to Sir Trystrames to comforte hym as he lay syke in his bedde. But as longe as Kynge Marke lyved, he loved never aftir Sir Trystramys. So aftir that, thoughe there were fayre speche, love was there none.

And thus hit paste on many wykes and dayes, and all was forgyffyn and forgetyn, for Sir Segwarydes durste nat have ado with Sir Trystrames because of his noble proues, and also because he was nevew unto Kynge Marke. Therefore he lette hit overslyppe, for he that hath a prevy hurte is loth to have a shame outewarde.

Than hit befelle uppon a day that the good knyghte Sir Bleoberys de Ganys, brothir unto Sir Blamore de Ganys and nye cosyne unto the good knyght Syr Launcelot de Lake, so this Sir Bleoberys cam unto the courte of Kyng Marke, and there he asked Kynge Marke to gyff hym a bone, "what gyffte that I woll aske in this courte."

Whan the kynge herde hym aske so he mervayled of his askynge, but bycause he was a Knyght of the Rounde Table and of a grete renowne, Kynge Marke graunted hym his hole askynge. Than seyde Sir Bleoberys, "I woll have the fayreste lady in your courte that me lyste to chose."

"I may nat say nay," seyde Kynge Marke. "Now chose hir at your adventure."

And so Sir Bleoberys dud chose Sir Segwarydes wyff, and toke hir by the honde and so wente his way with her. And so he toke his horse, and garte sette her behynde his squyer and rode uppon hys way.

Whan Sir Segwarydes herde telle that his lady was gone with a knyght of Kynge Arthures courte, than he armed hym and rode after that knyght to rescow his lady. So whan Sir Bleoberys was gone with this lady Kynge Marke and all the courte was wroth that she was had away.

Than were there sertayne ladyes that knew that there was grete love betwene Sir Trystrames and her, and also that lady loved Sir Trystrames abovyn all othyr knyghtes. Than there was one lady that rebuked Sir Trystrams in the horrybelyst wyse, and called hym cowarde knyght, that he wolde for shame of hys knyghthode to se a lady so shamefully takyn away fro his uncklys courte; but she mente that eythir of hem loved other with entyre herte. But Sir Trystrames answered her thus: "Fayre lady, hit is nat my parte to have ado in suche maters whyle her lorde and husbonde ys presente here. And yf so be that hir lorde had nat bene here in this courte, than for the worshyp of this courte peraventure I wolde have bene hir champyon. And yf so be Sir Segwarydes spede nat well, hit may happyn that I woll speke with that good knyght or ever he passe far fro this contrey."

Than within a whyle com one of Sir Segwarydes squyres and tolde in the courte that Sir Segwarydes was betyn sore and wounded at the poynte of deth. "As he wolde have rescowed his lady, Sir Bleoberys overthrewe hym and sore hath wounded hym."

Than was Kynge Marke hevy thereof and all the courte. Whan Sir Trystrames herde of this he was ashamed and sore agreved, and anone he armed hym and yeode to horsebacke, and Governayle his servaunte bare his shylde and his spere. And so as Syr Trystrames rode faste he mette with Sir Andret his cosyn, that by the commaundemente of Kynge Marke was sente to brynge forth

too knyghtes of Arthures courte that rode by the contrey to seke theire adventures. Whan Sir Trystrames sawe Sir Andret he asked hym "What tydynges?"

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Andret, "there was never worse with me, for here by the commaundemente of Kynge Marke I was sente to fecche too knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs courte, and the tone bete me and wounded me and sette nought be my messayge."

"Fayre cosyn," seyde Sir Trystrames, "ryde on your way, and yf I may mete them hit may happyn I shall revenge you."

So Sir Andret rode into Cornwayle and Sir Trystrames rode aftir the too knyghtes, whyche that one hyght Sir Sagramoure le Desyrous and that othir hyght Sir Dodynas le Savyayge. So within a whyle Sir Trystrames saw hem byfore hym, too lykly knyghtes.

"Sir," seyde Governayle unto his maystir, "I wolde counceyle you nat to have ado with them, for they be too proved knyghtes of Arthurs courte."

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystrames, "have ye no doute but I woll have ado with them bothe to encrece my worshyp, for hit is many a day sytthen I dud any armys."

"Do as ye lyste," seyde Governayle.

And therewythall anone Sir Trystrames asked them from whens they come and whothir they wolde, and what they dud in those marchis. So Sir Sagramoure loked uppon Sir Trystrames and had scorne of his wordys, and seyde to hym agayne, "Sir, be ye a knyght of Cornwayle?"

"Whereby askyste thou?" seyde Sir Trystrames.

"For hit is seldom seyne," seyde Sir Sagramoure, "that ye Cornysshe knyghtes bene valyaunte men in armys, for within thes too owres there mette with us one of you Cornysshe knyghtes, and grete wordys he spake, and anone with lytyll myght he was leyde to the erthe. And as I trow," seyde Sir Sagramoure, "ye shall have the same hansell that he had."

"Fayre lordys," seyde Sir Trystrames, "hit may so happe that I may bettir wythstonde you than he ded, and whether ye woll or nylle, I woll have ado with you, because he was my cosyn that ye

bete. And therefore here do your beste! And wete you well: but yf ye quyte you the bettir here uppon this grounde, one knyght of Cornwayle shall beate you bothe."

Whan Sir Dodynas le Savyaige herde hym sey so he gate a speare in hys honde and seyde, "Sir knyght, kepe thyselff!" And than they departed and com togydirs as hit had bene thundir. And Sir Dodynas spere braste in sundir, but Sir Trystrames smote hym with a more myght, that he smote hym clene over the horse croupyn, and nyghe he had brokyn his necke.

Whan Sir Sagramoure saw hys felow have such a falle he mervayled what knyght he was, but so he dressed his speare with all his myght, and Sir Trystrames ayenste hym, and so they cam togydir as thundir. And there Sir Trystrames smote Sir Sagramour a stronge buffette, that he bare hys horse and hym to the erthe, and in the fallynge he brake his thyghe.

So whan this was done Sir Trystrames asked them, "Fayre knyghtes, wyll ye ony more? Be there ony bygger knyghtes in the courte of Kynge Arthure? Hit is to you shame to sey us knyghtes of Cornwayle dishonour, for hit may happyn a Cornysh knyght may macche you."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Sagramoure, "that have we well proved. But I requyre you," seyde Sir Sagramour, "telle us your name, be your feyth and trouthe that ye owghe to the hyghe order of knyghthode."

"Ye charge me with a grete thynge," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and sytthyn ye lyste to wete, ye shall know and undirstonde that my name ys Sir Trystrames de Lyones, Kynge Melyodas son, and nevew unto Kynge Marke."

Than were they too knyghtes fayne that they had mette with Sir Trystrames, and so they prayde hym to abyde in theire felyshyp.

"Nay," seyde Sir Trystrames, "for I muste have ado wyth one of your felawys. His name is Sir Bleoberys de Ganys."

"God spede yow well," seyde Sir Sagramoure and Sir Dodynas.

So Sir Trystrames departed and rode onwarde on his way. And than was he ware before hym in a valay where rode Sir Bleoberys

wyth Sir Segwarydes lady, that rode behynde his squyre uppon a palfrey.

Than Sir Trystrames rode more than a pace untyll that he had overtake hym. Than spake Sir Trystrames: "Abyde," he seyde, "knyght of Arthures courte! Brynge agayne that lady or delyver hir to me!"

"I woll do neyther nother," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "for I drede no Cornysshe knyght so sore that me lyste to delyver her."

"Why," seyde Sir Trystrames, "may nat a Cornysshe knyght do as well as another knyght? Yes, this same day too knyghtes of youre courte wythin this thre myle mette with me, and or ever we departed they founde a Cornysshe knyght good inowe for them bothe."

"What were theire namys?" seyde Sir Bleobrys.

"Sir, they tolde me that one hyght Sir Sagramoure le Desyrous and that other hyght Sir Dodynas le Saveayge."

"A," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "have ye mette with them? So God me helpe, they were too good knyghtes and men of grete worshyp, and yf ye have betyn them bothe ye muste nedis be a good knyght. Yf hit be so ye have beatyn them bothe, yet shall ye nat feare me, but ye shall beate me or ever ye have this lady."

"Than defende you!" seyde Sir Trystrames.

So they departed and com togydir lyke thundir, and eyther bare other downe, horse and man, to the erthe. Than they avoyded theire horsys and lasshed togydyrs egerly with swerdys and myghtyly, now here now there, trasyng and traversynge on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde more than too owres. And somtyme they rowysshed togydir with suche a myght that they lay bothe grovelynge on the erthe. Than Sir Bleoberys de Ganys sterte abacke and seyde thus: "Now jantyll knyght, a whyle holde your hondes and let us speke togydyrs."

"Sey on what ye woll," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and I woll answere you and I can."

"Sir," seyde Bleoberys, "I wolde wete of whens ye were and of whom ye be com and what is your name."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I feare nat to telle you my name. Wete you well, I am Kynge Melyodas son, and my mother is Kynge Markys sistir, and my name is Sir Trystrames de Lyones, and Kynge Marke ys myne uncle."

"Truly," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "I am ryght glad of you, for ye ar he that slewe Marhalte the knyght honde for honde in the ilonde for the trwayge of Cornwayle. Also ye overcom Sir Palomydes, the good knyght, at the turnement in Irelonde where he bete Sir Gawayne and his nyne felowys."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystrames, "wete you well I am the same knyght. Now I have tolde you my name, telle me yourys."

"With good wyll. Wete ye well that my name is Sir Bleoberys de Ganys, and my brothir hyght sir Blamoure de Ganys that is callyd a good knyght, and we be sistyrs chyldyrn unto my lorde Sir Launcelot de Lake, that we calle one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Trystrames, "Sir Launcelot ys called pereles of curtesy and of knyghthode, and for his sake," seyde Sir Trystramys, "I wyll nat with my good wylle feyght no more with you, for the grete love I have to Sir Launcelot."

"In good feyth," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "as for me, I wolde be loth to fyght with you, but sytthen ye folow me here to have thys lady I shall proffir you kyndenes and curtesy ryght here uppon this grounde. Thys lady shall be sette betwyxte us both, and who that she woll go unto of you and me, lette hym have hir in pees."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Trystrames, "for as I deme she woll leve you and com to me."

"Ye shall preve anone," seyde Sir Bleoberys.

So whan she was sette betwyxte them she seyde thes wordys unto Sir Trystrames: "Wete thou well, Sir Trystrames de Lyones, that but late thou was the man in the worlde that I most loved and trusted, and I wente ye had loved me agayne above all ladyes. But whan thou sawyste this knyght lede me away thou madist no chere to rescow me, but suffirdyst my lorde Sir Segwarydes to ryde after me. But untyll that tyme I wente ye had loved me. And therefore now I forsake the and never to love the more."

And therewithall she wente unto Sir Bleoberys. Whan Sir Trystrames saw her do so he was wondirly wroth with that lady and ashamed to com to the courte. But Sir Bleoberys seyde unto Sir Trystrames, "Ye ar in the blame, for I hyre by this ladyes wordis that she trusted you abovyn all erthely knyghtes, and, as she seyth, ye have dysseyved hir. Therefore wete you well, there may no man holde that woll away, and rathir than ye sholde hertely be displesed with me, I wolde ye had her, and she wolde abyde with you."

"Nay," seyde the lady, "So Jesu me helpe, I woll never go wyth hym, for he that I loved and wente that he had loved me forsoke me at my nede. And therefore, Sir Trystrames," she seyde, "ryde as thou com, for though thou haddyste overcom this knyght as thou were lykly, with the never wolde I have gone. And I shall pray thys knyght so fayre of his knyghthode that or evir he passe thys contrey that he woll lede me to the abbey there my lorde Sir Segwarydes lyggys."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "I latte you wete this, good knyght Sir Trystrames: because Kynge Marke gaff me the choyse of a gyffte in this courte, and so this lady lyked me beste – natwythstondynge she is wedded and hath a lorde – and I have also fulfylled my queste, she shall be sente unto hir husbande agayne. And in especiall moste for your sake, Sir Trystrames, and she wolde go with you, I wolde ye had her."

"I thanke you," seyde Sir Trystrames, "but for her sake I shall beware what maner of lady I shall love or truste. For had her lorde Sir Segwarydes bene away from the courte, I sholde have bene the fyrste that sholde a folowed you. But syth ye have refused me, as I am a trew knyght, I shall know hir passyngly well that I shall love other truste."

And so they toke theire leve and departed, and so Sir Trystrames rode unto Tyntagyll, and Sir Bleoberys rode unto the abbey where Sir Segwarydes lay sore wounded, and there he delyverde his lady and departed as a noble knyght.

So whan Sir Segwarydes saw hys lady he was gretly comforted; and than she tolde hym that Sir Trystrames had done grete batayle

with Sir Bleoberys and caused hym to bryng her agayne. So that thes wordis pleased Sir Segwarydes gretly, that Sir Trystrames wolde do so muche; and so that lady tolde all the batayle unto Kynge Marke betwexte Sir Trystramys and Sir Bleoberys.

So whan this was done Kynge Marke caste all the wayes that he myght to dystroy Sir Trystrames, and than imagened in hymselff to sende Sir Trystramys into Irelonde for La Beale Isolde. For Sir Trystrames had so preysed her for hir beauté and hir goodnesse that Kynge Marke seyde he wolde wedde hir; whereuppon he prayde Sir Trystramys to take his way into Irelonde for hym on message. And all this was done to the entente to sle Sir Trystramys. Natwithstondynge he wolde nat refuse the messayge for no daunger nother perell that myght falle, for the pleasure of his uncle. So to go he made hym redy in the moste goodlyest wyse that myght be devysed, for he toke with hym the most goodlyest knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte, and they were arayed aftir the gyse that was used that tyme in the most goodlyeste maner.

So Sir Trystrames departed and toke the see with all his felyshyp. And anone as he was in the brode see a tempeste toke hym and his felyshyp and drove them backe into the coste of Ingelonde. And there they aryved faste by Camelot, and full fayne they were to take the londe. And whan they were londed Sir Trystrames sette up his pavylyon uppon the londe of Camelot, and there he lete hange his shylde uppon the pavylyon.

And that same day cam too knyghtes of Kynge Arthures: that one was Sir Ector de Marys, and that other was Sir Morganoure. And thes too touched the shylde and bade hym com oute of the pavylyon for to juste and he wolde.

"Anone ye shall be answeryd," seyde Sir Trystramys, "and ye woll tary a lytyll whyle."

So he made hym redy, and fyrste he smote downe Sir Ector and than Sir Morganoure, all with one speare, and sore brused them. And whan they lay uppon the erthe they asked Sir Trystramys what he was and of what contrey he was knyght.

"Fayre lordis," seyde Sir Trystrames, "wete you well that I am of Cornwayle."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Ector, "now am I ashamed that ever ony Cornysshe knyght sholde overcom me!" And than for dispyte Sir Ector put of his armoure fro hym and wente on foot and wolde nat ryde.

Than hit befelle that Sir Bleoberys and Sir Blamour de Ganys, that were brethyrn, they had assomned Kynge Angwysshe of Irelonde for to com to Kynge Arthurs courte uppon payne of forfeture of Kyng Arthurs good grace; and yf the kynge of Irelonde come nat in to that day assygned and sette, the kynge sholde lose his londys. So by Kynge Arthure hit was happened that day that neythir he nother Sir Launcelot myght nat be there where the jugemente sholde be yevyn, for Kynge Arthure was with Sir Launcelot at Joyous Garde. And so Kynge Arthure assygned Kynge Carados and the kynge of Scottis to be there that day as juges.

So whan thes kynges were at Camelot Kynge Angwysshe of Irelonde was com to know hys accusers. Than was Sir Blamour de Ganys there, that appeled the Kynge of Irelonde of treson, that he had slayne a cosyn of thers in his courte in Irelonde by treson. Than the kynge was sore abaysshed of his accusacion, for why he was at the sommons of Kyng Arthure, and or that he com at Camelot he wyste nat wherefore he was sente fore.

So whan the kynge herde hym sey his wyll he undirstood well there was none other remedy but to answere hym knyghtly. For the custom was suche tho dayes that and ony man were appealed of ony treson othir of murthure he sholde fyght body for body, other ellys to fynde another knyght for hym. And alle maner of murthers in tho dayes were called treson.

So whan Kynge Angwysshe undirstood his accusyng he was passynge hevy, for he knew Sir Blamoure de Ganys that he was a noble knyght, and of noble knyghtes comyn. So the kynge of Irelonde was but symply purveyde of his answere. Therefore the juges gaff hym respyte by the thirde day to gyff his answere. So the kynge departed unto his lodgynge.

The meane whyle there com a lady by Sir Trystrames pavylyon makynge grete dole.

"What aylyth you," seyde Sir Trystrames, "that ye make suche dole?"

"A, fayre knyght!" seyde the lady, "I am shamed onles that som good knyght helpe me, for a grete lady of worshyp sent by me a fayre chylde and a ryche unto Sir Launcelot, and hereby there mette with me a knyght and threw me downe of my palfrey and toke away the chylde frome me."

"Well, my lady," seyde Sir Trystramys, "and for my lorde Sir Launcelotes sake I shall gete you that chylde agayne, othir he shall beate me."

And so Sir Trystramys toke his horse and asked the lady whyche way the knyght yoode. Anone she tolde hym, and he rode aftir. So within a whyle he overtoke that knyght and bade hym turne and brynge agayne the chylde.

Anone the knyght turned his horse and made hym redy to fyght, and than Sir Trystramys smote hym with a swerde such a buffet that he tumbled to the erthe, and than he yelded hym unto Sir Trystramys.

"Than com thy way," seyde Syr Trystrames, "and brynge the chylde to the lady agayne!"

So he toke his horse weykely and rode wyth Sir Trystrames, and so by the way he asked his name.

"Sir," he seyde, "my name is Breunys Saunze Pyté."

So whan he had delyverde that chylde to the lady he seyde, "Sir, as in this the chylde is well remedyed."

Than Sir Trystramys lete hym go agayne, that sore repented hym aftir, for he was a grete foo unto many good knyghtes of Kyng Arthures courte.

Than whan Sir Trystrames was in his pavylyon, Governayle his man com and tolde hym how that Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde was com thydir, and he was putte in grete dystresse; and there he tolde hym how he was somned and appeled of murthur.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystrames, "this is the beste tydynges that ever com to me this seven yere, for now shall the

Kynge of Irelonde have nede of my helpe. For I dere say there is no knyght in this contrey that is nat of Arthures courte that dare do batayle wyth Sir Blamoure de Ganys. And for to wynne the love of the Kynge of Irelonde I woll take the batayle uppon me. And therefore, Governayle, bere me this worde, I charge the, to the kynge."

Than Governayle wente unto Kynge Angwyshe of Irelonde and salewed hym full fayre. So the kynge welcommed hym and asked what he wolde.

"Sir," he seyde, "here is a knyght nerehonde that desyryth to speke wyth you, for he bade me sey that he wolde do you servyse."

"What knyght is he?" seyde the kynge.

"Sir, hit is Sir Trystrames de Lyones, that for the good grace ye shewed hym in your londys he woll rewarde you in thys contreys."

"Com on, felow," seyde the kynge, "with me anone, and brynge me unto Sir Trystramys."

So the kynge toke a lytyll hackeney and but fewe felyshyp with hym tyll that he cam unto Sir Trystramys pavylyon. And whan Sir Trystrames saw the kynge he ran unto hym and wolde have holdyn his styrope, but the kynge lepe frome his horse lyghtly, and eythir halsed othir in armys.

"My gracious lorde," seyde Sir Trystrames, "grauntemercy of your grete goodnesse that ye shewed unto me in your marchys and landys! And at that tyme I promysed you to do you servyse and ever hit lay in my power."

"A, jantyll knyght," seyde the kynge unto Sir Trystrames, "now have I grete nede of you: never had I so grete nede of no knyghtys helpe."

"How so, my good lorde?" seyde Sir Trystramys.

"I shall tyll you," seyde the kynge. "I am assumned and appeled fro my contrey for the deth of a knyght that was kynne unto the good knyght Sir Launcelot, wherefore Sir Blamour de Ganys, Sir Bleoberys his brothir, hath appeled me to fyght wyth hym other for to fynde a knyght in my stede. And well I wote," seyde the

kynge, "thes knyghtes that ar comyn of Kynge Banys bloode, as Sir Launcelot and thes othir, ar passynge good hardé knyghtes and harde men for to wynne in batayle as ony that I know now lyvyng."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "for the good lordeshyp ye shewed unto me in Irelonde and for my lady youre doughtirs sake, La Beale Isode, I woll take the batayle for you uppon this conducion, that ye shall graunte me too thynges: one is that ye shall swere unto me that ye ar in the ryght and that ye were never consentynge to the knyghtis deth. Also sir," than seyde Sir Trystramys, "whan I have done this batayle, yf God gyff me grace to spede, that ye shall gyff me a rewarde what thynge resonable that I woll aske you."

"So God me helpe," seyde the kynge, "ye shall have whatsomever ye woll."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Trystramys. "Now make your answere that your champyon is redy, for I shall dye in your quarell rathir than to be recreaunte."

"I have no doute of you," seyde the kynge, "that and ye sholde have ado with Sir Launcelot de Lake."

"As for Sir Launcelot, he is called the noblyst of the worlde of knyghtes, and wete you well that the knyghtes of hys bloode ar noble men and drede shame. And as for Sir Bleoberys, brothir unto Sir Blamour, I have done batayle wyth hym; therefore, uppon my hede, hit is no shame to calle hym a good knyght."

"Sir, hit is noysed," seyde the kynge, "that Sir Blamour is the hardyer knyght."

"As for that, lat hym be! He shall nat be refused and he were the beste knyght that beryth shylde or spere."

So Kynge Angwysh departed unto Kyng Carados and the Kyng of Scottis, the kynges that were that tyme as juges, and tolde them how that he had founde his champyon redy. Than by the commaundementes of the kynges Sir Blamour de Ganys and Sir Trystramys de Lyones were sent fore to hyre theire charge, and whan they were com before the juges there were many kynges and knyghtes that behylde Sir Trystrames and muche speche they had of

hym, because he slew Sir Marhalte the good knyght and because he forjusted Sir Palomydes the good knyght.

So whan they had takyn theire charge they withdrew hem to make hem redy to do batayle. Than seyde Sir Bleoberys to his brothir Sir Blamoure, "Fayre dere brothir," seyde he, "remembir of what kynne we be com of, and what a man is Sir Launcelot de Lake, nother farther ne nere but brethyrne chyldirne. And there was never none of oure kynne that ever was shamed in batayle, but rathir, brothir, suffir deth than to be shamed!"

"Brothir," seyde Sir Blamour, "have ye no doute of me, for I shall never shame none of my bloode. Howbehit I am sure that yondir knyght ys called a passynge good knyght as of his tyme one as ony in the worlde, yett shall I never yelde me nother sey the lothe worde. Well may he happyn to smyte me downe with his grete myght of chevalry, but rather shall he sle me than I shall yelde me recreaunte."

"God spede you well," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "for ye shall fynde hym the myghtyest knyght that ever ye had ado withall: I knowe hym, for I have had ado with hym."

"God me spede!" seyde Sir Blamour.

And therewith he toke his horse at the one ende of the lystes, and Sir Trystramys at the othir ende of the lystes, and so they feautred theire sperys and com togedyrs as hit had be thundir, and there Sir Trystrames thorow grete myght smote doune Sir Blamour and his horse to the erthe.

Than anone Sir Blamour avoyded his horse and pulled oute his swerde and toke his shylde before hym and bade Sir Trystrames alyght, "for thoughe my horse hath fayled me, I truste to God the erthe woll nat fayle me!"

And than Sir Trystrames alyght and dressed hym unto batayle, and there they laysshed togedir strongely, rasynge and tracynge, foynynge and daysshynge many sad strokes, that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wondir that they myght stonde, for they evir fought lyke woode men. There was never seyne of too knyghtes that fought more ferselyer, for Sir Blamour was so hasty he wolde

have no reste, that all men wondirde that they had brethe to stonde on theire feete, that all the place was bloodé that they fought in. And at the laste Sir Trystramys smote Sir Blamour suche a buffette uppon the helme that he there synked downe uppon his syde, and Sir Trystramys stood stylle and behylde hym.

So whan Sir Blamour myght speke he seyde thus: "Sir Trystrames de Lyones, I requyre the, as thou art a noble knyght and the beste knyght that ever I founde, that thou wolt sle me oute, for I wolde nat lyve to be made lorde of all the erthe; for I had lever dye here with worshyp than lyve here with shame. And nedis, Sir Trystrames, thou muste sle me, other ellys thou shalt never wynne the fylde, for I woll never sey the lothe worde. And therefore, yf thou dare sle me, sle me, I requyre the!"

Whan Sir Trystrames herde hym sey so knyghtly, in his herte he wyste nat what to do with hym, remembryng hym of bothe partyes, of what bloode he was commyn of and for Sir Launcelottis sake, he wolde be loth to sle hym; and in the other party, in no wyse he myght nat chose but to make hym sey the lothe worde othir ellys to sle hym.

Than Sir Trystrames sterte abacke and wente to the kynges that were juges, and there he kneled downe tofore them and besought them of theire worshyppis, and for Kynge Arthurs love and for Sir Launcelottis sake, that they wolde take this mater in theire hondis.

"For, my fayre lordys," seyde Sir Trystrames, "hit were shame and pyté that this noble knyght that yondir lyeth sholde be slayne, for ye hyre well, shamed woll he nat be. And I pray to God that he never be slayne nother shamed for me. And as for the kynge whom I fyght fore, I shall requyre hym, as I am hys trew champyon and trew knyght in this fylde, that he woll have mercy uppon this knyght."

"So God me helpe," seyde Kyng Angwyshe, "I woll for your sake, Sir Trystrames, be ruled as you woll have me, and I woll hartely pray the kynges that be here as juges to take hit in there hondys."

Than the kynges that were juges called Sir Bleoberys to them and asked his advyce.

"My lordys," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "thoughe my brothir be beatyn and have the worse thorow myght of armys in his body, I dare sey, though Sir Trystrames hath beatyn his body, he hath nat beatyn his harte, and I thanke God he is nat shamed this day; and rathir than he be shamed I requyre you," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "lat Sir Trystrames sle hym oute."

"Hit shall nat be so," seyde the kynges, "for his parté adversary, bothe the kynge and the champyon, have pyté on Sir Blamoure his knyghthode."

"My lordys," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "I woll ryght as ye woll."

Than the kynges called the Kynge of Irelonde and founde hym goodly and tretable, and than by all theire advyces Sir Trystrames and Sir Bleoberys toke up Sir Blamoure, and the too bretherne were made accorded wyth Kynge Angwyshe and kyssed togydir and made frendys for ever. And than Sir Blamoure and Sir Trystrames kyssed togedirs, and there they made theire othis that they wolde never none of them too brethirne fyght wyth Sir Trystrames, and Sir Trystramys made them the same othe. And for that jantyll batayle all the bloode of Sir Launcelot loved Sir Trystrames for ever.

Than Kynge Angwyshe and Sir Trystrames toke theire leve, and so he sayled into Irelonde wyth grete nobles and joy. So whan they were in Irelonde the kynge lete make hit knowyn thorowoute all the londe how and in what maner Sir Trystrames had done for hym. Than the quene and all that there were made the moste of hym that they myght. But the joy that La Beale Isode made of Sir Trystrames there myght no tunge telle, for of all men erthely she loved hym moste.

Than uppon a day Kynge Angwyshe asked Sir Trystrames why he asked nat his bone, for whatsomever he had promysed hym, he sholde have hit withoute fayle. Than seyde Sir Trystrames, "Now hit is tyme. Sir, this is all that I woll desyre, that ye woll gyff me La Beale Isode, youre doughter, nat for myself, but for myne uncle,

Kyng Marke, that shall have her to wyff, for so have I promysed hym."

"Alas!" seyde the kynge, "I had lever than all the londe that I have that ye wolde have wedded hir yourself."

"Sir, and I dud so, I were shamed for ever in this worlde and false of my promyse. Therefore," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I requyre you, holde your promyse that ye promysed me, for this is my desyre: that ye woll gyff me La Beale Isode to go with me into Cornwayle for to be wedded unto Kynge Marke, myne uncle."

"As for that," Kynge Angwysshe seyde, "ye shall have her with yow to do with hir what hit please you, that is for to sey, if that ye lyste to wedde hir yourselff, that is me leveste; and yf ye woll gyff hir unto Kynge Marke your uncle, that is in your choyse."

So, to make shorte conclusyon, La Beale Isode was made redy to go with Sir Trystrames. And Dame Brangwayne wente with hir for hir chyff jantyllwoman, with many other. Than the quene, Isodes modir, gaff Dame Brangwayne unto hir to be hir jantyllwoman. And also she and Governayle had a drynke of the quene, and she charged them that what day Kynge Marke shold wedde, that same day they sholde gyff them that drynke, that Kynge Marke sholde drynke to La Beale Isode. "And than," seyde the quene, "ayther shall love other dayes of theire lyff."

So this drynke was gyvyn unto Dame Brangwayne and unto Governayle. So Sir Trystrames toke the see, and La Beale Isode. And whan he and La Beale Isode were in theire caban, hit happed so they were thyrsty. And than they saw a lytyll flakette of golde stonde by them, and hit semed by the coloure and the taste that hit was noble wyne. So Sir Trystrames toke the flaket in his honde and seyde, "Madam Isode, here is a draught of good wyne that Dame Brangwayne your maydyn and Governayle my servaunte hath kepte for hemselff."

Than they lowghe and made good chere and eyther dranke to other frely, and they thought never drynke that ever they dranke so swete nother so good to them. But by that drynke was in theire bodyes they loved aythir other so well that never hir love departed,

for well nother for woo. And thus hit happed fyrst, the love betwyxte Sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode, the whyche love never departed dayes of theire lyff.

So than they sayled tyll that by fortune they com nye a castell that hyght Plewre, and there they aryved for to repose them, wenynge to them to have good herborow. But anone as Sir Trystrames was within the castell they were takyn presoners, for the custom of that castell was suche that who that rode by that castell and brought ony lady wyth hym he muste nedys fyght with the lorde that hyght Brewnour. And yf hit so were that Brewnor wan the fylde, than sholde the knyght straunger and his lady be put to deth, what that ever they were. And yf hit were so that the straunge knyght wan the fylde of Sir Brewnor, than sholde he dye and hys lady bothe. So this custom was used many wyntyrs, wherefore hit was called the Castell Plewre, that is to sey the Wepynge Castell.

Thus as Sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode were in preson, hit happynd a knyghte and a lady com unto them where they were to chere them. Than seyde Sir Trystrames unto the knyght and to the lady, "What is the cause the lorde of this castell holdyth us in preson? For hit was never the custom of placis of worshyp that ever I cam in, whan a knyght and a lady asked herborow, and they to receyve them, and aftir to dystres them that be his gestys."

"Sir," seyde the knyght, "this is the olde custom of this castell, that whan a knyght commyth here he muste nedis fyght with oure lorde, and he that is the wayker muste lose his hede. And whan that is done, if his lady that he bryngyth be fowler than is oure lordys wyff, she muste lose hir hede. And yf she be fayrer preved than ys oure lady, than shall the lady of this castell lose her hede."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystrames, "this is a foule custom and a shamful custom. But one avauntage have I," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I have a lady is fayre ynowe, and I doute nat for lacke of beauté she shall nat lose her hede. And rathir than I shall lose myne hede I woll fyght for hit on a fayre fylde. Sir knyght and you, fayre lady, I pray you tell your lorde that I woll be redy as to-

morne, wyth my lady and myselff, to do batayle if hit be so I may have my horse and myne armoure."

"Sir," seyde the knyght, "I undirtake for youre desyre shall be spedde, and therefore take your reste and loke that ye be up betymes, and make you redy and your lady, for ye shall wante nothynge that you behovyth."

And therewith he departed, and so on the morne betymys that same knyght com to Sir Trystramys and fecched hym oute and his lady, and brought hym horse and armoure that was his owne, and bade hym make hym redy to the fylde, for all the astatis and comyns of that lordshyp were there redy to beholde that batayle and jugemente.

Than cam Sir Brewnor, the lorde of the castell, with his lady in his honde muffeled, and asked Sir Trystrames where was his lady, "for and thy lady be feyrar than myne, with thy swerde smyte of my ladyes hede, and yf my lady be fayrer than thyne, with my swerde I muste stryke of hir hede. And if I may wynne the, yette shall thy lady be myne, and thow shalt lese thy hede."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "this is a foule custom and an horryble, and rather than my lady sholde lose hir hede yett had I lever lose myne hede."

"Nay, nay!" seyde Sir Brewnor, "the ladyes shall be fyrste shewed togydir, and that one shall have hir jugemente."

"Nay, I wyll nat so," seyde Sir Trystrames, "for here is none that woll gyff ryghtuous jugement. But I doute nat," seyde Sir Trystrames, "my lady is fayrer than youres, and that woll I make good with my hondys, and who that woll sey the contrary, I woll preve hit on his hede!"

And therewyth Sir Trystrames shewed forth La Beale Isode and turned hir thryse aboute with his naked swerde in his honde. And so dud Sir Brewnor the same wyse to his lady. But whan Sir Brewnor beholde La Beale Isode hym thought he saw never a fayrer lady, and than he drad his ladyes hede sholde off. And so all the people that were there presente gaff jugement that La Beale Isode was the fayrer lady and the bettir made.

"How now?" seyde Syr Trystrames. "Mesemyth hit were pyté that thy lady sholde lose hir hede, but bycause thou and she of longe tyme have used this wycked custom and by you bothe hath many good knyghtes and fayre ladyes bene destroyed, for that cause hit were no losse to destroy you bothe."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Brewnor, "for to sey the sothe, thy lady is fayrer than myne, and that me sore repentys, and so I hyre the people pryvyly sey, for all women I sawe never none so fayre. And therefore, and thou wolt sle my lady, I doute nat I shall sle the and have thy lady."

"Well, thou shalt wyn her," seyde Sir Trystrames, "as dere as ever knyght wanne lady. And bycause of thyne owne jugemente thou woldist have done to my lady if that she had bene fowler, and bycause of the evyll custom, gyff me thy lady," seyde Syr Trystrames. And therewithall Sir Trystrames strode unto hym and toke his lady frome hym, and with an awke stroke he smote of hir hede clene.

"Well, knyght," seyde Sir Brewnor, "now haste thou done me a grete dispyte. Now take thyne horse, and sytthen that I am ladyles, I woll wynne thy lady and I may."

Than they toke theire horsis and cam togydir as hit had bene thundir, and Sir Trystrames smote Sir Brewnor clene frome his horse. And lyghtly he rose up, and as Sir Trystrames com agayne by hym he threste his horse thorowoute bothe shuldyrs, that his horse hurled here and there and felle dede to the grounde. And ever Sir Brewnor ran aftir to have slayne Sir Trystrames, but he was lyght and nymell and voyded his horse lyghtly. Yett, or ever Sir Trystrames myght dresse his shylde and his swerde, he gaff hym thre or foure strokys.

Than they russhed togydyrs lyke too borys, trasynge and traversynge myghtyly and wysely as too noble knyghtes, for this Sir Brewnor was a proved knyght and had bene or than the deth of many good knyghtes. So thus they fought hurlynge here and there nyghe too owres, and aythir were wounded sore. Than at the laste Sir Brewnor russhed uppon Sir Trystames and toke hym in his armys, for he trusted much to his strengthe. Than was Sir Trystrames called the strengyst knyght of the worlde, for he was called bygger

than Sir Launcelot, but Sir Launcelot was bettir brethid. So anone Sir Trystrames threste Sir Brewnor downe grovelyng, and than he unlaced his helme and strake of his hede.

And than all they that longed to the castell com to hym and dud hym homage and feauté, prayyng hym that he wolde abyde stylle there a lytyll whyle to fordo that foule custom. So this Sir Trystrames graunted thereto.

So the meane whyle one of the knyghtes rode unto Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, whyche was Sir Brewnors son, a noble knyght, and tolde hym what mysadventure his fadir had and his modir.

Than cam Sir Galahalt and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes with hym, and this Sir Galahalte profyrde to fyght with Sir Trystrames hande for hande. And so they made hem redy to go unto batayle on horsebacke wyth grete corrayge. So anone they mette togydyrs so hard that aythir bare othir adowne, horse and man, to the erthe. And whan they avoyded theire horsis, as noble knyghtes they dressed theire shyldis and drewe theire swerdys wyth ire and rancoure, and they laysshed togydyr many sad strokys, and one whyle strykynge and another whyle foynynge, tracynge and traversynge as noble knyghtes.

Thus they fought longe, nerehonde halff a day, and aythir were sore wounded. So at the laste Sir Trystrames wexed lyght and bygge, and doubled his strokys and drove Sir Galahalt abacke on the tone syde and on the tothir, that he was nye myscheved, lyke to be slayne. So wyth that cam the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes, and all that felyshyp wente freyshly uppon Sir Trystrames. But whan Sir Trystramys saw them comynge uppon hym, than he wyste well he myght nat endure, so as a wyse knyght of warre he seyde unto Sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce, "Syr, ye shew to me no kyndenesse for to suffir all your men to have ado wyth me, and ye seme a noble knyght of your hondys. Hit is grete shame to you!"

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Galahalt, "there is none other way but thou muste yelde the to me other ellys to dye, Sir Trystrames."

"Sir, as for that, I woll rather yelde me to you than dye, for hit is more for the myght of thy men than of thyne handys."

And therewithall Sir Trystrames toke his swerde by the poynte and put the pomell in his honde, and therewithall com the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and harde began to assayle Sir Trystrames.

"Lat be," seyde Sir Galahalt, "that ye be nat so hardy to towche hym, for I have gyffyn this knyght his lyff."

"That ys your shame," seyde the kynge, "for he hath slayne youre fadir and your modir."

"As for that," seyde Sir Galahalte, "I may nat wyght hym gretly, for my fadir had hym in preson and inforsed hym to do batayle with hym. And my fadir hadde suche a custom, that was a shamefull custom, that what knyght com thydir to aske herberow, his lady muste nedis dye but yf she were fayrer than my modir; and if my fadir overcom that knyght he muste nedis dye. For sothe, this was a shamefull custom and usage, a knyght, for his herborow askynge, to have suche herborage. And for this custom I wolde never draw aboute hym."

"So God me helpe," seyde the kynge, "this was a shamefull custom."

"Truly," seyde Sir Galahalt, "so semyth me. And mesemyth hit had bene grete pyté that this knyght sholde have bene slayne, for I dare sey he is one of the noblyst knyghtes that beryth lyff, but yf hit be Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Galahalte, "I requyre the, telle me thy name and of whens thou arte and whethir thou wolte."

"Sir," he seyde, "my name is Sir Trystrames de Lyones, and frome Kynge Marke of Cornwayle I was sente on messayge unto Kyng Angwyshe of Irelonde for to fecche his doughtyr to be his wyff, and here she is ready to go wyth me into Cornwayle, and her name is La Beale Isode."

Than seyde Sir Galahalte unto Sir Trystrames, "Well be ye founde in this marchis! And so ye woll promyse me to go unto Sir Launcelot and accompany wyth hym, ye shall go where ye woll and youre fayre lady wyth you. And I shall promyse you never in all my dayes shall none suche custom be used in this castell as hath bene used heretofore."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "now I late you wete, so God me helpe, I wente ye had bene Sir Launcelot du Lake whan I sawe you fyrste, and therefore I dred you the more. And sir, I promyse you," seyde Sir Trystrames, "as sone as I may I woll se Sir Launcelot and infelyshyp me with hym, for of all the knyghtes in the worlde I moste desyre his felyshyp."

And than Sir Trystrames toke his leve whan he sawe his tyme, and toke the see.

And meanewhyle worde com to Sir Galahalt and to Sir Trystramys that Kynge Carados, the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunte wyght, fought wyth Sir Gawayne and gaff hym suche strokys that he sowned in his sadyll. And after that he toke hym by the coler and pulled hym oute of his sadyll and bounde hym faste to the sadyll-bowghe, and so rode his way with hym towarde his castell. And as he rode, Sir Launcelot by fortune mette with Kynge Carados, and anone he knew Sir Gawayne that lay bounde before hym.

"A!" seyde Syr Launcelot unto Sir Gawayne, "how stondyth hit wyth you?"

"Never so harde," seyde Sir Gawayne, "onles that ye helpe me. For, so God me helpe, withoute ye rescow me I know no knyghte that may but you other Sir Trystrames," wherefor Sir Launcelot was hevy at Sir Gawaynes wordys. And than Sir Launcelot bade Sir Carados, "Ley downe that knyght and fyght with me!"

"Thow arte but a foole," seyde Sir Carados, "for I woll serve the in the same wyse."

"As for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "spare me nat, for I warne the, I woll nat spare the."

And than he bounde hym hande and foote and so threw hym to the grounde, and than he gate his speare in his honde of his squyre and departed frome Sir Launcelot to fecche his course. And so ayther mette with other and brake theire speares to theire hondys. And than they pulled oute theire swerdys and hurled togydyrs on horsebacke more than an owre. And at the laste Sir Launcelot smote Sir Carados suche a buffet on the helme that hit perysshed his brayne-panne. So than Syr Launcelot toke Sir Carados by the

coler and pulled hym undir his horse fete, and than he alyght and pulled of his helme and strake offe his hede. Than Sir Launcelot unbownde Sir Gawayne.

So this same tale was tolde to Sir Galahalte and to Syr Trystrames, and Sir Galahalte sayde, "Now may ye hyre the nobles that folowyth Sir Launcelot."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "and I had nat this messayge in hande with this fayre lady, truly I wolde never stynte or I had founde Sir Launcelot."

Than Syr Trystrames and La Beale Isode yeode to the see and cam into Cornwayle, and anone all the barownes mette with hym. And anone they were rychely wedded wyth grete nobley. But evir, as the Frenshe booke seyth, Sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode loved ever togedyrs.

Than was there grete joustys and grete turnayynge, and many lordys and ladyes were at that feyste, and Sir Trystrames was moste praysed of all other. So thus dured the feste longe.

And aftir that feste was done, within a lytyll whyle aftir, by the assente of too ladyes that were with the quene, they ordayned for hate and envye for to distroy Dame Brangwayne that was mayden and lady unto La Beale Isode. And she was sente into the foreste for to fecch herbys, and there she was mette and bounde honde and foote to a tre, and so she was bounden thre dayes. And by fortune Sir Palomydes founde Dame Brangwayne, and there he delyverde hir from the deth and brought hir to a nunry there besyde for to be recoverde.

Whan Isode the quene myssed hir mayden, wete you well she was ryght hevy as evir any quene myght be, for of all erthely women she loved hir beste and moste, cause why she cam with her oute of her countrey. And so uppon a day Quene Isode walked into the foreste to put away hir thoughtes, and there she wente hirselff unto a welle and made grete moone. And suddeynly there cam Sir Palomydes unto her, and had herde all hir complaynte and seyde, "Madame Isode, and ye wolde graunte me my boone, I shall brynge agayne to you Dame Brangwayne sauff and sounde."

Than the quene was so glad of his profyr that suddaynly unavysed she graunte all his askynge.

"Well, madame," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I truste to youre promyse, and yf ye woll abyde halff an owre here I shall brynge hir to you."

"Sir, I shall abyde you," seyde the quene.

Than Sir Palomydes rode forth his way to that nunry, and lyghtly he cam agayne with Dame Brangwayne; but by hir good wylle she wolde nat have comyn to the quene, for cause she stoode in adventure of hir lyff. Natwythstondynge, halff agayne hir wyll, she cam wyth Sir Palomydes unto the quene, and whan the quene sawe her she was passyng glad.

"Now, madame," seyde Sir Palomydes, "remembir uppon your promyse, for I have fulfylled my promyse."

"Sir Palomydes," seyde the quene, "I wrote nat what is your desyre, but I woll that ye wete, howbehit that I profyrde you largely, I thought none evyll, nother, I warne you, none evyll woll I do."

"Madame," seyde Sir Palomydes, "as at this tyme ye shall nat know my desyre, but byfore my lorde your husbonde there shall ye know that I will have my desyre that ye have promysed me."

And than the quene rode home unto the kynge, and Sir Palomydes rode with hir, and whan Sir Palomydes com before the kynge he seyde, "Sir kynge, I requyre you, as ye be a ryghtuous kynge, that ye woll juge me the ryght."

"Telle me your cause," seyde the kynge, "and ye shall have ryght."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I promysed youre quene, my lady Dame Isode, to brynge agayne Dame Brangwayne that she had loste, uppon this covenaunte, that she shoulde graunte me a boone that I wolde aske, and withoute grucchynge othir advysemente she graunted me."

"What sey ye, my lady?" seyde the kynge.

"Hit is as he seyth, so God me helpe. To sey the soth," seyde the quene, "I promysed hym his askynge for love and joy I had to se her."

"Welle, madame," seyde the kynge, "and yf ye were hasty to graunte what boone he wolde aske, I wolde well that ye perfourmed your promyse."

Than seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll that ye wete that I woll have youre quene to lede hir and to governe her whereas me lyste."

Therewyth the kynge stoode stylle and unbethought hym of Sir Trystrames and demed that he wolde rescowe her. And than hastely the kynge answered and seyde, "Take hir to the and the adventures withall that woll falle of hit, for, as I suppose, thou wolt nat enjoy her no whyle."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I dare ryght well abyde the adventure."

And so, to make shorte tale, Sir Palomydes toke hir by the honde and seyde, "Madame, grucche nat to go with me, for I desyre nothynge but youre owne promyse."

"As for that," seyde the quene, "wete thou well, I feare nat gretly to go with the, howbehit thou haste me at avauntage uppon my promyse, for I doute nat I shall be worshypfully rescowed fro the."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "be as hit be may."

So Quene Isode was sette behynde Sir Palomydes and rode his way. And anone the kynge sente unto Sir Trystrames, but in no wyse he wolde nat be founde, for he was in the foreste an-huntynge; for that was allwayes hys custom, but yf he used armes, to chace and to hunte in the forestes.

"Alas!" seyde the kynge, "now am I shamed forever, that be myne owne assente my lady and my quene shall be devoured."

Than cam there forth a knyght that hyght Lambegus, and he was a knyght of Sir Trystrames.

"My lorde," seyde the knyght, "syth that ye have suche truste in my lorde Sir Trystrames, wete yow well for his sake I woll ryde aftir your quene and rescow her, other ellys shall I be beatyn."

"Grauntemercy," seyde the kynge. "And I lyve, Sir Lambegus, I shall deserve hit."

And than Sir Lambegus armed hym and rode aftir them as faste as he myght, and than wythin a whyle he overtoke hem. And than

Sir Palomydes lefte the quene and seyde, "What arte thou?" seyde Sir Palomydes, "arte thou Sir Trystrames?"

"Nay," he seyde, "I am his servaunte, and my name is Sir Lambegus."

"That me repentys," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I had lever thou had bene Sir Trystrames."

"I leve you well," seyde Sir Lambegus, "but whan thou metyste with Sir Trystrames thou shalt have bothe thy hondys full!"

And than they hurteled togydyrs and all to-braste theire sperys, and than they pulled oute theire swerdys and hewed on there helmys and hawbirkes. At the laste Sir Palomydes gaff Sir Lambegus suche a wounde that he felle doune lyke a dede man to the erthe. Than he loked aftir La Beale Isode, and than she was gone he woste nat where. Wete you well that Sir Palomydes was never so hevy.

So the quene ran into the foreste, and there she founde a welle and therein she had thought to have drowned herselff. And as good fortune wolde, there cam a knyght to her that had a castell there besyde, and his name was Sir Adtherpe. And whan he founde the quene in that myscheff he rescowed her and brought hir to his castell. And whan he wyste what he was he armed hym and toke his horse, and seyde he wolde be avenged uppon Sir Palomydes.

And so he rode unto the tyme he mette with hym, and there Sir Palomydes wounded hym sore. And by force he made hym to telle the cause why he dud batayle wyth hym, and he tolde hym how he ladde the quene La Beale Isode into hys owne castel.

"Now brynge me there," seyde Sir Palomydes, "or thou shalt die of myne handis!"

"Sir," seyde Sir Adtherpe, "I am so sore wounded I may nat folow, but ryde you this way and hit shall bryng you to my castell, and therein is the quene."

Sir Palomydes rode tyll that he cam to the castell, and at a wyndow La Beale Isode saw Sir Palomydes. Than she made the yatys to be shutte strongely. And whan he sawe he myght nat entir into the castell he put of his horse brydyll and his sadyll, and so put

his horse to pasture and sette hymselff downe at the gate, lyke a man that was oute of his wytt that recked nat of hymselff.

Now turne we unto Sir Trystrames, that whan he was com home and wyste that La Beale Isode was gone with Sir Palomydes, wete you well he was wrothe oute of mesure.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "I am this day shamed!"

Than he called Governayle, his man, and seyde, "Haste the that I were armed and on horsebacke, for well I wote Sir Lambegus hath no myght nor strength to wythstonde Sir Palomydes. Alas I had nat bene in his stede!"

So anone as he was armed and horsed, Sir Trystrames and Governayle rode aftir into the foreyste, and within a whyle he founde his knyght Sir Lambegus allmoste to deth wounded. And Sir Trystames bare hym to a foster and charged hym to kepe hym welle.

And than he rode forth and founde Sir Adtherpe sore wounded; and he tolde all, and how the quene "had drowned herselff had nat I bene, and how for her sake I toke uppon me to do batayle with Sir Palomydes."

"Where is my lady?" seyde Sir Trystrames.

"Sir," seyde the knyght, "she is sure inowe wythin my castell and she can holde her within hit."

"Grauntemercy," seyde Sir Trystrames, "of thy grete goodnesse."

And so he rode tyll that he cam nyghe his castell. And than Sir Trystrames saw where Sir Palomydes sate at the gate, and he sate as he had slepe, and his horse pastured faste afore hym.

"Now go thou, Governayle," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and bydde hym awake and make hym redy."

So Governayle rode unto hym and seyde, "Sir Palomydes, aryse and take to the thyne harneys!"

But he was in suche a study he herde nat what he seyde. So Governayle cam agayne to Sir Trystrames and tolde hym he slepe or ellys he was madde.

"Go thou agayne," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and bydde hym aryse, and telle hym I am here, his mortall foo."

So Governayle rode agayne, and putte uppon hym with the but of his spere and seyde, "Sir Palomydes, make the redy, for wete thou welle Sir Trystrames hovyth yondir and sendyth the worde he is thy mortall foo."

And therewithall Sir Palomydes arose stylly withoute ony wordys, and gate hys horse anone and sadylled hym and brydylled hym; and lyghtly he lepe uppon hym and gate his spere in his honde. And aythir feautred theire spearys and hurled faste togedyrs, and anone Sir Trystrames smote downe Sir Palomydes over his horse tayle. Than lyghtly Sir Palomydes put his shylde before hym and drew his swerde.

And there began stronge batayle on bothe partyes, for bothe they fought for the love of one lady. And ever she lay on the wallys and behylde them how they fought oute of mesure. And aythir were wounded passynge sore, but Sir Palomydes was muche sorer wounded; for they fought thus trasynge and traversynge more than too owres, that well nyghe for doole and sorow La Beale Isode sowned; and seyde, "Alas! that one I loved and yet do, and the other I love nat, that they sholde fyght! And yett hit were grete pyté that I sholde se Sir Palomydes slayne – for well I know by that the ende be done, Sir Palomydes is but a dede man – bycause that he is nat crystened, and I wolde be loth that he sholde dye a Sarezen." And therewithall she cam downe and besought Sir Trystrames for her love to fyght no more.

"A madame," seyde Sir Trystrames, "what meane you? Woll ye have me shamed? For well ye know that I woll be ruled by you."

"A, myne awne lorde," seyde La Beale Isode, "full well ye wote I wolde nat your dyshonour, but I wolde that ye wolde for my sake spare this unhappy Sarezen Sir Palomydes."

"Madame," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I woll leve for youre sake."

Than seyde she to Sir Palomydes, "This shall be thy charge: thou shalt go oute of this countrey whyle I am therein."

"Madame, I woll obey your commaundemente," seyde Sir Palomydes, "whyche is sore ayenste my wylle."

"Than take thy way," seyde La Beale Isode, "unto the courte of Kynge Arthure, and there recommaunde me unto Quene Gwenyvere and tell her that I sende her worde that there be within this londe but foure lovers, and that is Sir Launcelot and Dame Gwenyvere, and Sir Trystrames and Quene Isode."

And so Sir Palomydes departed with grete hevynesse, and Sir Trystrames toke the quene and brought her agayne unto Kynge Marke. And than was there made grete joy of hir home-commynge. Than who was cheryshed but Sir Trystrames! Than Sir Trystrames latte fecche home Sir Lambegus his knyght frome the forsters house; and hit was longe or he was hole, but so at the laste he recoverde. And thus they lyved with joy and play a longe whyle. But ever since Andret, that was nye cosyn unto Sir Trystrams, lay in a watche to wayte betwyxte Sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode for to take hym and devoure hym.

So uppon a day Sir Trystrames talked with La Beale Isode in a wyndowe, and that aspyed Sir Andred and tolde the kynge. Than Kyng Marke toke a swerde in his honde and cam to Sir Trystrames and called hym "false traytowre" and wolde have stryken hym, but Sir Trystrames was nyghe hym and ran undir his swerde and toke hit oute of his honde. And than the kynge cryed: "Where ar my knyghtes and my men? I charge you, sle this traytowre!"

But at that tyme there was nat one that wolde meve for his wordys.

Whan Sir Trystrames sawe there was none that wolde be ayenste hym he shoke hys swerde to the kynge and made countenance as he wolde have strykyn hym. And than Kynge Marke fledde and Sir Trystrames folowed hym and smote hym fyve or six strokys flatlynge in the necke, that he made hym falle on the nose.

And than Sir Trystrames yode his way and armed hym and toke his horse and his men, and so he rode into the foreste. And there uppon a day Sir Trystrames mette with too bretherne that were knyghtes wyth Kynge Marke, and there he strake of the hede of the tone brothir and wounded that other to the deth, and he made hym to bere his brothers hede in his helme unto the kynge, and thirty mo

he there wounded. And whan that knyght com before the kynge to say hys message he dyed there before the kynge and the quene. Than Kyng Marke called his counceyle unto hym and asked avyce of his barownes, what were beste to do with Sir Trystrames.

"Sir," seyde the barowns, and in especiall Sir Dynas the Senesciall, "we woll gyff you counceyle for to sende for Sir Trystrames, for we woll that ye wete many men woll holde with Sir Trystrames and he were harde bestadde. And, sir," seyde Sir Dynas the Senesciall, "ye shall undirstonde that Sir Trystames ys called peereles and makeles of ony Crystyn knyght, and of his myght and hardynes we know none so good a knyght but yf hit be Sir Launcelot du Lake. And yff he departe frome your courte and go to Kyng Arthurs courte, wete you well he woll so frende hym there that he woll nat sette by your malyce. And therefore, sir, I counceyle you to take hym to your grace."

"I woll well," seyde the kynge, "that he be sent fore, that we may be frendys."

Than the barounes sente for Sir Trystrames undir theire conduyte, and so whan Sir Trystrames com to the kynge he was wellcom, and no rehersall was made, and than there was game and play.

SIR LAMEROK OF GALYS

AND THAN THE KYNGE and the quene wente an-huntynge, and Sir Trystrames. So the kynge and the quene made theire pavylons and theire tentes in that foreste besyde a ryver, and there was dayly justyng and huntyng, for there was ever redy thirty knyghtes to juste unto all that cam at that tyme. And there by fortune com Sir Lamorak de Galis and Sir Dryaunte. And there Sir Dryaunte justed well, but at the laste he had a falle. Than Sir Lamorak profyrde, and whan he began he fared so wyth the thirty knyghtes and that there was nat one off them but he gaff hym a falle, and som of them were sore hurte.

"I mervayle," seyde Kynge Marke, "what knyght he is that doth suche dedis of armys."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I know hym well for a noble knyght as fewe now be lyvynge, and his name is Sir Lamerake de Galys."

"Hit were shame," seyde the kynge, "that he sholde go thus away onles that he were manne-handeled."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "mesemyth hit were no worshyp for a noble man to have ado with hym, and for this cause: for at this tyme he hath done overmuche for ony meane knyght lyvynge. And as me semyth," seyde Sir Trystrames, "hit were shame to tempte hym ony more, for his horse is wery and hymselff bothe for the dedes of armes he hath done this day. Welle concidered, hit were inow for Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Marke, "I requyre you, as ye love me and my lady the quene La Beale Isode, take youre armys and juste with Sir Lameroke de Galis."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "ye bydde me do a thynge that is ayenste knyghthode. And well I can thynke that I shall gyff hym a falle, for hit is no maystry: for my horse and y be freysshe, and so is nat his horse and he. And wete you well that he woll take hit for

grete unkyndenes, for ever one good knyght is loth to take anothir at avauntage. But bycause I woll nat displease you, as ye requyre me so muste I do and obey youre commaundemente."

And so Sir Trystrames armed hym and toke his horse and putte hym forth, and there Sir Lameroke mette hym myghtyly. And what with the myght of his owne spere and of Syr Trystrames spere, Sir Lameroke his horse felle to the erthe, and he syttynge in the sadyll. So as sone as he myght he avoyded the sadyll and his horse, and put his shylde afore hym, and drewe his swerde. And than he bade Sir Trystrames, "alyght, thou knyght, and thou darste!"

"Nay, sir!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "I woll no more have ado wyth the, for I have done the overmuche unto my dyshonoure and to thy worshyppe."

"As for that," seyde Sir Lamerok, "I can the no thanke; syn thou haste forjusted me on horsebacke I requyre the and I beseche the, and thou be Sir Trystrames de Lyones, feyght with me on foote."

"I woll nat," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and wete you well my name is Sir Trystrames de Lyones, and well I know that ye be Sir Lamerake de Galis. And this have I done to you ayenst my wyll, but I was requyred thereto. But to sey that I woll do at your requeste as at this tyme, I woll nat have no more ado with you at this tyme, for me shamyth of that I have done."

"As for the shame," seyde Sir Lameroke, "on thy party or on myne, beare thou hit and thou wyll: for thoughe a marys sonne hath fayled me now, yette a quenys sonne shall nat fayle the! And therefore, and thou be suche a knyght as men calle the, I requyre the alyght and fyght with me!"

"Sir Lameroke," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I undirstonde your harte is grete, and cause why ye have, to sey the soth, for hit wolde greve me and ony good knyght sholde kepe hym freyssh and than to stryke downe a wery knyght; for that knyght nother horse was never fourmed that allway may endure. And therefore," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I woll nat have ado with you, for me forthynkes of that I have done."

"As for that," seyde Sir Lameroke, "I shall quyte you and ever I se my tyme."

So he departed frome hym with Sir Dryaunte, and by the way they mette with a knyght that was sente fro Dame Morgan le Fay unto Kynge Arthure. And this knyght had a fayre horne harneyste with golde, and the horne had suche a vertu that there myght no lady nothir jantyllwoman drynke of that horne but yf she were trew to her husbande; and if she were false she sholde spylle all the drynke, and if she were trew to her lorde she myght drynke thereof pesiblé. And because of the quene Gwenyvere and in the dispyte of Sir Launcelot this horne was sente unto Kynge Arthure. And so by forse Sir Lameroke made that knyght to telle all the cause why he bare the horne, and so he tolde hym all hole.

"Now shalt thou bere this horne," seyde Sir Lamerok, "to Kynge Marke, othir chose to dye. For in the dyspyte of Sir Trystrames, thou shalt bere hit hym, that horne, and sey that I sente hit hym for to assay his lady, and yf she be trew he shall preve her."

So this knyght wente his way unto Kynge Marke and brought hym that ryche horne, and seyde that Sir Lamerok sente hit hym, and so he tolde hym the vertu of that horne. Than the kynge made his quene to drynke thereof, and an hondred ladyes with her, and there were but foure ladyes of all tho that dranke clene.

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Marke, "this is a grete dyspyte," and swore a grete othe that she sholde be brente and the other ladyes also.

Than the barowns gadred them togedyrs and seyde playnly they wolde nat have tho ladyes brente for an horne made by sorsery that cam frome "the falsist sorseres and wycche moste that is now lyvyng." For that horne dud never good, but caused stryff and bate, and allway in her dayes she was an enemy to all trew lovers.

So there were many knyghtes made theire avowe that and ever they mette wyth Morgan le Fay that they wolde shew her shorte curtesy. Also Syr Trystrames was passyng wroth that Sir Lameroke sent that horne unto Kynge Marke, for welle he knew that hit was done in the dispyte of hym, and therefore he thought to quyte Sir Lameroke.

Than Sir Trystrames used dayly and nyghtly to go to Quene Isode evir whan he myght, and ever Sir Andret his cosyn wacched hym nyght by nyght for to take hym with La Beale Isode. And so uppon a nyght Sir Andret aspyed his owre and the tyme whan Sir Trystrames went to his lady.

Than Sir Andret gate unto hym twelve knyghtis, and at mydnyght he sette uppon Sir Trystrames secretly and suddeynly. And there Sir Trystrames was takyn nakyd a-bed with La Beale Isode, and so was he bounde hande and foote and kepte tyll day. And than by the assent of Kynge Marke and of Sir Andret and of som of the barownes, Sir Trystrames was lad unto a chapell that stood uppon the see rockys, there for to take his jugemente. And so he was lad bounden with fourty knyghtes, and whan Sir Trystrames saw that there was none other boote but nedis he muste dye, than seyde he, "Fayre lordis! Remembir what I have done for the contrey of Cornwayle, and what jouparté I have bene in for the wele of you all. For whan I fought for the trewage of Cornwayle with Sir Marhalte, the good knyght, I was promysed to be bettir rewarded, whan ye all refused to take the batayle. Therefore, as ye be good jantyll knyghtes, se me nat thus shamfully to dye, for hit is shame to all knyghthode thus to se me dye. For I dare sey," seyde Sir Trystrams, "that I mette never with no knyght but I was as good as he or bettir."

"Fye uppon the!" seyde Sir Andrete, "false traytur thow arte with thyne avauntynge! For all thy boste thou shalt dye this day!"

"A, Andrete, Andrete!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "thou sholdyst be my kynnysman, and now arte to me full unfrendely. But and there were no more but thou and I, thou woldyst nat put me to deth."

"No?" seyde Sir Andred, and therewith he drew his swerde and wolde have slayne hym.

So whan Sir Trystrames sye hym make that countenaunce, he loked uppon bothe his hondis that were faste boundyn unto too knyghtes, and suddeynly he pulde them bothe unto hym and unwrayste his hondis, and lepe unto his cosyn Sir Andred, and wroth his swerde oute of his hondis. And than he smote Sir Andret,

that he felle downe to the erthe, and so he fought that he kylde ten knyghtys.

So than Sir Trystrames gate the chapell and kepte hyt myghtyly. Than the crye was grete, and peple drew faste unto Sir Andret, mo than an hondred. So whan Sir Trystramys saw the peple draw unto hym he remembyrd he was naked, and sparde faste the chapell dore and brake the barrys of a wyndow, and so he lepte oute and felle uppon the craggys in the see.

And so at that tyme Sir Andret nothir none of his felowys myght nat gete to hym. But whan they were departed, Governayle and Sir Lambegus and Sir Sentrayle de Lushon, that were Sir Trystrames men, sought sore aftir theire maystir whan they herde he was ascaped. And so on the rokkys they founde hym, and with towels pulde hym up. And than Sir Trystrames asked where was La Beale Isode.

"Sir," seyde Governayle, "she is put in a lazar-cote."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "that is a full ungoodly place for suche a fayre lady, and yf I may she shall nat be longe there."

And so he toke hys men and wente thereas was La Beale Isode, and fette her away, and brought hir into a fayre foreste to a fayre maner; and so he abode there with hir. So now this good knyght bade his men departe, for at that tyme he myght nat helpe them, and so they departed all save Governayle. And so uppon a day Sir Trystrames yode into the foreste for to disporte hym, and there he felle on slepe. And so happynde there cam to Sir Trystames a man that he had slayne his brothir. And so whan this man had founde hym he shotte hym thorow the sholdir with an arrow, and anone Sir Trystames sterte up and kylde that man.

And in the meane tyme hit was tolde unto Kynge Marke how Sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode were in the same maner, and thydir he cam with many knyghtes to sle Sir Trystrames. And whan he cam there he founde hym gone, and anone he toke La Beale Isode home with hym and kepte her strayte, that by no meane she myght never wryght nor sende.

And whan Sir Trystrames com toward the olde maner he founde the tracke of many horse, and loked aboute in the place and knew

that his lady was gone. And than Sir Trystrames toke grete sorow and endured with grete sorow and payne longe tyme, for the arow that he was hurte wythall was envenomed.

So by the meane of La Beale Isode she bade a lady that was cosyn unto Dame Brangwayne, and she cam unto Sir Trystrames and tolde hym that he myght nat be hole by no meanys, "for thy lady Isode may not helpe the; therefore she byddyth you, haste you into Bretayne unto Kynge Howell, and there shall ye fynde his doughter that is called Isode le Blaunche Maynes, and she shall helpe you."

Than Sir Trystrames and Governayle gate them shyppyng, and so sayled into Bretayne. And whan Kyng Howell knew that hit was Sir Trystrames he was full glad of hym.

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I am com unto this contrey to have helpe of youre doughter, for hit is tolde me that there is none other may hele me but she."

And so within a whyle she heled hym.

There was an erle that hyght Grype, and thys erle made grete warre uppon hym and putte the kynge to the worse and beseged hym. And on a tyme Sir Keyhydyns that was sonne to the kynge Howell, as he issewed oute he was sore wounded, nyghe to the deth. Than Governayle wente to the kynge and seyde, "Sir, I counceyle you to desyre my lorde Sir Trystrames as in your nede to helpe you."

"I woll do by youre counceyle," seyde the kynge. And so he yode unto Sir Trystrames and prayde hym as in his warrys to helpe hym, "for my sonne Sir Keyhidyns may nat go unto the fylde."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I woll go to the fylde and do what I may."

So Sir Trystrames issued oute of the towne wyth suche felyshyp as he myght make, and ded suche dedys that all Bretayne spake of hym. And than at the laste by grete force he slew the erle Grype his owne hondys, and mo than an hondred knyghtes he slew that day.

And than Sir Trystrames was resceyved into the cyté worshypfully with procession. Than Kyng Howell enbraced hym in his armys and seyde, "Sir Trystrames, all my kyngedom I woll resygne to you."

"God defende!" seyde Sir Trystrames, "for I am beholdyn thereto for your doughtyrs sake to do for you more than that."

So by the grete meanes of the kynge and his sonne there grewe grete love betwyxte Isode and Sir Trystrames, for that lady was bothe good and fayre, and a woman of noble bloode and fame. And for because that Sir Trystrames had suche chere and ryches and all other plesaunce that he had, allmoste he had forsakyn La Beale Isode. And so uppon a tyme Sir Trystrames aggreed to wed this Isode le Blaunche Maynes. And so at the laste they were wedded and solemply hylde theire maryayge. And so whan they were a-bed bothe, Sir Trystrames remembirde hym of his olde lady, La Beale Isode, and than he toke suche a thoughte suddeynly that he was all dysmayde, and other chere made he none but with clyppynge and kyssynge. As for other fleyshly lustys, Sir Trystrames had never ado with hir: suche mencion makyth the Freynshe booke. Also hit makyth mencion that the lady wente there had be no plesure but kyssynge and clyppynge.

And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne, his name was Sir Suppynabyles, and he com over the see into Inglonde, and so he com into the courte of Kynge Arthure. And there he mette with Sir Launcelot du Lake and tolde hym of the maryayge of Sir Trystrames. Than seyde Sir Launcelot, "Fye uppon hym, untrew knyght to his lady! That so noble a knyght as Sir Trystrames is sholde be founde to his fyrst lady and love untrew, that is the quene of Cornwayle! But sey ye to hym thus," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that of all knyghtes in the worlde I have loved hym most and had most joye of hym, and all was for his noble dedys. And lette hym wete that the love betwene hym and me is done for ever, and that I gyff hym warnyng: from this day forthe I woll be his mortall enemy."

So departed Sir Suppynabiles unto Bretayne agayne, and there he founde Sir Trystrames and tolde hym that he had bene in Kynge Arthures courte. Than Sir Trystrames seyde, "Herd ye onythynge of me?"

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Suppynabyles, "there I harde Sir Launcelot speke of you grete shame, and that ye ar a false knyght

to youre lady. And he bade me do you to wyte that he woll be youre mortall foo in every place where he may mete you."

"That me repentyth," seyde Sir Trystrames, "for of all knyghtes I loved moste to be in his felyshyp."

Than Sir Trystrames was ashamed and made grete mone that ever any knyghtes sholde defame hym for the sake of his lady.

And so in this meane whyle La Beale Isode made a lettir unto Quene Gwenyvere complaynyng her of the untrouthe of Sir Trystrames, and how he had wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne. So Quene Gwenyvere sente hir another letter and bade her be of good comforte, for she sholde have joy aftir sorow: for Sir Trystrames was so noble a knyght called that by craftes of sorsery ladyes wolde make suche noble men to wedde them. "But the ende," Quene Gwenyvere seyde, "shulde be thus, that he shall hate her and love you bettir than ever he dud."

So leve we Sir Trystrames in Bretayne, and speke we of Sir Lameroke de Galys, that as he sayled his shyppe felle on a rocke and disperysshed all save Sir Lameroke and his squyer; for he swamme so myghtyly that fysshers of the Ile of Servayge toke hym up, and his squyer was drowned. And the shypmen had grete laboure to save Sir Lameroke his lyff for all the comforte that they coude do. And the lorde of that ile hyght Sir Nabon le Noyre, a grete myghty gyaunte, and thys Sir Nabon hated all the knyghtes of Kynge Arthures courte, and in no wyse he wolde do hem no favoure. And thes fysshers tolde Sir Lameroke all the gyse of Syr Nabon, how there com never knyght of Kynge Arthurs, but he distroyed hym. And the laste batayle that ever he ded was wyth Sir Nanowne le Petyte, and whan he had wonne hym he put hym to a shamefull deth in the despyte of Kynge Arthure: he was drawyn lym-meale.

"That forthynkes me," seyde Sir Lamerok, for that knyghtes deth, for he was my cosyn, and yf I were at myne ease as well as ever I was, I wolde revenge his deth."

"Pease," seyde the fysshers, "and make here no wordys! For or ever ye departe frome hens Sir Nabon muste know that ye have bene here, othir ellis we shall dye for your sake."

"So that I be hole," seyde Sir Lameroke, "of my mysse-ease that I have takyn in the see, I woll that ye telle hym that I am a knyght of Kynge Arthures, for I was never ferde to renayne my lorde."

Now turne we unto Sir Trystrams, that uppon a day he toke a lytyll barget and hys wyff Isode le Blaunche Maynys, wyth Syr Keyhydyns her brothir, to sporte hem on the costis. And whan they were frome the londe there was a wynde that drove hem into the coste of Walys uppon this Ile of Servage whereas was Sir Lameroke.

And there the barget all to-rove, and there Dame Isode was hurte, and as well as they myght they gate into the forest. And there by a welle he sye Sir Segwarydes, and a damesell with hym, and than aythir salewed other.

"Sir," seyde Sir Segwarydes, "I know you well for Sir Trystramys de Lyones, the man in the worlde that I have moste cause to hate, bycause ye departed the love betwene me and my wyff. But as for that," seyde Sir Segwarydes, "I woll never hate a noble knyght for a lyght lady, and therefore I pray you to be my frende, and I woll be yourys unto my power. For wete you well ye ar harde bestadde in this valey, and we shall have inowe ado ayther to succoure other."

And so Sir Segwarydes brought Sir Trystrames to a lady thereby that was borne in Cornwayle, and she tolde hym all the perels of that valay, how there cam never knyght there but he were takyn presonere or slayne.

"Wete you well, fayre lady," seyde Sir Trystrames, "that I slewe Sir Marhalte and delyverde Cornwayle from the trewage of Irelonde, and I am he that delyverde the Kynge of Irelonde frome Sir Blamoure de Ganys, and I am he that bete Sir Palomydes, and wete you welle that I am Sir Trystrames de Lyones that by the grace of God shall delyver this wofull Ile of Servage."

So Sir Trystrames was well eased that nyght. Than one tolde hym there was a knyght of Kynge Arthurs that wrakked on the rockes.

"What is his name?" seyde Sir Trystrames.

"We wote nat," seyde the fysshers, "but he kepyth hit no counsel that he is a knyght of Kynge Arthurs, and by the myghty lorde of this yle he settyth nought."

"I pray you," seyde Sir Trystrames, "and ye may, brynge hym hydir that I may se hym. And if he be ony of the noble knyghtes I shalle know hym."

Than the good lady prayde the fysshers to brynge hym to hir place. So on the morne they brought hym thydir in a fysshers garmente, and as sone as Sir Trystrames sy hym he smyled uppon hym and knew hym well. But he knew nat Sir Trystrams.

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Trystrams, "mesemyth be youre chere that ye have bene desesed but late, and also methynkyth I sholde know you heretoforne."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Lamerok, "that ye have seyne me, for the nobelyst knyghtes of the Table Rownde have seyne me and mette with me."

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Trystrames, "telle me youre name."

"Sir, uppon a covenaunte I woll tell you, so that ye telle me whether that ye be lorde of thys ilonde or no, that is callyd Sir Nabon le Noyre."

"I am nat, nother I holde nat of hym, but I am his foo as well as ye be, and so shall I be founde or I departe of this ile."

"Well," seyde Sir Lamerok, "syn ye have seyde so largely unto me, my name is Syr Lamerok de Galys, son unto Kynge Pellynore."

"Forsothe, I trow well," seyde Sir Trystrams, "for and ye seyde other I know the contrary."

"What ar ye," seyde Sir Lamerok, "that knowith so me?"

"Forsothe sir, I am Sir Trystrames de Lyones."

"A, sir, remembir ye nat of the fall ye dud gyff me onys, and aftir that ye refused to fyght on foote with me?"

"Sir, that was nat for no feare that I had of you, but me shamed at that tyme to have more ado with you, for as me semed ye had inowe ado. But, sir, wete you well, for my kyndenesse ye put many ladyes to a repreff whan ye sent the horne from Morgan le Fay unto Kynge Marke. And hit sholde have gone to Kynge Arthure, whereas ye dud that in dispyte of me."

"Well," seyde he, "and hit were to do agayne, so wolde I do, for I had lever stryff and debate felle in Kyng Markys courte rether

than in Kynge Arthurs courte, for the honour of bothe courtes be nat lyke."

"As to that," seyde Sir Trystrams, "I know well; but that that was done was done for dispyte of me. But all youre malyce, I thanke God, hurte nat gretly. Therefore," seyde Sir Trystrames, "ye shall leve all youre malyce and so woll I, and lette us assay how we may wynne worshyp betwene you and me uppon this gyaunte Sir Nabon le Noyre, that is lorde of this ilonde, to destroy hym."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lameroke, "now I undirstonde youre knyghthode. Hit may nat be false that all men sey, for of youre bounté, nobles, and worshyp of all knyghtes ye ar pereles. And for your curtesy and jantylnes I shewed you unkyndnesse, and that now me repentyth."

So in the meane tyme cam worde that Sir Nabon had made a cry that all people sholde be at his castell the fyfth day aftir, and the same day the sone of Nabon sholde be made knyght, and all the knyghtes of that valey and thereaboute sholde be there to juste, and all tho of the realme of Logrys sholde be there to juste wyth them of Northe Walys.

And thydir cam fyve hondred knyghtes. And so they of the contrey brought thydir Sir Lamerok and Sir Trystrames and Sir Keyhydyns and Sir Segwarydes, for they durste none otherwyse do. And than Nabon lente Sir Lamerok horse and armour at his owne desyre. And so Sir Lamerok justed and dud suche dedis of armys that Sir Nabon and all the people seyde there was never knyght that ever they sie that dud such dedis of armys. For, as the Freynsshe booke seyth, he forjusted all that were there for the moste party, of fyve hondred knyghtes, that none abode hym in his sadyll.

Than Sir Nabon profirde Sir Lamerok to play his play with hym, "for I saw never one knyght do so muche uppon one day."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Lameroke, "play as I may, but I am wery and sore brused."

And there aythir gate a speare, but this Sir Nabone wolde nat encountir with Sir Lameroke, but smote his horse in the forhede and so slew hym. And than Sir Lameroke yode on foote and turned

his shylde and drew his swerde, and there began stronge batayle on foote. But Sir Lameroke was so sore brused and shorte-brethid that he traced and traversed somwhat abacke.

"Fayre felow," seyde Sir Nabone, "holde thy honde, and I shall shewe the more curtesy than ever I shewyd knyght, because I have sene this day thy noble knyghthode. And therefore stonde thou by, and I woll wete whethir ony of thy felowys woll have ado with me."

Than whan Sir Trystrames herde that he stepte forth and seyde, "Sir Nabone, lende me horse and sure armoure, and I woll have ado with you."

"Well, felow," seyde Sir Nabone, "go thou to yondir pavylyon and arme the of the beste thou fyndyst there, and I shall play sone a mervayles pley wyth the."

Than seyde Sir Trystrames, "Loke ye play well, other ellys peraventure I shall lerne you a new play."

"That is well seyde," seyde Sir Nabone.

So whan Sir Trystrames was armed as hym lyked beste and well shylded and swerded, he dressed to hym on foote, for well he knew that Sir Nabone wolde nat abyde a stroke with a speare, and therefore he wolde sle all knyghtes horse.

"Now, fayre felow," seyde Sir Nabone, "latte us play!"

And so they fought longe on foote, trasynge and traversynge, smytynge and foynynge longe withoute ony reste. So at the laste Sir Nabone prayde hym to tell hym his name.

"Sir," seyde he, "my name ys Sir Trystrames de Lyones, a knyght of Cornwayle, whyche am undir Kynge Marke."

"A, thou arte wellcom!" seyde Sir Nabone, "for of all knyghtes I have moste desyred to fyght wyth the wythall, othir ellys wyth Sir Launcelot."

And so they wente than egerly togydir, that at the laste Sir Trystrames slew Sir Nabone. And so forthwithall he lepe to his sonne and strake of his hede.

Than all the contrey seyde they wolde holde of Sir Trystrames, all the hole valay of Servage.

"Nay," seyde Sir Trystrames, "I woll nat so, for here is a worshypfull knyght, Sir Lameroke de Galys, that for me he shall be lorde of this ile: for he hath done here grete dedis of armys."

"Nay," seyde Sir Lameroke, "I woll nat be lorde of this contrey, for I have nat deserved hit as well as ye. Therefore gyff ye hit where ye woll, for I woll none have."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystrames, "syn ye nother I woll nat have hit, lett us gyff hit unto hym that hath nat so well deserved hit."

"Sir, do as ye lyste, for the gyffte is youres, for I woll none and I had deserved hit."

And so by assente hit was yevyn unto Sir Segwarydes. And he thanked them, and so was he lorde, and worshypfully he dud governe hem. And than Sir Segwarydes delyvirde all the presoners and sette good governaunce in that valey. And so he turned into Cornwayle and tolde Kynge Marke and La Beale Isode how Sir Trystrames had avaunced hym in the Ile of Servayge. And there he proclaymed in all Cornwayle of all the aventures of thes too knyghtes, and so was hit opynly knowyn. But full wo was La Beale Isode whan she herde telle that Sir Trystrames had with hym Isode le Blaunche Maynys.

So turne we unto Sir Lamerok that rode towarde Kynge Arthures courte.

And so Sir Trystramys, Isode hys wyff, and Sir Keyhydyns toke a vessell and sayled into Bretayne unto Kynge Howell where he was wellcom. And whan they herde of thes adventures they mervayled of his noble dedys.

Now turne we unto Sir Lameroke, that whan he was departed frome Sir Trystrames he rode oute of the foreste tyll he cam to an ermytage. And whan the ermyte sawe hym he asked frome whens he com.

"Sir, I am com frome this valey."

"That mervayle we off, for this twenty wyntir," seyde the ermyte, "I saw never knyght passe this contrey but he was other slayne other vylansely wounded or passed as a poore presonere."

"Sir, tho evyll customys are fordone," seyde Sir Lameroke, "for Sir Trystrames hath slayne youre lorde Sir Nabone and his sonne."

Than was the ermyte glade and all his brethirne, for he seyde there was never suche a tirraunte amonge Crystyn men. "And therefore," seyde the ermyte, "this valey and fraunchyse shall ever holde of Sir Trystrames."

So on the morne Sir Lameroke departed, and as he rode he sawe foure knyghtes fyght ayenste one, and that one knyght defended hym well, but at the laste the foure knyghtes had hym downe. And than Sir Lameroke wente betwexte them and asked them why they wolde sle that one knyght, and seyde hit was shame, foure ayenste one.

"Thow shalt well wete," seyde the foure knyghtes, "that he is false."

"So that is your tale," seyde Sir Lameroke, "and whan I here hym also speke I woll sey as ye sey. Sir," seyde Sir Lameroke, "how sey you? Can ye nat excuse you none otherwyse but that ye ar a false knyght?"

"Sir, yett can I excuse me bothe with my worde and with my hondys, and that woll I make good uppon one of the beste of them, my body to his body."

Than spake they all at onys: "We woll nat jouparté oure bodyes as for the, but wete thou welle," they seyde, "and Kynge Arthure were here hymselff, hit sholde nat lye in his power to save his lyff."

"That is seyde to largely," seyde Sir Lamerok, "but many spekyth behynde a man more than he woll seye to his face. And for because of youre wordis ye shall undirstonde that I am one of the symplyst of Kynge Arthures courte, and in the worshyp of my lorde now do your beste, and in the dispyte of you I shall rescow hym!"

And than they layshed all at onys to Syr Lameroke, but at too strokis he had slayne too of them. Than the other too fled. So than Sir Lamerok turned agayne unto that knyght and horsed hym and asked hym his name.

"Sir, my name is Sir Froll of the Oute Ilys."

And so he rode with Sir Lameroke and bare hym company. And as they rode by the way they sawe a semely knyght rydynge and commynge ayenst them, and all in whyght.

"A," seyde Sir Froll, "yondir knyght justed but late wyth me and smote me downe, therefore I woll juste with hym."

"Ye shall nat do so," seyde Sir Lamerok, "be my counceyle. And ye woll tell me your quarell, where ye justed at his requeste other he at youres."

"Nay," seyde Sir Froll, "I justed with hym at my requeste."

"Sir, than woll I counceyle you, deale no more with hym, for, lyke his countenaunce, he sholde be a noble knyght and no japer: for methynkys he sholde be of the Rounde Table."

"As for that, I woll nat spare," seyde Sir Froll.

Than he cryed and seyde, "Sir knyght, make the redy to juste!"

"That nedyth nat," seyde the whyghte knyght, "for I have no luste to jape nother juste."

So they feautred theire sperys, and the whyght knyght overthrewe Sir Froll and than he rode his way a soffte pace. Than Sir Lameroke rode aftir hym and prayde hym to telle his name, "for mesemyth ye sholde be of the felyshyp of the Rounde Table."

"Sir, uppon a covenaunte I woll telle you my name, so that ye woll nat telle my name, and also that ye woll tell me youres."

"Sir, my name is Sir Lamerok de Galis."

"And my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake."

Than they putt up theire swerdys and kyssed hertely togydirs, and aythir made grete joy of other.

"Sir," seyde Sir Lameroke, "and hit please you I woll do you servyse."

"God deffende, sir, that ony of so noble a blood as ye be sholde do me servyse." Than seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am in a queste that I muste do myselff alone."

"Now God spede you!" seyde Sir Lameroke.

And so they departed. Than Sir Lamerok com to Sir Froll and horsed hym agayne.

"Sir, what knyght is that?" seyde Sir Froll.

"Sir, hit is nat for you to know, nother is no poynte of youre charge."

"Ye ar the more uncurteyse," seyde Sir Froll, "and therefore I woll departe felyshyp."

"Ye may do as ye lyste, and yett be my company ye have savid the fayryst floure of your garlonde."

So they departed. Than wythin too or thre dayes Sir Lamerok founde a knyght at a welle slepynge, and his lady sate with hym and waked. Ryght so com Sir Gawayne and toke the knyghtes lady and sette hir up behynde hys squyer. So Sir Lamerok rode aftir Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Sir, turne ayen!"

Than seyde Sir Gawayne, "What woll ye do with me? I am nevew unto Kynge Arthure."

"Sir, for that cause I woll forbeare you, othir ellys that lady sholde abyde with me."

Than Sir Gawayne turned hym and ran to hym that ought the lady with his speare, but the knyght wyth pure myght smote downe Sir Gawayne and toke his lady with hym.

And all this sye Sir Lamerok and seyde to hymselff, "but I revenge my felow he woll sey me dishonoure in Kynge Arthures courte." Than Sir Lamerok returned and profyrde that knyght to fyght.

"Sir, I am redy," seyde he.

And there they cam togedyrs with all theire myght, and Sir Lamerok smote the knyght thorow bothe sydis that he fylle to the erthe dede.

Than that lady rode to that knyghtis brothir that hyght Sir Bellyaunce le Orgulus that dwelled faste thereby and tolde hym how his brothir was slayne.

"Alas!" seyde he, "I woll be revenged."

And so he horsed hym and armed hym, and within a whyle he overtoke Sir Lamerok and bade hym turne, "and leve that lady, for thou and I muste play a new play: for thow haste slayne my brothir Sir Froll that was a bettir knyght than ever was thou."

"Ye may well sey hit," seyde Sir Lamerok, "but this day in the playne fylde I was founde the bettir knyght."

So they rode togydyrs and unhorsed eche other, and turned theire shyldis and drew theire swerdys, and fought myghtyly as noble knyghtes preved the space of too owres. So than Sir Bellyaunce prayde hym to telle hym his name.

"Sir, my name is Sir Lameroke de Galys."

"A," seyde Sir Bellyaunce, "thou arte the man in the worlde that I most hate, for I slew my sunnys for thy sake where I saved thy lyff, and now thou haste slayne my brothir Sir Froll. Alas, how sholde I be accorded with the? Therefore defende the! Thou shalt dye! There is none other way nor remedy."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Lameroke, "full well me ought to know you, for ye ar the man that moste have done for me." And therewithall Sir Lamerok kneled adowne and besought hym of grace.

"Aryse up!" seyde Sir Bellyaunce, "othir ellys thereas thou knelyste I shall sle the!"

"That shall nat nede," seyde Sir Lameroke, "for I woll yelde me to you, nat for no feare of you nor of youre strength, but youre goodnesse makyth me to lothe to have ado with you. Wherefore I requyre you, for Goddis sake and for the honour of knyghthode, forgyff me all that I have offended unto you."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Bellyaunce, "leve thy knelynge, other ellys I shall sle the withoute mercy."

Than they yode agayne to batayle and aythir wounded othir, that all the grounde was blody thereas they fought. And at the laste Sir Bellyaunce withdrew hym abacke and sette hym downe softely uppon a lytyll hylle, for he was faynte for bledynge, that he myght nat stonde.

Than Sir Lameroke threw his shylde uppon his backe and cam unto hym and asked hym what chere.

"Well," seyde Sir Bellyaunce.

"A, sir, yett shall I shew you favoure in youre male ease."

"A, knyght," seyde Sir Bellyaunce unto Sir Lamerok, "thou arte a foole, for and I had the at suche avauntage as thou haste me, I sholde sle the. But thy jantylnesse is so good and so large that I muste nedys forgyff the myne evyll wyll."

And than Sir Lameroke kneled adowne and unlaced fyrst his umbrere and than his owne, and than aythir kyssed othir with wepynge tearys. Than Sir Lamerok led Sir Bellyaunce to an abbey faste by, and there Sir Lamerok wolde nat departe from Sir Bellyaunce tylle he was hole. And than they were sworne togydyrs that none of hem sholde never fyght ayenste other. So Sir Lamerok departed and wente to the courte of Kynge Arthur.

Here levyth of the tale of Sir Lamerok and of Syr Trystramys, and here begynnyth the Tale of Syr La Cote Male Tayle, that was a good knyght

SIR BREUNOR THE BLACK WITH THE BADLY-CUT COAT

TO THE COURTE of Kynge Arthure there cam a yonge man bygly made, and he was rychely beseyne, and he desyred to be made a knyght of the kyng; but his overgarmente sate overthwartely, howbehit hit was ryche cloth of golde.

"What is youre name?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir, my name is Brwnor le Noyre, and within shorte space ye shall know that I am comyn of good kynne."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Kay the Senesciall, "but in mokkynge ye shall be called 'La Cote Male Tayle', that is as muche to sey 'The Evyll-Shapyn Cote'."

"Hit is a great thynge that thou askyste," seyde the kynge. "But for what cause weryst thou that ryche cote?"

"Hit is for som cause, sir," he answerde. "I had a fadir, a noble knyght, and as he rode an-huntyng uppon a day hit happed hym to ley hym downe to slepe, and there cam a knyght that had bene longe his enemy. And whan he saw he was faste on slepe he all to-hew hym, and thys same cote had my fadir on that tyme. And that makyth this coote to sytte so evyll uppon me, for the strokes be on hit as I founde hit, and never shall hit be amended for me. Thus to have my fadyrs deth in remembraunce I were this coote tyll I be revenged. And because ye ar called the moste nobelyst kynge of the worlde, I com to you to make me a knyght."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok and Sir Gaheris, "hit were well done to make hym knyght, for hym besemyth well of persone and of countenaunce that he shall preve a good knyght and a myghty. For, sir, and ye be remembird, evyn suche one was Sir Launcelot whan he cam fyrst into this courte, and full fewe of us knew from whens he cam. And now is he preved the man of moste worshyp in the worlde, and all your courte and Rounde Table is by Sir Launcelot worshypped and amended, more than by ony knyght lyvynge."

"That is trouthe," seyde the kynge, "and tomorow at youre requeste I shall make hym knyght."

So on the morne there was an harte founden, and thydir rode Kyng Arthure wyth a company of his knyghtes to sle that herte. And this yonge man that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle was there leffte behynde wyth Quene Gwenyvere. And by a suddeyne adventure there was an horryble lyon kepte in a towre of stoon, and he brake lowse and cam hurlyng before the quene and her knyghtes. And whan the quene sawe the lyon she cryed oute and fledde and prayde hir knyghtes to rescow her. And there was none but twelve knyghtes that abode, and all the other fledde. Than seyde La Cote Male Tayle, "Now I se that all cowherde knyghtes be nat dede," and therewithall he drew his swerde and dressed hym before the lyon. And that lyon gaped wyde and cam uppon hym rawmpyng to have slayne hym, and he agayne smote hym in the myddys of the hede, that hit claff in sundir and so dayshed downe to the erthe.

And anone hit was tolde the quene how the yonge man that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle had slayne the lyon, and anone with that the kynge com home and the quene tolde hym of that adventure. He was well pleased and seyde, "Uppon payne of myne hede, he shall preve a noble man and faythefull and trewe of his promyse!"

And so forthwithall the kynge made hym knyght.

"Now, sir," seyde this yonge knyght, "I require you and all the knyghtes of the courte that ye calle me none other name but La Cote Male Tayle: insomuche that Sir Kay hath so named me, so woll I be called."

"I assente me thereto," seyde the kynge.

And so the same day there cam a damesell into the courte, and she brought wyth hir a grete blacke shylde with a whyght honde in the myddis holdynge a swerde, and other pyctoure was there none in that shylde. Whan Kynge Arthure saw her he asked her from whens she cam and what she wolde.

"Sir," she seyde, "I have rydden longe and many a day wyth this shylde many wayes, and for this cause I am com to youre courte:

for there was a good knyght that ought this shylde, and this knyght had undirtake a grete dede of armys to encheve hit. And so by myssefortune another stronge knyght mette with hym by suddeyne aventure, and there they fought longe, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore, and they were so wery that they lefft that batayle on evyn honde. So this knyght that ought the shylde saw none other way but he muste dye, and than he commaunded me to bere this shylde to the courte of Kyng Arthure, he requyrynge and prayynge som good knyght to take his shylde, and that he wolde fulfylle the queste that he was in."

"Now what sey ye to this queste?" seyde Kynge Arthure. "Is there here ony of you that woll take uppon you to welde this shylde?"

Than was there nat one that wolde speke a worde. Than Sir Kay toke the shylde in his hondis and lyfft hit up.

"Sir knyght," seyde the damesell, "what is your name?"

"Wete you well, my name is Sir Kay the Senesciall that wydewhere is knowyn."

"Sir," seyde the damesell, "lay downe that shylde, for wyte thou well hit fallyth nat for you, for he muste be a bettir knyght than ye that shall welde this chylde."

"Damesell," seyde Sir Kay, "I toke youre shylde nat to that entente, but to behold it. But go whoso go woll, for I woll nat go with you."

Than the damesell stood styll a grete whyle and behylde many of the knyghtes. Than spake this yonge knyght La Cote Male Tayle and seyde, "Fayre damesell, I woll take this shylde and the adventure uppon me and I wyste whothirward my jurney myght be. For because I was this day made knyght I wolde take this adventure uppon me."

"What is youre name, fayre yonge man?" seyde the damesell.

"My name is," he seyde, "La Cote Male Tayle."

"Well may thou be callyd so," seyde the damesell, "the knyght wyth the evyll-shapyn coote! But and thou be so hardy to take on the to beare that shylde and to folowe me, wete thou well thy skynne shall be as well hewyn as thy cote."

"As for that," seyde Sir La Cote Male Tayle, "whan I am so hewyn I woll aske you no salff to heale me withall!"

And forthwithall there com into the courte too squyers and brought hym grete horsis and his armoure and spearys. And anone he was armed and toke his leve.

"Sir, I wolde nat," seyde the kynge, "be my wyll that ye toke uppon you this harde adventure."

"Sir," seyde he, "this adventure is myne, and the fyrste that ever I toke uppon me, and that woll I folow whatsomever com of me."

Than that damesell departed, and so Sir La Cote Male Tayle faste folowed afftir. And within a whyle he overtoke the damesell, and anone she mysseseyde hym in the fowlyst maner.

Than Sir Kay ordayned Sir Dagonet, Kynge Arthurs foole, to folow aftir Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and there Sir Kay ordayned that Sir Dagonet was horsed and armed, and bade hym folow Sir La Cote Male Tayle and profyr hym to juste. And so he ded, and whan he sawe La Cote Male Tayle he cryed and bade make hym redy to juste. So Sir La Cote Male Tayle smote Sir Dagonet ovir his horse croupyn.

Than the damesell mocked La Cote Male Tayle and seyde, "Fye for shame! Now arte thou shamed in Kynge Arthurs courte, whan they sende a foole to have ado with the, and specially at thy fyrst justys."

Thus she rode longe and chydde. And so within a whyle there cam Sir Bleoberys, the good knyght, and there he justed with Sir La Cote Male Tayle. And there Syr Bleoberys smote hym so sore that horse and all felle to the erthe. Than Sir La Cote Male Tayle arose up lyghtly and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and a wolde have done batayle to the uttraunce, for he was woode wroth.

"Nat so," seyde Sir Bleoberys de Ganys, "as at this tyme I woll nat fyght uppon foote."

Than the Damesell Maledysaunte rebuked hym in the fowleste maner and bade hym "turne agayne, cowarde!"

"A, damesell," seyde he, "I pray you of mercy to myssesay me no more, for my gryff is inow, though ye gryff me no more. Yet I

calle me never the worse knyght though a marys sonne hath fayled me, and also I counte myselff never the worse man for a falle of Sir Bleoberys."

So thus he rode with her too dayes, and by fortune there he encountred wyth Sir Palomydes, the noble knyght, and in the same wyse Sir Palomydes served hym as ded Sir Bleoberys toforehonde. Than seyde the damesell, "What doste thou here in my felyship? For thou canste nat sytte no knyght nother wythstonde hym one buffette, but yf hit were Sir Dagonet."

"A, fayre damesell, I am nat the worse to take a falle of Sir Palomydes. And yett grete dysworshyp have I none, for nother Sir Bleoberys nother yett Sir Palomydes woll not fyght with me on foote."

"As for that," seyde the damesell, "wete thou welle they have disdayne and scorne to alyght of theire horsis to fyght with suche a lewde knyght as thou arte."

So in the meane whyle there com Sir Mordred, Sir Gawaynes brothir, and so he felle in felyshyp with the Damesell Maledysaunte.

And than they com before the Castell Orgulus, and there was suche a custom that there myght com no knyght by the castell but other he muste juste othir be presonere, othir at the leste to lose his horse and harneyse.

And there cam oute too knyghtes ayenste them, and Sir Mordred justyd with the formyste, and that knyght of the castell smote Sir Mordred downe of his horse. And than Sir La Cote Male Tayle justed with that other, and ayther of hem smote downe others hors to the erthe. And anone they avoyded theire horsis and aythir of hem toke othirs horses. And than Sir La Cote Male Tayle rode unto that knyght that smote downe Sir Mordred, and there La Cote Male Tayle wounded hym passynge sore and putte hym frome his horse, and he lay as he had bene dede.

So he turned unto hym that mette hym afore, and he toke the flyght towarde the castell, and Sir La Cote Male Tayle rode aftir hym into the Castell Orgulus, and there Sir La Cote Male Tayle slew hym.

And anone there cam an hondred knyghtys aboute hym, and all assayled hym. And whan he sawe hys horse sholde be slayne, he alyght and voyded his horse and putte the brydel under his feete, and so put hym oute of the gate. And whan he had so done he hurled in amonge them and dressed his backe untyll a ladyes chambir wall, thynkynge hymselff that he hadde lever dye there with worshyp than to abyde the rebukes of the Damesell Maledysaunte.

And so in the meanetyme, as he stood and fought, that lady that hylde that chambir wente oute slyly at a posterne, and withoute the gatys she founde Sir La Cote Male Tayle his horse. And lyghtly she gate hym by the brydyll and tyed hym to the posterne, and than she yode unto her chambir slyly agayne for to beholde how that one knyght faught ayenst an hondred knyghtes.

And whan she had beholde hym longe she wente to a wyndow behynde his backe and seyde, "Thou knyght, thou fyghtyst wondirly well, but for all that at the laste thou muste nedys dye but yf thou can thorow thy myghty prouesse wynne unto yondir postern, for there have I fastened thy horse to abyde the. But wete thou welle thou muste thynke on thy worshyp and thynke nat to dye, for thou mayste nat wynne unto that posterne withoute thou do nobely and myghtyly."

Whan Sir La Cote Male Tayle harde her sey so he gryped his swerde in his honde and put his shylde fayre before hym, and thorow the thyckyst pres he thryled thorow. And whan he cam to the posterne he founde there redy foure knyghtes, and at too the fyrste strokys he slew too of the knyghtes and the other fledde, and so he wanne his horse and rode frome them.

And all hit was rehersed in Kynge Arthurs courte, how he slew twelve knyghtes within the Castell Orgulus.

And so he rode on his way, and in the meane whyle the damesell sayde unto Sir Mordred, "I wene my foolyssh knyght be othir slayne or takyn presonere."

And than were they ware and saw hym com rydynge, and whan he was com to them he tolde all how he had spedde and escaped

in the dispyte of all the castell, "and som of the beste of hem woll telle no talys."

"Thow gabbyst falsely," seyde the damesell, "that dare I make good! For as a foole and a dastarde to all knyghthode they have latte the passe."

"That may ye preve," seyde La Cote Male Tayle.

With that she sente a corroure of hers that allway rode with her, and so he rode thydir lyghtly and spurred how and in what wyse that knyght ascaped oute of that castell. Than all the knyghtes cursed hym and seyde he was a fende and no man, "for he hath slayne here twelve of oure beste knyghtis, and we went unto this day that hit had bene to muche for Sir Trystramys de Lyones othir for Sir Launcelot de Lake. And in dyspyte and magré of us all he is departed frome us."

And so hir curroure com agayne and tolde the damesell all how Sir La Cote Male Tayle spedde at the Castell Orgulus. Than she smote downe the hede and seyde but lytyll.

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Mordred to the damesell, "ye ar gretly to blame so to rebuke hym, for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. But as yette he may nat sytte sure on horsebacke, for he that muste be a good horseman hit muste com of usage and exercise. But whan he commyth to the strokis of his swerde he is than noble and myghty. And that saw Sir Bleoberys and Sir Palomydes; for wete you well they were wyly men of warre, for they wolde know anone, whan they sye a yonge knyght, by his rydynge, how they were sure to gyffe hym a falle from his horse othir a grete buffett. But for the moste party they wyll nat lyght on foote with yonge knyghtes, for they ar wyght and strongely armed.

"For in lyke wyse Syr Launcelot du Lake, whan he was fyrste made knyght, he was oftyn put to the worse on horsebacke, but ever uppon foote he recoverde his renowne, and slew and defowled many Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And therefore the rebukes that Sir Launcelot ded unto many knyghtes causyth them that be men of prouesse to beware, for oftyn tyme I have seyne the olde

preved knyghtes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begynners."

Thus they rode sure talkyng by the wey togydyrs.

Here this tale overlepyth a whyle unto Sir Launcelot, that whan he was com to the courte of Kynge Arthure than harde he telle of the yonge knyghte Sir La Cote Male Tayle, how he slew the lyon and how he toke uppon hym the adventure of the blacke shylde, whyche was named at that tyme the hardyest adventure of the worlde.

"So God me save!" seyde Sir Launcelot unto many of his felowys, "hit was shame to all the good noble knyghtes to suffir suche a yonge knyght to take so hyghe adventure on hym for his distruccion. For I woll that ye wyte," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that this Damesell Maledysaunte hath borne that shylde many a day for to seche the moste proved knyghtes. And that was she that Sir Breunys Saunze Pité toke the shylde frome, and aftir Sir Trystrames de Lyones rescowed that shylde frome hym and gaff hit to the damesell agayne, a lytyll afore that tyme that Sir Trystrames faught with my nevew Sir Blamoure de Ganys for a quarell that was betwyxte the Kynge of Irelonde and hym."

Than many knyghtes were sory that Sir La Cote Male Tayle was gone forthe to that adventure.

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I caste me to ryde aftir hym."

And so within seven dayes Sir Launcelot overtoke Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and than he salewed hym and the Damesell Maledysaunte. And whan Sir Mordred saw Sir Launcelot, than he leffte theire felyship, and so Sir Launcelot rode with hem all a day. And ever that damesell rebuked Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and than Sir Launcelot answerde for hym. Than she leffte of and rebuked Sir Launcelot.

So thys meanetyme Sir Trystramys sente by a damesell a lettir unto Sir Launcelot, excusynge hym of the weddyng of Isod le Blaunche Maynes, and seyde in the lettir as he was a trew knyght he had never ado fleyshly with Isode le Blaunche Maynys. And passyng curteysly and jantely Sir Tyrstrames wrote unto Sir Launcelot,

ever besechynge hym to be hys good frende and unto La Beall Isod of Cornwayle, and that Sir Launcelot wolde excuse hym if that ever he saw her. And within shorte tyme, by the grace of God, Sir Trystramys seyde that he wolde speke with La Beall Isode and with hym ryght hastyly.

Than Sir Launcelot departed frome the damesell and from Sir La Cote Male Tayle for to oversé that lettir and to wryte another lettir unto Sir Trystram.

And in the meane whyle Sir La Cote Male Tale rode with the damesel untyll they cam to a castell that hyght Pendragon. And there were six knyghtes that stood afore hym and one of them profirde to fyght or to juste with hym. And so Sir La Cote Male Tayle smote hym over hys horse croupe.

And than the fyve knyghtes sette uppon hym all at onys with theire spearys, and there they smote La Cote Male Tayle downe horse and man. And than they ded alyght suddeynly and sette theire hondis uppon hym all at onys and toke hym presonere, and so led hym unto the castel and kepte hym as prysoner.

And on the morne Sir Launcelot arose and delyverde the damesel with lettirs unto Sir Trystram, and than he toke hys way aftir Sir La Cote Male Tayle. And by the way uppon a brydge there was a knyght that profird Sir Launcelot to juste, and Sir Launcelot smote hym downe. And than they faught uppon foote a noble batayle togydirs and a myghty, and at the laste Sir Launcelot smote hym downe grovelynge uppon hys hondys and hys kneys. And than that knyght yelded hym, and Sir Launcelot resseyved hym.

"Fayre sir," seyde the knyght, "I requyre you telle me youre name, for muche my harte yevith unto you."

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name onles that ye telle me youre name."

"Sertaynly," seyde the knyght, "my name ys Sir Neroveus, that was made knyght of my lorde Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"A, Sir Neroveus de Lyle!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am ryght glad that ye ar proved a good knyght, for now wyte you well my name ys Sir Launcelot."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Neroveus, "what have I done!" And therewithall he felle flatlynge to hys feete and wolde have kyste them, but Sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir hym. And than aythir made gret joy of other, and than Sir Neroveus tolde Sir Launcelot that he sholde nat go by the Castell of Pendragon, "for there ys a lorde, a myghty knyght, and many myghty knyghtes with hym, and thys nyght I harde sey that they toke a knyght presonere yestirday that rode with a damesell, and they sey he ys a Knyght of the Rounde Table."

"A," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that knyght ys my felow, and hym shall I rescowe and borow, or ellis lose my lyff therefore."

And therewithall he rode faste tyll he cam before the Castell of Pendragon. And anone therewithall there cam six knyghtes, and all made hem redy to sette uppon Sir Launcelot at onys. Than Sir Launcelot feautryd his speare and smote the formyst, that he brake his backe in sundir, and thre of them smote hym and thre fayled. And than Sir Launcelot passed thorow them, and lyghtly he turned in agayne and smote anothir knyght thorow the brest and thorowoute the backe more than an elle, and therewithall his speare brake. So than all the remenaunte of the foure knyghtes drewe theire swerdes and lasshed at Sir Launcelot, and at every stroke Sir Launcelot bestowed so his strokis that at foure strokis sundry they avoyded theire sadyls passynge sore wounded, and furthwithall he rode hurlynge into the castell.

And anone the lorde of that castell, which was called Sir Bryan de les Iles, whych was a noble man and a grete enemy to Kynge Arthure, so within a whyle he was armed and on horsebacke. And than they feautred theire spearis and hurled togydirs so strongly that bothe theire horsys russhed to the erthe. And than they avoyded theire sadyls and dressed theire shyldis and drew theire swerdis and flowe togydirs as wood men, and there were many strokis yeven in a whyle.

At the laste Sir Launcelot gaff Sir Bryan such a buffette that he kneled uppon hys knees, and than Sir Launcelot russhed uppon hym with grete force and pulled of his helme. And whan Sir Bryan

sy that he sholde be slayne he yelded hym, and put hym in hys mercy and in hys grace.

Than Sir Launcelot made hym to delyver all hys presoners that he had within hys castell, and therein Sir Launcelot founde of Kynge Arthurs knyghtes thirty knyghtes and fourty ladyes, and so he delyverde hem and than he rode his way. And anone as Sir La Cote Male Tayle was delyverde, he gate hys horse and hys harneyse and hys Damesell Maledysaunte.

The meane whyle Sir Neroveus, that Sir Launcelot had foughtyn withall before at the brydge, he sent a damesell aftir Sir Launcelot to wete how he hadde spedde at the castell of Pendragon. And than they in the castell merveyled what knyght he was that was there whan Sir Bryan and his knyghtes delyverde all tho presoners.

"Syr, have ye no mervayle," seyde the damesell, "for the beste knyght in this world was here and ded thys jurnay, and wyte ye well," she seyde, "hit was Sir Launcelot."

Than was Sir Bryan full glad, and so was his lady and all hys knyghtes, that he sholde wynne them. And whan the damesell and Sir La Cote Male Tayle undirstood that hit was Sir Launcelot that had rydden with hem in felyship, and that she remembirde her how she had rebuked hym and called hym cowarde, than she was passyng hevy.

So than they toke theire horsis and rode forthe a greate pace aftir Sir Launcelot, and within too myle they overtoke hym, and salewed hym and thanked hym. And anone the damesell cryed Sir Launcelot mercy of hir evyll dede, seyyng "For now I know ye ar the floure of all knyghthode of the worlde, and ye and Sir Trystram departe hit even betwene you. For God knowith, be my good wyll," seyde the damesell, "that I have sought you, my lorde Sir Launcelot, and Sir Trystrams longe, and now I thanke God I have mette with you. And onys at Camelot I mette with Sir Trystrams, and there he rescowed thys blacke shylde with the whyght honde holdyng a naked swerde that Sir Brewnys Saunz Pité had takyn frome me."

"Now, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "who tolde you my name?"

"Sir," seyde she, "there cam a damesel frome a knyght that ye fought withall at the brydge, and she tolde me that youre name was Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Blame have she therefore," seyde he, "but her lorde, Sir Neroveus, had tolde hir. But, damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "uppon thys covenaunte I woll ryde with you, so that ye wyll nat rebuke thys knyght Sir La Cote Male Tayle no more, for he ys a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. And for hys sake and pité, that he sholde nat be destroyed, I folowed hym to succour hym in thys grete nede."

"A, Jesu thanke you!" seyde the damesell, "for now I woll sey unto you and to hym bothe, I rebuked hym never for none hate that I hated hym, but for grete love that I had to hym, for ever I supposed that he had bene to yonge and to tendur of ayge to take uppon hym thys aventure. And therefore be my wyll I wolde have dryvyn hym away for jelosy that I had of hys lyff. For hit may be no yonge knyghtes dede that shall enchyve thys adventure to the ende."

"Pardé!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit ys well seyde of you! And where ye ar called the Damesel Maledysaunt, I woll calle you the Damesell Byeau-Pansaunte."

And so they rode forth togydirs a grete whyle unto they cam unto the bordoure of the contreye of Surluse, and there they founde a fayre vyllayge wyth a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse. And whan Sir Launcelot and they were at the brydge there sterte forthe afore them of jantillmen and yomen many that seyde, "Fayre lordis, ye may nat passe thys brydge and thys fortresse because of that blacke shylde that I se one of you beare, and therefore there shall nat passe but one of you at onys. Therefore chose you whych of you shall entir within thys brydge fyrst."

Than Sir Launcelot profird hymselfe firste to juste and entir within thys brydge.

"Sir," seyde Sir La Cote Male Tayle, "I besech you to lette me entir within thys fortresse. And if I may spede well I woll sende for you, and if hit so be that I be slayne, there hit goth. And if I be takyn presonere, than may you rescow me."

"Sir, I am loth that ye sholde passe this passage first," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir," seyde Sir La Cote Male Tayle, "I pray you lat me put my body in that adventure."

"Now go youre way," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and Jesu be youre spede!"

So he entird anone, and there mette with hym too brethirne, the tone hyght Sir Playne de Fors and that othir hyght Sir Playne de Amors. And anone they justed with Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and firste Sir La Cote Male Tayle smote downe Sir Playne de Fors, and aftir he smote downe Sir Playne de Amors.

And than they dressed theire shyldis and swerdys and bade Sir La Cote Male Tayle alyght, and so he ded. And there was daysshynge and foynynge with swerdis, and so they began to assayle eythir othir full harde, and they gaff Sir La Cote Male Tayle many grete woundis uppon hed and breste and uppon shuldirs. And as he myght ever amonge he gaff sad strokis agayne, and than the too brethirne traced and traverced for to be of both hondis of Sir La Cote Male Tayle, but he by fyne forse and knyghtly proues gate hem afore hym. And whan he felte hym so wounded than he doubled hys strokis and gaffe them so many woundis that he felde hem to the erthe, and wolde have slayne them had they nat yelded them.

And ryght so Sir La Cote Male Tayle toke the beste horse that there was of them thre, and so he rode forth hys way to the othir fortres and brydge. And there he mette with the thirde brothir, hys name was Sir Plenoryus, a full noble knyght, and there they justed togydirs, and aythir smote other downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

And than they avoyded theire horsys and dressed theire shyldis and drew theire swerdis, and than they gaff many sad strokis. And one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge, and another whyle the other. And thus they faught too owres and more and never rested, and ever Sir Launcelot and the damesell behylde them.

"Alas!" seyde the damesell, "my knyght fyghtyth passynge sore and overlonge."

"Now may ye se," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that he ys a noble knyght, for to considir hys firste batayle and his grevous woundis. And evyn-forth withall, so wounded as he ys, hit ys mervayle that he may endure thys longe batayle with that good knyght."

Thys meane whyle Sir La Cote Male Tayle sanke ryght downe uppon the erthe, what for wounded and forbled he myght nat stonde. Than the tothir knyght had pyté off hym and seyde, "Fayre knyght, dysmay you nat, for had ye bene freysshe whan ye mette with me as I was, I wote well that I coude nat have endured you. And therefore, for youre noble dedys of armys, I shall shew to you kyndenes and jantilnes all that I may."

And furthewithall thys noble knyght Sir Plenoryus toke hym up in hys armys and ledde hym into hys towre. And than he commaunded hym the wyne and made to serch hym and to stop hys bledynge woundys.

"Sir," seyde Sir La Cote Male Tayle, "withdraw you from me and hyghe you to yondir brydge agayne, for there woll mete with you another maner a knyght than ever was I."

"Why," seyde Sir Plenoryus, "ys there behynde ony mo of youre felyship?"

"Ye, sir, wyte you well there ys a muche bettir knyght than I am."

"What is hys name?" seyde Sir Plenoryus.

"Sir, ye shall nat know for me."

"Well," seyde the knyght, "he shall be encountird withall, whatsomever he be."

And anone he herde a knyght calle that seyde, "Sir Plenoryus, where arte thou? Othir thou muste delyver me that presoner that thou haste lad into thy towre, othir ellis com and do batayle with me!"

Than Sir Plenoryus gate hys horse and cam with a speare in hys honde, waloppynge towarde Sir Launcelot. And than they began to feauter theire spearys, and cam togydir as thundir, and smote aythir othir so myghtyly that theire horsis felle downe undir them.

And than they avoyded theire horsis and pulled oute theire swerdis, and lyke too bullis they laysshed togydirs with grete strokis and foynys. But ever Sir Launcelot recoverde grounde uppon hym, and Sir Plenoryus traced to have gone aboute hym, but Sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir that, but bare hym backer and backer tylle he cam nye hys towre gate. And than seyde Sir Launcelot, "I know the well for a good knyght, but wyte thou well thy lyff and deth ys in my honde, and therefore yelde the to me and thy presonere!"

But he answerde no worde, but strake myghtyly uppon Sir Launcelotis helme, that the fyre sprange out of hys yen. Than Sir Launcelot doubeled his strokes so thycke, and smote at hym so myghtyly, that he made hym knele uppon his kneys. And therewithall Sir Launcelot lepe uppon hym and pulled hym grovelynge downe.

Than Sir Plenoryus yelded hym and hys towre and all his presoners at hys wylle. Than Sir Launcelot receyved hym and toke hys trowthe.

And than he rode to the tothir brydge, and there Sir Launcelot justed with othir thre of hys brethirn. That one hyght Sir Pyllownes, and the othir hyght Sir Pellogres, and the third hyght Sir Pelaundris. And first uppon horsebacke Sir Launcelot smote hem doune, and aftirwarde he bete them on foote and made them to yelde them unto hym. And than he returned ayen unto Sir Plenoryus, and there he founde in hys preson Kynge Carados of Scotlonde and many other knyghtes, and all they were delyverde.

And than Sir La Cote Male Tale cam to Sir Launcelot, and than Sir Launcelot wolde have gyvyn hym all thys fortresses and the brydges.

"Nay, sir," seyde La Cote Male Tayle, "I woll nat have Sir Plenoryus lyvelode. With that he wyll graunte you, my lorde Sir Launcelot, to com unto Kynge Arthurs house and to be hys knyght and all hys brethirne, I woll pray you, my lorde, to latte hym have hys lyvelode."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "with thys, that ye woll com to the courte of Kynge Arthure and bycom hys man, with Sir Plenoryus and hys brethern fyve. And as for you, Sir Plenoryus, I

woll undirtake," seyde Sir Launcelot, "at the next feste, so there be a place voyde, that ye shall be Knyght of the Rounde Table."

"Sir," seyde Sir Plenoryus, "at the next feste of Pentecoste I woll be at Kynge Arthurs courte, and at that tyme I woll be gyded and ruled as Kynge Arthure and ye woll have me."

Than Sir Launcelot and Sir La Cote Male Tayle reposed them there unto the tyme that Sir La Cote Male Tayle was hole of hys woundis, and there they had myry chere and good reste and many good gamys, and there were many fayre ladyis.

And so in the meane whyle cam Sir Kay the Senesciall and Sir Brandiles, and anone they felyshipped with them, and so within ten dayes they departed, the knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs courte, from thes fortresses.

And as Sir Launcelot cam by the Castell of Pendragon, there he put Sir Bryan de les Iles frome his londes, for because he wolde never be withholde with Kynge Arthur. And all the Castell of Pendragon and all the londis thereof he gaff to Sir La Cote Male Tayle. And than Sir Launcelot sente for Sir Neroveus that he made onys knyght, and he made hym to have all the rule of that castell and of that contrey undir Sir La Cote Male Tayle. And so they rode unto Kynge Arthurs courte all holé togydirs. And at Pentecoste nexte folowynge there was Sir Plenoryus, and Sir La Cote Male Tayle, called otherwyse be ryght Sir Brewne le Noyre, and bothe they were made Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and grete londis Kynge Arthure gaff them. And there Sir Breune le Noyre wedded that Damesell Maledysaunte, and aftir she was called the Lady Byeaue-Vyvante. But ever aftir for the more party he was called La Cote Male Tayle, and he preved a passyng noble knyght and a myghty, and many worshipfull dedys he ded aftir in hys lyff; and Sir Plenoryus preved a good knyght and was full of proues. And all the dayes of theyre lyff for the moste party they awayted uppon Sir Launcelot.

And Sir Plenoryus brethirne were ever knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs, and also, as the Freynshe booke makith mencion, Sir La Cote Male Tayle revenged the deth of hys fadir.

SIR GARETH OF ORKNEY

IN ARTHURS DAYES, whan he helde the Rounde Table moste plenoure, hit fortuned the kynge commaunded that the hyghe feste of Pentecoste sholde be holden at a cité and a castell in tho dayes that was called Kynke Kenadoune, uppon the sondys that marched nyghe Walys. So evir the kynge had a custom that at the feste of Pentecoste in especiall afore other festys in the yere, he wolde nat go that day to mete unto that he had herde other sawe of a grete mervayle. And for that custom all maner of strange adventures com byfore Arthure as at that feste before all other festes.

And so Sir Gawayne, a lytyll tofore the none of the day of Pentecoste, aspyed at a wyndowe thre men uppon horsebak and a dwarfe uppon foote. And so the thre men alyght, and the dwarff kepte theire horsis, and one of the men was hyghar than the tothir tweyne by a foote and an half. Than Sir Gawayne wente unto the kyng and sayde, "Sir, go to your mete, for here at hande commyth strange adventures."

So the kynge wente unto his mete with many other kynges, and there were all the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, onles that ony were presoners other slayne at recountyrs. Than at the hyghe feste evermore they sholde be fulfylled the hole numbir of an hondred and fyffty, for than was the Rounde Table fully complysshed.

Ryght so com into the halle too men well besayne and rychely, and uppon theire sholdyrs there lened the goodlyest yonge man and the fayreste that ever they all sawe. And he was large and longe and brode in the shuldyrs, well-vysaged, and the largyste and the fayreste handid that ever man sye. But he fared as he myght nat go nothir bere hymself but yf he lened uppon theire shuldyrs. Anone as the kynge saw hym, there was made peas and rome, and ryght

so they yode with hym unto the hyghe deyse withoute seyynge of ony wordys.

Than this yonge muche man pullyd hym abak and easyly streyghte upryght, seyynge "The moste noble kynge, Kynge Arthure, God you blysse and all your fayre felyshyp, and in especiall the felyshyp of the Table Rounde! And for this cause I come hydir, to pray you and requyre you to gyff me thre gyftys. And they shall nat be unresonablé asked but that ye may worshypfully graunte hem me, and to you no grete hurte nother losse. And the fyrste done and gyffte I woll aske now, and the tothir too gyfftes I woll aske this day twelve-monthe, wheresomever ye holde your hyghe feste."

"Now aske ye," seyde Kyng Arthure, "and ye shall have your askynge."

"Now sir, this is my petycion at this feste, that ye woll geff me mete and drynke suffyciauntly for this twelve-monthe, and at that day I woll aske myne other too gyfftys."

"My fayre son," seyde Kyng Arthure, "aske bettyr, I counseyle the, for this is but a symple askyng; for myne herte gyvyth me to the gretely, that thou arte com of men of worshyp, and gretly my conceyte fayleth me but thou shalt preve a man of ryght grete worshyp."

"Sir," he seyde, "thereof be as be may, for I have asked that I woll aske at this tyme."

"Well," seyde the kynge, "ye shall have mete and drynke inowe, I nevir forbade hit my frynde nother my foo. But what is thy name, I wolde wete?"

"Sir, I can nat tell you."

"That is mervayle," seyde the kynge, "that thou knowyste nat thy name, and thou arte one of the goodlyest yonge men that ever I saw."

Than the kyng betoke hym to Sir Kay the Styewarde, and charged hym that he had of all maner of metys and drynkes of the beste, and also that he had all maner of fyndynge as though he were a lordys sonne.

"That shall lytyll nede," seyde Sir Kay, "to do suche coste uppon hym, for I dare undirtake he is a vylayne borne, and never woll

make man, for and he had be com of jantyllmen, he wolde have axed horse and armour, but as he is, so he askyth. And sythen he hath no name, I shall gyff hym a name whyche shall be called Beawmaynes, that is to say Fayre Handys. And into the kychyn I shall bryng hym, and there he shall have fatte browes every day that he shall be as fatte at the twelve-monthe ende as a porke hog."

Ryght so the too men departed and lefte hym with Sir Kay, that scorned and mocked hym. Thereat was Sir Gawayne wroth, and in especiall Sir Launcelot bade Sir Kay leve his mockyng, "for I dare ley my hede he shall preve a man of grete worshyp."

"Lette be," seyde Sir Kay, "hit may not be by reson, for as he is, so he hath asked."

"Yett beware," seyde Sir Launcelot, "so ye gaff the good knyght Brunor, Sir Dynadans brothir, a name, and ye called hym La Cote Male Tayle, and that turned you to anger aftirwarde."

"As for that," seyde Sir Kay, "this shall nevir preve none suche, for Sir Brunor desyred ever worshyp, and this desyryth ever mete and drynke and brotthe. Uppon payne of my lyff, he was fosterde up in som abbey, and howsomever hit was, they fayled mete and drynke, and so hydir he is com for his sustynaunce."

And so Sir Kay bade gete hym a place and sytte downe to mete. So Bewmaynes wente to the halle dore and sette hym downe amonge boyes and laddys, and there he ete sadly. And than Sir Launcelot aftir mete bade hym com to his chambir, and there he sholde have mete and drynke inowe, and so ded Sir Gawayne; but he refused them all, for he wolde do none other but as Sir Kay commaunded hym, for no profyr. But as towchyng Sir Gawayne, he had reson to proffer hym lodgyng, mete, and drynke, for that proffer com of his bloode, for he was nere kyn to hym than he wyste off; but that Sir Launcelot ded was of his grete jantylnesse and curtesy.

So thus he was putt into the kychyn and lay nyghtly as the kychen boyes dede. And so he endured all that twelve-monthe and never dyspleased man nother chylde, but allwayes he was meke and mylde. But ever whan he saw ony justyng of knyghtes, that wolde he se and he myght. And ever Sir Launcelot wolde gyff hym golde

to spende and clothis, and so ded Sir Gawayne. And where there were ony mastryes doynge, thereat wolde he be, and there myght none caste barre nother stone to hym by too yardys. Than wolde Sir Kay sey, "How lykyth you my boy of the kychyn?"

So this paste on tyll the feste of Whytsontyde, and at that tyme the kynge hylde hit at Carlyon, the moste royallyst wyse that myght be, lyke as he dud yerely. But the kyng wolde no mete ete uppon Whytsonday untyll he harde of som adventures. Than com there a squyre unto the kyng and seyde, "Sir, ye may go to your mete, for here commyth a damesel with som strange adventures." Than was the kyng glad and sette hym doune.

Ryght so there cam a damesell into the halle and salewed the kyng and prayde hym of succoure. "For whom?" seyde the kynge. "What is the adventure?"

"Sir," she seyde, "I have a lady of grete worshyp to my sustir, and she is beseged with a tirraunte, that she may nat oute of hir castell. And bycause here ar called the noblyst knyghtes of the worlde, I com to you for succoure."

"What is youre lady called, and where dwellyth she? And who is he and what is his name that hath beseged her?"

"Sir kynge," she seyde, "as for my ladyes name, that shall nat ye know for me as at thys tyme, but I lette you wete she is a lady off grete worshyp and of grete londys; and as for that tyrraunte that besegyth her and destroyeth hir londys, he is kallyd the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys."

"I know hym nat," seyde the kyng.

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I know hym well, for he is one of the perelest knyghtes of the worlde. Men sey that he hath seven mennys strengthe, and from hym I ascapyd onys full harde with my lyff."

"Fayre damesell," seyde the kynge, "there bene knyghtes here that wolde do hir power for to rescowe your lady, but bycause ye woll not telle hir name nother where she dwellyth, therfore none of my knyghtes that here be nowe shall go with you be my wylle."

"Than muste I seke forther," seyde the damesell.

So with thes wordys com Beawmaynes before the kyng whyle the damesell was there, and thus he sayde: "Sir kyng, God thanke you, I have bene this twelve-monthe in your kychyn and have had my full sustynaunce. And now I woll aske my other too gyfftys that bene behynde."

"Aske on now, uppon my perell," seyde the kynge.

"Sir, this shall be my too gyfftis: first, that ye woll graunte me to have this adventure of this damesell, for hit belongyth unto me."

"Thou shalt have hit," seyde the kyng, "I graunte hit the."

"Than, sir, this is that other gyffte that ye shall graunte me: that Sir Launcelot du Lake shall make me knyght, for of hym I woll be made knyght and ellys of none. And whan I am paste I pray you lette hym ryde aftir me and make me knyght whan I requyre hym."

"All thys shall be done," seyde the kynge.

"Fy on the," seyde the damesell, "shall I have none but one that is your kychyn knave?" Than she wexed angry, and anone she toke hir horse and departed.

And with that there com one to Bewmaynes and tolde hym his horse and armour was com for hym, and a dwarff had brought hym all thyng that neded hym in the rycheste wyse. Thereat all the courte had muche mervayle from whens com all that gere. So whan he was armed there was none or but fewe so goodly a man as he was.

And ryght so he cam into the halle and toke his leve of Kyng Arthure and Sir Gawayne and of Sir Launcelot, and prayde hym to hyghe aftyr hym. And so he departed and rode after the damesell. But there wente many aftir to beholde how well he was horsed and trapped in cloth of golde, but he had neyther speare nother shylde.

Than Sir Kay seyde all opynly in the halle, "I woll ryde aftir my boy of the kychyn to wete whether he woll know me for his bettir."

"Yet," seyde Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawayne, "abyde at home."

So Sir Kay made hym redy and toke his horse and his speare and rode aftir hym. And ryght as Beawmaynes overtoke the damesell,

ryght so com Sir Kay and seyde, "Beawmaynes! What, sir, know ye nat me?"

Than he turned his horse and knew hit was Sir Kay that had done all the dyspyte to hym, as ye have herde before. Than seyde Beawmaynes, "Yee, I know you well for an unjantyll knyght of the courte, and therefore beware of me!"

Therewith Sir Kay put his spere in the reest and ran streyght uppon hym, and Beawmaynes com as faste uppon hym with his swerde in his honde, and so he putte away his spere with his swerde, and with a foyne threste hym thorow the syde, that Sir Kay felle downe as he had been dede. Than Beawmaynes alyght downe and toke Sir Kayes shylde and his speare and sterte uppon his owne horse and rode his way. All that saw Sir Launcelot, and so dud the damesell. And than he bade his dwarff sterte uppon Sir Kayes horse, and so he ded. By that Sir Launcelot was com, and anone he profyrde Sir Launcelot to juste, and ayther made hem redy and com togydir so fersly that eyther bare other downe to the erthe and sore were they brused. Than Sir Launcelot arose and halpe hym frome his horse, and than Beawmaynes threw his shylde frome hym and profyrd to fyght wyth Sir Launcelot on foot.

So they russhed togydyrs lyke too borys, trasyng and traversyng, rasyng and foynyng the mountenaunce of an houre. And Sir Launcelot felte hym so bygge that he mervayled of his strengthe, for he fought more lyker a gyaunte than a knyght, and his fyghtyng was so passyng durable and passyng perelous. For Sir Launcelot had so much ado with hym that he dred hymself to be shamed, and seyde, "Beawmaynes, feyght nat so sore! Your quarell and myne is nat so grete but we may sone leve of."

"Truly that is trouth," seyde Beawmaynes, "but hit doth me good to fele your myght. And yet, my lorde, I shewed nat the utteraunce."

"In Goddys name," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for I promyse you be the fayth of my body I had as muche to do as I myght have to save myself fro you unshamed, and therefore have ye no dought of none erthely knyght."

"Hope ye so that I may ony whyle stonde a proved knyght?"

"Do as ye have done to me,"seyde Sir Launcelot, "and I shall be your warraunte."

"Than I pray you," seyde Beawmaynes, "geff me the order of knyghthod."

"Sir, than muste ye tell me your name of ryght, and of what kyn ye be borne."

"Sir, so that ye woll nat dyscover me, I shall tell you my name."

"Nay, sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and that I promyse you by the feyth of my body, untyll hit be opynly knowyn."

Than he seyde, "My name is Gareth, and brothir unto Sir Gawayne of fadir syde and modir syde."

"A, sir, I am more gladder of you than I was, for evir me thought ye sholde be of grete bloode, and that ye cam nat to the courte nother for mete nother drynke."

Than Sir Launcelot gaff hym the order of knyghthode; and than Sir Gareth prayde hym for to departe, and so he to folow the lady. So Sir Launcelot departed frome hym and com to Sir Kay, and made hym to be borne home uppon his shylde; and so he was heled harde with the lyff. And all men scorned Sir Kay, and in especiall Sir Gawayne. And Sir Launcelot seyde that hit was nat his parte to rebuke no yonge man: "For full lytyll knowe ye of what byrth he is com of, and for what cause he come to the courte."

And so we leve of Sir Kay and turne we unto Beawmaynes.

Whan that he had overtakyn the damesell, anone she seyde, "What doste thou here? Thou stynkyst all of the kychyn, thy clothis bene bawdy of the grece and talow that thou gaynest in Kyng Arthurs kychyn. What wenyste thou?" seyde the lady, "that I woll alow the for yondir knyght that thou kylde? Nay, truly, for thou slewyst hym unhappyly and cowardly. Therefore turne agayne, thou bawdy kychyn knave! I know the well, for Sir Kay named the Beawmaynes. What art thou but a luske, and a turner of brochis, and a ladyll-waysher?"

"Damesell," seyde Sir Beawmaynes, "sey to me what ye woll, yet woll nat I go fro you whatsomever ye sey, for I have undirtake to Kynge Arthure for to encheve your adventure, and so shall I fynyssh hit to the ende, other ellys I shall dye therefore."

"Fye on the, kychyn knave! Wolt thou fynyssh myne adventure? Thou shalt anone be mette withall, that thou woldyst nat for all the broth that ever thou souped onys to loke hym in the face."

"As for that, I shall assay," seyde Beawmaynes.

So ryght thus as they rode in the wood there com a man fleyng all that ever he myght.

"Whother wolt thou?" seyde Beawmaynes.

"A lorde," he seyde, "helpe me, for hereby in a slade is six theffis that have takyn my lorde and bounde hym sore, and I am aferde lest that they woll sle hym."

"Brynge me thydir," seyde Beawmaynes.

And so they rode togydirs unto they com thereas was the knyght bounden; and streyte he rode unto them and strake one to the deth, and than another, and at the thirde stroke he slew the thirde, and than the other thre fledde. And he rode aftir them and overtoke them, and than they thre turned agayne and assayled Sir Beawmaynes harde, but at the laste he slew them and returned and unbounde the knyght. And the knyght thanked hym and prayde hym to ryde with hym to his castell there a lytyll besyde, and he sholde worshypfully rewarde hym for his good dedis.

"Sir," seyde Beawmaynes, "I woll no rewarde have. Sir, this day I was made knyght of noble Sir Launcelot, and therefore I woll no rewarde have but God rewarde me. And also I muste folowe thys damesell."

So whan he com nyghe to hir she bade hym ryde uttir, "for thou smellyst all of the kychyn. What! wenyst thou that I have joy of the for all this dede? For that thou haste done is but myssehappe, but thou shalt se sone a syght that shall make the to turne agayne, and that lyghtly."

Than the same knyght whiche was rescowed of the theves rode aftir the damesell, and prayde hir to lodge with hym all that nyght;

and because hit was nere nyght the damesell rode with hym to his castell, and there they had grete chere. And at souper the knyght sette Sir Beawmaynes afore the damesell.

"Fy, fy," than seyde she, "sir knyght, ye ar uncurtayse to sette a kychyn page afore me. Hym semyth bettir to styke a swyne than to sytte afore a damesell of hyghe parage."

Than the knyght was ashamed at hir wordys, and toke hym up and sette hym at a sydebourde and sate hymself before hym. So all that nyght they had good chere and myrry reste. And on the morne the damesell and he toke hir leve and thanked the knyght, and so departed and rode on hir way untyll they come to a grete foreste. And there was a grete ryver and but one passage, and there were redy too knyghtes on the farther syde to lette them the passage.

"What seyst thou?" seyde the damesell. "Wolt thou macche yondir too knyghtis other ellys turne agayne?"

"Nay," seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "I woll nat turne ayen, and they were six mo!"

And therewithall he russhed unto the watir, and in myddys of the watir eythir brake her sperys uppon other to theire hondys. And than they drewe theire swerdis and smote egirly at othir. And at the laste Sir Beawmaynes smote the othir uppon the helme, that his hede stoned, and therewithall he felle downe in the watir and there was he drowned. And than he spored his horse uppon the londe, and therewithall the tother knyght felle uppon hym and brake his speare. And so they drew hir swerdys and fought longe togydyrs, but at the laste Sir Beawmaynes clevid his helme and his hede downe to the shuldyrs. And so he rode unto the damesell and bade hir ryde furth on hir way.

"Alas," she seyde, "that ever suche a kychyn payge sholde have the fortune to destroy such too knyghtes. Yet thou wenyste thou haste done doughtyly. That is nat so; for the fyrste knyght his horse stumbled and there he was drowned in the watir, and never hit was be thy force nother be thy myghte. And the last knyghte, by myshappe thou camyste behynde hym, and by myssefortune thou slewyst hym."

"Damesell," seyde Beawmaynes, "ye may sey what ye woll, but whomsomever I have ado withall, I trust to God to serve hym so or I and he departe, and therefore I recke nat what ye sey, so that I may wynne your lady."

"Fy, fy, foule kychyn knave! Thou shalt se knyghtes that shall abate thy boste."

"Fayre damesell, gyff me goodly langage, and than my care is paste, for what knyghtes somever they be, I care nat ne I doute hem nought."

"Also," seyde she, "I sey hit for thyne avayle, for yett mayste thou turne ayen with thy worshyp; for and thou folow me thou arte but slayne, for I se all that evir thou doste is but by mysseadventure and nat by proues of thy hondys."

"Well, damesell, ye may sey what ye woll, but wheresomever ye go I woll folow you."

So this Beawmaynes rode with that lady tyll evynsonge, and ever she chydde hym and wolde nat reste. So at the laste they com to a blak launde, and there was a blak hauthorne, and thereon hynge a blak baner, and on the other syde there hynge a blak shylde, and by hit stoode a blak speare, grete and longe, and a grete blak horse covered wyth sylk, and a blak stone faste by. Also there sate a knyght all armed in blak harneyse, and his name was called the Knyght of the Blak Laundis.

This damesell, whan she sawe that knyght, she bade hym fle downe that valye, for his hors was nat sadeled.

"Gramercy," seyde Beawmaynes, "for allway ye wolde have me a cowarde."

So whan the Blak Knyght saw hir he seyde, "Damesell, have ye brought this knyght frome the courte of Kynge Arthure to be your champyon?"

"Nay, fayre knyght, this is but a kychyn knave that was fedde in Kyng Arthurs kychyn for almys."

Than sayde the knyght, "Why commyth he in such aray? For hit is shame that he beryth you company."

"Sir, I can not be delyverde of hym, for with me he rydyth magré my hede. God wolde," seyde she, "that ye wolde putte hym from me, other to sle hym and ye may, for he is an unhappy knave, and unhappyly he hath done this day thorow myssehappe; for I saw hym sle too knyghtes at the passage of the watir, and other dedis he ded beforne ryght mervaylouse and thorow unhappynesse."

"That mervayles me," seyde the Blak Knyght, "that ony man of worshyp woll have ado with hym."

"Sir, they knewe hym nat," seyde the damesell, "and for bycause he rydyth with me they wene that he be som man of worshyp borne."

"That may be," seyde the Blak Knyght; "howbehit as ye say that he is no man of worshyp borne, he is a full lykly persone, and full lyke to be a stronge man. But this muche shall I graunte you," seyde the knyght, "I shall put hym downe on foote, and his horse and harneyse he shall leve with me, for hit were shame to me to do hym ony more harme."

Whan Sir Beawmaynes harde hym sey thus, he seyde, "Sir knyght, thou arte full large of my horse and harneyse! I lat the wete hit coste the nought, and whether thou lyke well othir evyll, this launde woll I passe magré thyne hede, and horse ne harneyse gettyst thou none of myne but yf thou wynne hem with thy hondys. Therefore lat se what thou canst do."

"Seyste thou that?" seyde the Blak Knyght. "Now yelde thy lady fro the, for hit besemed never a kychyn knave to ryde with such a lady."

"Thow lyest!" seyde Beawmaynes. "I am a jantyllman borne, and of more hyghe lynage than thou, and that woll I preve on thy body!"

Than in grete wretth they departed theire horsis and com togydyrs as hit had bene thundir, and the Blak Knyghtes speare brake, and Beawmaynes threste hym thorow bothe sydis; and therewith his speare brake and the truncheon was left stylle in his syde. But nevirtheles the Blak Knyght drew his swerde and smote many egir strokys of grete myght, and hurte Bewmaynes full sore. But at the

laste the Blak Knyght, within an owre and an half, he felle downe of his horse in a sowne and there dyed.

And than Sir Bewmaynes sy hym so well horsed and armed, than he alyght downe and armed hym in his armour, and so toke his horse and rode aftir the damesell. Whan she sawe hym com nyghe she seyde, "Away, kychyn knave, oute of the wynde, for the smelle of thy bawdy clothis grevyth me! Alas!" she seyde, "that ever such a knave sholde by myssehappe sle so good a knyght as thou hast done! But all is thorow thyne unhappynesse. But hereby is one that shall pay the all thy paymente, and therefore yett I rede the flee."

"Hit may happyn me," seyde Bewmaynes, "to be betyn other slayne, but I warne you, fayre damesell, I woll nat fle away nothir leve your company for all that ye can sey; for ever ye sey that they woll sle me othir bete me, but howsomever hit happenyth I ascape and they lye on the grounde. And therefore hit were as good for you to holde you stylle as thus all day rebukyng me, for away wyll I nat tyll I se the uttermuste of this journay, other ellys I woll be slayne othir thorowly betyn. Therefore ryde on your way, for folow you I woll, whatsomever happyn me."

Thus as they rode togydyrs they sawe a knyght comme dryvande by them, all in grene, bothe his horse and his harneyse. And whan he com nye the damesell he asked hir, "Is that my brothir the Blak Knyght that ye have brought with you?"

"Nay, nay," she seyde, "this unhappy kychyn knave hath slayne thy brothir thorow unhappynes."

"Alas!" seyde the Grene Knyght, "that is grete pyté that so noble a knyght as he was sholde so unhappyly be slayne, and namely of a knavis honde, as ye say that he is. A, traytoure!" seyde the Grene Knyght, "thou shalt dye for sleynge of my brothir! He was a full noble knyght, and his name was Sir Perarde."

"I defye the," seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "for I lette the wete, I slew hym knyghtly and nat shamfully."

Therewythall the Grene Knyght rode unto an horne that was grene, and hit hynge uppon a thorne. And there he blew thre dedly

motis, and anone there cam too damesels and armed hym lyghtly. And than he toke a grete horse, and a grene shylde, and a grene spere, and than they ran togydyrs with all theire myghtes and brake theire sperys unto theire hondis.

And than they drewe theire swerdys and gaff many sad strokys, and eyther of them wounded other full ylle, and at the laste at an ovirtwarte stroke Sir Bewmaynes with his horse strake the Grene Knyghtes horse uppon the syde, that he felle to the erthe. And than the Grene Knyght voyded his horse delyverly and dressed hym on foote. That sawe Bewmaynes, and therewithall he alyght and they russhed togydyrs lyke too myghty kempys a longe whyle, and sore they bledde bothe.

Wyth that come the damesell and seyde, "My lorde the Grene Knyght, why for shame stonde ye so longe fyghtynge with that kychyn knave? Alas! hit is shame that evyr ye were made knyght to se suche a lad to macche you as the wede growyth over the corne."

Therewith the Grene Knyght was ashamed, and therewithall he gaff a grete stroke of myght and clave his shylde thorow. Whan Beawmaynes saw his shylde clovyn asundir he was a lytyll ashamed of that stroke and of hir langage. And than he gaff hym suche a buffette uppon the helme that he felle on his kneis, and so suddeynly Bewmaynes pulde hym on the grounde grovelynge. And than the Grene Knyght cryed hym mercy and yelded hym unto Bewmaynes and prayde hym nat to sle hym.

"All is in vayne," seyde Bewmaynes, "for thou shalt dye but yf this damesell that cam with me pray me to save thy lyff," and therewithall he unlaced his helme lyke as he wolde sle hym.

"Fye uppon the, false kychyn payge! I woll never pray the to save his lyff, for I woll nat be so muche in thy daunger."

"Than shall he dye," seyde Beawmaynes.

"Nat so hardy, thou bawdy knave!" seyde the damesell, "that thou sle hym."

"Alas!" seyde the Grene Knyght, "suffir me nat to dye for a fayre worde spekyng. Fayre knyght," seyde the Grene Knyght, "save my

lyfe and I woll forgyff the deth of my brothir, and for ever to becom thy man, and thirty knyghtes that hold of me for ever shall do you servyse."

"In the devyls name," seyde the damesell, "that suche a bawdy kychyn knave sholde have thirty knyghtes servyse and thyne!"

"Sir knyght," seyde Bewmaynes, "all this avaylyth the nought but yf my damesell speke to me for thy lyff," and therewithall he made a semblaunte to sle hym.

"Lat be," seyde the damesell, "thou bawdy kychyn knave! Sle hym nat, for and thou do thou shalt repente hit."

"Damesell," seyde Bewmaynes, "your charge is to me a plesure, and at youre commaundemente his lyff shall be saved, and ellis nat." Than he seyde, "Sir knyght with the grene armys, I releyse the quyte at this damesels requeste, for I woll nat make hir wroth, for I woll fulfylle all that she chargyth me."

And than the Grene Knyght kneled downe and dud hym homage with his swerde.

Than sayde the damesell, "Me repentis, Grene Knyght, of your damage, and of your brothirs deth, the Blak Knyght, for of your helpe I had grete mystir; for I drede me sore to passe this foreste."

"Nay, drede you nat," seyde the Grene Knyght, "for ye all shall lodge with me this nyght, and to-morne I shall helpe you thorow this forest."

So they toke theire horsys and rode to his maner that was faste by. And ever this damesell rebuked Bewmaynes and wolde nat suffir hym to sitte at hir table, but as the Grene Knyght toke hym and sate with hym at a syde table.

"Damesell, mervayle me thynkyth," seyde the Grene Knyght, "why ye rebuke this noble knyghte as ye do, for I warne you he is a full noble man, and I knowe no knyght that is able to macche hym. Therefore ye do grete wronge so to rebuke hym, for he shall do you ryght good servyse. For whatsomever he makyth hymself, he shall preve at the ende that he is com of full noble blood and of kynges lynage."

"Fy, fy!" seyde the damesell, "hit is shame for you to sey hym suche worshyp."

"Truly," seyde the Grene Knyght, "hit were shame to me to sey hym ony dysworshyp, for he hath previd hymself a bettir knyght than I am; and many is the noble knyght that I have mette withall in my dayes, and never or this tyme founde I no knyght his macche."

And so that nyght they yode unto reste, and all nyght the Grene Knyght commaunded thirty knyghtes prevyly to wacche Bewmaynes for to kepe hym from all treson.

And so on the morne they all arose and herde theire masse and brake theire faste. And than they toke theire horsis and rode theire way, and the Grene Knyght conveyed hem thorow the foreste. Than the Grene Knyght seyde, "My lorde Sir Bewmaynes, my body and this thirty knyghtes shall be allway at your somouns, bothe erly and late at your callynge, and whothir that ever ye woll sende us."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Bewmaynes. "Whan that I calle uppon you ye muste yelde you unto Kynge Arthure, and all your knyghtes."

"If that ye so commaunde us, we shall be redy at all tymes," seyde the Grene Knyght.

"Fy, fy uppon the, in the devyls name!" seyde the damesell, "that ever ony good knyght sholde be obedyent unto a kychyn knave!"

So than departed the Grene Knyght and the damesell, and than she seyde unto Bewmaynes, "Why folowyste thou me, kychyn knave? Caste away thy shylde and thy spere and fle away. Yett I counseyle the betyme, or thou shalt sey ryght sone 'Alas!' For and thou were as wyght as ever was Wade, or Sir Launcelot, Sir Trystrams, or the good knyght Sir Lamerok, thou shal not passe a pace here that is called the Pace Perelus."

"Damesell," seyde Bewmaynes, "who is aferde let hym fle, for hit were shame to turne agayne syth I have ryddyn so longe with you."

"Well," seyde she, "ye shall sone, whether ye woll or woll not."

So within a whyle they saw a whyght towre as ony snowe, well macchecolde all aboute and double-dyked, and over the towre gate there hynge a fyffty shyldis of dyvers coloures. And undir that towre there was a fayre medow, and therein was many knyghtes

and squyres to beholde scaffoldis and pavylons, for there uppon the morne sholde be a grete turnement.

And the lorde of the towre was within his castell, and loked out at a wyndow and saw a damesell, a dwarff, and a knyght armed at all poyntis. "So God me helpe," seyde the lorde, "with that knyght woll I juste, for I se that he is a knyght arraunte."

And so he armed hym and horsed hym hastely. Whan he was on horsebak with his shylde and his spere, hit was all rede, bothe his horse and his harneyse and all that to hym belonged. And whan that he com nyghe hym he wente hit had be his brothir the Blak Knyght, and than lowde he cryed and seyde, "Brothir, what do ye here in this marchis?"

"Nay, nay," seyde the damesell, "hit is nat he, for this is but a kychyn knave that was brought up for almys in Kynge Arthurs courte."

"Neverthelesse," seyde the Rede Knyght, "I woll speke with hym or he departe."

"A," seyde this damesell, "this knave hathe slayne your brothir, and Sir Kay named hym Bewmaynes; and this horse and this harneyse was thy brothirs, the Blak Knyght. Also I sawe thy brothir the Grene Knyght overcom of his hondys. But now may ye be revenged on hym, for I may nevir be quyte of hym."

Wyth this every knyght departed in sundir and cam togydir all that they myght dryve. And aythir of theire horsis felle to the erthe. Than they avoyde theire horsis and put theire shyldis before hem and drew theire swerdys, and eythir gaff other sad strokys, now here now there, trasyng, traversyng, and foynyng, rasyng and hurlyng lyke too borys, the space of too owrys. Than she cryde on hyght to the Rede Knyght: "Alas, thou noble Rede Knyght! Thynke what worshyp hath evermore folowed the! Lette never a kychyn knave endure the so longe as he doth!"

Than the Rede Knyght wexed wroth and doubled his strokes and hurte Bewmaynes wondirly sore, that the bloode ran downe to the grounde, that hit was wondir to see that stronge batayle. Yet at the laste Bewmaynes strake hym to the erthe. And as he wolde

have slayne the Rede Knyght, he cryed, "Mercy, noble knyght, sle me nat, and I shall yelde me to the wyth fyffty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundemente, and forgyff the all the dispyte that thou haste done to me, and the deth of my brothir the Blak Knyght, and the wynnyng of my brothir the Grene Knyght."

"All this avaylyth nat," seyde Beawmaynes, "but if my damesell pray me to save thy lyff." And therewith he made semblaunte to stryke of his hede.

"Let be, thou Bewmaynes, and sle hym nat, for he is a noble knyght, and nat so hardy uppon thyne hede but that thou save hym."

Than Bewmaynes bade the Rede Knyght to stonde up, "and thanke this damesell now of thy lyff."

Than the Rede Knyght prayde hym to se his castell and to repose them there all that nyght. So the damesell graunte hym, and there they had good chere. But allwayes this damesell seyde many foule wordys unto Bewmaynes, whereof the Rede Knyght had grete mervayle. And all that nyght the Rede Knyght made thre score knyghtes to wacche Bewmaynes, that he sholde have no shame nother vylony. And uppon the morne they herde masse and dyned, and the Rede Knyght com before Bewmaynes with his thre score knyghtes, and there he profyrd hym his omage and feawté at all tymes, he and his knyghtes, to do hym servyse.

"I thanke you," seyde Bewmaynes, "but this ye shall graunte me: whan I calle uppon you, to com before my lorde Kynge Arthure, and yelde you unto hym to be his knyghtes."

"Sir," seyde the Rede Knyght, "I woll be redy and all my felyship at youre somouns."

So Sir Bewmaynes departed and the damesell, and ever she rode chydyng hym in the fowleste maner. "Damesell," seyde Bewmaynes, "ye ar uncurteyse so to rebuke me as ye do, for mesemyth I have done you good servyse, and ever ye thretyn me I shall be betyn wyth knyghtes that we mete, but ever for all your boste they all lye in the duste or in the myre. And therefore y pray you, rebuke me

no more, and whan ye se me betyn or yoldyn as recreaunte, than may you bydde me go from you shamfully, but erste, I let you wete, I woll nat departe from you; for than I were worse than a foole and I wolde departe from you all the whyle that I wynne worshyp."

"Well," seyde she, "ryght sone shall mete the a knyght that shall pay the all thy wagys, for he is the moste man of worshyp of the worlde excepte Kyng Arthure."

"I woll well," seyde Bewmaynes. "The more he is of worshyp the more shall be my worshyp to have ado with hym."

Than anone they were ware where was afore them a cyté rych and fayre, and betwyxte them and the cyté, a myle and more, there was a fayre medow that semed new mowyn, and therein was many pavylons fayre to beholde.

"Lo," seyde the damesell, "yondir is a lorde that owyth yondir cyté, and his custom is, whan the wedir is fayre, to lye in this medow, to juste and to turnay. And ever there is about hym fyve hondred knyghtes and jantyllmen of armys, and there is all maner of gamys that ony jantyllman can devyse."

"That goodly lorde," seyde Bewmaynes, "wolde I fayne se."

"Thou shalt se hym tyme inowe," seyde the damesell.

And so as she rode nere she aspyed the pavelon where the lorde was.

"Lo!" seyde she, "syeste thou yondir pavylyon that is all of the coloure of inde." (And all maner of thyng that there was about, men and women and horsis trapped, shyldis and sperys, was all of the coloure of inde.) "And his name is Sir Parsaunte of Inde, the moste lordlyest knyght that ever thou lokyd on."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "but be he never so stoute a knyght, in this felde I shall abyde tyll that I se hym undir his shylde."

"A, foole!" seyde she, "thou were bettir to flee betymes."

"Why?" seyde Bewmaynes. "And he be suche a knyght as ye make hym, he woll nat sette uppon me with all his men, for and there com no more but one at onys I shall hym nat fayle whylys my lyff may laste."

"Fy, fy!" seyde the damesell, "that evir suche a stynkyng kychyn knave sholde blowe suche a boste!"

"Damesell," he seyde, "ye ar to blame so to rebuke me, for I had lever do fyve batayles than so to be rebuked. Lat hym com, and than lat hym doo his worste."

"Sir," she seyde, "I mervayle what thou art and of what kyn thou arte com; for boldely thou spekyst and boldely thou haste done, that have I sene. Therefore, I pray the, save thyself and thou mayst, for thyne horse and thou have had grete travayle, and I drede that we dwelle ovirlonge frome the seege; for hit is hens but seven myle, and all perelous passages we ar paste sauff all only this passage, and here I drede me sore last ye shall cacche som hurte. Therefore I wolde ye were hens, that ye were nat brused nothir hurte with this stronge knyght. But I lat you wete this Sir Persaunte of Inde is nothyng of myght nor strength unto the knyght that lyeth at the seege aboute my lady."

"As for that," seyde Bewmaynes, "be as be may, for sytthen I am com so nye this knyght I woll preve his myght or I departe frome hym, and ellis I shall be shamed and I now withdrawe fro hym. And therefore, damesell, have ye no doute: by the grace of God, I shall so dele with this knyght that within too owrys after none I shall delyver hym, and than shall we com to the seege be daylyght."

"A, Jesu! mervayle have I," seyde the damesell, "what maner a man ye be, for hit may never be other but that ye be com of jantyll bloode, for so fowle and shamfully dud never woman revyle a knyght as I have done you, and ever curteysly ye have suffyrde me, and that com never but of jantyll bloode."

"Damesell," seyde Bewmaynes, "a knyght may lytyll do that may nat suffir a jantyllwoman, for whatsomever ye seyde unto me I toke none hede to your wordys, for the more ye seyde the more ye angred me, and my wretthe I wreked uppon them that I had ado withall. And therefore all the mysseyyng that ye mysseyde me in my batayle furthered me much and caused me to thynke to shew and preve myselffe at the ende what I was, for peraventure, thoughe hit

lyst me to be fedde in Kynge Arthures kychyn, I myght have had mete in other placis, but alle that I ded, I ded hit for to preve my frendys, and that shall be knowyn another day. And whether that I be a jantyllman borne or none, I latte yow wete, fayre damesell, I have done you jantyllmannys servyse, and peraventure bettir servyse yet woll I do or I departe frome you."

"Alas!" she seyde, "fayre Bewmaynes, forgyff me all that I have mysseseyde or done ayenste you."

"With all my wyll," seyde he, "I forgeff hit you, for ye dud nothyng but as ye sholde do, for all youre evyll wordys pleased me. Damesell," seyde Bewmaynes, "syn hit lykyth you to sey thus fayre unto me, wote ye well hit gladdyth myne herte gretly, and now mesemyth there is no knyght lyvyng but I am able inow for hym."

Wyth this Sir Persaunte of Inde had aspyed them as they hoved in the fylde, and knyghtly he sente unto them whether he cam in warre or in pece.

"Sey to thy lorde I take no force but whether as hym lyste."

So the messyngere wente ayen unto Sir Persaunte and tolde hym all his answere.

"Well than, I woll have ado with hym to the utteraunce!" and so he purveyde hym and rode ayenste hym.

Whan Bewmaynes sawe hym he made hym redy, and there they mette with all theire myghtes togedir as faste as theire horse myght ren, and braste theire spearys eythir in thre pecis, and theire horsis rased so togydirs that bothe theire horsis felle dede to the erthe. And delyverly they avoyded theire horsis and put theire shyldis before them and drew theire swerdys and gaff many grete strokys, that som tyme they hurled so togydir that they felle grovelyng on the grounde.

Thus they fought too owres and more, that there shyldes and hawbirkes were all forhewyn, and in many placis were they wounded. So at the last Sir Bewmaynes smote hym thorow the coste of the body, and than he retrayed hym here and there and knyghtly maynteyned his batayle longe tyme.

And at the laste, though hym loth were, Beawmaynes smote Sir Persaunte abovyn uppon the helme, that he felle grovelynge to the erthe, and than he lepte uppon hym overthwarte and unlaced his helme to have slayne hym. Than Sir Persaunte yelded hym and asked hym mercy. Wyth that com the damesell and prayde hym to save his lyff.

"I woll well," he seyde, "for hit were pyté this noble knyght sholde dye."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Persaunte, "for now I wote well hit was ye that slew my brothir, the Blak Knyght, at the Blak Thorne. He was a full noble knyght – his name was Sir Perarde. Also, I am sure that ye ar he that wan myne other brothir, the Grene Knyght: his name is Sir Perthólope. Also ye wan my brothir the Rede Knyght, Sir Perymones. And now, syn ye have wonne me, this shall I do for to please you: ye shall have homage and feawté of me and of an hondred knyghtes to be allwayes at your commaundemente, to go and ryde where ye woll commaunde us."

And so they wente unto Sir Persauntes pavylyon and dranke wyne and ete spycis. And afterwarde Sir Persaunte made hym to reste uppon a bedde untyll supper tyme, and aftir souper to bedde ayen. So whan Sir Bewmaynes was a-bedde, Sir Persaunte had a doughter, a fayre lady of eyghtene yere of ayge, and there he called hir unto hym and charged hir and commaunded hir uppon his blyssyng to go unto the knyghtis bed: "And lye downe by his syde and make hym no strange chere but good chere, and take hym in your armys and kysse hym. And loke that this be done, I charge you, as ye woll have my love and my good wylle."

So Sir Persauntis doughter dud as hir fadir bade hir, and so she yode unto Sir Bewmaynes bed and pryvyly she dispoyled hir and leyde hir downe by hym. And than he awooke and sawe her and asked her what she was.

"Sir," she seyde, "I am Sir Persauntis doughter that by the commaundemente of my fadir I am com hydir."

"Be ye a pusell or a wyff?"

"Sir," she seyde, "I am a clene maydyn."

"God deffende me," seyde he, "that ever I sholde defoyle you, to do Sir Persaunte suche a shame! Therefore I pray you, fayre damesell, aryse oute of this bedde, other ellys I woll."

"Sir," she seyde, "I com nat hydir by myne owne wyll, but as I was commaunded."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "I were a shamefull knyght and I wolde do youre fadir ony dysworshyp."

But so he kyste her, and so she departed and com unto Sir Persaunte hir fadir and tolde hym all how she had sped.

"Truly," seyde Sir Persaunte, "whatsomever he be, he is com of full noble bloode."

And so we leve hem there tyll on the morne.

And so on the morne the damesell and Sir Bewmaynes herde masse and brake there faste and so toke theire leve.

"Fayre damesell," seyde Sir Persaunte, "whothirwarde ar ye away ledynge this knyght?"

"Sir," she seyde, "this knyght is goynge to the Castell Daungerous thereas my systir is beseged."

"A ha!" seyde Sir Persaunte, "that is the Knyght of the Rede Launde, whyche is the moste perelyste knyght that I know now lyvynge and a man that is wythouten mercy, and men sey that he hath seven mennes strength. God save you, Sir Bewmaynes, frome that knyght, for he doth grete wronge to that lady, and that is grete pyté, for she is one of the fayreste ladyes of the worlde, and mesemyth that your damesell is hir sister. Ys nat your name Lynet?"

"Sir, so I hyght, and my lady my sister hyght Dame Lyones."

"Now shall I tell you," seyde Sir Persaunte, "this Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys hath layne longe at that seege, well-nye this too yerys, and many tymes he myght have had hir and he had wolde, but he prolongyth the tyme to this entente, for to have Sir Launcelot du Lake to do batayle with hym, or with Sir Trystrams, othir Sir Lamerok de Galys, other Sir Gawayne, and this is the cause of his taryynge so longe at the sege. Now, my lorde," seyde Sir Persaunt of Inde, "be ye stronge and of good herte, for ye shall have ado with a good knyght."

"Let me dele," seyde Sir Bewmaynes.

"Now, my lorde Sir Persaunt of Inde," seyde this damesell Lynet, "I requyre you that ye woll make this jantyllman knyght or evir he fyght with the Rede Knyght."

"I woll, with all myne herte," seyde Sir Persaunte, "and hit please hym to take the order of knyghthode of so symple a man as I am."

"Sir," seyde Bewmaynes, "I thanke you for your good will, for I am bettir spedde, for sertaynly the noble knyghte Sir Launcelot made me knyght."

"A," seyde Sir Persaunte, "of a more renomed man myght ye nat be made knyghte of, for of all knyghtes he may be called cheff of knyghthode, and so all the worlde seythe that betwyxt thre knyghtes is departed clerely knyghthode, that is Sir Launcelot du Lake, Sir Trystrams de Lyones, and Sir Lamerok de Galys. Thes bere now the renowne, yet there be many other noble knyghtis, as Sir Palomydes the Saresyn and Sir Saphir, his brothir, also Sir Bleobrys and Sir Blamour de Ganys, his brothir; also Sir Bors de Ganys, and Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Percivale de Galys. Thes and many mo bene noble knyghtes, but there be none that bere the name but thes thre abovyn-seyde. Therefore God spede you well," seyde Sir Persaunte, "for and ye may macche that Rede Knyght ye shall be called the fourthe of the worlde."

"Sir," seyde Bewmaynes, "I wolde fayne be of good fame and of knyghthode. And I latte you wete, I am com of good men, for I dare say my fadir was a nobleman. And so that ye woll kepe hit in cloce and this damesell, I woll tell you of what kynne I am com of."

"We woll nat discover you," seyde they bothe, "tylle ye commaunde us, by the fayth we owe to Jesu."

"Truly," than sayde he, "my name is Sir Gareth of Orkenay, and Kynge Lott was my fadir, and my modir is Kyng Arthurs sistir, hir name is Dame Morgawse. And Sir Gawayne ys my brothir, and Sir Aggravayne and Sir Gaherys, and I am yongeste of hem all. And yette wote nat Kynge Arthure nother Sir Gawayne what I am."

So the booke seyth that the lady that was beseged had worde of hir sisteris comyng by the dwarff, and a knyght with hir, and how he had passed all the perelus passages.

"What maner a man is he?" seyde the lady.

"He is a noble knyght, truly, madam," seyde the dwarff, "and but a yonge man, but he is as lykly a man as ever ye saw ony."

"What is he, and of what kynne," seyde the lady, "is he com, and of whom was he made knyght?"

"Madam," seyde the dwarff, "he was the kynges son of Orkeney, but his name I woll nat tell you as at this tyme; but wete you well, of Sir Launcelot was he made knyght, for of none other wolde he be made knyght, and Sir Kay named hym Bewmaynes."

"How ascaped he," seyde the lady, "frome the brethyrn of Sir Persaunte?"

"Madam," he seyde, "as a noble knyght sholde. First he slew too bretherne at a passage of a watir."

"A!" seyde she, "they were too good knyghtes, but they were murtherers. That one hyght Sir Gararde le Breuse and that other hyght Sir Arnolde le Bruse."

"Than, madam, he recountird at the Blak Knyght and slew hym in playne batayle, and so he toke his hors and his armoure and fought with the Grene Knyght and wanne hym in playne batayle. And in lyke wyse he served the Rede Knyght, and aftir in the same wyse he served the Blew Knyght and wanne hym in playne batayle."

"Than," sayde the lady, "he hath overcom Sir Persaunte of Inde that is one of the noblest knyghtes of the worlde?"

"Trewly, madam," seyde the dwarff, "he hath wonne all the foure bretherne and slayne the Blak Knyght, and yet he dud more tofore: he overthrew Sir Kay and leffte hym nye dede uppon the grounde. Also he dud a grete batayle wyth Sir Launcelot and there they departed on evyn hondis, and than Sir Launcelot made hym knyght."

"Dwarff," seyde the lady, "I am gladde of thys tydynges. Therefore go thou unto an hermytage of myne hereby and bere with the of my wyne in too flagons of sylver – they ar of too galons – and also too

caste of brede, with the fatte venyson ibake and deynté foules; and a cuppe of golde here I delyver the that is ryche of precious stonys. And bere all this to myne hermytage and putt hit in the hermytis hondis.

"And sytthyn go thou to my sistir and grete her welle, and commaunde me unto that jantyll knyght, and pray hym to ete and drynke and make hym stronge, and say hym I thanke hym of his curtesy and goodnesse that he wolde take uppon hym suche labur for me that never ded hym bounté nother curtesy. Also pray hym that he be of good herte and corrage hymself, for he shall mete with a full noble knyght, but he is nother of curtesy, bounté, nother jantylnesse; for he attendyth unto nothyng but to murther, and that is the cause I can nat prayse hym nother love hym."

So this dwarff departed and com to Sir Persaunt, where he founde the damesell Lynet and Sir Bewmaynes, and there he tolde hem all as ye have herde. And than they toke theire leve, but Sir Persaunte toke an amblynge hakeney and conveyed them on theire wayes, and than betoke he them unto God.

And so within a lytyll whyle they com to the hermytage, and there they dranke the wyne and ete the venyson and the foulys bakyn. And so whan they had repasted them well the dwarff retourned ayen with his vessell unto the castell. And there mette wyth hym the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys and asked hym from whens he com and where he had bene.

"Sir," seyde the dwarff, "I have bene with my ladyes sistir of the castell, and she hath bene at Kynge Arthurs courte and brought a knyght with her."

"Than I acompte her travayle but lorne, for though she had brought with hir Sir Launcelot, Sir Trystrams, Sir Lameroke, othir Sir Gawayne, I wolde thynke myself good inowe for them all."

"Hit may well be," seyde the dwarff, "but this knyght hathe passed all the perelouse passages and slayne the Blak Knyghte and other too mo, and wonne the Grene Knyght, the Rede Knyght, and the Blew Knyght."

"Than is he one of thes foure that I have before rehersyd?"

"He is none of thes," seyde the dwarff, "but he is a kynges son."

"What is his name?" seyde the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis.

"That woll I nat tell you, but Sir Kay on scorne named hym Bewmaynes."

"I care nat," seyde the knyght, "whatsomevir he be, for I shall sone delyver hym, and yf I overmacche hym he shall have a shamefull deth as many othir have had."

"That were pyté," seyde the dwarff, "and hit is mervayle that ye make suche shamefull warre uppon noble knyghtes."

Now leve we the knyght and the dwarff and speke we of Bewmaynes that all nyght lay in the hermytage. And uppon the morne he and the damesell Lynet harde theire masse and brake theire faste, and than they toke theire horsis and rode thorowoute a fayre foreste. And than they com to a playne and saw where was many pavylons and tentys and a fayre castell, and there was muche smoke and grete noyse.

And whan they com nere the sege Sir Bewmaynes aspyed on grete trees, as he rode, how there hynge full goodly armed knyghtes by the necke, and theire shyldis aboute theire neckys with theire swerdis, and gylte sporys uppon theire helys. And so there hynge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamfully with full ryche armys. Than Sir Bewmaynes abated his countenaunce and seyde, "What menyth this?"

"Fayre sir," seyde the damesell, "abate nat youre chere for all this syght, for ye muste corrage youreself, other ellys ye bene all shente. For all these knyghtes com hydir to this sege to rescow my sistir Dame Lyones, and whan the Rede Knyght of the Rede Launde had overcom hem he put them to this shamefull deth withoute mercy and pyté. And in the same wyse he woll serve you but yf ye quyte you the bettir."

"Now Jesu defende me," seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "frome suche vylans deth and shendeshyp of harmys, for rathir than I sholde so be faryn withall I wolde rather be slayne manly in playne batayle."

"So were ye bettir," seyde the damesell, "for trust nat, in hym is no curtesy, but all goth to the deth other shamefull mourthur. And that is pyté," seyde the damesell, "for he is a full lykly man and a noble knyght of proues, and a lorde of grete londis and of grete possessions."

"Truly," seyde Sir Bewmaynes, "he may be well a good knyght, but he usyth shamefull customys, and hit is mervayle that he enduryth so longe, that none of the noble knyghtes of my lorde Arthurs have nat dalte with hym."

And than they rode unto the dykes and sawe them double-dyked wyth full warly wallys, and there were lodged many grete lordes nyghe the wallys, and there was grete noyse of mynstralsy. And the see bete uppon that one syde of the wallys, where were many shyppis and marynars noyse with hale and how. And also there was faste by a sygamoure tre, and thereon hynge an horne, the grettyst that ever they sye, of an olyvauntes bone, "and this Knyght of the Rede Launde hath honged hit up there to this entente, that yf there com ony arraunte knyghte he muste blowe that horne and than woll he make hym redy and com to hym to do batayle. But sir, pray you," seyde the damesell, "blow ye nat the horne tyll hit be hygh none, for now hit is about pryme, and now encresyth his myght, that as men say he hath seven mennys strength."

"A! fy for shame, fayre damesell! Sey ye nevir so more to me, for and he were as good a knyght as ever was ony, I shall never fayle hym in his moste myght, for other I woll wynne worshyp worshypfully othir dye knyghtly in the felde."

And therewith he spored his horse streyte to the sygamoure tre and so blew the horne egirly that all the seege and the castell range thereof. And than there lepe oute many knyghtes oute of theire tentys and pavylyons, and they within the castell loked ovir the wallys and oute at wyndowis.

Than the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis armed hym hastely, and too barouns sette on his sporys on his helys, and all was blood-rede: his armour, spere, and shylde. And an erle buckled his helme on his hede, and than they brought hym a rede spere and a rede

stede. And so he rode into a lytyll vale undir the castell, that all that were in the castell and at the sege myght beholde the batayle.

"Sir," seyde the damesell Lynet unto Sir Bewmaynes, "loke ye be glad and lyght, for yondir is your dedly enemy, and at yondir wyndow is my lady, my sistir Dame Lyones."

"Where?" seyde Bewmaynes.

"Yondir," seyde the damesell, and poynted with her fyngir.

"That is trouth," seyde Bewmaynes, "she besemyth afarre the fayryst lady that ever I lokyd uppon, and truly," he seyde, "I aske no bettir quarell than now for to do batayle, for truly she shall be my lady and for hir woll I fyght."

And ever he loked up to the wyndow with glad countenaunce, and this lady Dame Lyones made curtesy to hym downe to the erth, with holdynge up bothe her hondys. Wyth that the Rede Knyght called unto Bewmaynes and seyde, "Sir knyght, leve thy beholdyng and loke on me, I counsayle the, for I warne the well, she is my lady, and for hir I have done many stronge batayles."

"Geff thou so have done," seyde Bewmaynes, "mesemyth hit was but waste laboure, for she lovyth none of thy felyshyp, and thou to love that lovyth nat the is but grete foly. For and I undirstoode that she were nat ryght glad of my commynge I wolde be avysed or I dud batayle for hir; but I undirstonde by the segynge of this castell she may forbere thy felyshyp. And therefore wete thou well, thou Rede Knyght, I love hir and woll rescow hir, othir ellys to dye therefore."

"Sayst thou that?" seyde the Rede Knyght. "Mesemyth thou oughtyste of reson to beware by yondir knyghtes that thou sawyste hange on yondir treis."

"Fy for shame!" seyde Bewmaynes, "that ever thou sholdyst sey so or do so evyll, for in that thou shamest thyself and all knyghthode, and thou mayste be sure there woll no lady love the that knowyth the and thy wykked customs. And now thou wenyste that the syght of tho honged knyghtes shulde feare me: nay, truly, nat so! That shamefull syght cawsyth me to have courrage and hardynesse ayenst the muche more than I wolde have agaynste the and thou were a well-ruled knyght."

"Make the redy," seyde the Rede Knyght, "and talke no more with me."

Than Sir Beaumaynes badde the damesell go from hym, and than they putt theire sperys in the reste and com togedyrs with all the myght that they had bothe, and aythir smote other in the myddys of theire shyldis, that the paytrels, sursynglys, and crowpers braste, and felle to the erth bothe, and the raynys of theire brydyls in there hondys. And so they lay a grete whyle sore astoned, that all that were in the castell and in the sege wente theire neckys had bene broste.

Than many a straunger and othir seyde that the straunge knyght was a bygge man and a noble jouster, "for or now we sawe never no knyght macche the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys." Thus they seyde bothe within and withoute.

Than lyghtly and delyverly they avoyded theire horsis and putt theire shyldis afore them and drew theire swerdys and ran togydyrs lyke too fers lyons, and eythir gaff othir suche too buffettys uppon theire helmys that they reled bakwarde bothe too stredys. And than they recoverde bothe and hew grete pecis of othyrs harneyse and theire shyldys, that a grete parte felle in the fyldes. And than thus they fought tyll hit was paste none, and never wolde stynte tyll at the laste they lacked wynde bothe, and than they stoode waggyng, stagerynge, pantynge, blowynge, and bledyng, that all that behelde them for the moste party wepte for pyté. So whan they had rested them a wyle they yode to batayle agayne, trasyng, traversynge, foynynge, and rasynge as too borys. And at som tyme they toke theire bere as hit had bene too rammys and horled togydyrs, that somtyme they felle grovelynge to the erthe; and at som tyme they were so amated that aythir toke others swerde in the stede of his owne.

And thus they endured tyll evynsonge, that there was none that behelde them myght know whethir was lyke to wynne the batayle. And theire armoure was so forhewyn that men myght se theire naked sydys, and in other placis they were naked; but ever the nakyd placis they dud defende. And the Rede Knyghte was a wyly

knyght in fyghtyng, and that taught Bewmaynes to be wyse, but he abought hit full sore or he did asspye his fyghtynge.

And thus be assente of them both they graunted aythir othir to reste, and so they sette hem downe uppon too mollehyllys there besydys the fyghtynge place, and eythir of them unlaced theire helmys and toke the colde wynde, for aythir of theire pagis was faste by them to com whan they called them to unlace theire harneyse and to sette hem on agayne at there commaundmente. And than Sir Bewmaynes, whan his helme was off, he loked up to the wyndowe, and there he sawe the fayre lady Dame Lyones, and she made hym suche countenaunce that his herte waxed lyght and joly. And therewith he bade the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis make hym redy, and "lette us do oure batayle to the utteraunce."

"I woll well," seyde the knyght. And than they laced on theire helmys, and avoyded theire pagys, and yede togydyrs and fought freysshly. But the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys awayted hym at an overthwarte and smote hym within the honde, that his swerde felle oute of his honde. And yette he gaff hym another buffette uppon the helme, that he felle grovelynge to the erthe, and the Rede Knyghte felle over hym for to holde hym downe.

Than cryed the maydyn Lynet on hyght and seyde, "A, Sir Bewmaynes! Where is thy corrayge become? Alas! my lady my sistir beholdyth the, and she shrekis and wepys so that hit makyth myne herte hevy."

Whan Sir Bewmaynes herde hir sey so, he abrayded up with a grete myght, and gate hym uppon hys feete, and lyghtly he lepe to his swerde and gryped hit in his honde and dowbled his pace unto the Rede Knyght, and there they fought a new batayle togydir.

But Sir Bewmaynes than doubled his strokys and smote so thycke that his swerde felle out of his honde. And than he smote hym on the helme, that he felle to the erthe, and Sir Bewmaynes felle uppon hym and unlaced his helme to have slayne hym. And than he yelded hym and asked mercy and seyde with a lowde voyce, "A, noble knyght! I yelde me to thy mercy!"

Than Sir Bewmaynes bethought hym on his knyghtes that he had made to be honged shamfully, and than he seyde, "I may nat with my worship to save thy lyff for the shamefull dethys that thou haste caused many full good knyghtes to dye."

"Sir," seyde the Rede Knyght, "holde your hande and ye shall knowe the causis why I putte hem to so shamefull a deth."

"Sey on," seyde Sir Bewmaynes.

"Sir, I loved onys a lady fayre, and she had hir bretherne slayne, and she tolde me hit was Sir Launcelot du Lake othir ellys Sir Gawayne. And she prayed me as I loved hir hertely that I wolde make hir a promyse by the faythe of my knyghthode for to laboure in armys dayly untyll that I had mette with one of them, and all that I myght overcom I sholde put them to vylans deth. And this is the cause that I have putte alle thes knyghtes to dethe. And so I ensured her to do all the vylany unto Kynge Arthurs knyghtes that I myght, and that I sholde take vengeaunce uppon all these knyghtes. And sir, now I woll telle the that every day my strengthe encresyth tylle none untyll I have seven mennys strength."

Than cam there many erlys and barowns and noble knyghtes and prayde that knyght to save his lyff, "and take hym to your presoner." And all they felle uppon theire kneis and prayde hym of mercy that he wolde save his lyff.

"And, sir," they all seyde, "hit were fayrer of hym to take omage and feauté and lat hym holde his londys of you than for to sle hym, for by his deth ye shall have none advauntage, and his myssededys that be done may not be undone. And therefore make ye amendys for all partyes, and we all woll becom youre men and do you omage and feauté."

"Fayre lordys," seyde Bewmaynes, "wete you well I am full loth to sle this knyght, neverthelesse he hath done passynge ylle and shamefully. But insomuche all that he dud was at a ladyes requeste I blame hym the lesse, and so for your sake I woll relece hym that he shall have his lyff uppon this covenaunte: that he go into this castell and yelde hym to the lady, and yf she woll forgyff and quyte hym I woll well, with this – he make hir amendys of all the trespasse

that he hath done ayenst hir and hir landys. And also, whan that is done, that he goo unto the courte of Kyng Arthur, and that he aske Sir Launcelot mercy and Sir Gawayne for the evyll wylle he hath had ayenst them."

"Sir," seyde the Rede Knyght, "all this woll I do as ye commaunde me, and syker assuraunce and borowys ye shall have."

So whan the assuraunce was made he made his omage and feauté, and all tho erlys and barouns with hym. And than the mayden Lynet com to Sir Bewmaynes and unarmed hym and serched his woundis and staunched the blood, and in lyke wyse she dud to the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis. And there they suggeourned ten dayes in there tentys, and ever the Rede Knyght made all his lordis and servauntys to do all the plesure unto Sir Bewmaynes that they myght do. And so within a whyle the Rede Knyghte yode unto the castell and putt hym in her grace, and so she resseyved hym uppon suffyciaunte sureté so that all her hurtys were well restored of all that she coude complayne.

And than he departed unto the courte of Kynge Arthure, and there opynly the Rede Knyght putt hymself in the mercy of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Gawayne; and there he tolde opynly how he was overcom and by whom, and also he tolde all the batayles frome the begynnyng to the endynge.

"Jesu mercy!" seyde Kynge Arthure and Sir Gawayne, "we mervayle muche of what bloode he is com, for he is a noble knyght."

"Have ye no mervayle," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for ye shall ryght well know that he is com of full noble bloode, and as for hys myght and hardynesse, there bene but few now lyvynge that is so myghty as he is, and of so noble prouesse."

"Hit semyth by you," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that ye know his name and frome whens he is com, and of what blood he is."

"I suppose I do so," seyde Sir Launcelot, "or ellys I wolde not have yeffyn hym the hyghe order of knyghthode, but he gaff me suche charge at that tyme that I woll never discover hym untyll he requyre me, or ellis hit be knowyn opynly by som other."

Now turne we unto Sir Bewmaynes that desyred of Dame Lynet that he myght se hir lady.

"Sir," she seyde, "I wolde ye saw hir fayne."

Than Sir Bewmaynes all armed toke his horse and his spere and rode streyte unto the castell, and whan he com to the gate he founde there men armed, and pulled up the drawbrygge and drew the portcolyse.

Than he mervayled why they wolde nat suffir hym to entir, and than he loked up to a wyndow and there he sawe fayre Dame Lyones, that seyde on hyght, "Go thy way, Sir Bewmaynes, for as yet thou shalt nat have holy my love unto the tyme that thou be called one of the numbir of the worthy knyghtes. And therefore go and laboure in worshyp this twelve-monthe, and than ye shall hyre newe tydyngis."

"Alas! fayre lady," sedye Sir Bewmaynes, "I have nat deserved that ye sholde shew me this straungenesse. And I hadde wente I sholde have had ryght good chere with you, and unto my power I have deserved thanke. And well I am sure I have bought your love with parte of the beste bloode within my body."

"Fayre curteyse knyght," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "be nat displeased, nother be nat overhasty, for wete you well youre grete travayle nother your good love shall nat be loste, for I consyder your grete laboure and your hardynesse, your bounté and your goodnesse as me ought to do. And therefore go on youre way and loke that ye be of good comforte, for all shall be for your worshyp and for the best, and pardé, a twelve-monthe woll sone be done. And trust me, fayre knyght, I shall be trewe to you and never betray you, but to my deth I shall love you and none other."

And therewithall she turned frome the wyndowe, and Sir Bewmaynes rode awaywarde frome the castell makynge grete dole. And so he rode now here, now there, he wyste nat whother, tyll hit was durke nyght. And than hit happened hym to com to a pore mannys house, and there he was herborowde all that nyght. But Sir Bewmaynes had no reste, but walowed and wrythed for the love of the lady of that castell. And so uppon the morne he toke his

horse and rode untyll undyrn, and than he com to a brode watir. And there he alyght to slepe and leyde his hede uppon hys shylde, and betoke his horse to the dwarff and commaunded the dwarff to wacche all nyght.

Now turne we to the lady of the same castell, that thought muche uppon Bewmaynes. And than she called unto hir Sir Gryngamoure hir brothir, and prayde hym in all maner as he loved hir hertely that he wolde ryde afftir Sir Bewmaynes: "And ever have ye wayte uppon hym tyll ye may fynde hym slepyng, for I am sure in his hevynesse he woll alyght adowne in som place and lay hym downe to slepe. And therefore have ye youre wayte uppon hym in prevy maner, and take his dwarff, and com your way wyth hym as faste as ye may, for my sistir Lynet tellyth me that he can telle of what kynrede he is com of and what is hys ryghte name. And in the meane whyle I and my sistir woll ryde untyll your castell to wayte whan ye brynge with you the dwarff, and than woll I have hym in examynacion myself, for tyll that I know what is his ryght name and of what kynrede he is commyn shall I never be myrry at my herte."

"Sistir," seyde Sir Gryngamour, "all this shall be done aftir your entente."

And so he rode all that other day and the nyght tyll he cam where he had lodged hym. And whan he sawe Sir Bewmaynes faste on slepe, he com stylly stalkyng behynde the dwarff and plucked hym faste undir his arme and so rode his way with hym untyll his owne castell. And this Sir Gryngamoure was all in blak, his armour and his horse and all that tyll hym longyth. But ever as he rode with the dwarff towarde the castell he cryed untyll his lorde and prayde hym of helpe. And therewyth awoke Sir Beawmaynes, and up he lepte lyghtly and sawe where the blak knyght rode his way wyth the dwarff, and so he rode oute of his syght.

Than Sir Bewmaynes put on his helme and buckeled on his shylde and toke his horse and rode afftir hym all that ever he myght, thorow mores and fellys and grete sloughis, that many tymes his

horse and he plunged over theire hedys in depe myres, for he knew nat the way but toke the gayneste way in that woodenesse, that many tymes he was lyke to peryshe. And at the laste hym happened to com to a fayre grene way, and there he mette with a poore man of the contray and asked hym whether he mette nat with a knyght uppon a blak horse and all blak harneyse, and a lytyll dwarff syttynge behynde hym with hevy chere.

"Sir," seyde the poore man, "here by me com Sir Gryngamoure the knyght with suche a dwarff mournyng as ye say, and therefore I rede you nat to folow hym, for he is one of the perelyst knyghtes of the worlde, and his castell is here nerehonde but too myle. Therefore we avyse you, ryde nat aftir Sir Gryngamour but yf ye owe hym good wylle."

So leve we Sir Bewmaynes rydyng toward the castell, and speke we of Sir Gryngamoure and the dwarff. Anone as the dwarff was com to the castell, Dame Lyonesse and Dame Lynet hir systir asked the dwarff where was his mastir borne and of what lynage was he com. "And but yf thou telle me," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "thou shalt never ascape this castell, but ever here to be presonere."

"As for that," seyde the dwarff, "I feare nat gretly to telle his name and of what kynne he is commyn of. Wete you well, he is a kynges son and a quenys, and his fadir hyght Kynge Lot of Orkeney, and his modir is sistir to Kyng Arthure, and he is brothir to the good knyghte Sir Gawayne, and his name is Sir Gareth of Orkenay. And now I have tolde you his ryght name, I pray you, fayre lady, lat me go to my lorde agayne, for he woll never oute of this contrey tyll he have me agayne; and yf he be angry he woll do muche harme or that he be stynted, and worche you wrake in this contrey."

"As for that, be as be may."

"Nay," seyde Sir Gryngamoure, "as for that thretynge, we woll go to dynere."

And so they wayshed and wente to mete and made hem mery and well at ease. Bycause the Lady Lyonesse of the Castell Perelus was there, they made the gretter joy.

"Truly, madam," seyde Lynet unto hir sistir, "well may he be a kyngys son, for he hath many good tacchis, for he is curteyse and mylde, and the most sufferynge man that ever I mette withall. For I dare sey there was never jantyllwoman revyled man in so foule a maner as I have rebuked hym, and at all tymes he gaff me goodly and meke answers agayne."

And as they sate thus talkynge there cam Sir Gareth in at the gate with hys swerde drawyn in his honde and cryed alowde that all the castell myght hyre: "Thou traytour knyght, Sir Gryngamoure! delyver me my dwarff agayne, or by the fayth that I owghe to God and to the hygh ordir of knyghthode I shall do the all the harme that may lye in my power!"

Than Sir Gryngamour loked oute at a wyndow and seyde, "Sir Gareth of Orkenay, leve thy bostyng wordys, for thou gettyst nat thy dwarff agayne."

"Thou cowarde knyght," seyde Gareth, "brynge hym with the, and com and do batayle with me, and wynne hym and take hym."

"So woll I do," seyde Sir Gryngamoure, "and me lyste, but for all thy grete wordys thou gettys hym nat."

"A fayre brothir," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "I wolde he hadde his dwarff agayne, for I wolde he were nat wroth: for now he hath tolde me all my desyre, I kepe no more of the dwarff. And also, brothir, he hath done muche for me and delyverde me frome the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis. And therefore, brothir, I owe hym my servyse afore all knyghtes lyvynge, and wete you well that I love hym byfore all othyr knyghtes lyvynge, and full fayne I wolde speke with hym. But in no wyse I wolde nat that he wyste what I were, but as I were anothir strange lady."

"Well, sistir," seyde Sir Gryngamoure, "sythen that I know now your wyll I woll obey me now unto hym." And so therewith he wente downe and seyde, "Sir Gareth, I cry you mercy, and all that I have myssedone I woll amende hit at your wylle. And therefore I pray you that ye wolde alyght and take suche chere as I can make you in this castell."

"Shall I have my dwarff?" seyde Sir Gareth.

"Yee, sir, and all the plesure that I can make you, for as sone as your dwarff tolde me what ye were and of what kynne ye ar com and what noble dedys ye have done in this marchis, than I repented me of my dedys."

Than Sir Gareth alyght, and there com his dwarff and toke his horse. "A my felowe!" seyde Sir Gareth, "I have had muche adventures for thy sake!"

And so Sir Gryngamoure toke hym by the honde and ledde hym into the halle where his owne wyff was. And than com forth Dame Lyones arayde lyke a prynces, and there she made hym passyng good chere and he hir agayne, and they had goodly langage and lovely countenaunce togyder.

And Sir Gareth thought many tymes: "Jesu wolde that the lady of this Castell Perelus were so fayre as she is!" And there was all maner of gamys and playes, of daunsyng and syngynge, and evermore Sir Gareth behelde that lady. And the more he loked on hir the more he loved hir, and so he brenned in love that he passed hymself farre in his reson. And forth towardys nyght they yode unto souper, and Sir Gareth myght nat ete, for his love was so hoote that he wyst nat where he was.

All thes lokys aspyed Sir Gryngamour, and than at aftir souper he called his sistir Dame Lyonesse untyll a chambir and sayde, "Fayre sistir, I have well aspyed your countenaunce betwyxte you and this knyght, and I woll, sistir, that ye wete he is a full noble knyght, and yf ye can make hym to abyde here I woll do hym all the plesure that I can, for and ye were bettir than ye ar, ye were well bewared uppon hym."

"Fayre brothir," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "I undirstonde well that the knyght is a good knyght and com he is oute of a noble house. Natwithstondyng I woll assay hym bettir, howbehit I am moste beholden to hym of ony erthely man, for he hath had grete labour for my love and passed many daungerous passagis."

Ryght so Sir Gryngamour wente unto Sir Gareth and seyde, "Sir, make ye good chere, for ye shall have none other cause, for this lady my sistir is youres at all tymes, hir worshyp saved, for

wete you well she lovyth you as well as ye do hir and bettir, yf bettir may be."

"And I wyste that," seyde Sir Gareth, "there lyved nat a gladder man than I wolde be."

"Uppon my worshyp," seyde Sir Gryngamoure, "truste unto my promyse. And as longe as hit lykyth you ye shall suggeourne with me, and this lady shall be wyth us dayly and nyghtly to make you all the chere that she can."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Gareth, "for I have promysed to be nyghe this contray this twelve-monthe, and well I am sure Kynge Arthure and other noble knyghtes woll fynde me where that I am wythin this twelve-monthe, for I shall be sought and founden yf that I be on lyve."

And than the noble knyghte Sir Gareth wente unto the lady Dame Lyonesse and kyssed hir many tymes, and eythir made grete joy of other, and there she promysed hym hir love, sertaynly to love hym and none other dayes of hir lyff. Than this lady Dame Lyonesse by the assent of hir brothir tolde Sir Gareth all the trouthe what she was, and how she was the same lady that he dud batayle fore, and how she was lady of the Castell Perelus. And there she tolde hym how she causid hir brothir to take away his dwarff for this cause: "to know the sertayne, what was your name and of what kyn ye were com." And than she lette fette before hym hir systir Lynet, the damesell that had ryddyn with hym many a wylsom way. Than was Syr Gareth more gladder than he was tofore. And than they trouthe-plyght eche other to love and never to fayle whyle theire lyff lastyth. And so they brente bothe in hoote love that they were acorded to abate theire lustys secretly. And there Dame Lyonesse counceyled Sir Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the halle, and there she promysed hym to com to his bed a lytyll afore mydnyght.

This counceyle was nat so prevyly kepte but hit was undirstonde, for they were but yonge bothe and tendir of ayge and had nat used suche craufftis toforne. Wherefore the damesell Lynet was a lytyll dysplesed; and she thought hir sister Dame Lyonesse was a lytyll overhasty that she myght nat abyde hir tyme of maryage, and for

savyng of hir worshyp she thought to abate theire hoote lustis. And she lete ordeyne by hir subtyle craufftes that they had nat theire intentys neythir with othir as in her delytes untyll they were maryed.

And so hit paste on. At aftir souper was made a clene avoydaunce, that every lorde and lady sholde go unto his reste. But Sir Gareth seyde playnly he wolde go no farther than the halle, for in suche placis, he seyde, was convenyaunte for an arraunte knyght to take his reste in. And so there was ordayned grete cowchis and thereon fethir beddis, and there he leyde hym downe to slepe. And within a whyle cam Dame Lyonesse wrapped in a mantell furred with ermyne, and leyde hir downe bysydys Sir Gareth. And therewithall he began to clyppe hir and to kysse hir.

And therewithall he loked before hym and sawe com an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym, and this knyght had a longe gysarne in his honde and made a grymme countenaunce to smyte hym. Whan Sir Gareth sawe hym com in that wyse he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in his hande a swerde and lepte towarde that knyght. And whan the knyght sawe Sir Gareth com so fersly uppon hym he smote hym with a foyne thorow the thycke of the thygh, that the wounde was a shafftemonde brode and had cutte a-too many vaynes and synewys. And therewithall Sir Gareth smote hym uppon the helme suche a buffette that he felle grovelyng, and than he lepe over hym and unlaced his helme and smote off his hede fro the body. And than he bled so faste that he myght not stonde, but so he leyde hym downe uppon his bedde, and there he sowned and lay as he had bene dede.

Than Dame Lyonesse cryed alowde that Sir Gryngamore harde hit and com downe; and whan he sawe Sir Gareth so shamfully wounded he was sore dyspleased and seyde, "I am shamed that this noble knyght is thus dishonoured. Sistir," seyde Sir Gryngamour, "how may this be that ye be here and this noble knyght is thus wounded?"

"Brother," she seyde, "I can nat telle you, for hit was nat done by me nother be myne assente, for he is my lorde and I am his,

and he muste be myne husbonde. Therefore, brothir, I woll that ye wete I shame nat to be with hym nor to do hym all the plesure that I can."

"Sistir," seyde Gryngamour, "and I woll that ye wete hit and Sir Gareth bothe that hit was never done by me, nother be myne assente this unhappy dede was never done."

And there they staunched his bledyng as well as they myght, and grete sorow made Sir Gryngamour and Dame Lyonesse. And forthwithall com Dame Lynet and toke up the hede in the syght of them all, and anoynted hit with an oyntemente thereas hit was smyttyn off, and in the same wyse he ded to the othir parte thereas the hede stake. And than she sette hit togydirs, and hit stake as faste as ever hit ded. And the knyght arose lyghtly up and the damesell Lynet put hym in hir chambir.

All this saw Sir Gryngamour and Dame Lyonesse, and so ded Sir Gareth, and well he aspyed that hit was Dame Lynet that rode with hym thorow the perelouse passages.

"A, well, damesell!" seyde Sir Gareth, "I wente ye wolde nat have done as ye have done."

"My lorde Sir Gareth," seyde Lynet, "all that I have done I woll avowe hit, and all shall be for your worshyp and us all."

And so within a whyle Sir Gareth was nyghe hole and waxed lyght and jocounde, and sange and daunced and gamed. Than agayne Sir Gareth and Dame Lyonesse were so hoote in brennynge love that they made theire covenauntes at the tenthe nyght aftir that she sholde com to his bedde. And because he was wounded afore, he leyde his armour and his swerde nygh his beddis syde.

And ryght as she promysed she com; and she was nat so sone in his bedde but she aspyed an armed knyght commynge towarde the bed, and anone she warned Sir Gareth. And lyghtly thorow the good helpe of Dame Lyonesse he was armed, and they hurled togydyrs with grete ire and malyce all aboute the halle. And there was grete lyght as hit had be the numbir of twenty torchis bothe byfore and behynde. So Sir Gareth strayned hym so that his olde wounde braste ayen on-bledynge. But he was hote and corragyous

and toke no kepe, but with his grete forse he strake downe the knyght and voyded hys helme and strake of his hede. Than he hew the hede on an hondred pecis, and whan he had done so he toke up all tho pecis and threw them oute at a wyndow into the dychis of the castell.

And by this done he was so faynte that unnethis he myght stonde for bledynge, and by than he was allmoste unarmed he felle in a dedly sowne in the floure. Than Dame Lyonesse cryed, that Sir Gryngamoure herde her, and whan he com and founde Sir Gareth in that plyght he made grete sorow. And there he awaked Sir Gareth and gaff hym a drynke that releved hym wondirly well. But the sorow that Dame Lyonesse made there may no tunge telle, for she so fared with hirself as she wolde have dyed.

Ryght so come this damesell Lynet before hem all, and she had fette all the gobbettis of the hede that Sir Gareth had throwe oute at the wyndow, and there she anoynted hem as she dud tofore, and put them to the body in the syght of hem all.

"Well, damesell Lynet," seyde Sir Gareth, "I have nat deserved all this dyspyte that ye do unto me."

"Sir knyght," she seyde, "I have nothynge done but I woll avow hit, and all that I have done shall be to your worshyp and to us all."

Than was Sir Gareth staunched of his bledynge, but the lechis seyde there was no man that bare the lyff sholde heale hym thorowly of his wounde but yf they heled hym that caused the stroke by enchauntemente.

So leve we Sir Gareth there wyth Sir Gryngamour and his sisters, and turne we unto Kyng Arthure that at the nexte feste of Pentecoste helde his feste. There cam the Grene Knyght and fyfty knyghtes with hym, and yeldyd them all unto Kynge Arthure. Than there com the Rede Knyghte, his brothir, and yelded hym to Kynge Arthure wyth thre score knyghtes with hym. Also there com the Blew Knyght, his brothir, with an hondred knyghtes and yelded hem to Kyng Arthure. And the Grene Knyghtes name was Sir Partholype, and the Rede

Knyghtes name was Sir Perymones, and the Blew Knyghtes name was Sir Persaunte of Inde. Thes thre bretherne tolde Kynge Arthure how they were overcom by a knyght that a damesell had with hir, and she called hym Sir Bewmaynes.

"Jesu!" seyde the kynge, "I mervayle what knyght he is and of what lynage he is com. Here he was with me a twelve-monthe and poorely and shamefully he was fostred, and Sir Kay in scorne named hym Bewmaynes."

So ryght as the kynge stode so talkyng with thes thre bretherne, there com Sir Launcelot du Lake and tolde the kynge that there was com a goodly lorde with fyve hondred knyghtys with hym. Than the kynge wente oute of Carlyon, for there was the feste holde, and there com to hym this lorde and salewed the kynge with goodly maner.

"What wolde ye?" seyde Kynge Arthure, "and what is your erande?"

"Sir," he seyde, "I am called the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis, but my name is Sir Ironsyde; and sir, wete you well, hydir I am sente unto you frome a knyght that is called Sir Bewmaynes, for he wanne me in playne batayle hande for hande, and so ded never no knyght but he that ever had the bettir of me this twenty wyntir. And I am commaunded to yelde me to you at your wyll."

"Ye ar welcom," seyde the kynge, "for ye have bene longe a grete foo to me and to my courte, and now, I truste to God, I shall so entrete you that ye shall be my frende."

"Sir, bothe I and thes fyve hondred knyghtes shall allwayes be at your sommons to do you suche servyse as may lye in oure powers."

"Jesu mercy," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I am muche beholdyng unto that knyght that hath so put his body in devoure to worshyp me and my courte. And as to the, Sir Ironsyde, that is called the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, thou arte called a perelouse knyght, and yf thou wolte holde of me I shall worshyp the and made the Knyght of the Table Rounde, but than thou muste be no man-murtherer."

"Sir, as to that, I have made my promyse unto Sir Bewmaynes nevermore to use such customs, for all the shamefull customs that I used I ded hit at the requeste of a lady that I loved. And therefore I muste goo unto Sir Launcelot and unto Sir Gawayne and aske them forgyffnesse of the evyll wyll I had unto them; for all tho that I put to deth was all only for the love of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Gawayne."

"They bene here," seyde the kynge, "before the. Now may ye sey to them what ye woll."

And than he kneled downe unto Sir Launcelot and to Sir Gawayne and prayde them of forgeffnesse of his enmyté that he had ayenste them. Than goodly they seyde all at onys, "God forgyff you and we do. And we pray you that ye woll telle us where we may fynde Sir Bewmaynes."

"Fayre lordes," sayde Sir Ironsyde, "I can nat telle you, for hit is full harde to fynde hym, for such yonge knyghtes as he is, whan they be in theire adventures, bene never abydyng in no place."

But to sey the worshyp that the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys and Sir Persaunte and his bretherne seyde by hym, hit was mervayle to hyre.

"Well, my fayre lordys," seyde Kynge Arthure, "wete you well I shall do you honour for the love of Sir Bewmaynes, and as sone as ever I may mete with hym I shall make you all uppon a day Knyghtes of the Table Rounde. And as to the, Sir Persaunte of Inde, thou hast bene ever called a full noble knyght, and so hath evermore thy thre bretherne bene called; but I mervayle," seyde the kynge, "that I here nat of the Blak Knyght, your brothir. He was a full noble knyght."

"Sir," seyde Pertolype the Grene Knyght, "Sir Bewmaynes slew hym in a recountir with hys spere. His name was Sir Perarde."

"That was grete pyté," seyde the kynge, and so seyde many knyghtes, for thes foure brethyrne were full well knowyn in Kynge Arthurs courte for noble knyghtes, for longe tyme they had holdyn werre ayenste the Knyghtes of the Rownde Table.

Than Partolype the Grene Knyght tolde the kyng that at a passage of the watir of Mortayse there encountird Sir Bewmaynes with too

bretherne that ever for the moste party kepte that passage, and they were too dedly knyghtes. "And there he slew the eldyst brothir in the watir and smote hym uppon the hede suche a buffette that he felle downe in the watir, and there was he drowned. And his name was Sir Garrarde le Brewse. And aftir he slew the other brothir uppon the londe: hys name was Sir Arnolde le Brewse."

So than the kynge and they wente to mete and were served in the beste maner. And as they sate at the mete there com in the Quene of Orkenay with ladyes and knyghtes a grete numbir. And than Sir Gawayne, Sir Aggravayne, and Sir Gaherys arose and wente to hir modir and salewed hir uppon theire kneis and asked hir blyssynge, for of twelve yere before they had not sene hir. Than she spake uppon hyght to hir brothir Kynge Arthur: "Where have ye done my yonge son, Sir Gareth? For he was here amongyst you a twelve-monthe, and ye made a kychyn knave of hym, the whyche is shame to you all. Alas! Where have ye done my nowne dere son that was my joy and blysse?"

"A, dere modir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I knew hym nat."

"Nothir I," seyde the kynge. "That now me repentys, but, thanked be God, he is previd a worshypfull knyght as ony that is now lyvyng of his yerys, and I shall nevir be glad tyll that I may fynde hym."

"A, brothir!" seyde the quene, "ye dud yourself grete shame whan ye amongyst you kepte my son in the kychyn and fedde hym lyke a porke hogge."

"Fayre sistir," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye shall ryght well wete that I knew hym nat, nother no more dud Sir Gawayne, nothir his bretherne. But sytthe hit is so," seyde the kynge, "that he thus is gone frome us all, we muste shape a remedy to fynde hym.

"Also, sistir, mesemyth ye myght have done me to wete of his commynge, and than, if I had nat done well to hym, ye myght have blamed me. For whan he com to this courte he cam lenynge uppon too mennys sholdyrs as though he myght nat have gone. And than he asked me thre gyfftys; and one he asked that same day, and that was that I wolde gyff hym mete inowghe that twelve-monthe. And the

other too gyfftys he asked that day twelve-monthe, and that was that he myght have the adventure of the damesel Lynet; and the thirde, that Sir Launcelot sholde make hym knyght whan he desyred hym. And so I graunted hym all his desyre. And many in this courte mervayled that he desyred his sustynaunce for a twelve-monthe, and thereby we demed many of us that he was nat com oute of a noble house."

"Sir," seyde the Quene of Orkenay unto Kynge Arthure her brothir, "wete you well that I sente hym unto you ryght well armed and horsed and worshypfully besene of his body, and golde and sylver plenté to spend."

"Hit may be so," seyde the kyng, "but thereof sawe we none, save that same day that he departed frome us knyghtes tolde me that there com a dwarff hyder suddeynely and brought hym armour and a good horse full well and rychely beseyne, and thereat all we had mervayle, frome whens that rychesse com. Than we demed all that he was com of men of worshyp."

"Brothir," seyde the quene, "all that ye sey I beleve hit, for ever sytthen he was growyn he was mervaylously wytted, and ever he was feythfull and trew of his promyse. But I mervayle," seyde she, "that Sir Kay dud mok and scorne hym and gaff hym to name Bewmaynes. Yet Sir Kay," seyde the quene, "named hym more ryghteuously than he wende, for I dare sey he is as fayre an handid man, and he be on lyve, as ony lyvyng."

"Sistir," seyde Arthure, "lat this langage now be stylle, and by the grace of God he shall be founde and he be within this seven realmys. And lette all this passe and be myrry, for he is proved to be a man of worshyp and that is my joy."

Than seyde Sir Gawayne and his bretherne unto Kynge Arthure, "Sir and ye woll gyff us leve we woll go seke oure brothir."

"Nay," sayde Sir Launcelot, "that shall not nede." And so seyde Sir Bawdwyn of Brytaygne. "For as by oure advyse, the kynge shall send unto Dame Lyonesse a messyngere and pray hir that she wolle come to the courte in all haste that she may. And doute ye nat she woll com, and than she may gyff you the beste counceyle where ye shall fynde Sir Gareth."

"This is well seyde of you," seyde the kynge.

So than goodly lettyrs were made, and the messyngere sente forth, that nyght and day wente tyll he com to the Castell Perelous. And than the lady, Dame Lyonesse, was sente fore thereas she was with Sir Gryngamour hir brothir and Sir Gareth. And whan she undirstoode this messyngere she bade hym ryde on his way unto Kynge Arthure, and she wolde com aftir in all the moste goodly haste.

Than she com unto Sir Gryngamour and to Sir Gareth, and tolde hem all how Kyng Arthure hadde sent for hir.

"That is because of me," seyde Sir Gareth.

"Now avyse ye me," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "what I shall sey, and in what maner I shall rule me."

"My lady and my love," seyde Sir Gareth, "I pray you in no wyse be ye aknowyn where I am. But well I wote my modir is there and all my bretherne, and they woll take uppon hem to seke me: I woll well that they do. But this, madam, I woll ye sey and avyse the kynge whan he questyons with you of me: than may ye sey this is your avyse, that and hit lyke his good grace, ye woll do make a cry ayenst the Assumpcion of Oure Lady, that what knyght there prevyth hym beste, he shall welde you and all your lande. And yf so be that he be a wedded man that wynnes the degré, he shall have a coronall of golde sette with stonys of vertu to the valew of a thousande pounde, and a whyght jarfawcon."

So Dame Lyonesse departed. And to com off and to breff this tale, whan she com to Kynge Arthure she was nobly resseyved, and there she was sore questyonde of the kynge and of the Quene of Orkeney. And she answerde where Sir Gareth was she coude not tell, but this muche she seyde unto Kynge Arthure: "Sir, by your avyse I woll let cry a turnemente that shall be done before my castell at the Assumpcion of Oure Lady; and the cry shall be this, that you, my lorde Arthure, shall be there and your knyghtes, and I woll purvey that my knyghtes shall be ayenste youres; and than I am sure ye shall hyre of Sir Gareth."

"This is well avysed," seyde Kynge Arthure.

And so she departed, and the kynge and she made grete provysion to the turnemente.

Whan Dame Lyonesse was com to the Ile of Avylyon – that was the same ile thereas hir brothir Sir Gryngamour, dwelled – than she tolde hem all how she had done, and what promyse she had made to Kynge Arthure.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Gareth, "I have bene so sore wounded with unhappynesse sitthyn I cam into this castell that I shall nat be able to do at that turnemente lyke a knyght; for I was never thorowly hole syn I was hurte."

"Be ye of good chere," seyde the damesell Lynet, "for I undirtake within this fyftene dayes to make you as hole and as lusty as ever ye were."

And than she leyde an oynemente and a salve to hym as hit pleased hir, that he was never so freyshe nother so lusty as he was tho.

Than seyde the damesell Lynet, "Sende you unto Sir Persaunte of Inde, and assumpne hym that he be redy there with hys hole assomons of knyghtes, lyke as he made his promyse. Also that ye sende unto Sir Ironsyde, that is the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, and charge hym that he be redy there with you wyth his hole somme of knyghtes; and than shall ye be able to macche wyth Kynge Arthure and his knyghtes."

So this was done and all knyghtes were sente fore unto the Castell Perelous. Than the Rede Knyght answerde and sayde unto Dame Lyonesse and to Sir Gareth, "Madame and my lorde Syr Gareth, ye shall undirstonde that I have bene at the courte of Kynge Arthure, and Sir Persaunte of Inde and his bretherne, and there we have done oure omage as ye commaunded us. Also," seyde Sir Ironsyde, "I have takyn uppon me with Sir Persaunte of Inde and his bretherne to holde party agaynste my lorde Sir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte, and this have I done for the love of my lady Dame Lyonesse and you, my lorde Sir Gareth."

"Ye have well done," seyde Sir Gareth, "but wete ye well we shall be full sore macched with the moste nobleste knyghtes of the

worlde: therefore we muste purvey us of good knyghtes where we may gete hem."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Persaunte, "and worshypfully."

And so the cry was made in Ingelonde, Walys, Scotlonde, Irelonde, and Cornuayle, and in all the Oute Iles, and in Bretayne and in many contrayes, that at Oure Lady Day the Assumpsion next folowynge, men sholde com to the Castell Perelus besyde the Ile of Avylon, and there all the knyghtes, whan they com there, sholde chose whethir them lyste to be on the tone party with the knyghtes of the castell, other to be with Kyng Arthur on the tothir party. And too monthis was to the day that the turnamente sholde be.

And so many good knyghtys that were at hir large and helde hem for the most party at this tyme ayenste Kynge Arthure and the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table cam in the syde of them of the castell. And Sir Epynogrys was the fyrste, and he was the kynges son of Northumbirlonde; and Sir Palamydes the Saresyn was another, and Sir Safere and Sir Segwarydes, hys bretherne – but they bothe were crystynde – and Sir Malegryne another, and Sir Bryan de les Iles, a noble knyghte, and Sir Grummor Grummorson, a noble knyghte of Scotlond, and Sir Carados of the Dolowres Towre, a noble knyght, and Sir Terquyne his brothir, and Sir Arnolde and Sir Gauter, too bretherne, good knyghtes of Cornuayle. Also there com Sir Trystrams de Lyones, and with hym Sir Dynas the Senesciall, and Sir Saduk. But this Sir Trystrams was nat at that tyme Knyght of the Rounde Table; but he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde. And so all thes noble knyghtes accompanyed hem with the lady of the castell and with the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys. But as for Sir Gareth, he wolde nat take uppon hym but as othir meane knyghtis.

Than turne we to Kynge Arthure, that brought wyth hym Sir Gawayne, Aggravayne, Gaherys, his brethern; and than his nevewys, as Sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes, and Sir Agglovale, Sir Tor, Sir Percivale de Galys, and Sir Lamerok de Galys. Than com Sir Launcelot du Lake with his bretheren, nevewys, and cosyns, as Sir

Lyonell, Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Bors de Gaynys and Sir Bleobrys de Gaynes, Sir Blamour de Gaynys and Sir Galyhodyn, Sir Galyhud, and many mo of Sir Launcelottys kynne; and Sir Dynadan, Sir La Cote Male Tayle, his brothir, a good knyght, and Sir Sagramoure le Desyrus, Sir Dodynas le Saveage and all the moste party of the Rounde Table. Also there cam with Kynge Arthure thes kynges: the Kyng of Irelonde, Kynge Angwyshauns, and the Kynge of Scotlonde, Kynge Carados; and Kynge Uryens of the londe of Gore, and Kynge Bagdemagus and his son Sir Mellyagauns, and Sir Galahalte, the noble prynce, all thes kynges, prynces and erlys, barowns and other noble knyghtes, as Sir Braundyles, Sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and Sir Kay, Sir Bedyvere, Sir Melyot de Logres, Sir Petypace of Wynchilsé, Sir Gotlake – all thes com with Kynge Arthure and mo that be nat here rehersid.

Now leve we of thes kynges and knyghtes, and lette us speke of the grete aray that was made within the castell and aboute the castell for bothe partyes; for this lady, Dame Lyonesse, ordayned grete aray uppon hir party for hir noble knyghtes for all maner of lodgynge and vytayle that cam by londe and by watir, that there lacked no thynge for hir party, nother for the othir party, but there was plenté to be had for golde and sylver for Kynge Arthure and all his knyghtes. And than there cam the herbygeours frome Kynge Arthure for to herborow hym and his kyngys, deukis, erlys, barons, and knyghtes.

Than Sir Gareth prayde Dame Lyonesse, and the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, and Sir Persaunte and his bretherne, and Sir Gryngamour, that in no wyse there sholde none of them telle his name, and make no more of hym than of the leste knyght that there was, "for," he seyde, "I woll nat be knowyn of neythir more ne lesse, nothir at the begynnynge nother at the endyng."

Than Dame Lyones seyde unto Sir Gareth, "Sir, I wolde lene you a rynge of myne, but I wolde pray you, as ye love me hertely, lette me have hit agayne whan the turnemente is done, for that rynge encresyth my beawté muche more than hit is of hymselff. And the vertu of my rynge is this: that that is grene woll turne to rede, and

that that is rede woll turne in lyknesse to grene, and that that is blewe woll turne to lyknesse of whyghte, and that that is whyght woll turne in lyknesse to blew; and so hit woll do of all maner of coloures; also who that beryth this rynge shall lose no bloode. And for grete love I woll gyff you this rynge."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Gareth, "myne owne lady. For this rynge is passynge mete for me; for hit woll turne all maner of lyknesse that I am in, and that shall cause me that I shall nat be knowyn."

Than Sir Gryngamour gaff Sir Gareth a bay coursor that was a passynge good horse. Also he gaff hym good armour and sure, and a noble swerde that somtyme Sir Gryngamours fadir wan uppon an hethyn tyrraunte. And so thus every knyght made hym redy to that turnemente.

And Kynge Arthure was commyn too dayes tofore the Assumpcion of Oure Lady; and there was all maner of royalté of all maner of mynstralsy that myght be founde. Also there cam Quene Gwenyvere and the Quene of Orkeney, Sir Garethis mother.

And uppon the Assumpcion Day, whan masse and matyns was done, there was herowdys with trumpettis commaunded to blow to the felde. And so there com oute Sir Epynogrys, the kynges son of Northumbirlonde, frome the castell; and there encountyrde with hym Sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, and eythir of them brake there sperys to theire handis. And than com in Sir Palomydes oute of the castell; and there encountyrd with hym Sir Gawayne, and eythir of them smote other so harde that bothe good knyghtes and theire horsis felle to the erthe. And than the knyghtes of eythir party rescowed other.

Than cam in Sir Safer and Sir Segwarydes, bretherne to Palamydes; and there encountyrd Sir Aggravayne with Sir Safer, and Sir Gaherys encountyrd with Sir Segwarydes. So Sir Safer smote downe Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gawaynes brothir, and Sir Segwarydes, Sir Safers brothir, smote down Sir Gaherys. And Sir Malegryne, a knyght of the castell, encountyrd with Sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes, and Sir Uwayne smote downe Sir Malegryne, that he had allmoste broke his necke. Than Sir Bryan de les Iles and Grummor Grummorson,

knyghtes of the castell, encountyrde with Sir Agglovale and Sir Tor, and Sir Agglovale and Sir Tor smote downe Sir Bryan de les Iles and Sir Grummor Grummorson to the erth.

Than com in Sir Carados of the Dolowres Towre and Sir Terquyne, knyghtes of the castell; and there encountyrd with hem Sir Percivale de Galys and Sir Lamerok his brothir, and there encountryd Sir Percivale with Sir Carados, and eyther brake theire speres unto theire handes, and than Sir Terquyne with Sir Lamerok, and eyther of hem smote downe othir, hors and man, to the erthe; and eythir partyes rescowed other and horsed them agayne. And Sir Arnolde and Sir Gawter, knyghtes of the castell, encountird wyth Sir Brandyles and Sir Kay; and thes foure knyghtes encountyrde myghtely, and brake theire sperys to theyre handis.

Than com in Sir Trystrams, Sir Saduk, and Sir Dynas, knyghtes of the castell; and there encountyrd with Sir Trystrams Sir Bedyvere, and Sir Bedyvere was smyttyn to the erthe bothe horse and man. And Sir Sadoke encountyrde wyth Sir Petypace, and there Sir Sadoke was overthrowyn. And there Sir Uwayne les Avoutres smote downe Sir Dynas the Senesciall.

Than com in Sir Persaunte of Inde, a knyght of the castell; and there encountyrde with hym Sir Launcelot du Lake, and there he smote Sir Persaunte, horse and man, to the erthe. Than come in Sir Pertolype from the castell; and there encountyrde wyth hym Sir Lyonell, and there Sir Pertolype the Grene Knyght smote downe Sir Lyonell, brothir to Sir Launcelot.

And all this was marked wyth noble herrowdis, who bare hym beste, and theire namys.

And than com into the felde Sir Perimones, the Rede Knyght, Sir Persauntis brothir, that was a knyght of the castell; and he encountyrde with Sir Ector de Marys, and aythir of hem smote other so harde that hir sperys braste and hir horsys and they felle to the erthe.

And than com in the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis and Sir Gareth, frome the castell; and there encountyrde with hem Sir Bors de Gaynys and Sir Bleobrys. And there the Rede Knyght and Sir

Bors smote other so harde that hir sperys braste and theire horsys felle grovelynge to the erthe. Than Sir Blamour brake another spere uppon Sir Gareth, but of that stroke Sir Blamour felle to the erthe.

That sawe Sir Galyhuddyn, and bade Sir Garethe kepe hym; and Sir Gareth smote hym anone to the erthe. Than Sir Galyhud gate a spere to avenge his brothir; and in the same wyse Sir Gareth served hym. And in the same maner Sir Gareth served Sir Dynadan and his brothir, Sir La Kote Male Tayle, and Sir Sagramoure le Desyrus, and Sir Dodynas le Saveage: all these knyghtes he bare hem downe with one speare.

Whan Kynge Anguyshauns of Irelonde sawe Sir Gareth fare so, he mervayled what knyght he was; for at one tyme he semed grene, and another tyme at his gayne-commynge he semed blewe. And thus at every course that he rode too and fro he chonged whyght to rede and blak, that there myght neyther kynge nother knyght have no redy cognyssaunce of hym.

Than Kynge Anguyshaunce, the kynge of Irelonde, encountyrde with Sir Gareth, and there Sir Gareth smote hym frome his horse, sadyll and all. And than com in Kynge Carados of Scotlonde, and Sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man; and in the same wyse he served Kynge Uryens of the londe of Gore. And than come in Sir Bagdemagus, and Sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man to the erthe; and Kynge Bagdemagus son, Sir Mellyagauns, brake a spere uppon Sir Gareth myghtyly and knyghtly. And than Sir Galahalte the noble prynce cryed on hyght: "Knyght with the many coloures, well haste thou justed! Now make the redy, that I may juste with the!"

Sir Gareth herde hym, and gate a grete spere, and so they encountyrde togydir, and there the prynce brake his spere; but Sir Gareth smote hym uppon the buff syde of the helme, that he reled here and there, and had falle downe had nat his men recoverde hym.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that same knyght with the many coloures is a good knyght." Wherefore the kynge called unto hym Sir Launcelot and prayde hym to encountir with that knyght.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may well fynde in myne herte for to forebere hym as at this tyme, for he hath had travayle inowe this day. And whan a good knyght doth so well uppon som day, hit is no good knyghtes parte to lette hym of his worshyp, and namely whan he seyth a good knyghte hath done so grete labur. For peraventure," seyde Sir Launcelot, "his quarell is here this day, and peraventure he is beste beloved with this lady of all that bene here, for I se well he paynyth hym and enforsyth hym to do grete dedys. And therefore," seyde Sir Launcelot "as for me, this day he shall have the honour: thoughe hit lay in my power to put hym frome hit, yet wolde I nat."

Than whan this was done there was drawynge of swerdys and than there began a sore turnemente. And there dud Sir Lameroke mervaylus dedys of armys, and bytwyxte Sir Lameroke and Sir Ironsyde, that was the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, there was a stronge batayle. And Sir Palomydes and Sir Bleobrys, betwyxte them was full grete batayle. And Sir Gawayne and Sir Trystrams mette, and there Sir Gawayne had the worse, for he pulled Sir Gawayne frome his horse, and there he was longe uppon foote and defouled.

Than com in Sir Launcelot, and he smote Sir Terquyn, and he hym. And than cam therein Sir Carados, his brothir, and bothe at onys they assayled hym, and he as the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde worshypfully fought with hem bothe and helde them hote, that all men wondred of the nobles of Sir Launcelot. And than com in Sir Gareth, and knew that hit was Sir Launcelot that fought with tho too perelous knyghtes; and than Sir Gareth cam with his good horse and hurtled them in sundir, and no stroke wolde he smyte Sir Launcelot. That aspyed Sir Launcelot and demed hit sholde be the good knyght Sir Gareth.

And than Sir Gareth rode here and there and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that all folkys myght well aspye where that he rode. And by fortune he mette with his brothir Sir Gawayne, and there he put hym to the wors, for he put of his helme. And so he served fyve or six Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, that all men seyde he put hym in moste payne and beste he dud his dever.

For whan Sir Trystrams behylde hym how he fyrste justed and aftir fought so welle with a swerde, than he rode unto Sir Ironsyde and to Sir Persaunte of Inde, and asked hem be theire fayth "what maner a knyght yondir knyght is that semyth in so many dyvers coloures? Truly mesemyth," seyde Sir Trystrams, "that he puttyth hymself in grete payne, for he never sesyth."

"Wote nat ye what he is?" seyde Ironsyde.

"No," seyde Sir Trystrams.

"Than shall ye knowe that this is he that lovyth the lady of the castell, and she hym agayne, and this is he that wanne me whan I beseged the lady of this castell, and this is he that wanne Sir Persaunte of Inde and his thre brethirne."

"What is his name?" seyde Sir Trystrams, "and of what bloode is he com?"

"Sir, he was called in the courte of Kynge Arthure Bewmaynes, but his ryght name is Sir Gareth of Orkeney, brothir unto Sir Gawayne."

"By my hede," seyde Sir Trystrams, "he is a good knyght and a bygge man of armys: and yf he be yonge, he shall preve a full noble knyght."

"Sir, he is but a chylde," they all seyde, "and of Sir Launcelot he was made knyght."

"Therefore is he muche the bettir," seyde Sir Trystrams.

And than Sir Trystrams, Sir Ironsyde, and Sir Persaunte and his bretherne rode togydyrs for to helpe Sir Gareth. And than there was many sadde strokis, and than Sir Gareth rode oute on the tone syde to amende his helme.

Than seyde his dwarff, "Take me your rynge, that ye lose hit nat whyle that ye drynke." And so whan he had drunkyn he gate on hys helme, and egirly toke his horse and rode into the felde, and leffte his rynge with his dwarff: for the dwarf was glad the rynge was frome hym, for than he wyste well he sholde be knowyn.

And whan Sir Gareth was in the felde, all folkys sawe hym well and playnly that he was in yealow colowres. And there he raced of helmys and pulled downe knyghtes, that Kynge Arthure had mervayle what knyght he was. For the kynge sawe by his horse that

hit was the same knyght, "but byfore he was in so many coloures, and now he is but in one coloure, and that is yelowe.

"Now goo," seyde Kynge Arthure unto dyvers herowdys, and bede hem, "Ryde aboute hym, and aspye yf ye can se what maner of knyght he is; for I have spered of many knyghtes this day that ben uppon his party, and all sey that they knowe hym nought."

But at the laste an herrowde rode nyghe Sir Gareth as he coude, and there he sawe wryten aboute his helme in golde, seyynge "This helme is Sir Garethis of Orkenye." Than the heroude cryed as he were woode, and many herowdys with hym: "This is Sir Gareth of Orkenay in the yealow armys!"

Thereby all the kynges and knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs party behelde hym and awayted, and than they presed all knyghtes to beholde hym, and ever the herrowdys cryed and seyde: "This is Sir Gareth, Kynge Lottys son of Orkeney!"

And whan Sir Gareth aspyed that he was discoverede, than he dowbled his strokys and smote downe there Sir Sagramoure, and his brothir Sir Gawayne. "A, brothir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I wente ye wolde not have smyttyn me so."

Whan he herde hym sey so, he thrange here and there, and so with grete payne he gate oute of the pres, and there he mette with his dwarff.

"A, boy!" seyde Sir Gareth, "thou haste begyled me fowle this day of my rynge. Geff hit me faste, that I may hyde my body withall!" And so he toke hit hym, and than they all wyste not where he was become.

And Sir Gawayne had in maner aspyed where Sir Gareth rode, and than he rode aftir with all his myght. That aspyed Sir Gareth and rode lyghtly into the forest. For all that Sir Gawayne coude do, he wyste nat where he was becom.

And whan Sir Gareth wyste that Sir Gawayne was paste, he asked the dwarff of beste counsayle.

"Sir," seyde the dwarff, "mesemyth hit were beste, now that ye ar ascaped frome spyynge, that ye sende my lady Dame Lyones of the Castell Perelous hir rynge."

"Hit is well avysed," seyde Sir Gareth. "Now have hit here and bere hit her, and sey that I recommaunde me unto hir good grace, and sey hir I woll com whan I may, and pray hir to be trewe and faythfull to me as I woll be to hir."

"Sir," seyde the dwarff, "hit shall be done as ye commaunde me."

And so he rode his way and dud his erande unto the lady. Than seyde she, "Where is my knyght Sir Gareth?"

"Madam, he bade me sey that he wolde nat be longe frome you."

And so lyghtly the dwarff com agayne unto Sir Gareth, that wolde full fayne have had a lodgynge, for he had nede to be reposed. And than fell there a thundir and a rayne, as hevyn and erthe sholde go togydir. And Sir Gareth was nat a lytyll wery, for all of that day he had but lytyll reste, nother his horse nor he.

So thus Sir Gareth rode longe in that foreste untyll nyght cam, and ever hit lyghtned and thundirde as hit had bene wylde. At the laste by fortune he cam to a castell, and there he herde the waytis uppon the wallys. Than Sir Gareth rode unto the barbycan of the castell, and prayed the porter fayre to lette hym into the castell. The porter answerde ungoodly agayne and sayde, "Thou gettyste no lodgynge here."

"Fayre sir, sey not so, for I am a knyght of Kynge Arthurs; and pray the lorde or the lady of this castell to gyff me herborow for the love of Kynge Arthur."

Than the porter wente unto the douches and tolde hir how there was a knyght of Kynge Arthures wolde have herborow.

"Latte hym in," seyde the douches, "for I woll see that knyght. And for Kyng Arthurs love he shall nat be herborowles."

Than she yode up into a towre over the gate with tourchis ilyght. Whan Sir Gareth saw that lyght he cryed on hyghe: "Whethir thou be lorde or lady, gyaunte other champyon, I take no forse, so that I may have herborow as for this nyght: and yf hit be so that I muste nedis fyght, spare me nat to-morne whan I have rested me; for bothe I and myne horse be wery."

"Sir knyght," seyde the lady, "thou spekest knyghtly and boldely, but wete thou well the lorde of this castell lovyth nat Kynge Arthure nother none of hys courte, for my lorde hath ever bene ayenste hym. And therefore thow were bettir nat to com within his castell; for and thou com in this nyght, thou muste com in undir this fourme, that wheresomever thou mete hym, by stygh other by strete, thou muste yelde the to hym as presoner."

"Madam," seyde Sir Gareth, "what is your lorde and what is his name?"

"Sir, my lordys name is the Deuke de la Rouse."

"Well, madam," seyde Sir Gareth, "I shall promyse you in what place I mete youre lorde I shall yelde me unto hym and to his good grace, with that I undirstonde that he woll do me no shame. And yf I undirstonde that he woll, I woll relece myself and I can with my spere and my swerde."

"Ye say well," seyde the deuches.

Than she lette the drawbrygge downe; and so he rode into the halle and there he alyght, and his horse was ladde into the stable. And in the halle he unarmed hym and seyde, "Madam, I woll nat oute of this halle this nyght. And whan hit is daylyght, lat se who woll have ado with me; than he shall fynde me redy."

Than was he sette unto souper and had many good dysshis. Than Sir Gareth lyste well to ete, and full knyghtly he ete his mete and egirly. Also there was many a fayre lady by hym, and som seyde they nevir sawe a goodlyer man nothir so well of etynge. Than they made hym passynge good chere; and shortly, whan he had souped, his bedde was made there, and so he rested hym all nyght.

And in the morne he herde masse and brake hys faste, and toke his leve at the douches and at them all, and thanked hir goodly of hir lodgyng and of hir good chere. And than she asked hym his name.

"Truly, madam," he seyde, "my name is Sir Gareth of Orkeney, and som men calle me Bewmaynes."

Than knew she well hit was the same knyght that faught for Dame Lyonesse.

So Sir Gareth departed and rode up unto a mountayne, and there mette hym a knyght, his name was Sir Bendaleyne. And he seyde to Sir Gareth, "Thou shalt nat passe this way, for other thou shalt juste with me othir ellys be my presonere."

"Than woll I juste," seyde Sir Gareth.

And so they lette theire horsis ren, and there Sir Gareth smote hym thorowoute the body, and Sir Bendelayne rode forth to his castell there besyde, and there dyed. So Sir Gareth wolde have rested hym fayne. So hit happed hym to com to Sir Bendalaynes castell. Than his knyghtys and servauntys aspyed that hit was he that had slayne there lorde. Than they armed twenty good men and com oute and assayled Sir Gareth. And so he had no spere, but his swerde, and so he put his shylde afore hym, and there they brake ten sperys uppon hym. And they assayled hym passyngly sore, but ever Sir Gareth defended hym as a knyght. So whan they sawe they myght nat overcom hym they rode frome hym, and toke theire counceyle to sle his horse. And so they cam in uppon Sir Gareth, and so with hir sperys they slewe his horse, and than they assayled hym harde. But whan he was on foote there was none that he raught but he gaff hym such a buffette that he dud never recover. So he slew hem by one and one tyll they were but foure; and there they fledde. And Sir Gareth toke a good horse that was one of theires and rode his way.

Than he rode a grete pace tyll that he cam to a castell, and there he herde muche mournyng of ladyes and jantyllwomen. So at the laste there cam by hym a payge. Than he asked of hym, "What noyse is this that I hyre within this castell?"

"Sir knyght," seyde the payge, "here be within this castell thirty ladyes, and all they be wydowys. For here is a knyght that waytyth dayly uppon this castell, and he is callyd the Browne Knyght wythoute Pyté, and he is the perelust knyght that now lyvyth. And therefore, sir," seyde the payge, "I rede you fle."

"Nay," seyde Sir Gareth, "I woll nat fle, though thou be aferde of hym."

Than the payge saw where cam the Browne Knyght, and sayde, "Lo, yondir he commyth."

"Lat me dele with hym," seyde Sir Gareth. And whan aythir of othir had a syghte, they let theire horsis ren, and the Browne Knyght brake his spere, and Sir Gareth smote hym thorow the body, that he overthrewe hym to the grounde sterke dede. So Sir Gareth rode into the castell and prayde the ladyes that he myght repose hym.

"Alas!" seyde the ladyes, "ye may nat be lodged here."

"Yes, hardely, make hym good chere," seyde the payge, "for this knyght hath slayne your enemy."

Than they all made hym good chere as lay in theire power. But wete you well they made hym good chere, for they myght none other do, for they were but poore. And so on the morne he wente to masse, and there he sawe the thirty ladyes knele and lay grovelynge uppon dyverse toumbis, makynge grete dole and sorow. Than Sir Gareth knew well that in tho tombis lay theire lordys.

"Fayre ladyes," seyde Sir Gareth, "ye muste at the next hyghe feste be at the courte of Kynge Arthure, and sey that I, Sir Gareth, sente you thydir."

"Sir, we shall do your commaundemente," seyde the ladyes.

So he departed; and by fortune he cam to a mountayne, and there he founde a goodly knyght that bade hym, "Abyde, sir knyght, and juste with me!"

"What ar ye?" seyde Sir Gareth.

"My name is," he seyde, "called the Deuke de la Rowse."

"A, sir, ye ar the same knyght that I lodged onys within your castell, and there I made promyse unto youre lady that I sholde yelde me to you."

"A," seyde the deuke, "arte thou that proude knyght that profyrde to fyght with my knyghtes? Therefore make the redy, for I woll have ado wyth you."

So they let theire horsis renne, and there Sir Gareth smote the deuke downe from his horse, but the deuke lyghtly avoyded his horse and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and bade Sir Gareth alyght and fyght with hym. So he dud alyght, and they dud grete batayle togedyrs more than an houre, and eythir hurte other

full sore. But at the laste Sir Gareth gate the deuke to the erthe, and wolde have slayne hym, and than he yelded hym.

"Than must ye go," seyde Sir Gareth, "unto Kynge Arthure, my lorde, at the next hyghe feste, and sey that I, Sir Gareth, sente you thydir."

"Hit shall be done," seyde the deuke, "and I woll do you omage and feauté wyth an hondredsom of knyghtes with me, and all the dayes of my lyff to do you servyse where ye woll commaunde me."

So the deuke departed, and Sir Gareth stoode there alone. And as he stoode he sey an armed knyghte on horsebak commynge towarde hym. Than Sir Gareth toke the deukes shelde and mownted uppon horsebak, and so withoute ony wordis they ran togedir as thundir. And there that knyght hurte Sir Gareth undir the syde with his spere, and than they alyght and drewe there swerdys and gaff grete strokys, that the bloode trayled downe to the grounde; and so they fought too owres. So at the laste there com the damesell Lynet that som men called the Damesell Savyage. And she com rydynge uppon an ambelynge mule, and there she cryed all on hygh: "Sir Gawayne! Sir Gawayne! leve thy fyghtynge with thy brothir Sir Gareth!"

And whan he herde hir sey so, he threwe away his shylde and his swerde and ran to Sir Gareth and toke hym in his armys, and sytthen kneled downe and asked hym mercy.

"What ar ye," seyde Sir Gareth, "that ryght now were so stronge and so myghty, and now so sodeynly is yelde to me?"

"A, Sir Gareth, I am your brothir, Sir Gawayne, that for youre sake have had grete laboure and travayle."

Than Sir Gareth unlaced hys helme and kneled downe to hym and asked hym mercy. Than they arose bothe, and braced eythir othir in there armys, and wepte a grete whyle or they myght speke; and eythir of them gaff other the pryse of the batayle, and there were many kynde wordys betwene them.

"Alas! my fayre brothir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I ought of ryght to worshyp you, and ye were nat my brothir, for ye have worshipte Kynge Arthure and all his courte, for ye have sent mo worshypfull

knyghtes this twelve-monthe than fyve the beste of the Rounde Table hath done, excepte Sir Launcelot!"

Than cam the Damesell Savyaige, that was the lady Lynet that rode with Sir Gareth so longe, and there she dud staunch Sir Gareths woundis and Sir Gawaynes.

"Now what woll ye do?" seyde the Damesell Saveaige. "Mesemyth hit were beste that Kynge Arthure had wetynge of you bothe, for your horsis ar so brused that they may not beare."

"Now, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I pray you ryde unto my lorde myne unkle, Kynge Arthure, and tell hym what adventure is betydde me here; and I suppose he woll nat tary longe."

Than she toke hir mule and lyghtly she rode to Kynge Arthure, that was but too myle thens. And whan she had tolde hir tydynges to the kynge, the kynge bade, "Gete me a palferey!" And whan he was on horsebak, he bade the lordys and ladyes com aftir and they wolde; and there was sadelyng and brydelyng of quenys horsys and prynces horsis, and well was he that sonneste myght be redy.

So whan the kynge cam theras they were, he saw Sir Gawayne and Sir Gareth sitt upon a lytyll hyllys syde. Than the kynge avoyded his horse, and whan he cam nye to Sir Gareth he wolde a spokyn and myght nat, and therwyth he sanke downe in a sowghe for gladnesse. And so they sterte unto theire uncle and requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte. Wete you well the kynge made grete joy! And many a peteuous complaynte he made to Sir Gareth, and ever he wepte as he had bene a chylde.

So with this com his modir, the Quene of Orkeney, Dame Morgawse, and whan she saw Sir Gareth redyly in the vysage she myght nat wepe, but sodeynly felle downe in a sowne and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she had bene dede. And than Sir Gareth recomforted hir in suche wyse that she recovirde and made good chere.

Than the kynge commaunded that all maner of knyghtes that were undir his obeysaunce sholde make theire lodgynge ryght there, for the love of his too nevewys. And so hit was done, and all maner of purveyaunce purveyde, that there lacked no thynge that myght

be gotyn for golde nother sylver, nothir of wylde nor tame.

And than by the meanys of the Damsell Saveaige Sir Gawayne and Sir Gareth were heled of theire woundys; and there they suggeourned eyght dayes. Than seyde Kynge Arthure unto the Damesell Saveaige, "I mervayle that youre sistyr, Dame Lyonesse, comyth nat hydir to me; and in especiall that she commyth nat to vysyte hir knyght, my nevewe Sir Gareth, that hath had so muche travayle for hir love."

"My lorde," seyde the damesell Lynet, "ye muste of your good grace holde hir excused, for she knowyth nat that my lorde Sir Gareth is here."

"Go ye than for hir," seyde Kynge Arthur, "that we may be apoynted what is beste to done accordynge to the plesure of my nevewe."

"Sir," seyde the damesell, "hit shall be do."

And so she rode unto hir sistir, and as lyghtly as she myght make hir redy she cam on the morne with hir brothir Sir Gryngamour, and with hir fourty knyghtes. And so whan she was com, she had all the chere that myght be done, bothe of the kynge and of many other kynges and also quenys. And amonge all thes ladyes she was named the fayryst and pyereles. Than whan Sir Gareth mette with hir, there was a many a goodly loke and goodly wordys, that all men of worshyp had joy to beholde them.

Than cam Kynge Arthure and many othir kynges, and Dame Gwenyvere, and Quene Morgawse his modir; and there the kynge asked his nevew Sir Gareth, whether he wolde have this lady as paramour, other ellys to have hir to his wyff.

"My lorde, wete you well that I love hir abovyn all ladyes lyvynge."

"Now, fayre lady," sayde Kynge Arthure, "what sey ye?"

"My most noble kynge," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "wete you well that my lorde Sir Gareth ys to me more lever to have and welde as my husbonde than ony kyng other prynce that is crystyned; and if I may nat have hym, I promyse you I woll never have none. For, my lorde Arthure," seyde Dame Lyonesse, "wete you well he is my

fyrste love, and he shall be the laste; and yf ye woll suffir hym to have his wyll and fre choyse, I dare say he woll have me."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Gareth, "and I have nat you and welde you as my wyff, there shall never lady nother jantyllwoman rejoyse me."

"What, nevew?" seyde the kynge. "Is the wynde in that dore? For wete you well I wolde nat for the stynte of my crowne to be causer to withdraw your hertys. And wete you well ye can nat love so well but I shall rather encrece hyt than discrece hit; and also ye shall have my love and my lordeship in the uttirmuste wyse that may lye in my power." And in the same wyse seyde Sir Garethys modir.

So anone there was made a provysion for the day of maryaige, and by the kynges advyse hit was provyded that hit sholde be at Mychaelmasse folowyng at Kyng Kenadowne, by the seesyde; for there is a plenteuouse contrey. And so hit was cryed in all the placis thorow the realme. And than Sir Gareth sente his somons to all tho knyghtes and ladyes that he had wonne in batayle tofore, that they sholde be at his day of maryage at Kyng Kenadowne, by the sandys. And than Dame Lyonesse and the damesell Lynet wyth Sir Gryngamour rode to theire castell, and a goodly and a ryche rynge she gaff to Sir Gareth, and he gaff hir another. And Kynge Arthure gaff hir a ryche bye of golde, and so she departed. And Kynge Arthure and his felyshyp rode towarde Kyng Kenadowne; and Sir Gareth brought his lady on the way, and so cam to the kynge agayne, and rode wyth hym.

Lorde, the grete chere that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Gareth, and he of hym! For there was never no knyght that Sir Gareth loved so well as he dud Sir Launcelot, and ever for the moste party he wolde be in Sir Launcelottis company. For evir aftir Sir Gareth had aspyed Sir Gawaynes conducions, he wythdrewe hymself fro his brothir Sir Gawaynes felyshyp, for he was evir vengeable, and where he hated he wolde be avenged with murther, and that hated Sir Gareth.

So hit drew faste to Mychaelmas, that thydir cam Dame Lyonesse, the lady of the Castell Perelus, and hir sistir the damesell Lynet,

with Sir Gryngamour her brothir with hem; for he had the conduyte of thes ladyes. And there they were lodged at the devyse of Kynge Arthur. And uppon Myghelmas Day the Bysshop of Caunturbyry made the weddyng betwene Sir Gareth and Dame Lyonesse with grete solempnyté. And Kynge Arthure made Sir Gaherys to wedde the Damesell Saveage, Dame Lynet. And Sir Aggravayne Kynge Arthure made to wedde Dame Lyonesseis neese, a fayre lady; hir name was Dame Lawrell.

And so whan this solempnyté was done, than com in the Grene Knyght, Sir Pertolope, with thirty knyghtes; and there he dud omage and feauté to Sir Gareth, and all thes knyghtes to holde of hym for evermore. Also Sir Pertolope seyde, "I pray you that at this feste I may be your chambirlayne."

"With good wyll," seyde Sir Gareth, "syth hit lyke you to take so symple an offyce."

Than com in the Rede Knyght wyth thre score knyghtes with hym, and dud to Sir Gareth omage and feauté, and all tho knyghtes to holde of hym for evermore. And than this Sir Perimones prayde Sir Gareth to graunte hym to be his chyeff butler at the hygh feste.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Gareth, "that ye have this offyce and hit were bettir."

Than com in Sir Persaunte of Inde wyth an hondred knyghtes with hym, and there he dud omage and feauté, and all his knyghtes sholde do hym servyse and holde theire londis of hym for evir. And there he prayde Sir Gareth to make hym his cheyff sewear at that hyghe feste.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Gareth, "that ye have hit and hit were bettir."

Than com in the Deuke de la Rouse with an hondred knyghtes with hym; and there he dud omage and feauté to Sir Gareth, and so to holde there londis of hym for ever more. And he requyred Sir Gareth that he myght serve hym of the wyne that day of the hyghe feste.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Gareth, "and hit were bettir."

Than cam in the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis that hyght Sir Ironsyde, and he brought with hym thre hondred knyghtes and there

he dud omage and feauté, and all tho knyghtes to holde theire londys of hym for ever. And than he asked of Sir Gareth to be his kerver.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Gareth, "and hit please you."

Than com into the courte thirty ladyes, and all they semed wydows; and tho ladyes brought with hem many fayre jantyllwomen, and all they kneled downe at onys unto Kynge Arthure and unto Sir Gareth; and there all tho ladyes tolde the kynge how that Sir Gareth had delyverde them fro the Dolorous Towre, and slew the Browne Knyght withoute Pyté, "and therefore all we and oure ayres for evermore woll do omage unto Sir Gareth of Orkeney."

So than the kynges, quenys, pryncis, erlys, barouns, and many bolde knyghtes wente to mete; and well may ye wete that there was all maner of plenté and all maner revels and game, with all maner of mynstralsy that was used tho dayes. Also there was grete justys thre dayes, but the kynge wolde nat suffir Sir Gareth to juste, because of his new bryde; for, as the Freynsh boke seyth, that Dame Lyonesse desyred of the kynge that none that were wedded sholde juste at that feste.

So the fyrste day there justed Sir Lameroke de Galys, for he overthrewe thirty knyghtes and dud passyng mervelus dedis of armys. And than Kynge Arthure made Sir Persaunte and his too bretherne Knyghtes of the Rounde Table to theire lyvys ende, and gaff hem grete landys. Also the secunde day there justed Sir Trystrams beste, and he overthrew fourty knyghtes, and dud there mervelus dedis of armys. And there Kynge Arthure made Sir Ironsyde, that was the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, a Knyght of the Table Rounde to his lyvis ende, and gaff hym grete landis. Than the thirde day there justed Sir Launcelot, and he overthrew fyfty knyghtes and dud many mervelus dedis of armys, that all men wondird. And there Kynge Arthure made the Deuke de la Rowse a Knyght of the Table Rounde to his lyvys ende, and gaff hym grete londis to spende.

But whan this justis was done, Sir Lameroke and Sir Trystrams departed suddeynly and wolde nat be knowyn; for the whych Kynge Arthure and all the courte was sore dysplesid. And so they helde

the courte fourty dayes with grete solempnyté. And this Sir Gareth was a noble knyght, and a well rulyd and fayre langaged.

And thus endyth this tale of Sir Gareth of Orkeney, that wedded Dame Lyonesse of the Castell Perelus. (And also Sir Gaheris wedded her sistir, Dame Lynet, that was called the Damesell Saveaige, and Sir Aggravayne wedded Dame Lawrell, a fayre lady wyth grete and myghty londys, wyth grete ryches igyffyn wyth them by Kyng Arthure that ryally they myght lyve tyll theire lyvis ende.)

And I pray you all that redyth this tale to pray for hym that this wrote, that God sende hym good delyveraunce sone and hastely. Amen.

THE MADNESS OF SIR TRISTRAM

NOW LEVE WE HERE Sir Launcelot de Lake and Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and turne we unto Sir Trystram de Lyones that was in Bretayne, that whan La Beall Isode undirstood that he was wedded she sente to hym by hir maydyn Dame Brangwayne pyteuous lettirs as coude be thought and made, and hir conclusyon was thus, that if hit pleased Sir Trystram to com to hir courte and brynge with hym Isode le Blaunche Maynys, they shulde be kepte als well as herselff.

Than Sir Trystram called unto hym Sir Keyhydyns and asked hym whether he wolde go with hym into Cornwayle secretely. He answerde hym and seyde that he was redy at all tymes. And than he lete ordayne prevayly a lityll vessell, and therein they sayled, Sir Trystam, Sir Keyhydyns, and Dame Brangwayne and Governayle, Sir Trystrams squyar.

So whan they were in the see a contraryus wynde blew them unto the costis of North Walis, ny the Foreyste Perelus. Than seyde Sir Trystrames, "Here shall ye abyde me thes ten dayes, and Governayle, my squyer, with you. And if so be I com nat agayne by that day, take the nexte way into Cornwayle, for in thys foreyste ar many strange adventures, as I have harde sey, and som of hem I caste to preve or that I departe. And whan I may I shall hyghe me aftir you."

Than Sir Trystrams and Sir Keyhydyns toke theire horsis and departed frome theire felyship. And so they rode within that foreyste a myle and more, and at the laste Sir Trystramys saw before them a lykely knyght syttyng armed by a well. And a stronge myghty horse stood passyng nyghe hym i-tyed to an oke, and a man hovyng and rydynge by hym, ledynge an horse lode with spearys. And thys knyght that sate at the well semyd by hys countenaunce to be passying hevy. Than Sir Trystramys rode nere hym and seyde,

"Fayre knyght! Why sitte you so droupynge? Ye seme to be a knyght arraunte by youre armys and harneys, and therefore dresse you to juste with one of us other with bothe!"

Therewithall that knyght made no wordes, but toke hys shylde and buckeled hit aboute hys necke, and lyghtly he toke hys horse and lepte uppon hym, and than he toke a grete speare of hys squyre and departed hys way a furlonge.

Than Sir Keyhydyns asked leve of Sir Trystrames to juste firste.

"Sir, do your beste!" seyde Sir Trystrames.

So they mette togydirs, and there Sir Keyhydins had a falle and was sore wounded an hyghe abovyn the pappis. Than Sir Trystramys seyde, "Knyght, that ys well justed, now make you redy unto me!"

"Sir, I am redy," seyde the knyght.

And anone he toke a grete speare and encountird with Sir Trystramys. And there by fortune and by grete force that knyght smote downe Sir Trystramys frome hys horse, and had a grete falle. Than Sir Trystram was sore ashamed, and lyghtly he avoyded hys horse and put hys shylde afore hys shulder and drew hys swerde, and than Sir Trystramys requyred that knyght of hys knyghthode to alyghte uppon foote and fyght with hym.

"I woll well," seyde the knyght.

And so he alyght uppon foote and avoyded hys horse and kest hys shylde uppon hys shuldir and drew oute hys swerde, and there they fought a longe batayle togydirs, nyghe too owrys. Than Sir Trystramys seyde, "Fayre knyght, holde thyne honde a lityll whyle and telle me of whens thou arte and what ys thy name."

"As for that," seyde the knyght, "I woll be avysed; but and ye woll telle me youre name, peradventure I woll tell you myne."

"Now, fayre knyght," he seyde, "my name ys Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"Sir, and my name ys Sir Lamerok de Galys."

"A, Sir Lamerok!" seyde Sir Trystram, "well be we mette! And bethynke the now of the despite thou dedist me of the sendynge of the horne unto Kynge Markis courte, to the entente to have slayne

or dishonourde my lady, Quene La Beall Isode. And therefore wyte thou well," seyde Sir Trystramys, "the tone of us too shall dy or we departe."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok, "that tyme that we were togydirs in the Ile of Servage ye promysed me bettir frendeship."

So Sir Trystramys wolde make no lenger delayes, but laysshed at Sir Lamerok, and thus they faught longe tylle aythir were wery of other. Than Sir Trystrams seyde unto Sir Lamerok, "In all my lyff mette I never with such a knyght that was so bygge and so well-brethed. Therefore," sayde Sir Trystramys, "hit were pité that ony of us bothe sholde here be myscheved."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok, "for youre renowne and your name I woll that ye have the worship of this batayle, and therefore I woll yelde me unto you." And therewith he toke the poynte of hys swerde in hys honde to yelde hym.

"Nay," seyde Sir Trystrames, "ye shall nat do so, for well I know youre profirs ar more of your jantilnes than for ony feare or drede ye have of me."

And therewithall Sir Trystramys profferde hym hys swerde and seyde, "Sir Lamerak, as an overcom knyght I yelde me to you as a man of moste noble proues that I ever mette!"

"Nay," seyde Sir Lamerok, "I woll do you jantylnes: I requyre you, lat us be sworne togydirs that never none of us shall aftir thys day have ado with other."

And therewithall Sir Trystrames and Sir Lamerok sware that never none of hem sholde fyght agaynste othir, for well nother for woo.

And thys meane whyle com Sir Palomydes the good knyght, folowyng the Questyng Beste, that hadde a hede in shap lyke a serpentis hede and a body lyke a lybard, buttokked lyke a lyon and footed lyke an harte. And in hys body there was such a noyse as hit had bene twenty couple of houndys questynge, and suche noyse that beste made wheresomever he wente. And thys beste evermore Sir Palomydes folowed, for hit was called hys queste.

And ryght so as he folowed this beste, hit cam by Sir Trystram, and sone aftir cam Sir Palomydes. And to breff thys mater, he smote

downe Sir Trystramys and Sir Lamerok bothe with one speare, and so he departed aftir the Beste Glatyssaunte that was called the Questynge Beste, wherefore thes too knyghtes were passynge wrothe that Sir Palomydes wold nat fyght with hem on foote.

Here men may undirstonde that bene men of worshyp that man was never fourmed that all tymes myght attayne, but somtyme he was put to the worse by malefortune, and at som tyme the wayker knyght put the byggar knyght to a rebuke. Than Sir Trystrams and Sir Lamerok gate Sir Kayhydyns uppon a shylde betwyxte them bothe and led hym to a fosters lodge. And there they gaff hym in charge to kepe hym well, and with hym they abode thre dayes. Than thes too knyghtes toke theire horsys and at a crosse they departed.

And than seyde Sir Trystramys to Sir Lamerok, "I requyre you, if ye hap to mete with Sir Palomydes, say to hym that he shall fynde me at the same welle there we mette tofore, and there I, Sir Trystramys, shall preve whether he be bettir knyght than I."

And so ayther departed frome othir a sondry way, and Sir Trystramys rode nyghe thereas was Sir Keyhydyns, and Sir Lamerok rode untyll he cam to a chapell, and there he put hys horse unto pasture. And anone there cam Sir Mellyagaunce that was Kynge Bagdemagus sonne, and he there put hys horse to pasture, and was nat ware of Sir Lamerok. And than thys knyght Sir Mellyagaunce made hys mone of the love that he had to Quene Gwenyvere, and there he made a wofull complaynte.

All thys harde Sir Lamerok, and on the morne Sir Lamerake toke hys horse and rode unto the foreyste, and there he mette with too knyghtes hovyng undir the woodshaw.

"Fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Lamerok, "what do ye, hovyng here and wacchynge? And yff ye be knyghtes arraunte that wyll juste, lo I am redy!"

"Nay, sir knyght," they seyde, "we abyde nat here for to juste with you, but we lye in a wayte uppon a knyght that slew oure brothir."

"What knyght was that," seyde Sir Lamorak, "that ye wolde mete withall?"

"Sir," they seyde, "hit ys Sir Launcelot that we woll slee and he com thys way."

"Ye take uppon you a grete charge," seyde Sir Lamorake, "for Sir Launcelot ys a noble proved knyght."

"As for that, sir, we doute nat, for there ys none of us but we ar good inowghe for hym."

"I woll nat beleve that," seyde Sir Lamerok, "for I harde never yet of no knyght dayes of oure lyff but Sir Launcelot was to bygge for hym."

Ryght as they talked Sir Lameroke was ware how Sir Launcelot com rydynge streyte towarde them. Than Sir Lamorak salewed hym and he hym agayne, and than Sir Lamorak asked Sir Launcelot if there were onythynge that he myght do for hym in thys marchis.

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "nat at thys tyme, I thanke you."

Than ayther departed frome other, and Sir Lamorake rode ayen thereas he leffte the too knyghtes, and than he founde them hydde in the leved woode.

"Fye on you!" seyde Sir Lamerak, "false cowardis! that pité and shame hit ys that ony of you sholde take the hyghe order of knyghthode!"

So Sir Lamerok departed fro them, and within a whyle he mette with Sir Mellyagaunce. And than Sir Lamorak asked him why he loved Quene Gwenyvere as he ded, "for I was nat far frome you whan ye made youre complaynte by the chapell."

"Ded ye so?" seyde Sir Mellyagaunce. "Than woll I abyde by hit: I love Quene Gwenyvere!"

"What woll ye with hit?"

"I woll preve and make hit good that she ys the fayryste lady and moste of beauté in the worlde."

"As to that," seyde Sir Lamerok, "I say nay thereto, for Quene Morgause of Orkeney, modir unto Sir Gawayne, she ys the fayryst lady that beryth the lyff."

"That ys nat so," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "and that woll I preve with my hondis!"

"Wylle ye so?" seyde Sir Lamorak. "And in a bettir quarell kepe I nat to fyght."

So they departed ayther frome othir in grete wratthe, and than they com rydyng togydir as hit had bene thundir, and aythir smote other so sore that theire horsis felle backewarde to the earthe. And than they avoyded theire horsys and dressed theire shyldis and drew theire swerdis, and than they hurteled togydirs as wylde borys, and thus they fought a grete whyle. For Sir Mellyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght, but Sir Lamorak was harde byg for hym and put hym allwayes abacke, but aythir had wounded othir sore.

And as they stood thus fyghtynge, by fortune com Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberys, and than Sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they fought so togydirs, "and ye ar bothe of the courte of Kynge Arthure."

"Sir," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "I shall telle you for what cause we do thys batayle. I praysed my lady Quene Gwenyvere, and seyde she was the fayryste lady of the worlde, and Sir Lameroke seyde nay thereto, for he seyde Quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrar than she and more of beauté."

"A!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "Sir Lamorak, why sayst thou so? Hit ys nat thy parte to disprayse thy prynces that thou arte undir hir obeysaunce and we all." And therewithall Sir Launcelot alyght on foote. "And therefore make the redy, for I woll preve uppon the that Quene Guenyvere ys the fayryst lady and moste of bounté in the worlde."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok, "I am lothe to have ado with you in thys quarell, for every man thynkith hys owne lady fayryste, and thoughe I prayse the lady that I love moste, ye sholde nat be wrothe. For thoughe my lady Quene Gwenyvere be fayryst in youre eye, wyte you well Quene Morgause of Orkeney ys fayryst in myne eye, and so every knyght thynkith hys owne lady fayryste. And wyte you well, sir, ye ar the man in the worlde excepte Sir Trystramys that I am moste lothyst to have ado withall, but and ye woll nedys have ado with me, I shall endure you as longe as I may."

Than spake Sir Bleoberys and seyde, "My lorde Sir Launcelot, I wyste you never so mysseadvysed as ye be at thys tyme, for Sir Lamerok seyth to you but reson and knyghtly. For I warne you, I have a lady, and methynkith that she ys the fayryst lady of the worlde. Were thys a grete reson that ye sholde be wrothe with me for such langage? And well ye wote that Sir Lamorak ys a noble knyght as I know ony lyvynge, and he hath oughte you and all us ever good wyll. Therefore I pray you, be fryndis!"

Than Sir Launcelot seyde, "Sir, I pray you, forgyve me myne offence and evyll wyll, and if I was mysseadvysed I woll make amendis."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok, "the amendis ys sone made betwyxte you and me."

And so Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberys departed, and Sir Lamerok and Sir Mellyagaunce toke theire horsis and aythir departed frome othir.

And within a whyle cam Kyng Arthure and mette with Sir Lamorak and justed with hym, and there he smote downe Sir Lamorak and wounded hym sore with a speare. And so he rode frome hym, wherefore Sir Lamerok was wroth that he wolde nat fyght with hym on foote, howbehit that Sir Lamerok knew nat Kynge Arthure.

Now levith of thys tale and spekith of Sir Trystramys, that as he rode he mette with Sir Kay the Senescyall, and there Sir Kay asked Sir Trystramys of what contrey he was. He answerde and seyde he was of the contrey of Cornwayle.

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Kay, "for as yet harde I never that evir good knyght com oute of Cornwayle."

"That ys yevell spokyn," seyde Sir Trystram; "but and hit please you to telle me your name, I pray you."

"Sir, wyte you well that my name ys Sir Kay the Senesciall."

"A, sir, ys that youre name?" seyde Sir Trystramys. "Now wyte you well that ye ar named the shamefullyst knyght of your tunge that now ys lyvynge. Howbehit ye ar called a good knyght, but ye ar called unfortunate and passyng overthwart of youre tunge."

And thus they rode togydirs tylle they cam to a brydge, and there was a knyght that wolde nat latte them passe tylle one of them justed with hym. And so that knyght justed with Sir Kay, and there he gaff Sir Kay a falle; and hys name was Sir Tor, Sir Lamerokes halff-brothir.

And than they too rode to theire lodgynge, and there they founde Sir Braundiles, and Sir Tor cam thydir anone aftir. And as they sate at hir souper, thes foure knyghtes, thre of them spake all the shame by Cornysh knyghtes that coude be seyde. Sir Trystramys harde all that they seyde, and seyde but lytyll, but he thought the more. But at that tyme he discoverde nat hys name.

And uppon the morne Sir Trystrams toke hys horse and abode them uppon theire way. And there Sir Brandiles profirde to juste with Sir Trystram, and there Sir Trystram smote hym downe, horse and all, to the erthe.

Than Sir Tor le Fyze de Vaysshoure, he encountird with Sir Trystram, and there Sir Trystram smote hym downe. And than he rode hys way and Sir Kay folowed hym, but he wolde none of hys felyship. Than Sir Brandiles com to Sir Kay and seyde, "I wolde wyte fayne what ys that knyghtes name."

"Com one with me," seyde Sir Kay, "and we shall pray hym to telle us hys name."

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam nyghe hym, and than they were ware where he sate by a welle and had put of hys helme to drynke at the welle. And whan that he saw them com he laced on hys helme lyghtly and toke hys horse to profir hem to juste.

"Nay!" seyde Sir Braundyles, "we justed late inowe with you, but we com nat in that entente, but we requyre you of knyghthod to telle us youre name."

"My fayre lordys, sitthyn that hit ys youre desyre, and now for to please you ye shall wyte that my name ys Sir Trystram de Lyones, nevew unto Kyng Marke of Cornwayle."

"In good tyme," seyde Sir Brandiles, "and well be ye foundyn! And wyte you well that we be ryght glad that we have founde you, and we be of a felyship that wolde be ryght glad of youre company,

for ye ar the knyght in the worlde that the noble felyship of the Rounde Table desyryth moste to have the company off."

"God thanke them all," seyde Sir Trystram, "of hir grete goodnes, but as yet I fele well that I am nat able to be of theire felyship, for I was never yet of such dedys of worthynes to be in the companye of such a felyship."

"A," seyde Sir Kay, "and ye be Sir Trystrams, ye ar the man called now moste of proues excepte Sir Launcelot, for he beryth nat the lyff crystynde nother hethynde that canne fynde such anothir knyght, to speke of hys proues of his hondis and hys trouthe withall. For yet cowde there never creature sey hym dishonoure and make hit good."

Thus they talked a grete whyle, and than they departed ayther frome other such wayes as hem semed beste.

Now shall ye here what was the cause that Kyng Arthure cam into the Foreyste Perelous, that was in North Walis, by the meanys of a lady. Her name was Aunowre, and thys lady cam to Kynge Arthure at Cardyeff, and she by fayre promyses and fayre behestis made Kyng Arthure to ryde with her into that Foreyste Perelous. And she was a grete sorseres, and many dayes she had loved Kynge Arthure, and bycause she wolde have had hym lye by her she cam into that contrey.

So whan the kynge was gone with hir, many of hys knyghtes folowed aftir hym whan they myste hym, as Sir Launcelot, Sir Brandiles, and many other.

And whan she had brought hym to hir towre she desired hym to ly by her, and than the kynge remembird hym of hys lady and wolde nat for no crauffte that she cowde do. Than every day she wolde make hym ryde into that foreyste with hyr owne knyghtes to the entente to have had hym slayne; for whan thys lady Aunowre saw that she myght nat have hym at her wylle, than she laboured by false meanys to have destroyed Kynge Arthure and slayne hym.

Than the Lady of the Lake, that was allwayes fryndely to Kynge Arthure, she undirstood by hir suttyle craufftes that Kynge Arthure was lykely to be destroyed. And therefore thys Lady of the Lake, that

hyght Nynive, she cam into that foreyste to seke aftir Sir Launcelot du Lake othir ellis Sir Trystramys for to helpe Kynge Arthure, for as that same day she knew well that Kynge Arthure sholde be slayne onles that he had helpe of one of thes too knyghtes. And thus she rode up and downe tyll she mette with Sir Trystram, and anone as she saw hym she knew hym and seyde, "A, my lorde Sir Trystram, well be ye mette, and blyssed be the tyme that I have mette with you, for thys same day and within thys too owrys shall be done the dolefullyst dede that ever was done in thys londe."

"A, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Trystramys, "may I amende hit?"

"Yee, sir, therefore comyth on with me in all the haste ye may, for ye shall se the moste worshipfullyst knyght in the worlde harde bestadde."

Than seyde Sir Trystramys, "I am redy lo to helpe you and suche a noble man as ye sey he ys."

"Sir, hit ys nother bettir ne worse," seyde the damesell, "but the noble Kynge Arthure hymselff."

"God deffende," seyde Sir Trystramys, "that ever he shulde be in such distresse!"

Than they rode togydirs a grete pace untyll they cam to a lityll turret in a castell, and undirnethe that castel they saw a knyght stondynge uppon foote fyghtyng with too knyghtes. And so Sir Trystramys behelde them. And at the laste thes too knyghtes smote downe that one knyght, and one of hem unlaced hys helme, and the lady Aunowre gate Kynge Arthurs swerde in her honde to have strykyn of his hede.

And therewithall com Sir Trystramys as faste as he myght, cryyng, "Traytoures! Leve that knyght anone!" And so Sir Trystrams smote the tone of hem thorow the body that he felle dede, and than he russhed to the othir and smote hys backe in sundir.

And in the meane whyle the Lady of the Lake cryed to Kynge Arthur, "Lat nat that false lady ascape!"

Than Kynge Arthur overtoke hir and with the same swerde he smote of her hede. And the Lady of the Lake toke up hir hede and hynge hit at hir sadill-bowe by the heyre.

And than Sir Trystramys horsed the kynge agayne and rode forth with hym, but he charged the Lady of the Lake nat to discover hys name as at that tyme. So whan the kynge was horsed he thanked hartely Sir Trystramys and desired to wyte hys name, but he wolde nat telle hym none other but that he was a poure knyght aventures. And so he bare Kynge Arthure felyship tylle he mette with som of hys knyghtes.

And so within a whyle he mette with Sir Ector de Marys, and he knew nat Kynge Arthur nother yet Sir Trystram, and he desired to juste with one of them. Than Sir Trystrams rode unto Sir Ector and smote hym frome hys horse, and whan he had done so he cam agayne to the kynge and seyde, "My lorde, yondir ys one of youre knyghtes, he may beare you felyshyp. And anothir day, by that dede that I have done for you I truste to God ye shall undirstonde that I wolde do you servyse."

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "lat me wyte what ye ar."

"Nat at thys tyme," seyde Sir Trystramys. So he departed and leffte Kynge Arthur and Sir Ector togydirs.

And than at a day sette Sir Trystrams and Sir Lamerok mette at the welle, and than they toke Sir Keyhydyns at the fosters house, and so they rode with hym to the ship where they leffte Dame Brangwayne and Governayle. And so they sayled into Cornuayle all holé togydirs. And by assente and by enformacion of Dame Brangwayne, whan they were londed they rode unto Sir Dynas the Senesciall, a trusty frynde of Sir Trystramys, and so Sir Dynas and Dame Brangwayne rode to the courte of Kynge Marke and tolde the Quene La Beall Isode that Sir Trystramys was nyghe hir in the contrey. Than for verry pure joy La Beall Isode sowned, and whan she myght speke she seyde, "Jantyll senesciall, helpe that I myght speke with hym, othir my harte woll braste!"

Than Sir Dynas and Dame Brangwayne brought Sir Trystram and Sir Keyhydyns prevaly into the courte, unto her chambir whereas La Beall Isode assygned them. And to telle the joyes that were betwyxte La Beall Isode and Sir Trystramys, there ys no maker

can make hit, nothir no harte can thynke hit, nother no penne can wryte hit, nother no mowth can speke hit.

And so the Freynshe booke makith mension, at the firste tyme that ever Sir Kayhidins saw La Beall Isode he was so enamered uppon hir that for very pure love he myght never withdraw hit. And at the laste, as ye shall hyre or the booke be ended, Sir Keyhydyns dyed for the love of Isode. And than pryvaly he wrote unto her lettirs and baladis of the moste goodlyeste that were used in tho dayes. And whan La Beall Isode undirstoode hys lettirs she had pité of hys complaynte, and unavised she wrote another lettir to comforte hym withall.

And Sir Trystram was all thys whyle in a turret, at the commaundemente of La Beall Isode, and whan she myght she yeode and come to Sir Trystram.

So on a day Kynge Marke played at the chesse undir a chambir wyndowe, and at that tyme Sir Trystramys and Sir Keyhydyns were within the chambir over Kynge Marke. And as hit myshapped, Sir Trystrams founde the lettir that Sir Kayhydyns sente unto La Beall Isode; also he had founde the lettir that she had sente unto Sir Keyhydyns. And at the same tyme La Beall Isode was in the same chambir.

Than Sir Trystramys com unto La Beall Isode and seyde, "Madame, here ys a lettir that was sente unto you, and here ys the lettir that ye sente unto hym that sente you that lettir. Alas! madame, the good love that I have lovyd you, and many londis and grete rychesse have I forsakyn for youre love! And now ye ar a traytouras unto me, whych dothe me grete payne.

"But as for the, Sir Keyhydyns, I brought the oute of Bretayne into thys contrey, and thy fadir, Kynge Howell, I wan hys londis. Howbehit I wedded thy syster, Isode le Blaunche Maynes, for the goodnes she ded unto me, and yet, as I am a trew knyght, she ys a clene maydyn for me. But wyte thou well Sir Keyhydyns, for thys falshed and treson thou hast done unto me, I woll revenge hit uppon the!" And therewithall Sir Trystram drew his swerde and seyde, "Sir Keyhidyns, kepe the!"

And than La Beall Isode sowned to the erthe.

And whan Sir Keyhydyns saw Sir Trystrams com uppon hym, he saw none other boote but lepte oute at a bay-wyndow evyn over hede where sate Kynge Marke playyng at the chesse. And whan the kynge saw one com hurlyng over hys hede he seyde, "Felow, what arte thou, and what ys the cause thou lepe oute at that wyndow?"

"My lorde kynge," seyde Sir Keyhydyns, "hit fortuned me that I was aslepe in the wyndow abovyn youre hede, and as I slepte I slumbirde, and so I felle downe."

Thus Sir Keyhydyns excused hym, and Sir Trystram drad hym sore leste he were discoverde unto the kyng that he was there. Wherefore he drew hym to the strength of the towre and armed hym in such armour as he had for to fyght with hem that wolde withstonde hym.

And so whan Sir Trystram saw that there was no resistence agaynste hym he sente Governayle for hys horse and hys speare, and knyghtly he rode forth oute of the castell opynly, that was callyd the Castell of Tyntagyll.

And evyn at the gate he mette with Sir Gyngalyn, Gawaynes sonne, and anone Sir Gyngalyn put hys speare in the reste and ran uppon Sir Trystram and brake hys speare. And Sir Trystram at that tyme had but a swerde, and gaff hym such a buffet uppon the helme that he fylle downe frome hys sadill, and hys swerde slode adowne and carved asundir his horse necke. And so Sir Trystramys rode hys way into the foreyste.

And all thys doynge saw Kynge Marke, and than he sente a squyer unto the hurte knyght and commaunded hym to com to hym, and so he ded. And whan Kynge Marke wyst that hyt was Sir Gyngalyn he wellcommyd hym and gaff hym anothir horse, and so he asked hym what knyght was that that encountyrde with hym.

"Sir," seyde Sir Gyngalyn, "I wote nat what knyght hit was, but well I wote he syeth and makith grete dole."

Than Sir Trystrames within a whyle mette with a knyght of hys owne – hys name was Sir Fergus – and whan he had mette with hym he made such sorow that he felle downe of hys horse in a

sowne, and in such sorow he was inne thre dayes and thre nyghtes. Than at the laste Sir Trystramys sente unto the courte by Sir Fergus for to spurre what tydyngis.

And so as he rode by the way he mette with a damesell that cam frome Sir Palomydes to know and seke how Sir Trystramys ded. Than Sir Fergus tolde her how he was allmoste oute of hys mynde.

"Alas!" seyde the damesell, "where shall I fynde hym?"

In suche a place, seyde Sir Fergus.

Than Sir Fergus founde Quene Isode syke in hir bedde, makynge the grettyste dole that ever ony erthly woman made.

And whan the damesell founde Sir Trystramys she made grete dole, bycause she myght nat amende hym; for the more she made of hym, the more was hys payne. And at the laste Sir Trystram toke hys horse and rode awey frome her. And than was hit thre dayes or that she coude fynde hym, and than she broughte hym mete and drynke, but he wolde none. And than another tyme Sir Trystramys ascaped away frome the damesell, and hit happened hym to ryde by the same castell where Sir Palomydes and Sir Trystramys dyd batayle, whan La Beall Isode departed them. And there by fortune the damesell mette with Sir Trystramys ayen, makynge the grettiste dole that ever erthely creature made, and she yode to the lady of that castell and tolde of the myssadventure of Sir Trystrames.

"Alas!" seyde the lady of that castell, "where ys my lorde Sir Trystramys?"

"Ryght here by youre castell," seyde the damesell.

"In good tyme," seyde the lady, "ys he so nyghe me: he shall have mete and drynke of the beste. And an harpe I have of hys whereuppon he taught me, for of goodly harpyng he beryth the pryse in the worlde."

So thys lady and damesell brought hym mete and drynke, but he ete lityll thereoff. Than uppon a nyght he put hys horse frome hym and unlaced hys armour, and so he yeode unto the wyldirnes and braste downe the treys and bowis. And othirwhyle, whan he

founde the harpe that the lady sente hym, than wolde he harpe and play thereuppon and wepe togydirs. And somtyme, whan he was in the wood, the lady wyst nat where he was. Than wolde she sette hir downe and play uppon the harpe, and anone Sir Trystramys wolde com to the harpe and harkyn thereto, and somtyme he wolde harpe hymselff.

Thus he there endured a quarter off a yere, and so at the laste he ran hys way and she wyst nat where he was becom. And than was he naked, and waxed leane and poore of fleyshe. And so he felle in the felyshyppe of herdemen and shyperdis, and dayly they wolde gyff hym som of theire mete and drynke, and whan he ded ony shrewde dede they wolde beate hym with roddis. And so they clypped hym with sherys and made hym lyke a foole.

And so uppon a day Sir Dagonet, Kynge Arthurs foole, cam into Cornwayle with too squyers with hym, and as they rode thorow that foreyste they cam by a fayre welle where Sir Trystramys was wonte to be. And the weddir was hote, and they alyght to drynke of that welle, and in the meane whyle theyr horsys brake lowse. Ryght so cam Sir Trystramys unto them, and firste he sowsed Sir Dagonet in that welle, and aftir that hys squyars, and thereat lowghe the shypperdis. And furthwithall he ran aftir theire horsis and brought hem agayne one by one, and ryght so wete as they were he made them lepe up and ryde theire wayes.

Thus Sir Trystramys endured there an halff-yere naked, and wolde never com in towne. So the meane whyle the damesell that Sir Palomydes sent to seke Sir Trystram, she yode unto Sir Palomydes and tolde hym off all the myschyff that Sir Trystram endured.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "hit ys grete pité that ever so noble a knyght sholde be so myscheved for the love of a lady. But nevertheles I woll go and seke hym and comforte hym and I may."

Than a lytyll before that tyme La Beall Isode had commaunded Sir Kayhydyns oute of the contrey of Cornwayle. So Sir Keyhydyns departed with a dolerous harte, and by aventure he mette with Sir Palomydes, and they felyshyppyd togydirs, and aythir complayned to other of there hote love that they loved La Beall Isode.

"Now lat ws," seyde Sir Palomydes, "seke Sir Trystramys that lovyth her as well as we, and let us preve whether we may recover hym."

So they rode into the foreyste, and thre dayes and thre nyghtes they wolde never take lodgynge, but ever sought Sir Trystram. And uppon a tyme by adventure they mette with Kynge Marke that was rydden frome hys men all alone. And whan they saw hym Sir Palomydes knew hym, but Sir Keyhydyns knew hym nat.

"A, false kynge!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "hit ys pité thou haste thy lyff, for thou arte a destroyer of all worshipfull knyghtes, and by thy myschyff and thy vengeaunce thou haste destroyed that moste noble knyght, Sir Trystramys de Lyones. And therefore deffende the," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for thou shalt dye thys day!"

"That were shame," seyde Kynge Marke, "for ye too ar armed and I am unarmed."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I shall fynde a remedy therefore. Here ys a knyght with me, and thou shalt have hys harneyse."

"Nay," seyde Kynge Marke, "I woll nat have ado with you, for cause have ye none to me, for all the mysse-ease that Sir Trystramys hath was for a lettir that he founde. For as for me, I ded to hym no displesure, and God knowith I am full sory for hys maledye and hys myssease."

So whan the kynge had thus excused hymselff they were fryndys, and Kynge Marke wolde have had them unto the Castell of Tyntagyll. But Sir Palomydes wolde nat, but turned unto the realme of Logrys, and Sir Keyhydyns seyde that he wolde into Bretayne.

Now turne we unto Sir Dagonet ayen, that whan he and hys squyers were uppon horsebacke he demyd that the shyperdis had sente that foole to aray hem so bycause that they lawghed at them. And so they rode unto the kepers of the bestis and all to-bete them.

Whan Sir Trystramys saw hem betyn that were wonte to gyff hym mete, he ran thydir and gate Sir Dagonet by the hede, and there he gaff hym such a falle to the erthe and brusede hym so that

he lay stylle. And than he wraste hys swerde oute of hys honde, and therewith he ran to one of hys squyers and smote of hys hede, and hys othir squyer fled. And so Sir Trystramys toke his way with the swerde in hys honde, rennynge as he had bene wylde woode.

Than Sir Dagonet rode to Kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had spedde in the foreyste.

"And therefore," seyde Sir Dagonet, "beware Kynge Marke, that thou com nat aboute that well in the foreyste, for there ys a foole naked. And that foole and I, foole, mette togydir, and he had allmoste slayne me."

"A," seyde Kynge Marke, "that ys Sir Matto le Breune that felle oute of hys wytte because he loste hys lady, for whan Sir Gaherys smote downe Sir Matto and wan hys lady of hym, never syns was he in his mynde, and that was grete pité, for he was a good knyght."

Than Sir Andred that was cousyn unto Sir Trystram made a lady that was hys paramour to sey and to noyse hit that she was with Sir Trystramys or ever he dyed. And thys tale she brought unto Kynge Markis house, that she buryed hym by a welle, and that or he dyed he besoughte Kynge Marke to make hys cousyn, Sir Andred, kynge of the contrey of Lyonas, of the whych Sir Trystramys was lorde of. And all thys ded Sir Andred bycause he wolde have had Sir Trystramys londis.

And whan Kynge Marke harde telle that Sir Trystrames was dede he wepte and made grete dole. But whan Quene Isode harde of thes tydyngis, she made such sorow that she was nyghe oute of hir mynde. And so uppon a day she thought to sle hirselff and never to lyve aftir the deth of Sir Trystramys.

And so uppon a day La Beall Isode gate a swerde pryvayly, and bare hit into her gardyne, and there she pyghte the swerde thorow a plum-tre up to the hyltis so that hit stake faste, and hit stoode brest-hyghe. And as she wolde have renne uppon the swerde and to have slayne hirselff, all thys aspyed Kynge Marke, how she kneled adowne and seyde, "Sweyte Lorde Jesu, have mercy uppon me, for I may nat lyve aftir the deth of Sir Trystram de Lyones, for he was my firste love and shall be the laste!"

And with thes wordis cam Kynge Marke and toke hir in hys armys. And than he toke up the swerde and bare hir away with hym into a towre, and there he made hir to be kepte, and wacched hir surely. And aftir that she lay longe syke, nyghe at the poynte of dethe.

So thys meane whyle ran Sir Trystramys naked in the foreyste with the swerde in hys honde, and so he cam to an ermytayge, and there he layde hym downe and slepte. And in the meane whyle the ermyte stale away the swerde and layde mete downe by hym. Thus was he kepte there a ten dayes, and at the laste he departed and com to the herdemen ayen.

And there was a gyaunte in that contrey that hyght Tauleas, and for feare of Sir Trystram more than seven yere he durste never muche go at large, but for the moste party he kepte hym in a sure castell of hys owne. And so thys Tauleas harde telle that Sir Trystramys was dede by the noyse of the courte of Kynge Marke. Than thys gyaunt Tauleas yode dayly at hys large.

And so he happyd uppon a day he cam to the herdemen wandrynge and langeryng, and there he sette hym downe to reste amonge them. And in the meane whyle there cam a knyght of Cornwayle that led a lady with hym, and hys name was Sir Dynaunte. And whan the gyaunte saw hym he wente frome the herdemen and hydde hym under a tre.

And so the knyght cam to the well and there he alyght to repose hym. And as he was frome hys horse this gyaunte Tauleas com betwyxte thys knyght and hys horse, and toke the horse and leped uppon hym and so forthewith he rode unto Sir Dynaunte and toke hym by the coler and pulled hym afore hym uppon hys horse, and wolde have stryken of hys hede.

Than the herdemen seyde unto Sir Trystram, "Helpe yondir knyght!"

"Helpe ye hym," seyde Sir Trystram.

"We dare nat," seyde the herdemen.

Than Sir Trystram was ware of the swerde of the knyght thereas hit lay, and so thydir he ran and toke up the swerde and smote to

Sir Tauleas, and so strake of hys hede, and so he yode hys way to the herdemen.

Than the knyght toke up the gyauntes hede and bare hit with hym unto Kynge Marke, and tolde hym what adventure betydde hym in the foreyste and how a naked man rescowed hym frome the grymly gyaunte Sir Tauleas.

"Where had ye thys aventure?" seyde Kynge Marke.

"Forsothe," seyde Sir Dynaunte, "at the fayre fountayne in the foreyst where many adventures knyghtes mete, and there ys the madde man."

"Well," seyde Kynge Marke, "I woll se that wood man."

So within a day or too Kynge Marke commaunded hys knyghtes and his hunters to be redy, and seyde that he wolde hunte on the morne. And so uppon the morne he wente into that foreyste. And whan the kynge cam to that welle he founde there lyyng a fayre naked man, and a swerde by hym. Than Kynge Marke blew and straked, and therewith hys knyghtes cam to hym, and than he commanded his knyghtes to take the naked man with fayrenes, "and brynge hym to my castell."

And so they ded savely and fayre, and keste mantels uppon Sir Trystramys, and so lad hym unto Tyntagyll. And there they bathed hym and wayshed hym, and gaff hym hote suppyngis, tylle they had brought hym well to hys remembraunce. But all thys whyle there was no creature that knew Sir Trystramys nothir what maner man he was.

So hyt befelle uppon a day that the quene La Beall Isode harde of such a man that ran naked in the foreyste, and how the kynge had brought hym home to the courte. Than La Beall Isode called unto her Dame Brangwayne and seyde, "Com on with me, for we woll go se thys man that my lorde brought frome the foreste the laste day."

So they passed forth and spirred where was the syke man, and than a squyer tolde the quene that he was in the gardyne takyng hys reste to repose hym ayenst the sunne. So whan the quene loked uppon Sir Trystramys she was nat remembird of hym, but ever she

seyde unto Dame Brangwayne, "Mesemys I shulde have sene thys man here before in many placis."

But as sone as Sir Trystramys sye her he knew her well inowe, and than he turned away hys vysage and wepte.

Than the quene had allwayes a lytyll brachett that Sir Trystramys gaff hir the first tyme that ever she cam into Cornwayle, and never wold that brachet departe frome her but yf Sir Trystram were nyghe thereas was La Beall Isode. And thys brachet was firste sente frome the kynges doughter of Fraunce unto Sir Trystrams for grete love. And anone thys lityll brachet felte a savoure of Sir Trystram. He lepte uppon hym and lycked hys learys and hys earys, and than he whyned and quested, and she smelled at hys feete and at hys hondis and on all the partyes of hys body that she myght com to.

"A, my lady!" seyde Dame Brangwayne. "Alas! I se hit ys myne owne lorde Sir Trystramys."

And thereuppon La Beall Isode felle downe in a sowne and so lay a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she seyde, "A, my lorde Sir Trystram! Blyssed be God ye have youre lyff! And now I am sure ye shall be discoverde by thys lityll brachet, for she woll never leve you. And also I am sure, as sone as my lorde Kynge Marke do know you he woll banysh you oute of the contrey of Cornwayle, othir ellis he woll destroy you. And therefore for Goddys sake, myne owne lorde, graunte Kynge Marke hys wyll, and than draw you unto the courte off Kynge Arthur, for there ar ye beloved. And ever whan I may I shall sende unto you, and whan ye lyste ye may com unto me, and at all tymys early and late I woll be at youre commaundement, to lyve as poore a lyff as ever ded quyene or lady."

"A, madame!" seyde Sir Trystramys, "go frome me, for much angur and daunger have I assayed for youre love."

Than the quene departed, but the brachet wolde nat frome hym, and therewithall cam Kynge Marke, and the brachet sate uppon hym and bayed at them all. And therewithall Sir Andred spake and sayde, "Sir, thys ys Sir Trystramys, I se well by that brachet."

"Nay," seyde the kynge, "I can nat suppose that."

Than the kyng asked hym uppon hys faythe what he was and what was hys name.

"So God me helpe," seyde he, "my name ys Sir Trystramys de Lyones. Now do by me what ye lyst."

"A," sayde Kynge Marke, "me repentis of youre recoverynge."

And so he lete calle hys barownes to geve jugemente unto Sir Trystramys to the dethe. Than many of hys barownes wolde nat assente thereto, and in especiall Sir Dynas the Senesciall and Sir Fergus. And so by the avyse of them all Sir Trystramys was banysshed oute of the contrey for ten yere, and thereuppon he toke hys othe uppon a booke before the kynge and hys barownys. And so he was made to departe oute of the contrey of Cornwayle, and there were many barownes brought hym unto hys shyp, that some were of hys frendis and some were of hys fooys.

And in the meane whyle there cam a knyght of Kynge Arthurs, and hys name was Sir Dynadan, and hys commyng was for to seke aftir Sir Trystram. Than they shewed hym where he was, armed at all poyntis, goyng to the shyp.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Dynadan, "or ye passe thys courte, that ye woll juste with me."

"With a good wyll," seyde Sir Trystramys, "and these lordes woll gyffe me leve."

Than the barownes graunted thereto, and so they ranne togydir, and there Sir Trystramys gaff Sir Dynadan a falle. And than he prayde Sir Trystram of hys jantylnes to gyff hym leve to go in hys felyshyp.

"Ye shall be ryght wellcom," seyde he.

And than Sir Trystramys and Sir Dynadan toke theire horsys and rode to theire shyppys togydir. And whan Sir Trystramys was in the se he seyde, "Grete well Kyng Marke and all myne enemyes, and sey to hem I woll com agayne whan I may. And sey hym well am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with Sir Marhalt, and delyverd all hys contrey frome servayge. And well am I rewarded for the fecchynge and costis of Quene Isode oute off Irelonde and the daunger that I was in firste and laste. And by the way commyng home what

daunger I had to brynge agayne Quene Isode frome the Castell Pleure! And well am I rewarded whan I fought with Sir Bleoberys for Sir Segwarydes wyff. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with Sir Blamoure de Ganys for Kyng Angwysh, fadir unto La Beall Isode. And well am I rewarded whan I smote downe the good knyght Sir Lamerok de Galis at Kynge Markes request. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and the Kynge of North Galys, and both thes wolde have put hys londe in servayge, and by me they were put to a rebuke. And well am I rewarded for the sleyng of Tauleas, the myghty gyaunte. And many othir dedys have I done for hym, and now have I my waryson!

"And telle Kynge Marke that many noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table have spared the barownes of thys contrey for my sake. And also, I am nat well rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght Sir Palomydes and rescowed Quene Isode frome hym. And at that tyme Kynge Marke seyde afore all hys barownes I sholde have bene bettir rewarded."

And furthewithall he toke the see.

And at the nexte londynge faste by the see there mette with Sir Trystram and with Sir Dynadan, Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Bors de Ganys, and there Sir Ector justed with Sir Dynadan and he smote hym and hys horse downe. And than Sir Trystram wolde have justed with Sir Bors, and Sir Bors seyde that he wolde nat juste with no Cornyssh knyghtes, "for they ar nat called men of worship." And all thys was done uppon a brydge.

And with thys cam Sir Bleoberys and Sir Dryaunte, and Sir Bleoberys profird to juste with Sir Trystram, and there Sir Trystram smote downe Sir Bleoberys. Than seyde Sir Bors de Ganys, "I wyste never Cornysh knyght of so grete a valure nor so valyaunte as that knyght that beryth the trappours enbrowdred with crownys."

And than Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan departed from them into a foreyst, and there mette them a damesell that cam for the love of Sir Launcelot to seke aftir som noble knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs courte

for to rescow Sir Launcelot. For he was ordayned for by the treson of Quene Morgan le Fay to have slayne hym, and for that cause she ordayned thirty knyghtes to lye in wayte for Sir Launcelot. And thys damesell knew thys treson, and for thys cause she cam for to seke noble knyghtis to helpe Sir Launcelot; for that nyght other the day affter Sir Launcelot sholde com where thes thirty knyghtes were.

And so thys damesell mette with Sir Bors and Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector and with Sir Dryaunte, and there she tolde hem all foure of the treson of Morgan le Fay. And than they promysed her that they wolde be nyghe whan Sir Launcelot sholde mete with the thirty knyghtes. "And if so be they sette uppon hym, we woll do rescowis as we can."

So the damesell departed, and by adventure she mette with Sir Trystram and with Sir Dynadan, and there the damesell tolde hem of all the treson that was ordayned for Sir Launcelot.

"Now, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Trystram, "brynge me to that same place where they sholde mete with Sir Launcelot."

Than seyde Sir Dynadan, "What woll ye do? Hit ys nat for us to fyght with thirty knyghtes, and wyte you well I woll nat thereoff! As to macche o knyght, too, or thre ys inow and they be men, but for to matche fyftene knyghtes, that I woll never undirtake."

"Fy for shame!" seyde Sir Trystram, "do but youre parte!"

"Nay," sayde Sir Dynadan, "I woll nat thereoff but iff ye woll lende me your shylde. For ye bere a shylde of Cornwayle, and for the cowardyse that ys named to the knyghtes of Cornwayle by youre shyldys ye bene ever forborne."

"Nay," sayde Sir Trystram, "I woll nat departe frome my shylde for her sake that gaff hit me. But one thyng," seyde Sir Trystram, "I promyse the, Sir Dynadan: but if thou wolte promyse me to abyde with me ryght here I shall sle the. For I desyre no more of the but answere one knyght. And yf thy harte woll nat serve the, stonde by and loke uppon!"

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I woll promyse you to looke uppon and to do what I may to save myselff, but I wolde I had nat mette with you."

So than anone thes thirty knyghtes cam faste by thes foure knyghtes, and they were ware of them, and aythir of other. And so thes thirty knyghtes lette them passe for thys cause, that they wolde nat wratth them if case be they had ado with Sir Launcelot. And the foure knyghtes lette them passe to thys entente, that they wolde se and beholde what they wolde do with Sir Launcelot. And so the thirty knyghtes paste on and cam by Sir Trystram and by Sir Dynadan, and than Sir Trystramys cryed on hyght: "Lo here ys a knyght ayenste you for the love of Sir Launcelot!" And there he slew too with a speare and ten with hys swerde. And than cam in Sir Dynadan and he ded passyng welle. And so of the thirty knyghtes there yoode but ten away, and they fledde.

And all thys batayle saw Sir Bors de Ganys and hys thre felowys, and than they saw well hit was the same knyght that justed with hem at the bridge. Than they toke theire horsys and rode unto Sir Trystramys and praysed hym and thanked hym of hys good dedys. And they all desyred Sir Trystram to go with them to theire lodgynge, and he seyde he wold nat go to no lodgynge. Than they foure knyghtes prayde hym to telle hys name.

"Fayre lordys," seyde Sir Trystramys, "as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name."

Than Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan rode forthe theire way tylle they cam to shyperdis and to herdemen. And there they asked them if they knew ony lodgyng there nerehonde.

"Sir," seyde the herdemen, "hereby ys good herberow in a castell, but there ys such a custom that there shall no knyght herberow there but if he juste with too knyghtes, and if he be but o knyght he muste juste with too knyghtes. And as ye be, sone shall ye be macched."

"There ys shrewde herberow!" seyde Sir Dynadan. "Lodge where ye woll, for I woll nat lodge there."

"Fye for shame!" seyde Sir Trystramys, "ar ye nat a Knyght of the Table Rounde? Wherefore ye may nat with your worship reffuse your lodgynge."

"Not so," seyde the herdemen, "for and ye be beatyn and have the warse, ye shall nat be lodged there, and if ye beate them ye shall well be herberowed."

"A," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I undirstonde they ar too good knyghtes."

Than Sir Dynadan wolde nat lodge there in no maner but as Sir Trystramys requyred hym of hys knyghthode, and so they rode thydir. And to make shorte tale, Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan smote hem downe bothe, and so they entirde into the castell and had good chere as they cowde thynke or devyse.

And whan they were unarmed and thought to be myry and in good reste, there cam in at the yatis Sir Palomydes and Sir Gaherys, requyryng to have the custum of the castell.

"What aray ys thys?" seyde Sir Dynadan, "I wolde fayne have my reste."

"That may nat be," seyde Sir Trystram. "Now muste we nedis defende the custum of thys castell insomuch as we have the bettir of this lordes of thys castell. And therefor," seyde Sir Trystram, "nedis muste ye make you redy."

"In the devyls name," seyde Sir Dynadan, "cam I into youre company!"

And so they made them redy, and Sir Gaherys encountirde with Sir Trystram, and Sir Gaherys had a falle, and Sir Palomydes encountirde with Sir Dynadan, and Sir Dynadan had a falle. Than was hit falle for falle, so than muste they fyght on foote, and that wolde nat Sir Dynadan, for he was sore brused of that falle that Sir Palomydes gaff hym.

Than Sir Trystramys onlaced Sir Dynadans helme and prayde hym to helpe hym.

"I woll nat," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for I am sore wounded of the thirty knyghtes that we had ado withall. But ye fare," seyde Sir Dynadan, "as a man that were oute of hys mynde, that wold caste hymselff away. And I may curse the tyme that ever I sye you, for in all the worlde ar nat such too knyghtes that ar so wood as ys Sir Launcelot and ye Sir Trystram! For onys I felle in the felyshyp

of Sir Launcelot as I have done now with you, and he sette me so a-worke that a quarter of a yere I kept my bedde. Jesu deffende me," seyde Sir Dynadan, "frome such too knyghtys, and specially frome youre felyshyp."

Than seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll fyght with hem bothe!" And anone Sir Trystram bade hem com forthe bothe, "for I woll fyght with you."

Than Sir Palomydes and Sir Gaherys dressed and smote at hem bothe. Than Sir Dynadan smote at Sir Gaherys a stroke or too, and turned frome hym.

"Nay!" seyde Sir Palomydes. "Hit ys to much shame for us too knyghtes to fyght with one!" And than he ded bydde Sir Gaherys, "Stonde asyde with that knyght that hath no lyste to fyght."

Than they yode togydirs and fought longe, and at the laste Sir Trystram doubled hys strokes and drove Sir Palomydes abak more than thre strydys. And than by one assente Sir Gaherys and Sir Dynadan wente betwyxt them and departed them in sundir.

And than by the assente of Sir Trystramys they wolde have lodged togydirs, but Sir Dynadan seyde he wold nat lodge in that castell; and than he cursed the tyme that ever he com in theyre felyship, and so he toke hys horse and hys harneyse and departed.

Than Sir Trystram prayde the lordys of that castell to lende hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgyng. And so they ded, and overtoke Sir Dynadan and rode to hir lodgynge, too myle thens, with a good man in a pryory; and there they were well at ease.

And that same nyght Sir Bors and Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector and Sir Dryaunt abode stylle in the same place thereas Sir Trystram faught with the thirty knyghtes. And there they mette with Sir Launcelot the same nyght, and had made promyse to lodge with Sir Collgrevaunce the same nyght.

But anone as Sir Launcelot harde of the shylde of Cornwayle, he wyste well hit was Sir Trystram that had fought with hys enemyes, and than Sir Launcelot praysed Sir Trystram and called hym the man of moste worshyp in the worlde.

So there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Sir Pellynore, and he desyred to wete the name of Sir Trystram, but in no wyse he coude nat. And so Sir Trystram departed and leffte Sir Dynadan in that pryory, for he was so wery and so sore brused that he myght nat ryde.

Than thys knyght, Sir Pellynore, seyde unto Sir Dynadan, "Sith ye woll nat telle me that knyghtes name, I shall ryde affter hym and make hym to telle me hys name, other he shall dye therefore."

"Yet beware, sir knyght," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for and ye folow hym ye woll repente hit."

So that knyght, Sir Pellynor, rode aftir Sir Trystram and requyred hym of justis. Than Sir Trystram smote hym downe and wounded hym thorow the shulder, and so he paste on hys way.

And on the nexte day folowynge Sir Trystram mette with pursyvauntis, and they tolde hym that there was made a grete crye of turnemente betwene Kynge Carados of Scotlonde and the Kynge of North Galys, and aythir shulde juste agayne othir afore the Castell of Maydyns. And thes pursyvauntis sought all the contrey aftir good knyghtes, and in especiall Kynge Carados lete make grete sykynge for Sir Launcelot, and the Kynge of North Galis lete seke specially for Sir Trystramys de Lyones. And at that tyme Sir Trystramys thought to be at that justis.

And so by adventure they mette with Sir Kay the Senesciall and Sir Sagramoure le Desirous, and Sir Kay requyred Syr Trystram to juste. And Sir Trystram in a maner refused hym, bycause he wolde nat be hurte nothir brused ayenste the grete justis that shuld be before the Castell of Maydyns, and therefore he thought to reste hym and to repose hym. And allway Sir Kay cryed, "Sir knyght of Cornwayle, juste with me, othir ellys yelde the to me as recreaunte!"

Whan Sir Trystram herd hym sey so he turned unto hym, and than Sir Kay refused hym and turned hys backe. Than Sir Trystram sayde, "As I fynde the, I shall take the!"

Than Sir Kay turned with evyll wyll, and Sir Trystram smote Sir Kay downe, and so he rode forthe.

Than Sir Sagramoure le Desirous rode aftir Sir Trystram and made hym to juste with hym. And there Sir Trystram smote downe Sir Sagramoure frome hys horse and rode hys way.

And the same day he mette with a damesell that tolde hym that he sholde wynne grete worshyp of a knyght aventures that ded much harme in all that contrey. Whan Sir Trystramys herde her sey so he was glad to go with her to wyn worshyp. And so Sir Trystram rode with that damesell a six myle. And than there mette with hym Sir Gawayne, and therewithall Sir Gawayne knew the damesell, that she was a damesell of Quyne Morgan le Fay. Than Sir Gawayne undirstood that she lad that knyght to som myschyeff, and sayde, "Fayre knyght, whothir ryde ye now with that damesell?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "I wote nat whothir I shall ryde, but as thys damesell woll lede me."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "ye shall nat ryde with her, for she and her lady ded never good but yll."

And than Sir Gawayne pulled oute hys swerde and seyde, "Damesell, but yf thou telle me anone for what cause thou ledyst thys knyght with the, thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone, for I know all youre ladyes treson and yourys."

"A, mercy, Sir Gawayne," seyde she, "and yff ye woll save my lyff I woll telle you."

"Say on," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and thou shalt have thy lyff."

"Sir," she seyde, "Quene Morgan, my lady, hath ordayned a thirty ladyes to seke and aspye aftir Sir Launcelot or aftir Sir Trystram, and by the traynys of thes ladyes, who that may fyrste mete ony of thes too knyghtes, they shulde turne hem unto Morgan le Fayes castell, sayyng that they sholde do dedys of worship. And yf ony of tho too knyghtes cam there, there be thirty knyghtes liying and wacchyng in a towre to wayte uppon Sir Launcelot or uppon Sir Trystramys."

"Fy for shame," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that evir such false treson sholde be wrought or used in a quene and a kyngys systir, and a kynge and a quenys doughtir! Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "wyll ye stonde with me, and we woll se the malyce of thes knyghtes?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "go ye to them and hit please you, and ye shall se I woll nat fayle you, for hit ys not longe ago syn I and a felow mette with thirty knyghtes of that quenys felyship, and God spedde us so that we won away with worship."

So than Sir Gawayne and Sir Trystram rode towarde the castell where Morgan le Fay was; and ever Sir Gawayne demed that he was Sir Trystram de Lyones, bycause he harde that too knyghtes had slayne and beatyn thirty knyghtes. And whan they cam afore the castell Sir Gawayne spake on hyght and seyde, "Quene Morgan, sende oute youre knyghtes that ye have layde in wacche for Sir Launcelot and for Sir Trystram. Now," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I know youre false treson, and all placis where that I ryde shall know of youre false treson. And now lat se," seyde Sir Gawayne, "whethir ye dare com oute of youre castell, ye thirty knyghtes."

Than the quene spake and all the thirty knyghtes at onys and seyde, "A, Sir Gawayne, full well wotist thou what thou dost and seyst, for, pardé, we know the passyng well. But all that thou spekyst and doyst, thou sayste hit uppon pryde of that good knyght that ys there with the. For there be som of us know the hondys of that good knyght overall well. And wyte thou well, Sir Gawayne, hit is more for his sake than for thyne that we woll not com oute of this castel, for wete thou well, Sir Gawayne, the knyght that beryth the armys of Cornwayle, we know hym and what he ys."

Than Sir Gawayne and Sir Trystram departed and rode on theire wayes a day or too togydirs, and there by adventure they mette with Sir Kay and with Sir Sagramour le Desyrous. And than they were glad of Sir Gawayne and he of them, but they wyst nat what he was with the shylde of Cornwayle but by demyng.

And thus they rode togydirs a day or too, and than they were ware of Sir Breuse Saunz Pité chasying a lady for to have slayne her, for he had slayne her paramour afore.

"Holde you all stylle," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and shew none of you forth, and ye shall se me rewarde yondir false knyght: for and he aspye you, he ys so well horsed that he woll ascape away."

And than Sir Gawayne rode betwyxt Sir Breuse and the lady and sayde, "False knyght, leve her and have ado with me!"

So whan Sir Brewse saw no man but Sir Gawayne, he feautred hys speare, and Sir Gawayne ayenste hym. And there Sir Breuse overthrew Sir Gawayne, and than he rode over hym and overtwarte hym twenty tymys to have destroyed hym.

And whan Sir Trystram saw hym do so vylaunce a dede he hurled oute ayenste hym, and whan Sir Breuse hym saw with the shylde of Cornwayle he knew hym well that hit was Sir Trystram. And than he fledde, and Sir Trystram folowed hym, and so Sir Breuse was so horsed that he wente hys way quyte. And Sir Trystram folowed hym longe affter, for he wolde fayne have bene avenged uppon hym.

And so whan he had longe chaced hym he saw a fayre well, and thydir he rode to repose hym, and tyed hys horse tylle a tre. And than he pulled of hys helme and waysshed hys vysayge and hys hondes, and so he felle on slepe.

And so in the meane whyle cam a damesell that had sought Sir Trystram many wayes and dayes within thys londe. And whan she cam to the welle she loked uppon hym and had forgotyn hym as in remembraunce of Sir Trystrames, but by hys horse she knew hym, that hyght Passe-Brewell, that had ben hys hors many yerys; for whan he was madde in the foreyste Sir Fergus kepte hym. So thys lady, Dame Brangwayne, abode stylle tylle he was awake. And whan she saw hym awaked she salewed hym and he her agayne, for aythir knew other of olde acqueyntaunce. Than she tolde Sir Trystram how she had sought hym longe and brode, and there she tolde hym how she had lettirs frome the quene La Beall Isode. Than anone Sir Trystram redde them, and wete ye welle he was gladde, for therein was many a pyteous complaynte.

Than Sir Trystram seyde, "Lady, Dame Brangwayne, ye shall ryde with me tylle the turnemente be done at the Castell of Maydyns. And than shall ye beare lettirs and tydynges with you."

And than Sir Trystram toke hys horse and sought lodgynge, and there he mette with a good aunciaunte knyght and prayde hym to

lodge with hym. Ryght so com Governayle unto Sir Trystram that was glad of the commyng of the lady. And thys olde knyghtes name was Sir Pellownes, and he tolde hym of the grete turnemente that shulde be at the Castell of Maydyns: "And there Sir Launcelot and too-and-twenty knyghtes of hys blood have ordayned shyldis of Cornwayle."

And ryght so there com one unto Sir Pellownes and tolde hym that Sir Persides de Bloyse was com home. Than that knyght hylde up hys hondys and thanked God of hys commyng home, and there Sir Pellownes tolde Sir Trystram that of too yere afore he had nat sene hys son, Sir Persydes.

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystramys, "I know youre sone well inowgh for a good knyght."

And so one tyme Sir Trystramys and Sir Persydes com to theire lodgying both at onys, and so they unarmed hem and put uppon them such clothyng as they had. And than thes too knyghtes ech wellcomyd other, and whan Sir Persides undirstood that Sir Trystam was of Cornwayle he seyde he was onys in Cornwayle: "And there I justed before Kynge Marke, and so hit happened me at that same day to overthrow ten knyghtis. And than cam to me Sir Trystramys de Lyonas and overthrew me, and toke my lady fro me, and that shall I never forgete, but I shall remembir me and ever I se my tyme."

"A," sayde Sir Trystram, "now I undirstonde that ye hate Sir Trystram. What deme you? Wene you that Sir Trystram ys nat able to withstonde youre malyce?"

"Yes," seyde Sir Persydes, "I know well that Sir Trystram ys a noble knyght and a muche bettir knyght than I am, yet I shall nat owghe hym my good wyll."

Ryght as they stood thus talkynge at a bay-wyndow of that castell, they sye many knyghtes ryde to and fro toward the turnemente. And than was Sir Trystram ware of a lykly knyght rydyng uppon a grete black horse, and a blacke coverde shylde.

"What knyght ys that," seyde Sir Trystram, "with the blacke shylde and the blacke horse? He semeth a good knyght."

"I know hym well," seyde Sir Persides, "he ys one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde."

"Than hit ys Sir Launcelot," seyde Sir Trystramys.

"Nay," seyde Sir Persides, "hit ys Sir Palomydes that ys yett oncrystynde."

Than they saw muche people of the contrey salew Sir Palomydes, and seyde with a lowde voice, "Jesu save the and kepe the, thou noble knyght Sir Palomydes!"

And within a whyle aftir there cam a squyer of that castell that tolde Sir Pellownes, that was lorde of that castell, that a knyght with a blacke shylde had smyttyn downe thirtene knyghtes.

"Now, fayre brothir," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Persides, "lat us caste on us lyght clokys, and lat us go se that play."

"Not so," seyde Sir Persides, "we woll nat go lyke knavys thydir, but we woll ryde lyke men and as good knyghtes to withstonde oure enemyes."

So they armed them and toke theire horsys and grete spearys, and thydir they rode thereas many knyghtes assayed themselff byfore the turnemente. And anone Sir Palamydes saw Sir Persides, and than he sente a squyar unto hym and seyde, "Go thou to the yondir knyght with the grene shylde and therein a lyon of goolys, and say hym I requyre hym to juste with me, and telle hym that my name ys Sir Palomydes."

Whan Sir Persides undirstood the rekeyst of Sir Palomydes he made hym redy. And there anone they mette togydirs, but Sir Persides had a falle. Than Sir Trystram dressed hym to be revenged uppon Sir Palomydes. And that saw Sir Palomydes that was redy, and so was nat Sir Trystram, and toke hym at avauntayge and smote hym over hys horse tayle, whan he had no speare in hys reste.

Than sterte up Sir Trystram and toke hys horse lyghtly, and was wrothe oute of mesure, and sore ashamed of that falle. Than Sir Trystramys sente unto Sir Palomydes by Governayle and prayde hym to juste with hym at hys rekeyste.

"Nay," seyde Sir Palomydes, "as at thys tyme I woll nat juste with that knyght, for I know hym bettir than he wenyth. And if he

be wroth, he may ryght hit to-morne at the Castell Maydyns, where he may se me and many other knyghtes."

So with that cam Sir Dynadan, and whan he saw Sir Trystram wroth he lyste nat to jape, but seyde, "Lo, Sir Trystram, here may a man preve, be he never so good yet may he have a falle; and he was never so wyse but he myght be oversayne, and he rydyth well that never felle."

So Sir Trystram was passyng wrothe and seyde to Sir Persides and to Sir Dynadan, "I woll revenge me!"

Ryght so as they stoode talkynge, there cam by Sir Trystram a lykly knyght, rydyng passyng sobirly and hevyly, with a blacke shylde.

"What knyght ys that?" seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Persides.

"I know hym well," seyde Sir Persides, "for hys name ys Sir Bryaunte of Northe Walis."

And so he paste on amonge other knyghtes of North Walis. And there com in Sir Launcelot de Lake with a shylde of the armys of Cornwayle, and he sente a squyer unto Sir Bryaunte and requyred hym to juste with hym.

"Well," seyde Sir Bryaunte, "sytthyn that I am requyred to juste, I woll do what I may."

And there Sir Launcelot smote downe Sir Bryaunte frome hys horse a grete falle. And than Sir Trystram mervayled what knyght he was that bar the shylde of Cornwayle. "Sir, whatsoever he be," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I warraunte he ys of Kyng Bannys blode, whych bene knyghtes of the nobelyst proues in the worlde, for to accompte so many for so many."

Than there cam in too knyghtes of North Galys, that one hyght Sir Hew de la Mountayne, and the other Sir Madok de la Mountayne, and they chalenged Sir Launcelot foote-hote, Sir Launcelot not refusynge hem, but made hym redy, and with one grete speare he smote downe bothe over theire horse taylis, and so Sir Launcelot rode hys way.

"By the Good Lorde," seyde Sir Trystram, "he ys a good knyght that beryth the shylde of Cornwayle, and mesemyth he rydith on the beste manner that ever I saw knyght ryde."

Than the Kynge of North Galis rode unto Sir Palomydes and prayed hym hartely for hys sake "to juste with that knyght that hath done us of North Galis dispite."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I am full lothe to have ado with that knyght, and cause why as to-morne the grete turnemente shall be. And therefore I wolde kepe myselff freyssh be my wyll."

"Nay," seyde the Kynge of North Galis, "I pray you, requyre hym of justis."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll juste at youre requeste, and requyre that knyght to juste with me. And often I have seyne a man at hys owne requeste have a grete falle."

Than Sir Palomydes sente unto Sir Launcelot a squyre and requyred hym to juste.

"Fayre felow," seyde Sir Launcelot, "telle me thy lordis name."

"Sir, my lordys name ys Sir Palomydes, the good knyght."

"In good owre," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for there ys no knyght I saw thys seven yere that I had levir have ado withall."

And so ayther knyghtes made them redy with too grete spearys.

"Nay," seyde Sir Dynadan, "ye shall se that Sir Palomydes woll quyte hym ryght well."

"Hyt may be so," seyde Sir Trystram, "but I undirtake that knyght with the shylde of Cornwayle shall gyff hym a falle."

"I beleve hit nat," seyde Sir Dynadan.

Ryght so they spurred theire horsis and feautred theire spearys, and aythir smote other. And Sir Palomydes brake a speare uppon Sir Launcelot, and he sate and meved nat; but Sir Launcelot smote hym so harde that he made hys horse to avoyde the sadill, and the stroke brake hys shylde and the hawbarke, and had he nat fallyn he had be slayne.

"How now?" seyde Sir Trystram. "I wyst well by the maner of theire rydynge bothe that Sir Palomydes shulde have a falle."

Ryght so Sir Launcelot rode hys way, and rode to a well to drynke and repose hym. And they of North Galis aspyed hym whother he wente. And than there folowed hym twelve knyghtes for to have myscheved hym for thys cause, that uppon the morne at the

turnemente at the Castell of Maydyns that he sholde nat wyn the victory.

So they com uppon Sir Launcelot suddeynly, and unnethe he myght put on hys helme and take hys horse but they were in hondis with hym. And than Sir Launcelot gate hys speare in hys honde and ran thorow them, and there he slew a knyght and brake hys speare in hys body. Than he drew hys swerde and smote uppon the ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde, that within a few strokis he had slayne other thre knyghtes, and the remenaunte that abode he wounded hem sore, all that ded abyde. Thus Sir Launcelot ascaped fro hys enemyes of Northe Walis.

And than Sir Launcelot rode hys way tylle a frynde, and lodged hym tylle on the morowe, for he wolde nat the firste day have ado in the turnemente bycause of hys grete laboure. And on the first day he was with Kynge Arthur, thereas he was sette on hye uppon a chafflet to discerne who was beste worthy of hys dedis. So Sir Launcelot was with Kynge Arthur and justed nat the first day.

THE TOURNAMENT AT THE CASTLE OF MAIDENS

Here begynnyth the Turnement of the Castel Maydyns: The Fyrste Day

NOW TURNE WE unto Sir Trystramys de Lyones, that commaunded Governayle hys servaunte to ordayne hym a blacke shylde with none other remembraunce therein, and so Sir Persides and Sir Trystramys departed from Sir Pellownes. And they rode erly toward the turnemente, and than they drew them to Kynge Carydos syde of Scotlonde. And anone knyghtes began the filde, what of the Kynge of North Galys syde and of Kynge Carydos; and there began a grete party.

Than there was hurlyng and russhyng. Ryght so cam in Sir Persides and Sir Trystram, and so they ded fare that day that they put the Kyng of North Galis abacke. Than cam in Sir Bleoberys de Ganys and Sir Gaherys with them of North Galis. And than was Sir Persides smyttyn adowne and allmoste slayne, for mo than fourty horsemen wente over hym. For Sir Bleoberys ded grete dedes of armys, and Sir Gaherys fayled hym not.

Whan Sir Trystram behylde them and sye them do such dedis of armys he mervayled what they were. Also Sir Trystram thought shame that Sir Persides was so done to. And than he gate a grete speare in hys honde, and rode to Sir Gaherys and smote hym downe frome hys horse. And than Sir Bleoberys was wrothe, and gate a speare and rode ayenste Sir Trystram in grete ire. And there Sir Trystram smote Sir Bleoberys frome hys horse.

So than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes was wrothe, and he horsed Sir Bleoberys and Sir Gaherys agayne, and there began a grete medlé. And ever Sir Trystram hylde them passyng shorte, and ever Sir Bleoberys was passyng bysy upon Sir Trystram. And there cam in Sir Dynadan ayenst Sir Trystram, and Sir Trystram gaff hym

such a buffette that he sowned uppon hys horse. And so anone Sir Dynadan cam to Sir Trystram and seyde, "Sir, I know the bettir than thou wenyst, but here I promyse the my trouth, I woll never com agaynst the more, for I promyse the that swerde of thyne shall never com on my helme."

So with that com Sir Bleoberys, and Sir Trystram gaff hym such a buffett that downe he abaysshed hys hede; and than he raught hym so sore by the helme that he pulled hym undir hys hors feete. And than Kyng Arthure blew to lodgyng. Than Sir Trystram departed to hys pavylion, and Sir Dynadan rode with hym, and Sir Persides.

And Kynge Arthure than, and the kyngis uppon bothe partyes, mervayled what knyght that was with the blacke shylde. Many knyghtis seyde theire avyse; and som knew hym for Sir Trystram and hylde theire peace and wolde nat say. So that firste day Kynge Arthure and all the kynges and lordis that were juges gaff Sir Trystram the pryce. Howbehyt they knew hym nat, but named hym the Knyght with the Blacke Shylde.

Than uppon the morne Sir Palomydes returned from the Kynge of Northe Galis, and rode to Kynge Arthurs syde, where was Kynge Carados and the Kynge of Irelonde, and Sir Launcelottis kynne, and Sir Gawaynes kynne. So Sir Palomydes sent the damesell unto Sir Trystram that he sente to seke hym whan he was oute of hys mynde in the foreyst, and this damesell asked Sir Trystramys what was hys name and what he was.

"As for that, telle Sir Palomydes that he shall nat wete as at thys tyme, unto the tyme I have brokyn too spearis uppon hym. But lat hym wete thys much, that I am the same knyght that he smote downe in the over-evenynge at the turnemente, and telle hym playnly on what party that he be, I woll be of the contrary party."

"Sir," seyde the damesell, "ye shall undirstonde that Sir Palomydes woll be on Kynge Arthurs party where the moste noble knyghtes of the worlde be."

"In the name of God," seyde Sir Trystram, "than woll I be with the Kynge of Northe Galis, because Sir Palomydes woll be on Kynge Arthurs syde, and ellis I wolde nat but for hys sake."

So whan Kyng Arthure was com they blew unto the fylde, and than there began a grete party. And so Kynge Carados justed with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and there Kynge Carados had a falle. Than was there hurlyng and russhynge. And ryght so com in knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs, and they bare on bak the Kynge of North Galis knyghtes.

Than Sir Trystram cam in, and began so rowghly and so bygly that there was none myght withstonde hym, and thus he endured longe. And at the laste by fortune he felle amonge the felyshyp of Kyng Ban. So there fylle uppon hym Sir Bors de Ganys, and Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Blamour de Ganys, and many othir knyghtes. And than Sir Trystram smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that all lordis and ladyes spake of hys noble dedis. But at the last Sir Trystram sholde have had the wars, had nat the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes bene. And than he cam with hys felyshyp and rescowed Sir Trystram, and brought hym away frome the knyghtes that bare the shyldis of Cornwayle.

And than Sir Trystram saw another felyship by themselff, and there was a fourty knyghtes togydir, and Sir Kay le Senescial was theire governoure. Than Sir Trystram rode in amongyst them, and there he smote downe Sir Kay frome hys horse, and there he fared amonge tho knyghtis as a grehounde amonge conyes.

Than Sir Launcelot founde a knyght that was sore wounded uppon the hede.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "who wounded you so sore?"

"Sir," he seyde, "a knyght that bearyth a blacke shylde. And I may curse the tyme that ever I mette with hym, for he ys a devyll and no man."

So Sir Launcelot departed frome hym, and thought to mete with Sir Trystram, and so he rode with hys swerde idrawyn in hys honde to seke Sir Trystram. And than he aspyed hym hurlynge here and there, and at every stroke Sir Trystram well-nyghe smote downe a knyght.

"A! mercy Jesu!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "syth the firste tyme that ever I bare armys saw I never one knyght do so mervaylous dedys of armys. And if I sholde," seyde Sir Launcelot to hymselff, "sette uppon thys knyght now, I ded shame to myselff."

And therewithall Sir Launcelot put up hys swerde.

And than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and an hondred mo of North Walis, sette uppon the twenty knyghtes of Sir Launcelottes kynne, and they twenty knyghtes hylde them ever togydir as wylde swyne, and none wolde fayle other. So Sir Trystram, whan he behylde the nobles of thes twenty knyghtes, he mervayled of theire good dedys, for he saw by theire fare and rule that they had levyr dye than to avoyde the fylde.

"Now, Jesu," seyde Sir Trystram, "well may he be called valyaunte and full of proues that hath such a sorte of noble knyghtes unto hys kynne. And full lyke ys he to be a noble man that ys theire leder and governoure."

He mente hit by Sir Launcelot du Lake.

So whan Sir Trystram had beholde them longe, he thought shame to se too hondred knyghtes batteryng uppon twenty knyghtes. Than Sir Trystram rode unto the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and seyde, "Sir, leve your fyghtynge with tho twenty knyghtes, for ye wynne no worship of them, ye be so many and they so feaw. And wyte you well, they woll nat oute of the fylde, I se by theire chere and countenaunce, and worship get you none and ye sle them. Therefore leve your fyghtynge with them, for I, to encrese my worship, I woll ryde unto the twenty knyghtes and helpe them with all my myght and power."

"Nay," seyde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, "ye shall nat do so. Now I se youre corayge and curtesye, I woll withdraw my knyghtes for youre plesure, for evermore o good knyght woll favoure another, and lyke woll draw to lyke."

Than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes withdrew hys knyghtes.

And all thys whyle and longe tofore Sir Launcelot had wacched uppon Sir Trystram in veary purpose to have felyshipped with hym.

And than suddeynly Sir Trystram, Sir Dynadan, and Governayle hys man rode theire way into the foreyste, that no man perceyved where they wente.

So than Kynge Arthure blew unto lodgynge, and gaff the Kynge of North Galis the pryce, bycause Sir Trystram was uppon hys syde. Than Sir Launcelot rode here and there as wode as a lyon that faughted hys fylle, because he had loste Sir Trystram, and so he returned unto Kynge Arthure.

And than all the felde was in a noyse, that with the wynde hit myght be harde too myle thens, how the lordys and ladyes cryed: "The Knyght with the Blacke Shylde hath won the fylde!"

"Alas," seyde Kynge Arthure, "where ys that knyght becom? Hit ys shame to all tho in the fylde so to lette hym ascape away frome you, but with jantylnes and curtesye ye myght have brought hym unto me to thys Castell of Maydyns."

Than Kynge Arthure wente to hys knyghtes and comforted them, and seyde, "My fayre felowis, be nat dismayde thoughe ye have loste the fylde thys day." And many were hurte and sore wounded, and many were hole. "My felowys," seyde Kyng Arthur, "loke that ye be of good chere, for to-morn I woll be in the fylde with you and revenge you of youre enemyes."

So that nyght Kynge Arthure and hys knyghtes reposed themselff.

So the damesell that com frome La Beall Isod unto Sir Trystram, all the whyle the turnement was a-doyng she was with Quyene Gwenyvere, and ever the quene asked her for what cause she cam into that contrey.

"Madame," she answerde, "I com for none other cause but frome my lady, La Beall Isode, to wete of youre wellfare."

For in no wyse she wold nat telle the quene that she cam for Sir Trystramys sake.

So thys lady, Dame Brangwayne, toke hir leve of Quene Gwenyvere, and she rode aftir Sir Trystram. And as she rode thorow the foreyste she harde a grete cry. Than she commaunded hir squyar to go into that foreyste to wyte what was that noyse.

And so he cam to a welle, and there he founde a knyghte bounden tyll a tre, cryyng as he had bene woode, and his horse and hys harneys stondyng by hym.

And whan he aspyed the squyar, with a brayde he brake hymselff lowse, and toke hys swerde in hys honde and ran to have slayne that squyer. Than he toke hys horse and fledde to Dame Brangwayne and tolde hir of hys adventure. Than she rode unto Sir Trystramys pavylon, and tolde Sir Trystram what adventure she had founde in the foreyste.

"Alas," seyde Sir Trystram, "uppon my hede, there ys som good knyght at myschyff."

Than Sir Trystram toke hys horse and hys swerde, and rode thyder, and there he harde how the knyght complayned unto hymselff and sayde, "I, wofull knyght, Sir Palomydes! What mysseadventure befallith me that thus am defoyled with falsehed and treson, thorow Sir Bors and Sir Ector! Alas!" he seyde, "why lyve I so longe?"

And than he gate his swerde in hys honde and made many straunge sygnes and tokyns, and so thorow the rageynge he threw hys swerde in that fountayne. Than Sir Palomydes wayled and wrange hys hondys, and at the laste, for pure sorow, he ran into that fountayne and sought aftir hys swerde. Than Sir Trystram saw that, and ran uppon Sir Palomydes and hylde hym in hys armys faste.

"What art thou," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that holdith me so?"

"I am a man of thys foreyste that wold the none harme."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "I may never wyn worship where Sir Trystram ys, for ever where he ys and I be, there gete I no worshyp. And yf he be away, for the moste party I have the gre, onles that Sir Launcelot be there, othir ellis Sir Lamerok." Than Sir Palomydes sayde, "Onys in Irelonde Sir Trystram put me to the wors, and anothir tyme in Cornwayle and in other placis in thys londe."

"What wolde ye do," seyde Sir Trystram, "and ye had Sir Trystram?"

"I wolde fyght with hym," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and ease my harte uppon hym, and yet, to say the sothe, Sir Trystram ys the jantyllyste knyght in thys worlde lyvynge."

"Sir, what woll ye do?" seyde Sir Trystram, "woll ye go with me to youre lodgyng?"

"Nay," he seyde, "I woll go to the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, for he rescowed me frome Sir Bors de Ganys and Sir Ector, and ellis had I bene slayne traytourly."

And Sir Trystram seyde hym such kynde wordys that Sir Palomydes wente with hym to hys lodgynge. Than Governayle wente tofore and charged Dame Brangwayne to go oute of the way to hir lodgynge, "and byd ye Sir Persides that he make hym no quarels."

And so they rode togedirs tyll they cam to Sir Trystramys pavylon, and there had Sir Palomydes all the chere that myght be had all that nyght. But in no wyse Sir Trystram myght nat be knowyn with Sir Palomydes. And so aftir souper they yeode to reste, and Sir Trystram for grete travayle slepte tylle hit was day. And Sir Palomydes myght nat slepe for angwysshe, and so in the dawnyng of the day he toke hys horse prevayly and rode hys way unto Gaherys and to Sir Sagramoure le Desirous, where they were in theire pavylons, for they thre were felowis at the begynnynge of the turnemente.

And than uppon the morne the kynge blew unto the turnemente uppon the third day.

So the Kynge of Northe Galis and the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes, they too encountird with Kynge Carados and the Kynge of Irelonde. And there the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe Kynge Carados, and the Kynge of North Galis smote downe the Kynge of Irelonde. So with that cam in Sir Palomydes, and he made grete worke, for by hys endented shylde he was well knowyn. So there cam in Kynge Arthur and ded grete dedis of armys togydirs, and put the Kynge of North Galis and the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes to the wars.

So with this cam in Sir Trystram with hys blak shylde, and anone he justed with Sir Palomydes, and there by fyne force Sir Trystram smote Sir Palomydes over hys horse croupe. Then Kynge Arthure

cryed, "Knyght with the blacke shylde, make the redy to me!" And in the same wyse Sir Trystram smote Kynge Arthure.

And than by forse of Kynge Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and Sir Palomydes were horsed agayne. Than Kynge Arthur with a grete egir harte, he gate a grete speare in hys honde, and there uppon the one syde he smote Sir Trystram over hys horse croupe.

Than foote-hote Sir Palomydes cam uppon Sir Trystram, as he was uppon foote, to have overryddyn hym. Than Sir Trystram was ware off hym, and stowped a lytyll asyde, and with grete ire he gate hym by the arme and pulled hym downe frome hys horse.

Than Sir Palomydes lyghtly arose, and they daysshed togydirs with theire swerdys myghtyly, that many kynges, quenys, lordys and ladyes stoode and behelde them. And at the last Sir Trystram smote Sir Palomydes uppon the helme thre myghty strokes, and at every stroke that he gaff he seyde, "Have thys for Sir Trystramys sake!"

And with that Sir Palomydes felle to the erthe grovelynge.

Than cam the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes and brought Sir Trystram an horse, and so was he horsed agayne. And by that tyme was Sir Palomydes horsed, and with grete ire he justed uppon Sir Trystram with hys speare as hit was in the reyste, and gaff hym a grete daysshe with hys swerde. Than Sir Trystram avoyded hys speare, and gate hym by the nek with hys bothe hondis, and pulled hym clene oute of hys sadle, and so he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten spearys, and than he lete hym falle at hys adventure.

Than Sir Trystram was ware of Kynge Arthure with a naked swerde in hys honde, and with hys speare Sir Trystram ran uppon Kyng Arthure. And than Kyng Arthure boldely abode hym, and with hys swerde he smote a-to hys speare. And therewithall Sir Trystram was astooned, and so Kynge Arthure gaff hym thre or foure strokis or he myghte gete oute hys swerde. And so Sir Trystram drew hys swerde, and aythir of them assayled othir passyng harde, and with that the grete prease departed them.

Than Sir Trystram rode here and there and ded hys grete payne, that a twelve of the good knyghtes of the bloode of Kynge Ban that

were of Sir Launcelottis kyn that day Sir Trystram smote downe, that all the estatis mervayled of his grete dedis, and all people cryed uppon the knyght with the blacke shylde.

So thys cry was so large that Sir Launcelot harde hit, and than he gate a grete speare in hys honde and cam towardis the cry. Than Sir Launcelot cryed, "Knyght with the blacke shylde, make ye redy to juste with me!"

Whan Sir Trystram harde hym sey so, he gate hys speare in hys honde, and ayther abeysed theire hedys downe lowe and cam togydir as thundir, that Sir Trystrams speare brake in pecis. And Sir Launcelot by malefortune stroke Sir Trystram on the syde a depe wounde nyghe to the dethe. But yet Sir Trystram avoyded nat hys sadyll, and so the speare brake therewithall. And yete Sir Trystram gate oute hys swerde, and he russhed to Sir Launcelot and gaff hym thre grete strokes uppon the helme, that the fyre sprange oute, that Sir Launcelot abeysed hys hede low toward hys sadyll-bow. And so therewithall Trystram departed frome the fylde, for he felte hym so wounded that he wente he sholde have dyed. And Sir Dynadan aspyed hym and folowed hym into the foreyste.

Than Sir Launcelot abode and ded mervaylous dedys.

So whan Sir Trystram was departed by the foreystis syde, he alyght and unlaced hys harneys and freysshid hys wounde.

Than wente Sir Dynadan that he sholde have dyed, and wepte.

"Nay, nay," seyde Sir Trystram, "never drede you, Sir Dynadan, for I am harte-hole, and of thys wounde I shall sone be hole, by the mercy of God!"

And anone Sir Dynadan was ware where cam Sir Palomydes rydynge streyte uppon them. Than Sir Trystram was ware that Sir Palomydes com to have destroyed hym, and so Sir Dynadan gaff hym warnynge and seyde, "Sir Trystram, my lorde, ye ar so sore wounded that ye may nat have ado with hym. Therefore I woll ryde agaynste hym and do to hym what I may, and yf I be slayne ye may pray for my soule. And so in the meane whyle ye may withdraw you and go into the castell or into the foreyste, that he shall nat mete with you."

Sir Trystram smyled and seyde, "I thanke you, Sir Dynadan, of your good wylle, but ye shall undirstonde that I am able to handyll hym."

And anone hastely he armed hym, and toke hys horse and a grete speare in hys honde, and seyde to Sir Dynadan "Adew," and rode toward Sir Palomydes a soffte pace.

Whan Sir Palomydes saw hym he alyght and made a countenance to amende hys horse, but he ded hit for thys cause, for he abode Sir Gaherys that cam aftir hym. And whan he was com he rode towarde Sir Trystram.

Than Sir Trystram sente unto Sir Palomydes and requyred hym to juste with hym; and if he smote downe Sir Palomydes he wolde do no more to hym, and if Sir Palomydes smote downe Sir Trystram, he bade hym do hys utteraunce. And so they were accorded and mette togydirs. And Sir Trystram smote downe Sir Palomydes, that he had a vylaunce falle and lay stylle as he had bene dede.

And than Sir Trystram ran uppon Sir Gaherys, and he wold nat have justed, but whethir he wolde or wolde nat Sir Trystram smote hym over hys horse croupe, that he lay stylle. And Sir Trystram rode hys way and lefft Sir Persides hys squyar within the pavelons. And Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan rode to an olde knyghtes place to lodge them; and thys olde knyght had fyve sonnes at the turnement, that prayde God hartely for theire commynge home. And so, as the Freynshe booke sayeth, they com home all fyve well beatyn.

And whan Sir Trystram departed into the foreyste Sir Launcelot hylde allwayes the stowre lyke harde, as a man araged that toke none hede to hymselff. And wyte you well there was many a noble knyght ayenste hym. And whan Kyng Arthure saw Sir Launcelot do so mervaylous dedis of armys he than armed hym and toke hys horse and hys armour, and rode into the fylde to helpe Sir Launcelot, and so many knyghtes cam with Kynge Arthur.

And to make shorte tale in conclusion, the Kyng of North Galis and the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes were put to the wars. And bycause Sir Launcelot abode and was the laste in the fylde, the pryse was gyvyn hym. But Sir Launcelot, nother for kynge, quene, nother

knyght, wolde thereoff. And where the cry was cryed thorow the fylde, "Sir Launcelot hath wonne the filde thys day!" Sir Launcelot made another cry contrary, "Sir Trystram hath won the fylde, for he began firste, and lengyst hylde on, and so hathe he done the firste day, the secunde, and the thirde day!"

Than all the astatis and degrees, hyghe and lowe, seyde of Sir Launcelot grete worship for the honoure that he ded to Sir Trystram, and for the honour-doyng by Sir Launcelot he was at that tyme more praysed and renowmed than and he had overthrowyn fyve hondred knyghtes. And all the peple holé for hys jantilnes, firste the astatis, hyghe and lowe, and after the comynalté, at onys cryed, "Sir Launcelot hath won the gre, whosoever sayth nay!"

Than was Sir Launcelot wrothe and ashamed, and so therewithall he rode to Kynge Arthure.

"Alas," seyde the kynge, "we ar all dismayde that Sir Trystram ys thus departed frome us! Pardé," seyde Kynge Arthur, "he ys one of the nobelyst knyghtes that ever I saw holde speare in honde or swerde, and the moste curtayse knyght in hys fyghtyng. For full harde I sye hym bestad," seyde Kynge Arthure, "whan he smote Sir Palomydes uppon the helme thryse, that he abaysshed hys helme with hys strokis. And also he seyde 'here ys a stroke for Sir Trystram,' and thus he seyde thryse."

Than Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot and Sir Dodynas le Saveage toke theire horsis to seke aftir Sir Trystram. And by the meanys of Sir Persides he had tolde Kynge Arthure where Sir Trystram was in hys pavylyon. But whan they cam there, Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan was gone. Than Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot was hevy and returned ayen to the Castell Maydyns makyng grete dole for the hurte of Sir Trystram, and hys suddeyne departynge.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthur, "I am more hevy that I can nat mete with hym than I am for all the hurtys that all my knyghtes have had at the turnement."

And so furthwith cam Sir Gaherys and tolde Kynge Arthur how Sir Trystram had smitten downe Sir Palomydes, and hit was at hys owne requeste.

"Alas," seyde Kynge Arthur, "that was grete dishonoure to Sir Palomydes, inasmuch as Sir Trystram was so sore wounded. And now may we all, kyngis and knyghtes and men of worship, sey that Sir Trystram may be called a noble knyght and one of the beste knyghtes that ever y saw dayes of my lyff. For I woll that ye all, kyngis and knyghtes, know," seyde Kynge Arthur, "that I never saw knyght do so mervaylously as he hath done thes thre dayes, for he was the firste that began, and the lengyst that hylde on, save thys laste day; and thoughe he were hurte hit was a manly adventure of too noble knyghtes. And whan too noble men encountir, nedis muste the tone have the worse, lyke as God wyll suffir at that tyme."

"Sir, as for me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for all the londys that ever my fadir leffte me I wolde nat have hurt Sir Trystram and I had knowyn hym at that tyme, and that I hurte hym was for I saw nat hys shylde. For and I had seyne hys blacke shylde, I wolde nat have medled with hym for many causis," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for but late he ded as muche for me as ever ded knyght, and that ys well knowyn, that he had ado with thirty knyghtes and no helpe only save Sir Dynadan. And one thynge shall I promyse you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "Sir Palomydes shall repente hit, as in hys unknyghtly delynge so for to folow that noble knyght that I be mysfortune hurte hym thus."

So Sir Launcelot seyd all the worship that myght be spokyn by Sir Trystram.

Than Kyng Arthure made a grete feste to all that wolde com.

And thus we lat passe Kynge Arthure, and a lityll we woll turne unto Sir Palomydes, that aftir he had a falle of Sir Trystram he was nyghehonde araged oute of hys wytte for despite of Sir Trystram, and so he folowed hym by adventure. And as he cam by a ryver, in hys woodnes he wolde have made hys horse to have lopyn over the watir, and the horse fayled footyng and felle in the ryver, wherefore Sir Palomydes was adrad leste he shulde have bene drowned. And than he avoyde hys horse and swam to the londe, and lete hys horse

go downe by adventure. And whan he cam to the londe he toke of hys harnys and sate romynge and cryynge as a man oute of hys mynde.

Ryght so cam a damesell evyn by Sir Palomydes, that was sente fro Sir Gawayne and hys brothir Sir Gaherys unto Sir Mordred that lay syke in the same place with that olde knyght where Sir Trystram was. For, as the Frensshe booke seythe, Sir Persides hurte so Sir Mordred a ten dayes afore, and had hit nat bene for the love of Sir Gawayne and hys brethirn, Sir Persides had slayne Sir Mordred.

And so this damysell cam by Sir Palomydes, and he and she had langage togyder, whych pleased neythir of them. And so this damesell rode her wayes tyll she cam to that olde knyghtes place, and there she tolde that olde knyght how she mette with the woodist knyght by adventure that ever she mette withall.

"What bare he in hys shylde?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, hit was endented with whyght and blacke," seyde the damesell.

"A," seyde Sir Trystram, "that was Palamydes, the good knyght. For well I know hym," seyde Sir Trystram, "for one of the beste knyghtes lyvyng in thys realme."

Than that olde knyght toke a lityll hakeney and rode for Sir Palomydes, and brought hym unto hys owne maner. And full well knew Sir Trystram hym, but he sayde but lityll.

For at that tyme Sir Trystram was walkyng uppon hys feete and well amended of his hurtis, and allwayes whan Sir Palomydes saw Sir Trystram he wolde beholde hym full mervaylously, and ever hym semed that he had sene hym. Than wolde he sey unto Sir Dynadan, "And ever I may mete with Sir Trystram, he shall nat escape myne hondis."

"I mervayle," seyde Sir Dynadan, "that ye do boste behynde Sir Trystram so, for hit ys but late that he was in youre hondys and ye in hys hondis. Why wolde ye nat holde hym whan ye had hym? For I saw myselff twyse or thryse that ye gate but lytyll worship of Sir Trystram."

Than was Sir Palomydes ashamed. So leve we them a lityll whyle in the castell with the olde knyght Sir Darras.

Now shall we speke of Kynge Arthure, that seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Had nat ye bene, we had nat loste Sir Trystram, for he was here dayly unto the tyme ye mette with hym. And in an evyll tyme," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye encountred with hym."

"My lorde Arthure," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye shall undirstonde the cause. Ye put now uppon me that I sholde be causer of hys departicion; God knowith hit was ayenste my wyll! But whan men bene hote in dedis of armys, oftyn hit ys seyne they hurte theire frendis as well as theire foys. And, my lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye shall undirstonde that Sir Trystram ys a man that I am ryght lothe to offende to, for he hath done more for me than ever y ded for hym as yet."

But than Sir Launcelot mad brynge forthe a boke, and than seyde Sir Launcelot, "Here we ar ten knyghtes that woll swere uppon thys booke never to reste one nyght where we reste another thys twelve-month, untyll that we fynde Sir Trystram. And as for me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I promyse you uppon thys booke that, and I may mete with hym, other with fayrenes othir with fowlnes I shall brynge hym to thys courte, other ellis I shall dye therefore."

And the namys of thes ten knyghtes that had undirtake thys queste were thes folowynge: first was Sir Launcelot; Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Bors de Ganys, and Sir Bleoberys, Sir Blamour de Ganys, Sir Lucan de Butler, Sir Uwayne, Sir Galyhud, Sir Lyonel, and Sir Galyodyn. So thes ten noble knyghtes departed frome the courte of Kynge Arthur, and so they rode uppon theire queste togydirs tyll they com to a crosse where departed foure wayes, and there departed the felyship in foure to seke Sir Trystram.

And as Sir Launcelot rode, by adventure he mette with Dame Brangwayne that was sente into that contrey to seke Sir Trystram, and she fled as faste as her palfrey myght go. So Sir Launcelot mette with her and asked why she fled.

"A, fayre knyght," seyde Dame Brangwayne, "I fle for drede of my lyff, for here folowith me Sir Breuse Saunz Pité to sle me."

"Holde you nyghe me," seyde Sir Launcelot, and whan he sye Sir Breuse Saunz Pité cryed unto hym and seyde, "False knyght, destroyer of ladyes and damesels, now thy laste dayes be com!"

Whan Sir Breuse Saunce Pité saw Sir Launcelottis shylde he knew hit well, for at that tyme he bare nat the armes of Cornwayle, but he bare hys owne. And than Sir Breuse returned and fled, and Sir Launcelot folowed aftir hym. But Sir Breuse was so well horsed that whan hym lyst to fle he myght fle whan he wolde and abyde whan he wolde. And than Sir Launcelot returned unto Dame Brangwayne, and she thanked Sir Launcelot of hys curtesy and grete laboure.

Now woll we speke of Sir Lucan de Butlere, that by fortune he cam rydynge to the same place thereas was Sir Trystram, and in he cam for none other entente but to aske herberow. Than the porter asked what was hys name.

"Sir, telle youre lorde that my name ys Sir Lucan de Butler, a Knyght of the Rounde Table."

So the porter yode unto Sir Darras, lorde of the place, and tolde hym who was there to aske herberow.

"Nay, nay," seyde Sir Daname that was nevew unto Sir Darras, "sey hym that he shall nat be lodged here. But lat hym wete that I, Sir Danam, woll mete with hym anone, and byd hym make hym redy."

So Sir Danam com forthe on horseback, and there they met togydirs with spearys. And Sir Lucan smote downe Sir Danam over hys horse croupe, and than he fled into that place, and Sir Lucan rode aftir hym and asked after hym many tymys.

Than Sir Dynadan seyde to Sir Trystram, "Hit ys shame to se the lordys cousyne of thys place defoyled."

"Abyde," seyde Sir Trystram, "and I shall redresse hit."

And in the meane whyle Sir Dynadan was on horsebacke, and he justed with Sir Lucan, and he smote Sir Dynadan thorow the thycke of the thyghe, and so he rode hys way. And Sir Trystram was wroth that Sir Dynadan was hurte, and he folowed aftir and thought to avenge hym. And within a whyle he overtoke Sir Lucan

and bade hym turne, and so they mette togydirs, and Sir Trystram hurte Sir Lucan passynge sore and gaff hym a falle.

So with that com Sir Uwayne, a jantill knyght, and whan he saw Sir Lucan so hurte he called to Sir Trystram to juste.

"Fayre knyght," seyde Sir Trystram, "telle me youre name, I requyre you."

"Sir knyght, wite you well my name ys Sir Uwayne, le Fyze de Roy Uryen."

"A," seyde Sir Trystram, "be my wylle I wolde nat have ado with you at no tyme."

"Sir, ye shall nat do so," seyde Sir Uwayne, "but ye shall have ado with me."

And than Sir Trystram saw none other boote but rode ayenste hym, and overthrew Sir Uwayne and hurte hym in the syde, and so he departed unto hys lodgynge agayne.

And whan Sir Danam undirstood that Sir Trystram had hurte Sir Lucan he wolde have ryddyn aftir hym for to have slayne hym, but Sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym. Than Sir Uwayne lete ordayne an horse-litter, and brought Sir Lucan to the Abbay of Ganys. And the castell thereby hyght the Castell off Ganys, of the whych Sir Bleoberys was lorde. And at that castell Sir Launcelot promysed all hys felowis there to mete in the queste of Sir Trystram.

So whan Sir Trystram was com to hys lodgynge, there cam a damsell that tolde Sir Darras that thre of his sunnys were slayne at that turnemente, and too grevously wounded so that they were never lyke to helpe themselff; and all thys was done by a noble knyght that bare a blacke shylde, and that was he that bare the pryce.

Than cam one and tolde Sir Darras that the same knyght was within hys courte that bare the blacke shylde. Than Sir Darras yode unto Sir Trystramys chambir, and there he founde hys shylde and shewed hit to the damesell.

"A, sir," seyde the damesell, "thys same ys he that slewe youre thre sunnys."

Than withoute ony taryynge Sir Darras put Sir Trystram, Sir Palomydes, and Sir Dynadan within a stronge preson, and there Sir

Trystram was lyke to have dyed of grete syknes. And every day Sir Palomydes wolde repreve Sir Trystram of olde hate betwyxt them, and ever Sir Trystram spake fayre and seyde lytyll. But whan Sir Palomydes se that Sir Trystram was falle in syknes, than was he hevy for hym and comforted hym in all the beste wyse he coude.

And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, there cam fourty knyghtes to Sir Darras that were of hys owne kynne, and they wolde have slayne Sir Trystram and hys felowis, but Sir Darras wolde nat suffir that, but kepte them in preson, and mete and drynke they had.

So Sir Trystram endured there grete payne, for syknes had undirtake hym, and that ys the grettist payne a presoner may have. For all the whyle a presonere may have hys helth of body, he may endure undir the mercy of God and in hope of good delyveraunce; but whan syknes towchith a presoners body, than may a presonere say all welth ys hym berauffte, and than hath he cause to wayle and wepe. Ryght so ded Sir Trystram whan syknes had undirtake hym, for than he toke such sorow that he had allmoste slayne hymselff.

THE ROUND TABLE

NOW WOLL WE LEVE Sir Trystram, Sir Palomydes, and Sir Dynadan in preson, and speke we of othir knyghtes that sought aftir Sir Trystram in many dyverse partyes of thys londe. And some yode into Cornwayle, and by adventure Sir Gaherys, nevew unto Kynge Arthure, cam unto Kynge Marke. And there he was well resseyved and sate at Kynge Markys owne table and ete of hys owne messe. Than Kynge Marke asked Sir Gaherys what tydynges there was within the realme of Logrys.

"Sir," seyde Sir Gaherys, "the kynge regnys as a noble knyght, and now but late there was a grete justis and turnemente as ever y saw within thys reallme of Logres, and the moste nobelyste knyghtes were at that justis. But there was one knyght that ded mervaylously thre dayes, and he bare a blacke shylde, and of all the knyghtes that ever y saw he preved the beste knyght."

"That was," seyde Kynge Marke, "Sir Launcelot, other ellis Sir Palomydes the paynym."

"Not so," seyde Sir Gaherys, "for they were both of the contrary party agaynste the knyght with the blacke shylde."

"Than was hit Sir Trystram de Lyones," seyde the kynge.

And therewithall he smote downe hys hede, and in hys harte he feryd sore that Sir Trystram sholde gete hym such worship in the realme of Logrys wherethorow hymselff shuld nat be able to withstonde hym.

Thus Sir Gaherys had grete chere with Kynge Marke and with the quene La Beall Isode, which was glad of his wordis, for well she wyste by hys dedis and maners that hit was Sir Trystram.

And than the kynge made a feste royall, and to that feste cam Sir Uwayne le Fyze de Roy Uryen, and som called hym Sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes. And thys Sir Uwayne chalenged all the knyghtes of Cornwayle. Than was the kynge wood wrothe that he had no knyghtes to answere hym.

Than Sir Andred, nevew unto Kynge Marke, lepe up and sayde, "I woll encountir with Sir Uwayne."

Than he yode and armyed hym and horsed hym in the beste maner, and there Sir Uwayne mette with Sir Andred and smote hym downe, that he sowned on the erthe. Than was Kynge Marke sory and wrothe oute of mesure that he had no knyght to revenge hys nevew, Sir Andret. So the kynge called unto hym Sir Dynas le Senesciall, and prayde hym for hys sake to take uppon hym for to juste with Sir Uwayne.

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynas, "I am full lothe to have ado with ony of the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table."

"Yet, for my love, take uppon you for to juste."

So Sir Dynas made hym redy to juste, and anone they encountirde togydirs with grete spearys. But Sir Dynas was overthrowyn, horse and man, a grete falle. Who was wroth than but Kynge Marke?

"Alas!" he seyde, "have I no knyght that woll encountir with yondir knyght?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Gaherys, "for youre sake I woll juste."

So Sir Gaherys made hym redy, and whan he was armed he rode into the fylde. And whan Sir Uwayne saw Sir Gaherys shylde he rode to hym and seyde, "Sir, ye do nat youre parte; for the firste tyme that ever ye were made Knyght of the Rounde Table ye sware that ye shuld nat have ado with none of youre felyship wyttyngly. And, pardé, Sir Gaherys, ye know me well inow by my shylde, and so do I know you by youre shylde. And thaughe ye wolde breke youre othe, I woll nat breke myne, for there ys nat one here nother ye that shall thynke I am aferde of you, but that I durst ryght well have ado with you. And yet we be syster sonnys!"

Than was Sir Gaherys ashamed. And so therewithall every knyght wente theire way, and Sir Uwayne rode oute of the contrey.

Than Kynge Marke armed hym and toke hys horse and hys speare with a squyar with hym, and than he rode afore Sir Uwayne and suddeynly, at a gap, he ran uppon hym as he that was nat ware of hym. And there he smote hym allmoste thorow the body, and so there leffte hym.

So within a whyle there cam Sir Kay and founde Sir Uwayne, and asked hym how he was hurte.

"I wote nat," seyde Sir Uwayne, "why nother wherefore, but by treson, I am sure, I gate thys hurte. For here cam a knyght suddeynly uppon me or that I was ware, and suddeynly hurte me."

Than there was com Sir Andred to seke Kyng Marke.

"Thou traytoure knyght!" seyde Sir Kay, "and I wyst hit were thou that thus traytourely haste hurte thys noble knyght, thou shuldist never passe my hondys!"

"Sir," seyde Sir Andred, "I ded never hurte hym, and that I reporte me to hymselff."

"Fy on you, false knyghtes of Cornwayle," seyde Sir Kay, "for ye ar naught worth!"

So Sir Kay made cary Sir Uwayne to the Abbay of the Black Crosse, and there was he heled.

Than Sir Gaherys toke hys leve of Kyng Marke, but or he departed he seyde, "Sir kynge, ye ded a fowle shame whan ye flemyd Sir Trystram oute of thys contrey, for ye nedid nat to have doughted no knyght and he had bene here."

And so he departed.

Than there cam Sir Kay the Senesciall unto Kynge Marke, and there he had good chere shewynge outewarde.

"Now, fayre lordys," seyde Kynge Marke, "woll ye preve ony adventure in this Foreyste of Morrys, whych ys an harde adventure as I know ony?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Kay, "I woll preve hit."

And Sir Gaherys seyde he wolde be avysed, for Kynge Marke was ever full of treson. And therewithall Sir Gaherys departed and rode hys way. And by the same way that Sir Kay sholde ryde, he leyde hym downe to reste, chargynge hys squyar to wayte uppon hym: "And yf Sir Kay comme, warne me whan he commyth."

So within a whyle Sir Kay com rydyng that way. And than Sir Gaherys toke hys horse and mette hym, and seyde, "Sir Kay, ye ar nat wyse to ryde at the rekeyste of Kynge Marke, for he delith all with treson."

Than seyde Sir Kay, "I requyre you that we may preve well thys adventure."

"I woll nat fayle you," seyde Sir Gaherys.

And so they rode that tyme tylle a lake that was that tyme called the Perelous Lake, and there they abode under the shawe of the wood.

The meane whyle Kynge Marke within the castell of Tyntagyll avoyded all hys barownes; and all othir, save such as were prevy with hym, were avoyded oute of the chambir. And than he let calle hys nevew Sir Andred, and bade arme hym and horse hym lyghtly, for by that tyme hit was nyghe mydnyght. And so Kynge Marke was armed all in blacke, horse and all, and so at a prevy postern they too yssued oute with theire verlattes with them, and so rode tylle they cam to that lake.

Than Sir Kay aspyed them firste, and gate hys speare in hys honde, and profirde to juste. And Kynge Marke rode ayenst hym, and smote ech other full harde, for the moone shone as the bryght day. And at that justis Sir Kayes horse felle downe, for hys horse was nat so bygge as the kynges horse was, and Sir Kayes horse brused hym full sore.

Than Sir Gaherys was wrothe that Sir Kay had a falle. Than he cryed, "Knyght, sitte thou faste in thy sadle, for I wolle revenge my felow!"

Than Kynge Mark was aferde of Sir Gaherys, and so with evyll wylle Kynge Marke rode ayenste hym, and Sir Gaherys gaff hym such a stroke that he felle downe. And so forthwithall Sir Gaherys ran unto Sir Andred and smote hym frome hys horse quyte, that hys helme smote in the erthe and nyghe had brokyn hys necke. And therewithall Sir Gaherys alyght, and gate up Sir Kay, and than they yeode bothe on foote to them, and bade them yelde them and telle theire namys, othir ellis they sholde dey. Than with grete payne Sir Andred spake firste and seyde, "Hit ys Kynge Marke of Cornwayle, therefore be ye ware what ye do. And I am Sir Andred, hys cousyn."

"Fy on you bothe!" seyde Sir Gaherys, "for ye ar false traytours, and false treson have ye wrought undir youre semble chere that ye

made us. For hit were pité that ye sholde lyve ony lenger," seyde Sir Gaherys.

"Save my lyff," seyde Kynge Marke, "and I woll make amendys. And concider that I am a kynge anoynted."

"Hit were the more shame," seyde Sir Gaherys, "to save thy lyff! For thou arte a kynge anoynted with creyme, and therefore thou sholdist holde with all men of worship. And therefore thou arte worthy to dye."

And so with that he laysshed at Kynge Marke, and he coverde hym with hys shylde and defended hym as he myght. And than Sir Kay laysshed at Sir Andret. And therewithall Kynge Marke yelded hym unto Sir Gaherys, and than he kneled adowne and made hys othe uppon the crosse of the swerde that never whyle he lyved he wolde be ayenste arraunte knyghtes. And also he sware to be good fryende unto Sir Trystram, if ever he cam into Cornwayle. And by that tyme Sir Andret was on the erthe, and Sir Kay wolde have slayne hym.

"Lat be," seyde Sir Gaherys, "sle hym nat, I pray you."

"Sir, hit were pité," seyde Syr Kay, "that he sholde lyve ony lenger, for he ys cousyn nyghe unto Sir Trystram, and ever he hath bene a traytoure unto hym, and by hym he was exhyled oute of Cornwayle. And therefore I woll sle hym," seyde Sir Kay.

"Ye shall nat do so," seyde Sir Gaherys, "for sytthyn I have yevyn the kynge hys lyff, I pray you gyff hym hys lyffe."

And therewithall Sir Kay lete hym go.

And so they rode her wayes unto Sir Dynas le Senesciall, for bycause they harde sey that he loved well Sir Trystram. So they reposed them there, and sone aftir they rode unto the realme of Logrys.

And so within a lityll while they mette with Sir Launcelot that allwayes had Dame Brangwayne with hym, to that entente, he wente to have mette the sunner with Sir Trystram. And Sir Launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornwayle, and whethir they harde of Sir Trystram. Sir Kay and Sir Gaherys answerde that they harde nat of hym, and so they tolde worde by worde of theire adventure. Than

Sir Launcelot smyled and seyde, “Harde hit ys to take oute off the fleysshe that ys bredde in the boone!”

And so they made hem myrry togydirs.

Now leve we of thys tale and speke we of Sir Dynas that had within the castell a paramour, and she loved anothir knyght bettir than hym. And so whan Sir Dynas was oute an-huntynge, she slypped downe by a towell, and toke with hir too brachettis, and so she yode to the knyght that she loved.

And whan Sir Dynas cam home and myste hys paramoure and hys brachettes, than was he the more wrother for hys brachettis, more than for hys lady. So than he rode aftir the knyght that had hys paramoure, and bade hym turne and juste. So Sir Dynas smote hym downe, that with the falle he brake hys legge and hys arme. And than hys lady and paramour cryed and seyde, “Sir Dynas, mercy!” and she wolde love hym bettir than ever she ded.

“Nay,” seyde Sir Dynas, “I shall never truste them that onys betrayeth me, and therefore as ye have begunne so ende, for I woll nevir meddill with you.”

And so Sir Dynas departed and toke his brachettis with hym, and so he rode to hys castell.

Now woll we turne unto Sir Launcelot that was ryght hevy that he cowth never hyre no tydynges of Sir Trystram, for all this whyle he was in preson with Sir Darras, and Sir Palomydes and Sir Dynadan. Than Dame Brangwayne toke hyr leve to go into Cornwayle, and Sir Launcelot, Sir Kay and Sir Gaherys rode to seke Sir Trystram in the contrey of Surluse.

Now spekith thys tale of Sir Trystram and of hys too felowis, for every day Sir Palomydes brawled and seyde langayge ayenste Sir Trystram.

Than seyde Sir Dynadan, “I mervayle of the, Sir Palomydes. And thou haddyst Sir Trystram here, I trow thou woldiste do none harme; for and a wolff and a sheepe were togydir in a preson, the wolff wolde suffir the sheepe to be in pees. And wyte thou well,”

seyde Sir Dynadan, “thys same ys Sir Trystram, at a worde, and now mayst thou do thy beste with hym, and latte se now yf ye can skyffte hit with youre handys.”

Than was Sir Palomydes abaysshed, and seyde lityll. Than seyde Sir Trystram to Sir Palomydes, “I have harde muche of youre magré ayenste me, but I woll nat meddill with you at thys tyme be my wylle, bycause I drede the lorde of this place that hath us in governaunce. For and I dred hym nat more than I do the, sone hit sholde be skyffte.”

And so they peaced hemselff.

Ryght so cam in a damesell and seyde, “Knyghtes, be of good chere, for ye ar sure of youre lyves, and that I harde my lorde Sir Darras sey.”

So than were they all glad, for dayly they wente to have dyed.

Than sone after thys Sir Trystram fyll syke, that he wente to have dyed. Than Sir Dynadan wepte, and so ded Sir Palomydes, undir them bothe makynge grete sorow. So a damesell cam in to them and founde them mournynge. Than she wente unto Sir Darras and tolde hym how the myghty knyght that bare the blacke shylde was lykly to dye.

“That shall nat be,” seyde Sir Darras, “for God deffende, whan knyghtes com to me for succour, that I sholde suffir hem to dye within my preson. Therefore,” seyde Sir Darras, “go fecche me that syke knyght and hys felowis afore me.”

And whan Sir Darras saw Sir Trystram ibrought afore hym, he seyde, “Sir knyght, me repentis of thy sykenes, for thou arte called a full noble knyght, and so hit semyth by the. And wyte you well that hit shall never be seyde that I, Sir Darras, shall destroy such a noble knyght as thou arte in preson, howbehit that thou haste slayne thre of my sunnes, wherefore I was gretely agreved. But now shalt thou go and thy felowys, and take youre horse and youre armour, for they have bene fayre and clene kepte, and ye shall go where hit lyketh you uppon this covenaunte, that thou, knyght, woll promyse me to be good frynde to my sunnys too that bene now on lyve, and also that thou telle me thy name.”

"Sir, as for me, my name ys Sir Trystram de Lyones, and in Cornwayle was I borne, and nevew I am unto Kynge Marke. And as for the dethe of youre thre sunnes, I myght nat do withall. For and they had bene the nexte kyn that I have, I myght have done none othirwyse; and if I had slayne hem by treson other trechory, I had bene worthy to have dyed."

"All thys I consider," seyde Sir Darras, "that all that ye ded was by fors of knyghthode, and that was the cause I wolde nat put you to dethe. But sith ye be Sir Trystram the good knyght, I pray you hartyly to be my good frynde and my sunnes."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "I promyse you by the faythe of my body, ever whyle I lyve I woll do you servyse, for ye have done to us but as a naturall knyght ought to do."

Than Sir Trystram reposed hym there a whyle tyll that he was amended of hys syknes, and whan he was bygge and stronge they toke theire leve, and every knyght toke theire horses and harneys, and so departed and rode togydirs tyll they cam to a crosseway.

"Now, felowis," seyde Sir Trystram, "here woll we departe in sundir."

And bycause Sir Dynadan had the firste adventure, of hym I woll begyn.

So as Sir Dynadan rode by a well, he founde a lady makyng grete dole. "What aylith you?" seyde Sir Dynadan.

"Sir knyght," seyde the lady, "I am the wofullyst lady of the worlde, for within thys fyve dayes here com a knyght called Sir Breuse Saunz Pité, and he slewe myne owne brothir, and ever syns he hath kepte me at hys owne wylle, and of all men in the worlde I hate hym moste. And therefore I requyre you of knyghthode to avenge me, for he woll nat tarry but be here anone."

"Lat hym com!" seyde Sir Dynadan. "And bycause of the honoure of all women I woll do my parte."

So with this cam Sir Breuse, and whan he saw a knyght with his lady he was wood wrothe, and than he seyde, "Kepe the, sir knyght, from me!"

And so they hurled togydirs as the thundir, and aythir smote othir passynge sore. But Sir Dynadan put hym thorow the shuldir a grevous wounde, and or ever Sir Dynadan myght turne hym Sir Breuse was gone and fledde.

Than the lady prayde hym to brynge hyr to a castell there besyde but foure myle; and so Sir Dynadan brought her there and she was wellcom, for the lorde of that castell was hir uncle. And so Sir Dynadan rode hys way uppon hys adventure.

Now turnyth thys tale unto Sir Trystram, that by adventure he cam to a castell to aske lodgyng, wherein was Quene Morgan le Fay. And so whan Sir Trystram was let into that castell he had good chere all that nyght. And so uppon the morne, whan he wolde have departed, the quene seyde, "Wyte you well ye shall nat departe lyghtly, for ye ar here as a presonere."

"Jesu deffende me!" seyde Sir Trystram, "for I was but late a presonere."

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde the quene, "ye shall abyde with me tyll that I wyte what ye ar, and frome whens ye cam."

And ever the quene wolde sette Sir Trystram on her one syde, and her paramour on hir other syde, and evermore the quene wolde beholde Sir Trystram. And thereat thys othir knyght was jeleous, and was in wyll suddeynly to have ronne uppon hym with a swerde, but he forbare for shame. Than the quene seyde unto Sir Trystram, "Telle me your name, and I shall suffir you to departe whan ye wyll."

"Uppon that covenaunte, madame, I woll telle you: my name ys Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"A!" seyde Quene Morgan le Fay, "and I had wyst that, thou sholdist nat have departed so sone as thou shalte. But sitthyn I have made a promyse, I wolde holde hit, with that thou wolte promyse me to beare uppon the a shylde I shall delyver the unto the Castell of the Harde Roche, where Kynge Arthure hath cryed a grete turnemente. And there I pray you that ye woll be, and to do as much of dedys of armys for me as ye may do. For at the Castell of Maydyns, Sir Trystram, ye ded mervaylous dedis of armys as ever I harde knyght do."

"Madame," seyde Sir Trystram, "let me se the shylde that I shall beare."

Than the shylde was brought forthe, and the fylde was goules with a kynge and a quene therein paynted, and a knyght stondynge aboven them with hys one foote standynge uppon the kynges hede and the othir uppon the quenys hede.

"Madame," seyde Sir Trystram, "thys ys a fayre shylde and a myghty, but what signyfyeth this kynge and this quene and that knyght stondynge uppon bothe theire hedis?"

"I shall telle you," seyde Morgan le Fay. "Hit signyfieth Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvere, and a knyght that holdith them bothe in bondage and in servage."

"Madame, who ys that knyght?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, that shall ye nat wyte as at thys tyme," seyde the quene.

But, as the Freynshe booke seyde, Quene Morgan loved Sir Launcelot beste, and ever she desired hym, and he wolde never love her nor do nothynge at her rekeyste, and therefore she hylde many knyghtes togydir to have takyn hym by strengthe. And bycause that she demed that Sir Launcelot loved Quene Gwenyvere paramour and she hym agayne, therefore Dame Morgan ordayned that shylde to put Sir Launcelot to a rebuke, to that entente, that Kynge Arthure myght undirstonde the love betwene them.

So Sir Trystram toke that shylde and promysed hir to beare hit at the turnemente of the Castell of Harde Roche. But Sir Trystram knew nat of that shylde that hit was ordayned ayenste Sir Launcelot, but aftirwarde he knew hit. So Sir Trystram toke hys leve of the quene, and toke the shylde with hym.

Than cam the knyght that hylde Morgan le Fay, whos name was Sir Hemyson, and he made hym redy to folow Sir Trystram.

"Now, fayre frende," seyde Morgan, "ryde ye nat aftir that knyght, for ye shall wynne no worshyp of hym."

"Fye on hym, coward knyght!" seyde Sir Hemyson. "For I wyste nevir good knyght com oute of Cornwayle but yf hit were Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"Sir, what and that be he?"

"Nay, nay," he seyde, "he ys with La Beall Isode, and thys ys but a daffysshe knyght."

"Alas, my fayre frynde, ye shall fynde hym the beste knyght that ever ye mette withall, for I know hym bettir than ye do."

"Madame, for youre sake," seyde Sir Hemyson, "I shall sle hym."

"A! fayre frynde," seyde the quene, "me repentith that ye woll folow that knyght, for I feare me sore of your agayne-commynge."

And so with thys thys knyght rode hys way wood wrothe, and he rode aftir Sir Trystram as faste as he had be chaced with knyghtes.

So whan Sir Trystram harde a knyght com aftir hym so faste, he returned aboute and saw a knyght commynge agaynste hym. And whan he cam nyghe to Sir Trystram he cryed on hyght and seyde, "Sir knyght, kepe the fro me!"

Than they russhed togydirs as hit had bene thundir. And Sir Hemyson brused hys speare uppon Sir Trystram, but hys harneys was so good that he myght nat hurte hym. And Sir Trystram smote hym harder, and bare hym thorow the body, and fylle over hys horse croupe. Than Sir Trystram turned to have done more with hys swerde, but he sy so much bloode go frome hym that hym semed he was lyckly to dye. And so he departed frome hym, and cam to a fayre maner to an olde knyght, and there Sir Trystram lodged.

Nowe leve we Sir Trystram and speke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe. Than hys varlette alyght, and toke of hys helme, and than he asked hys lorde whether there were ony lyff in hym.

"There ys in me lyff," seyde the knyght, "but hit ys but lytyll, and therefore lepe thou up behynde me whan thou haste holpyn me up, and holde me faste that I falle nat, and brynge me to Quene Morgan, for the deepe drawghtes of dethe drawith to my harte, that I may nat lyve. For I wolde speke with her fayne or I dyed, for my soule woll be in grete perell and I dye."

For with grete payne hys varlet brought hym to the castell, and there Sir Hemyson fylle downe dede. Whan Morgan le Fay saw hym dede she made grete sorow oute of reson, and than she lette

dispoyle hym unto hys shurte, and so she lete put hym into a tombe. And aboute the tombe she lete wryte: "Here lyeth Sir Hemyson, slayne by the hondis of Sir Trystam de Lyones."

Now turne we unto Sir Trystram, that asked the knyght hys oste if he saw late ony knyghtes aventures.

"Sir," he seyde, "here lodged the laste nyght Sir Ector de Marys and a damesell with hym. And that damesell tolde me that he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde."

"That ys nat so," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I know foure bettir knyghtes of his owne blood. And the firste ys Sir Launcelot du Lake, calle hym the beste knyght, and Sir Bors de Ganys, Sir Bleoberys de Ganys, and Sir Blamour de Ganys, and also Sir Gaherys."

"Nay," seyde hys oste, "Sir Gawayne ys the bettir knyght."

"That ys nat so," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I have mette with hem bothe, and I have felte Sir Gaherys for the bettir knyght. And Sir Lamorak, I calle hym as good as ony of them, excepte Sir Launcelot."

"Sir, why name ye nat Sir Trystram?" sayde hys oste. "For I accompte hym as good a knyght as ony of them."

"I knowe nat Sir Trystram," seyde Sir Trystram.

Thus they talked and bourded as longe as them thought beste, and than wente to reste. And on the morne Sir Trystram departed and toke hys leve of hys oste, and rode towarde the Roche Deure, and none adventure had he but that. And so he rested nat tylle he cam to the castell, where he saw fyve hondred tentes.

So the Kynge of Scottes and the Kynge of Irelonde hylde agaynste Kynge Arthurs knyghtes, and there began a grete medlé. So there cam in Sir Trystram and ded mervaylous dedis of armys, for he smote downe many knyghtes, and ever he was before Kynge Arthure with that shylde. And whan Kynge Arthure saw that shylde he mervayled gretly in what entent hit was made. But Quene Gwenyvere demed as hit was, wherefore she was hevy.

Than was there a damesell of Quene Morgan in a chambir by Kynge Arthure, and whan she harde Kynge Arthure speke of that

shylde, than she spake opynly unto Kynge Arthure: "Sir kynge, wyte you well thys shylde was ordayned for you, to warn you of youre shame and dishonoure that longith to you and youre quene."

And than anone that damesell pycked her away pryvayly, that no man wyste where she was becom. Than was Kynge Arthure sad and wrothe, and asked frome whens com that damesell. And there was nat one that knew her, nother wyst nat where she was becom.

Than Quene Gwenyvere called to her Sir Ector de Marys, and there she made hyr complaynte to hym and seyde, "I wote well thys shylde was made by Morgan le Fay in the dispite of me and of Sir Launcelot, wherefore I drede me sore leste I shall be distroyed."

And ever the kynge behylde Sir Trystram that ded so mervaylous dedis of armys that he wondred sore what knyght hit myght be, and well he wyste hit was nat Sir Launcelot. And also hit was tolde hym that Sir Trystram was in Petyte Bretayne with Isode le Blaunche Maynys, for he demed, and he had bene in the realme of Logrys, Sir Launcelot other som of hys felowis that were in the queste of Sir Trystram, that they sholde have founde hym or that tyme. So Kynge Arthure had mervayle what knyght he myght be. And ever Kynge Arthurs ye was on that shylde. And all that aspyed the quene, and that made hir sore aferde.

Than ever Sir Trystram smote downe knyghtes wondirly to beholde, what uppon the ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde, that unnethe no knyght myght withstonde hym. And the Kynge of Scottes and the Kynge of Irelonde began to withdraw them. Whan Kynge Arthur aspyed that, he thought the knyght with the straunge rede shylde sholde nat ascape hym. Than he called unto hym Sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes and bade hym arme hym and make hym redy. So anone Kyng Arthure and Sir Uwayn dressed them before Sir Trystram and requyred hym to telle where he hadde that shylde.

"Sir," he seyde, "I had hit of Quene Morgan le Fay, suster to Kynge Arthure."

So here levith of this booke, for hit ys the Firste Booke of Sir Trystram de Lyones

And the Secunde Boke begynnyth where Sir Trystram smote downe Kynge Arthure and Sir Uwayne bycause why he wolde nat telle hem wherefore that shylde was made. But to sey the soth, Sir Trystram coude nat telle the cause, for he knew hit nat.

"And yf hit be so ye can dyscryve what ye beare, ye ar worthy to beare armys."

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll answere you. As for this shylde, hit was yevyn me, not desyred, of Quene Morgan le Fay; and as for me, I can nat dyscryve this armys, for hit is no poynte of my charge, and yet I truste to God to beare hem with worship."

"Truly," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye ought nat to beare none armys but yf ye wyste what ye bare. But I pray you telle me youre name."

"To what entente?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"For I wolde wete," seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir, ye shall nat wete for me at this tyme."

"Than shall ye and I do batayle togydir."

"Why," seyde Sir Trystram, "woll ye do batayle with me but yf I telle you my name? For sothe, that lytyll nedyth you. And ye were a man of worshyp ye wolde nat have ado with me, for ye have sene me this day have had grete travayle. And therefore ye ar no valyaunte knyght to aske batayle of me, consyderynge my grete travayle. Howbehit, I woll nat fayle you, and have ye no doute that

I feare nat you. Though ye thynke ye have me at a grete avauntage, yet shall I ryght well endure you."

And therewithall Kynge Arthure dressid his shylde and his speare, and Sir Trystram ayenst hym, and they come egirly togydirs. And there Kynge Arthure brake his speare all to pecis on Sir Trystrams shylde. But Sir Trystram smote Kynge Arthur agayne so sore that horse and man felle to the erthe, and there was Kynge Arthure woundid on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a perelous.

Whan Sir Uwayne saw his lorde Kynge Arthur ly on the erthe sore wounded, he was passynge hevy. And than he dressid his shylde and his speare, and cryed alowde unto Sir Trystram and seyde, "Knyght, defende the!"

So they come togydir as faste as theire horse myght ren, and Sir Uwayne brused his speare all to pecis uppon Sir Trystrams shylde. And Sir Trystram smote hym harder and sorer with such a myght that he bare hym clene oute of his sadyll to the erthe. With that Sir Trystram turned hys horse aboute and sayde to them, "Fayre knyghtes, I had now no nede to juste with you, for I have had inowghe to do this day."

Than arose up Kynge Arthure and went to Sir Uwayne, and than he seyde to Sir Trystrams, "We have now as we have deservyd, for thorowe oure owne orgulyté we demaunded batayle of you, and yet youre name we know nat."

"Neverthelesse, by Seynte Crosse," seyde Sir Uwayne, "he is a stronge knyght, at myne advyse, as ony is lyvynge."

Than Sir Trystram departed, and in every place he asked aftir Sir Launcelot. But in no place he cowde hyre of hym whether he were dede other on lyve, wherefore Sir Trystram made grete dole and sorowe.

So Sir Trystram rode by a foreyste and than was he ware of a fayre toure by a marys on the tone syde, and on that other syde was a fayre medow, and there he sawe ten knyghtes fyghtynge togydyrs. And ever the nere he cam, he saw how there was but one knyght ded batyle ayenst a nyne knyghtes, and that one knyght ded so

mervaylously that Sir Trystram had grete wondir that ever one knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys. And than within a lytyll whyle he had slayne halff theire horsys and unhorsid them, and theire horsys ran into the feldys and forestes.

Than Sir Trystram had so grete pité of that one knyght that endured so grete payne, and ever hym thought hit sholde be Sir Palomydes by his shylde. So he rode unto the knyghtys and cryed unto them and bade them sease of that batayle, for they ded themself grete shame, so many knyghtes to feyght wyth one. Than answerde the maystir of tho knyghtes, hys name was called Sir Brunys Saunze Pyté, that was at that tyme the moste myschevuste knyght lyvynge, and seyde thus: "Sir knyght, what have ye ado with us to medyll? And therefore, and ye be wyse, departe on youre way as ye cam, for this knyght shall nat scape us."

"That were grete pyté," seyde Sir Trystram, "that so good a knyght as he is sholde be slayne so cowardly. And therefore I make you ware I woll succour hym with all my puyssaunce."

So Sir Trystram alyght of hys horse, because they were on foote, that they sholde nat sle his horse. And than Sir Trystram dressyd his shylde with hys swerde in his honde, and he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde passynge sore, that well-nye at every stroke he strake downe a knyghte. And whan they aspyed his strokys they fledde, bothe Sir Brunys Saunze Pyté and hys felyshyp, unto the towre, and Sir Trystram folowed faste aftir wyth hys swerde in his honde, but they ascaped into the towre and shutte Sir Trystram wythoute the gate.

And whan Sir Trystram sawe that, he returned abacke unto Sir Palomydes and founde hym syttynge undir a tre sore woundid.

"A, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Trystram, "well be ye founde!"

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Palomydes, "of youre grete goodnesse, for ye have rescowed me of my lyff, and savyd me of my dethe."

"What is your name?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, my name ys Sir Palomydes."

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Trystram, "thou haste a fayre grace of me this day that I sholde rescowe the, and thou art the man in the

worlde that I moste hate! But now make the redy, for I shall do batayle with the!"

"What is your name?" seyde Sir Palomydes.

"My name is Sir Trystram, your mortall enemy."

"Hit may be so," seyde Sir Palomydes, "but ye have done overmuche for me this day that I sholde fyght with you, for inasmuche as ye have saved my lyff hit woll be no worshyp for you to have ado with me; for ye ar freyshe and I am sore woundid. And therefore, and ye woll nedys have ado with me, assygne me a day, and than shall I mete with you withoute fayle."

"Ye say well," seyde Sir Trystramys. "Now I assygne you to mete me this day fyftene dayes in the medowe by the ryver of Camelot, where Merlyon sette the perowne."

So they were agreed. Than Sir Trystram asked Sir Palomydes why the nyne knyghtes ded batayle with hym.

"For this cause," seyde Sir Palomydes: "as I rode uppon myne adventures in a foreyste here besyde, I aspyed where lay a dede knyght, and a lady wepynge besydys hym. And whan I sawe her makynge suche doole, I asked her who slew her lorde. 'Sir,' she seyde, 'the falsyste knyght of the worlde, and the moste he is of vylany; and his name is Sir Brwnes Saunze Pité.' Than for pité I made the damesell to lepe on her palferey, and I promysed her to be her waraunte and to helpe to entyre hir lorde. And suddeynly, as I cam rydyng by this towre, there come oute Sir Brewnys Saunce Pité, and suddeynly he strake me fro my horse. And or ever I myghte recovir my horse, this Sir Brewnys slew the damesell. And so I toke my horse agayne, and I was sore ashamyd, and so began this medlé betwyxte us. And this is the cause wherefore we ded this batayle."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "now I undirstonde the maner of your batayle. But in ony wyse, that ye have remembraunce of your promyse that ye have made with me to do batayle this day fourtenyght."

"I shall nat fayle you," sayde Sir Palomydes.

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "as at this tyme I woll nat fayle you tylle that ye be oute of the daunger of your enemyes."

So they a-mowntid uppon theire horsys and rode togydyrs unto the foreyste, and there they founde a fayre welle with clere watir burbelynge.

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Trystramys, "to drynke of that watir I have grete currage."

And than they alyght of theire horsys. And than were they ware besyde them where stoode a grete horse tyed tylle a tre, and ever he nayed. Than they aspyed farthermore, and than were they ware of a fayre knyght armed undir a tre, lackynge no pece of harnes, save hys helme lay undir his hede.

"By the good Lorde," seyde Sir Trystram, "yondir lyeth a well-farynge knyght. What is beste to do?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Awake hym," seyde Sir Palomydes.

So Sir Trystram awakyd hym wyth the butte of hys speare. And so the knyght arose up hastely, and put his helme uppon his hede, and mowntyd uppon his horse, and gate a grete speare in his honde. And withoute ony mo wordis he hurled unto Sir Trystram and smote hym clene from his sadyll to the erthe and hurte hym on the lyffte syde. Than Sir Trystram lay stylle in grete perell.

Than he waloppyd further and fette his course and come hurlynge uppon Sir Palomydes. And there he strake hym a parte thorow the body, that he felle frome hys horse to the erthe. And than this straunge knyght lefte them there and toke his way thorow the foreyste.

So wyth this Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes were on foote, and gate theire horsys agayne, and aythir asked counceyle of other what was beste to done.

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll folow this stronge knyght that thus hath shamed us."

"Well," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and I woll repose me hereby with a frende of myne."

"Beware," seyde Sir Trystram to Sir Palomydes, "loke that ye fayle nat that day that ye have sette with me, for, as I deme, ye woll nat holde your day, for I am muche bygger than ye ar."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "be as be may, for I feare you nat. For and I be nat syke nother presoner, I woll nat fayle you, but

I have cause to have more doute of you that ye woll nat mete with me, for ye woll ryde aftir yondir stronge knyght, and yf ye mete with hym, hit is in adventure and ever ye scape his hondys."

So Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes departyd and ayther toke theire wayes dyverse.

And so Sir Trystram rode longe aftir this stronge knyght, and at the laste he sye where lay a lady overtwarte a dede knyght.

"Fayre lady," seyde Sir Trystramys, "who hath slayne your lorde?"

"Sir," she seyde, "here came a knyght rydynge, as my lorde and I restyd us here, and askyd hym of whens he was, and my lorde seyde of Kynge Arthurs courte. 'Therefore,' seyde the stronge knyght, 'I woll juste with the, for I hate all tho that be of Arthurs courte.' And my lorde that lyeth here dede amownted uppon hys horse, and the stronge knyght and my lorde recountyrd togydir, and there he smote my lorde thorowoute with his speare. And thus he hath brought me in grete woo and damage."

"That me repentys," seyde Sir Trystram, "of youre grete hevynesse. But please hit you to tell me your husbondys name?"

"Sir, his name was Sir Galardonne, that wolde have prevyd a good knyght."

So departed Sir Trystram frome that dolorous lady and had muche evyll lodgynge. Than on the thirde day Sir Trystram mette with Sir Gawayne and Sir Bleoberys in a foreyste at a lodge, and ayther were sore wounded. Than Sir Trystram askyd Sir Gawayne and Sir Bleoberys yf they mette with suche a knyght with suche a conyssaunce, wyth a coverde shylde.

"Fayre knyght," seyde these wounded knyghtes, "such a knyght mette with us to oure damage. And fyrste he smote downe my felowe, Sir Bleoberys, and sore woundid hym, bycause he bade me I sholde nat have ado with hym for why he was over stronge for me. That stronge knyght toke his wordis at scorne, and seyde he seyde hit for mockery. And than they rode togedyrs, and so he hurte my felowe. And whan he had done so I myght nat for shame but I muste juste wyth hym. And at the fyrste course he smote me

downe and my horse to the erthe, and there he had allmoste slayne me, and frome us he toke his horse and departed. And in an evyll tyme we mette with hym!"

"Fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Trystram, "so he mette wyth me and with another knyght, Sir Palomydes, and he smote us bothe downe with one speare and hurte us ryght sore."

"Be my faythe," sayde Sir Gawayne, "be my counceyle ye shall lette hym passe and seke hym no farther, for at the nexte feste of the Rounde Table, uppon payne of myne hede, ye shall fynde hym there."

"Be my faythe," sayde Sir Trystram, "I shall never reste tyll that I fynde hym."

And than Syr Gawayne askyd hys name, and so aythir told other their names, and than departed Sir Trystram and rode his way. And by fortune in a medowe he mette with Sir Kay the Senescyall and with Sir Dynadan.

"What tydynges," seyde Sir Trystram, "with you knyghtes?"

"Nat good," seyde these knyghtes.

"Why so?" seyde Sir Trystram. "I pray you tell me, for I ryde to seke a knyght."

"What conyssaunce beryth he?" seyde Sir Kay.

"He beryth," seyde Sir Trystram, "a shylde covyrde close."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Kay, "that is the same knyght that mette with us! For this nyght we were lodged hereby in a wydows house, and there was that knyght lodged. And whan he wyste we were of Kynge Arthurs courte, he spake grete vylony by the kynge, and specially by the quene Gwenyvere. And than on the morne was waged batayle with hym for that cause. And at the fyrste recountir he smote me downe," seyde Sir Kay, "fro myne horse, and hurte me passyngly sore. And whan my felowe, Sir Dynadan, saw me smytten downe and hurte sore, yet he wolde nat revenge me, but fledde fro me. And thus is he departed from us."

And than Sir Trystram asked what was theire namys, and so ayther tolde other theire namys. And so Sir Trystram departed from Sir Kay and frome Sir Dynadan, and so he paste thorow a

grete foreyste into a playne tyll he was ware of a pryory. And there he reposyd hym with a good man six dayes.

And than he sente his squyer Governayle and commaunded hym to go to a cité thereby to fecche hym newe harneyse, for hit was longe tyme afore that Sir Trystram had bene refreysshed; for his harneyse was brused and brokyn sore. And whan Governayle was com with his apparayle, he toke his leve at the wydow, and mownted uppon his horse and rode his way erly on the morne.

And by suddayne adventure he mette with Sir Sagramour le Desyrus and wyth Sir Dodynas le Saveayge. And this too knyghtes mette with Sir Trystram and questyonde with hym and asked hym yf he wolde juste wyth hem.

"Fayre knyghtes," sayde Sir Trystram, "with good wyll I wolde juste with you, but I have promysed at a day isette nerehonde to do batayle wyth a stronge knyght, and therefore am I loth to have ado with you. For and hit mysfortuned me to be hurte here, I sholde nat be able to do my batayle whyche I promysed."

"As for that," sayde Sir Sagramour, "magré your hede ye shall juste with us or ye passe frome us."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "yf ye force me thereto I muste do what I may."

And than they dressed theire shyldis and cam rennynge togydir with grete ire. But thorow Sir Trystrams grete force he strake Sir Sagramoure frome his horse. Than he hurled his horse further and seyde to Sir Dodynas, "Knyght, make the redy!"

And so thorow fyne forse Sir Trystram strake downe Sir Dodynas frome hys horse. And whan he sawe hem ly on the erthe he toke his brydyll and rode furth on his way, and his man Governayle with hym.

And anone as Sir Trystram was paste, Sir Sagramour and Sir Dodynas gate theire horsys and mownted up lyghtly and folowed aftir Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Trystram sawe them com so faste aftir hym, he returned his horse to them and asked them what they wolde.

"Methynkyth hit is nat longe ago sytthen I smote you downe to the erthe at your owne desyre, and I wolde have ryddyn by you and

ye wolde have suffyrd me. But now mesemyth ye wolde do more batayle with me."

"That is trowthe," seyde Sir Sagramour and Sir Dodynas, "for we woll be revengyd of the dyspyte that ye have done to us."

"Fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Trystram, "that shall lytyll nede you, for all that I ded to you, ye caused hit. Wherefore I requyre you of your knyghthode, leve me as at this tyme, for I am sure, and I do batayle with you, I shall nat ascape withoute grete hurtes, and, as I suppose, ye shall nat ascape all lotles. And this is the cause why that I am so loth to have ado wyth you, for I muste fyght within this thre dayes with a good knyght and a valyaunte as ony now is lyvynge. And yf I be hurte I shall nat be able to do batayle with hym."

"What knyght is that," seyde Sir Sagramoure, "that ye shall fyght wythall?"

"Sir, hit is a good knyght callyd Sir Palomydes."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Sagramour and Sir Dodynas, "ye have a cause to drede hym, for ye shall fynde hym a passynge good knyght and a valyaunte. And bycause ye shall have ado wyth hym, we woll forbeare you as at this tyme, and ellys ye sholde nat ascape us lyghtly. But, fayre knyght," sayde Sir Sagramoure, "telle us your name."

"Syrrys, my name is Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"A!" sayde Sir Sagramoure and Sir Dodynas, "well be ye founde, for muche worshyp have we harde of you."

And than aythir toke leve of other and departed on there way.

And Sir Trystram rode streyte to Camelot to the perowne that Merlyon had made tofore, where Sir Launceor, that was the kynges son of Irelonde, was slayne by the hondys of Sir Balyn. And in the same place was the fayre lady Columbe slayne that was love unto Sir Launceor, for aftir he was dede she toke hys swerde and threste hit thorow her body. And so by the crafte of Merlyon he made to entyre this knyght Launceor and his lady Columbe undir one stone. And that tyme Merlyon profecied that in that same place sholde fyght too the beste knyghtes that ever were in Kynge Arthurs dayes, and too of the beste lovers.

So whan Sir Trystram come to the towmbe of stone he loked aboute hym aftyr Sir Palomydes. Than was he ware where come a semely knyght rydynge ayenst hym, all in whyght, and the coverde shylde. Whan he cam nyghe Sir Trystram, he seyde on hyght, "ye be wellcom, sir knyght, and well and trewly have ye holdyn your promyse."

And than they dressid theire shyldis and spearys, and cam togydyrs with all her myghtes of theire horsys. And they mette so fersely that bothe the horsys and knyghtes felle to the erthe, and as faste as they myght avoyde there horsys and put theire shyldis afore them, and they strake togedyrs wyth bryght swerdys as men that were of myght, and aythir woundid othir wondirly sore, that the bloode ran oute uppon the grasse. And thus they fought the space of foure owres, that never one wolde speke to other one worde. And of theire harneys they had hewyn of many pecis.

"A, lorde Jesu!" seyde Governayle, "I mervayle gretely of the grete strokis my maystir hath yevyn to youre maystir."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Launcelottis servaunte, "youre maystir hath not yevyn hym so many, but your maystir hath resseyvede so many or more."

"A, Jesu!" seyde Governayle, "hit is to muche for Sir Palomydes to suffir, other Sir Launcelot. And yet pyté hit were that aythir of these good knyghtes sholde dystroy otheris bloode."

So they stoode and wepte bothe, and made grete dole whan they sawe theire swerdys overcoverde with bloode of there bodyes. Than at the laste Sir Launcelot spake and seyde, "Knyght, thou fyghtyst wondir well as ever I sawe knyghte. Therefore, and hit please you, tell me your name."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "that is me loth to telle ony man my name."

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and I were requyred, I was never loth to tell my name."

"Ye say well," seyde Sir Trystram, "than I requyre you to tell me your name."

"Fayre knyght, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Trystram, "what have I done! For ye ar the man in the worlde that I love beste."

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Launcelot, "telle me your name."

"Truly, sir, I hyght Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "what aventure is befall me!"

And therewyth Sir Launcelot kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde. And therewithall Sir Trystram kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde, and so aythir gaff other the gre. And than they bothe forthwithall went to the stone and set hem downe uppon hit and toke of theire helmys to keele them, and aythir kyste other an hondred tymes.

And than anone aftir they toke theire horsis and rode to Camelot, and there they mette with Sir Gawayne and with Sir Gaherys that had made promyse to Kynge Arthure never to com agayne to the courte tyll they had brought Sir Trystram with hem.

"Returne agayne," sayde Sir Launcelot, "for youre queste is done, for I have mette with Sir Trystram. Lo, here is his owne person!"

Than was Sir Gawayne glad and seyde to Sir Trystram, "Ye ar wellcom, for now have ye easid me gretly of my grete laboure. For what cause," seyde Sir Gawayne, "com ye into this contrey?"

"Fayre sir," sayde Sir Trystram, "I come into this contrey because of Sir Palomydes, for he and I assigned at this day to have done batayle togydyrs at the peroune, and I mervayle I hyre nat of hym. And thus by adventure my lorde Syr Launcelot and I mette togydirs."

So wyth this come Kynge Arthure, and when he wyste Sir Trystram was there, he yode unto hym, and toke hym by the honde, and seyde, "Sir Trystram, ye ar as wellcom as ony knyght that ever com unto this courte."

And whan the kynge herde how Sir Launcelot and he had foughtyn, and aythir had wounded other wondirly sore, then the kynge made grete dole. Than Sir Trystram tolde the kynge how he com thydir to have ado with Sir Palomydes. And than he tolde the kynge how he had rescowed hym from the nyne knyghtes and

Sir Breunes Saunze Pité, and how he founde a knyght lyynge by a welle, "and that knyghte smote downe bothe Sir Palomydes and me, and hys shylde was coverde with a clothe. So Sir Palomydes leffte me, and I folowed aftir that knyght, and in many placis I founde where he had slayne knyghtes and forjustyd many."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that same knyght smote me downe and Sir Bleoberys, and hurte us sore bothe, he wyth the coverde shylde."

"A!" sayde Sir Kay, "that same knyght smote me downe and hurte me passynge sore."

"Jesu mercy!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "what knyght was that wyth the coverde shylde?"

"We knew hym not," seyde Sir Trystram, and so seyde they all.

"No?" seyde Kynge Arthure, "than wote I, for hit is Sir Launcelot."

Than they all lokyd uppon Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Sir, ye have begyled us all wyth youre coverde shylde."

"Hit is not the fyrste tyme," seyde Kynge Arthure, "he hath done so."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "truly, wete you well, I was the same knyght that bare the coverde shylde, and bycause I wolde nat be knowyn that I was of youre courte, I seyde no worshyp be youre house."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Gawayne, Syr Kay, and Sir Bleoberys.

Than Kynge Arthure toke Sir Trystram by the honde and wente to the Table Rounde. Than come Quene Gwenyvere and many ladyes with her, and all tho ladyes seyde at one voyce, "Wellcome, Sir Trystram!"

"Wellcom!" seyde the damesels.

"Wellcom!" seyde the knyghtes.

"Wellcom," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for one of the beste knyghtes and the jentyllyst of the worlde and the man of moste worship. For of all maner of huntynge thou beryste the pryce, and of all mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge, of all the termys

of huntynge and hawkynge ye ar the begynner, of all instirmentes of musyk ye ar the beste. Therefore, jantyll knyghte," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye ar wellcom to this courte. And also, I pray you," seyde Kynge Arthure, "graunte me a done."

"Sir, hit shall be at youre commaundemente," seyde Sir Trystram.

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I wyll desyre that ye shall abyde in my courte."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "thereto me is lothe, for I have to do in many contreys."

"Not so," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye have promysed me, ye may not say nay."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll as ye woll."

Than wente Kynge Arthure unto the seges aboute the Rounde Table, and looked on every syege whyche were voyde that lacked knyghtes. And than the kynge sye in the syege of Sir Marhalt lettyrs that seyde: "This is the seyge of the noble knyght Sir Trystramys." And than Kynge Arthure made Sir Trystram a Knyght of the Rounde Table wyth grete nobeley and a feste as myght be thought.

For Sir Marhalte was slayne afore by the hondis of Sir Trystram in an ilonde, and that was well knowyn at that tyme in the courte of Kynge Arthure. For this Sir Marhalte was a worthy knyght, and for evyll dedis that he ded to the contreye of Cornwayle Sir Trystram and he fought so longe tyll they felle bledynge to the erthe, for they were so sore wounded that they myght nat stonde for bledynge. And Sir Trystram by fortune recoverde, and Sir Marhalte dyed thorow the stroke he had in the hede.

So leve we Sir Trystram and turne we unto Kynge Marke.

KING MARK

THAN KYNGE MARKE had grete dispyte at Sir Trystram. And whan he chaced hym oute of Cornwayle (yette was he nevew unto Kynge Marke, but he had grete suspeccion unto Sir Trystram bycause of his quene, La Beal Isode, for hym semed that there was to muche love betwene them twayne), so whan Sir Trystram was departed oute of Cornwayle into Ingelonde, Kynge Marke harde of the grete proues that Sir Trystram ded there, wyth the whyche he greved.

So he sente on his party men to aspye what dedis he ded, and the quene sente pryvaly on hir party spyes to know what dedis he had done, for full grete love was there betwene them. So whan the messyngers were com home they tolde the trouthe as they herde, and how he passed all other knyghtes but yf hit were Sir Launcelot. Than Kynge Marke was ryght hevy of tho tydynges, and as glad was La Beale Isode.

Than grete dispyte Kynge Marke had at hym, and so he toke wyth hym too knyghtes and too squyers, and disgysed hymself, and toke his way into Ingelonde to the entente to sle Sir Trystram. And one of tho knyghtes hyght Sir Bersules, and the other knyght was callyd Amaunte. So as they rode Kynge Marke asked a knyght that he mette where he myght fynde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir," he seyde, "at Camelot."

Also he asked that knyght aftir Sir Trystrams, whether he herde of hym in the courte of Kynge Arthure.

"Wete you well," seyde that knyght, "ye shall fynde Sir Trystram there for a man of worshyp moste that is now lyvynge, for thorow his proues he wan the turnement at the Castell of Maydyns that stondyth by the Roche Dure. And sytthen he hath wonne wyth his hondys thirty knyghtes that were men of grete honoure. And the laste batayle that ever he ded he fought with Sir Launcelot, and

that was a mervaylus batayle. And by love and not by force Sir Launcelot brought Sir Trystram to the courte. And of hym Kynge Arthure made passynge grete joy, and so made hym Knyght of the Table Rounde, and his seate is in the same place where Sir Marhalte the good knyghtes seate was."

Than was Kynge Marke passynge sory whan he harde of the honour of Sir Trystram, and so they departed. Than seyde Kynge Marke unto his too knyghtes, "Now I woll tell you my counsel, for ye ar the men that I moste truste on lyve. And I woll that ye wete my commynge hydir is to this entente, for to destroy Sir Trystram by som wylys other by treson, and hit shall be harde and ever he ascape oure hondis."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Bersules, "my lorde, what meane you? For and ye be sette in such a way, ye ar disposed shamfully, for Sir Trystram is the knyght of worshyp moste that we know lyvynge. And therefore I warne you playnly, I woll not consente to the deth of hym, and therefore I woll yelde hym my servyse and forsake you."

Whan Kynge Marke harde hym say so, suddeynly he drewe hys swerde and seyde, "A, traytoure!" and smote Sir Bersules on the hede that the swerde wente to his teithe. Whan Sir Amant, his felow, sawe hym do that vylaunce dede, and his squyers also, they seyde to the kynge, "Hit was foule done and myschevously, wherefore we woll do you no more servyse. And wete you well we woll appele you of treson afore Kynge Arthure."

Than was Kynge Marke wondirly wrothe, and wolde have slayne Amaunte, but he and the too squyers hylde them togydirs and sette nought by his malyce. So whan Kynge Marke sawe he myght nat be revenged on them, he seyde thus unto the knyght Amante: "Wyte thou well, and thou appeyche me of treson, I shall thereof defende me afore Kynge Arthure, but I requyre the that thou telle nat my name that I am Kynge Marke, whatsomevir com of me."

"As for that," seyde Sir Amante, "I woll nat discover your name."

And so they departed. And Sir Amante and his felowys toke the body of Sir Bersules and buryed hit.

Than Kynge Marke rode tyll he com to a fountayne, and there he rested hym and stoode in a dwere whether he myght ryde to Kynge Arthurs courte other none, or to returne agayne to his contrey.

And as he thus restyd hym by that fountayne, there cam by hym a knyght well armed on horsebacke, and he alyght and tyed his horse untyll a tre, and sette hym downe by the brynke of the fountayne, and there he made grete langoure and dole. And so he made the dolefullyst complaynte of love that ever man herde, and all this whyle was he nat ware of Kynge Marke. And this was a grete parte of hys complaynte: he cryed and wepte and sayde, "O thou fayre quene of Orkeney, Kynge Lottys wyff and modir unto Sir Gawayne and to Sir Gaherys, and modir to many other, for thy love I am in grete paynys!"

Than Kynge Marke arose and wente nere hym and seyde, "Fayre knyght, ye have made a piteuos complaynte."

"Truly," seyde the knyght, "hit is an hondred parte more rufullyer than myne herte can uttir."

"I requyre you," seyde Kynge Marke, "telle me youre name."

"Sir, as for my name, I wyll not hyde hit from no knyght that beryth a shylde. Sir, my name is Sir Lameroke de Galys."

But whan Sir Lameroke herde Kynge Marke speke, than wyste he well by his speche that he was a Cornysh knyght.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Lameroke, "I undirstonde by your tunge that ye be of Cornewayle, wherein there dwellyth the shamfullist knyght of a kynge that is now lyvynge, for he is a grete enemy to all good knyghtes. And that prevyth well, for he hath chased oute of that contrey Sir Trystram, that is the worshypfullyst knyght that now is lyvynge, and all knyghtes spekyth of hym worship; and for the jeleousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his contrey. Hit is pité," seyde Sir Lameroke, "that ony suche false kynge cowarde as Kynge Marke is shulde be macched with suche a fayre lady and a good as La Beal Isode is, for all the worlde of hym spekyth shame, and of her grete worshyp as ony quene may have."

"I have nat ado in this mater," seyde Kynge Marke, "but, sir, can you tell me ony tydyngis?"

"I can telle you," seyde Sir Lameroke, "there shall be a grete turnemente in haste bysyde Camelot, at the Castell of Jagent. And the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtys and the Kynge of Irelonde, as I suppose, makyth that turnemente."

Than cam there a knyght that was callyd Sir Dynadan, and salewed them bothe. And whan he wyste that Kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornwayle, he repreved hym for the love of Kynge Marke a thousand-folde more than ded Sir Lameroke. And so he profirde to juste with Kynge Marke. And he was full lothe thereto, but Sir Dynadan egged hym so that he justed wyth Sir Lameroke. And Sir Lameroke smote Kynge Marke so sore that he bare hym on his speare end over his horse tayle.

And than Kynge Marke arose, and gate his horse agayne, and folowed aftir Sir Lameroke. But Sir Dynadan wolde nat juste with Sir Lameroke, but he tolde Kynge Marke that Sir Lameroke was Sir Kay the Senescyall.

"That is nat so," seyde Kynge Marke, "for he is muche bygger than Sir Kay."

And so he folowed and overtoke hym and bade hym abyde.

"What woll ye do?" seyde Sir Lameroke.

"Sir," he seyde, "I woll fyght wyth a swerde, for ye have shamed me with a speare."

And therewyth they daysshed togydyrs wyth swerdis. And Sir Lameroke suffyrde hym and forbare hym, and Kynge Marke was passyng besy and smote thycke strokys. Than Sir Lameroke saw he wolde nat stynte, and he waxed somwhat wrothe and doubled his strokys, for he was one of the nobelyste knyghtes of the worlde. And he beete hym so on the helme that his hede hynge nyghe on the sadyll-bowe. Whan Sir Lameroke saw hym fare so, he sayde, "Sir knyght, what chere? Mesemyth ye have nyghe youre fylle of fyghtynge. Hit were pyté to do you ony more harme, for ye ar but a meane knyght. Therefore I gyff you leve to go where ye lyst."

"Gramercy," seyde Kynge Marke, "for ye and I be no macchis."

Than Sir Dynadan mocked Kynge Marke and seyde, "Ye ar nat able to macche a good knyght!"

"As for that," seyde Kynge Marke, "at the fyrste tyme that I justed with this knyght, ye refused hym."

"Thynke ye that a shame?" seyde Sir Dynadan. "Nay, sir, hit is ever worshyp to a knyght to refuse that thynge that he may nat attayne. Therefore your worshyp had bene muche more to have refused hym as I ded, for I warne you playnly he is able to beate suche fyve as ye ar and I be: for ye knyghtis of Cornwayle ar no men of worshyp as other knyghtes ar, and bycause ye ar nat of worshyp, ye hate all men of worship, for never in your contrey was bredde suche a knyght as Sir Trystram."

Than they rode furth all togydyrs, Kynge Marke, Sir Lameroke and Sir Dynadan, tylle that they com to a brygge, and at the ende thereof stood a fayre toure. Than saw they a knyght on horse-backe well armed, braundisshynge a speare, cryynge, and profyrde hymself to juste.

"Now," seyde Sir Dynadan unto Kynge Marke, "yondir ar too bretherne, that one hyght Alyne and that other hyght Tryan, that woll juste with ony that passyth this passayge. Now profyr youreself," seyde Sir Dynadan unto Kynge Marke, "for ever ye be leyde to the erthe."

Than Kynge Marke was ashamed, and therewith he feautyrde hys speare and hurteled to Sir Tryan, and aythir brake theire spearys all to pecis, and passed thorow anone. Than Sir Tryan sente Kynge Marke another speare to juste more, but in no wyse he wolde nat juste no more.

Than they com to the castell, all thre knyghtes, and prayde the lorde of that castell of hereborow.

"Ye ar ryght wellcom," seyde the knyghtes of the castell, "for the love of the lorde of this towre, the whyche hyght Sir Torre le Fyze Aryes."

And than they com into a fayre courte well repayred, and so they had passynge good chere tyll the lyefftenaunte of that castell that hyght Berluse aspyed Kynge Marke of Cornwayle. Than seyde Sir Berluse, "Sir knyght, I know you well bettir than ye wene, for ye ar Kynge Marke that slew my fadir afore myne owne yghen, and me

had ye slayne had I not ascapyd into a woode. But wyte you well, for the love of my lorde Sir Torre, whyche is lorde of this castel, I woll nat at this tyme nother hurte nor harme you, nothir none of your felyship. But wyte you well, whan ye ar paste this loggynge I shall hurte you and I may, for ye slew my fader traytourly and cowardly. But fyrste, for the love of my lorde Sir Torre and for the love of Sir Lameroke the honorable knyght that here is lodgid, ye sholde have none evyll lodgynge. For hit is pyté that ever ye sholde be in the company of good knyghtes, for ye ar the moste vylaunce knyght of a kynge that is now lyvynge, for ye ar a dystroyer of good knyghtes, and all that ye do is but by treson."

Than was Kynge Marke sore ashamyd and seyde but lytyll agayne. But whan Sir Lameroke and Sir Dynadan wyste that he was Kynge Marke they were sory of hys felyshyp. So aftir supper they went to lodgynge.

So on the morne they arose erly, and Kynge Marke and Sir Dynadan rode togydyrs. And thre myle of there mette with hem thre knyghtes, and Sir Berluse was one, and other too of hys cosyns.

Whan Sir Berluse saw Kynge Marke he cryed on hyghte: "Traytoure, kepe the from me, for wete thou well that I am Sir Berluse!"

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I counceyle you as at this tyme medyll nat wyth hym, for he is rydynge to Kynge Arthure. And bycause I promysed to conduyte hym to my lorde Kynge Arthure, nedis muste I take a parte wyth hym; howbehit I love nat his condision, and fayne I wolde be from hym."

"Well, Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Berluse, "me repentys that ye woll take party with hym, but now do youre beste!"

Than he hurteled to Kynge Marke and smote hym sore uppon the shylde, that he bare hym clene oute of his sadil to the erthe. That saw Sir Dynadan, and he feautyrd hys speare and ran to one of his felowys and smote hym downe of hys sadyll. Than Sir Dynadan turned his horse and smote the thirde knyght in the same wyse, that he went to the erthe, for this Sir Dynadan was a good knyght on horsebacke. And so there began a grete batayle, for Sir Berluse and hys felowys hylde them togydyrs strongely on foote. And so

thorow the grete force of Sir Dynadan Kynge Marke had Sir Berluse at the erthe, and his too felowys fled. And had nat Sir Dynadan bene, Kynge Marke wolde have slayne hym; and so Sir Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyff, for this Kynge Marke was but a murtherer.

And than they toke theire horsys and departed, and lefte Sir Berluse there sore woundid. Than Kynge Marke and Sir Dynadan rode forth a foure leagis Englyshe tyll that they com to a brydge where hoved a knyght on horsebacke, armyd and redy to juste.

"Lo," seyde Sir Dynadan unto Kynge Marke, "yondir hovyth a knyght that woll juste, for there shall none passe this brydge but he muste juste with that knyght."

"Ye say well," seyde Kynge Marke, "for this justys fallyth for you."

But Sir Dynadan knew the knyght for a noble knyght, and fayne he wolde have justyd, but he had levir that Kynge Marke had justed with hym. But by no meane Kynge Marke wolde nat juste. Than Sir Dynadan myght nat refuse hym in no maner, and so ayther dressed theire spearys and theire shyldys and smote togydyrs, that thorow fyne force Sir Dynadan was smyttyn to the erthe. And lyghtly he arose up and gate his horse and requyred that knyght to do batayle with swerdys. And he answerde and seyde, "Fayre knyght, as at this tyme I may nat have ado with you no more, for the custom of this passage is suche."

Than was Sir Dynadan passynge wrothe that he myght nat be revenged of that knyght, and so he departed. And in no wyse wolde that knyght telle hys name, but ever Sir Dynadan thought he sholde know hym by his shylde that he sholde be Sir Torre.

So as they rode by the way Kynge Marke than began to mocke Sir Dynadan, and seyde, "I wente you knyghtes of the Rounde Table myght in no wyse fynde youre macchis."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Dynadan. "As for you, on my lyff, I calle you none of the good knyghtes. But syth ye have such dispyte at me, I requere you to juste with me to preve my strengthe."

"Nat so," seyde Kynge Marke, "for I woll nat have ado with you in no maner; but I requyre you of one thynge, that whan ye com to Kynge Arthures courte, discover nat my name, for I am sore there behatyd."

"Hit is shame to you," seyde Sir Dynadan, "that ye governe you so shamfully, for I se by you ye ar full of cowardyse, and ye ar also a murtherar, and that is the grettyst shame that ony knyght may have, for nevir had knyght murtherer worshyp, nother never shall have. For I sawe but late thorow my forse ye wolde have slayne Sir Berluse, a bettir knyght than ever ye were or ever shall be, and more of proues."

Thus they rode forth talkynge tyll they com to a fayre place where stoode a knyghte, and prayde them to take theire lodgynge with hym. So at the requeste of that knyght they reposyd them there and made them well at ease and had grete chere, for all araunte knyghtes to hym were welcom, and specially all tho of Kynge Arthurs courte.

Than Sir Dynadan demaunded his oste what was the knyghtes name that kepte the brydge.

"For what cause aske you?" seyde his oste.

"For hit is nat longe ago," seyde Sir Dynadan, "sytthen he gaff me a falle."

"A, fayre knyght," seyde his oste, "thereof have ye no mervayle, for he is a passynge good knyght, and his name is Sir Torre, the sonne of Aryes le Vaysshere."

"A!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "was that Sir Torre? Truly so ever me thought."

So ryght as they stood thus talkynge togydyrs they saw com rydynge by them over a playne six knyghtes of the courte of Kynge Arthure well armyd at all poyntys; and by theire shyldys Sir Dynadan knew them well. The fyrste was the good knyght Sir Uwayne, the sonne of Kynge Uryen, the secunde was the noble knyght Sir Brandyles, the thirde was Ozanna le Cure Hardy, the fourthe was Sir Uwayne les Avoutres. The fyfth was Sir Agravayne, the sixth, Sir Mordred, to brethirne to Sir Gawayne.

Whan Sir Dynadan had aspyed thes six knyghtes he thought to hymself he wolde brynge Kynge Marke by som wyle to juste with one of them. And than anone they toke theire horsys and ran aftir these six knyghtes well-nye a thre myle Englyshe. Than was Kynge Marke ware where they sate all six aboute a welle and ete and dranke suche metys as they had, and theire horsis walkynge and som tyed, and theire shyldys hynge in dyverse placis about them.

"Lo!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "yondir ar knyghtes arraunte that woll juste with us."

"God forbede," seyde Kynge Marke, "for they be six, and we but too."

"As for that," seyde Sir Dynadan, "lat us nat spare, for I woll assay the formyst."

And therewith he made hym redy. Whan Kynge Marke sawe hym do so, as faste as Sir Dynadan rode towardis them, Kynge Marke rode frowarde them with all his mayneall mayné.

So whan Sir Dynadan saw that Kynge Marke was gone, he sette the speare oute of the reaste and threwe hys shylde uppon his backe and cam rydynge to the felyshyp of the Rounde Table. And anone Sir Uwayne knew Sir Dynadan, and welcomed hym, and so ded all his felyshyp. And than they asked hym of hys aventures, and whether that he sawe of Sir Trystram othir Sir Launcelot.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Dynadan, "as for me, I sawe none of them sytthyn we departed fro Camelot."

"What knyght is that," seyde Sir Braundyles, "that so sodeynly departed frome you and rode over yondir fylde?"

"Sir, hit is a knyght of Cornwayle, and the moste orryble cowarde that ever bestrode horse."

"What is his name?" seyde all thos knyghtes.

"I wote nat," seyde Sir Dynadan.

So whan they had reposed them and spokyn togydyrs, they toke there horsys and rode to a castell where dwellyd an olde knyght that made all knyghtes arraunte good chere.

So in the meane whyle that they were talkynge, com into the castell Sir Gryfflet le Fyz de Deu. And there was he wellcom, and

they all askyd hym whethir he sye Sir Launcelot othir Sir Trystram. He answerde and seyde, "I sawe hem nat sytthyn they departed frome Camelot."

So as Sir Dynadan walked and behylde the castell, thereby in a chambir he aspyed Kynge Marke, and than he rebuked hym and asked why he departed so.

"Sir, for I durst nat abyde, for they were so many. But how ascaped ye?" seyde Kynge Marke.

"Sir, they be bettir frendis than I went they had ben."

"Who is captayne of this felyshyp?" seyde Kynge Marke.

Than for to feare hym Sir Dynadan seyde hit was Sir Launcelot.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kynge Marke, "myght y knowe Sir Launcelot by his shylde?"

"Ye," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for he beryth a shylde of sylver and blacke bendis."

All this he seyde to feare Kynge Marke, for Sir Launcelot was nat in the felyshyp. "Now I pray you," seyde Kynge Marke, "that ye woll ryde in my felyshyp."

"That is me lothe to do," said Sir Dynadan, "bycause ye forsoke my felyshyp."

Ryght so Sir Dynadan wente from Kynge Marke and wente to hys own felyshyp; and so they mownted uppon there horsys and rode on theire wayes and talked of the Cornyshe knyght, for Sir Dynadan tolde them that he was in the castell where they were lodged.

"Hit is well seyde," seyde Sir Gryfflet, "for here have I brought Sir Dagonet, Kynge Arthurs foole, that is the beste felow and the meryeste in the worlde."

"Woll ye than do well?" seyde Sir Dynadan. "I have tolde the Cornyshe knyght that here is Sir Launcelot, and the Cornyshe knyght asked me what shylde he bare, and I tolde hym that he bare the same shylde that Sir Mordred beryth."

"Woll ye do well?" seyde Sir Mordred. "I am hurte and may nat well beare my shylde nother harneys, and therefore put my harneys

and my shylde uppon Sir Dagonet and let hym sette uppon the Cornyshe knyght."

"That shall be done," seyde Sir Dagonet, "be my fayth."

And so anone Sir Dagonet was armed in Sir Mordredis harneys and hys shylde, and he was sette on a grete horse and a speare in his honde.

"Now," seyde Sir Dagonet, "sette me to that knyght and I trowe I shall beare hym downe."

So all thes knyghtes rode to a woodis syde and abode tyll Kynge Marke cam by the way. Than they put forth Sir Dagonet, and he cam on all the whyle his horse myght renne uppon Kynge Marke. And whan he cam nye to Kynge Marke he cryed as he were woode, and sayde, "Kepe the, knyght of Cornwayle, for I woll sle the!"

And anone as Kynge Marke behylde his shylde, he seyde to hymself, "Yondyr is Sir Launcelot. Alas, now am I destroyed!"

And therewithall he made his horse to ren and fledde as faste as he myght thorow thycke and thorow thynne. And ever Sir Dagonet folowed aftir Kynge Marke, cryynge and ratynge hym as a woode man, thorow a grete foreste.

Whan Sir Uwayne and Sir Brandules saw Sir Dagonet so chace Kynge Marke, they lawghed all as they were wylde, and than they toke theire horsys and rode aftir to se how Sir Dagonet spedde, for theym behoved for no good that Sir Dagonet were shente, for Kynge Arthure loved hym passynge well and made hym knyght hys owne hondys. And at every turnemente he began to make Kynge Arthure to lawghe. Than the knyghtes rode here and there cryynge and chasynge aftir Kynge Marke, that all the foreyste range of the noyse.

So Kynge Marke by fortune rode by a welle, in the way where stood a knyght arraunte on horsebacke, armed at all poyntys, with a grete spere in his honde. And whan he saw Kyng Marke com fleynge, he sayde, "Knyght, returne agayne for shame and stonde with me, and I shall be thy waraunte."

"A, fayre knyght," seyde Kynge Marke, "lette me passe, for yondir commyth aftir me the beste knyght of the worlde, wyth the blacke beanded shylde."

"Fy, for shame," seyde the knyght, "for he is none of the worthy knyghtes; but and yf he were Sir Launcelot othir Sir Trystram, I shall nat doute to mete the bettyr of them bothe."

Whan Kyng Marke harde hym sey that worde, he returned his horse and abode by hym. And than that stronge knyght bare a speare to Sir Dagonet and smote hym so sore that he bare hym over his horse tayle, that nyghe he had brokyn his necke. And anone aftir hym cam Sir Braundules, and whan he sawe Sir Dagonet have that falle he was passynge wrothe, and cryed, "Kepe the, knyght!"

And so they hurled togydyrs wondir sore. But the knyghte smote Sir Braundules so sore that he went to the erthe, horse and man.

Sir Uwayne com aftir and sy all this. "Jesu!" he seyde, "yondyr is a stronge knyght!"

And than they feautred theire spearys, and this knyght com so egirly that he smote downe Sir Uwayne. Than cam Sir Ozanna wyth the Hardy Harte, and he was smyttyn downe.

"Now," seyde Sir Gryffflet, "be my counceyle lat us sende to yondir arraunte knyghte and wete whether he be of Kynge Arthurs courte, for, as I deme, hit is Sir Lameroke de Galys."

So they sente unto hym and prayde that stronge knyght to telle his name, and whethir he were of Kynge Arthurs courte other nat.

"As for my name, telle tho knyghtes I am a knyght arraunte as they ar, but my name they shall nat wete at this tyme. And lat them wete that I am no knyght of Kynge Arthurs."

And so the squyer rode ayen and tolde as he seyde.

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "he is one of the strongyst knyghtes that ever I saw, for he hathe overthrowyn thre noble knyghtes, and nedis we muste encountyr with hym for shame."

So Sir Aggravayne feautred his speare, and that othir was redy and smote hym downe over his horse tayle to the erthe. And in the same wyse he smote Sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and also Sir Gryffflet. Than had he served them all but Sir Dynadan, for he was behynde, and Sir Mordrede, whyche Sir Dagonet had his harneys.

So whan this was done this stronge knyght rode on his way a soffte pace, and Kynge Marke rode aftir hym praysynge hym mykyll. But

he wolde answere no wordys but syghed wondirly sore, hongynge downe his hede, takynge no hyde to his wordys. Thus they rode well-nye a thre myle Englysh. And than this knyght callyd to hym a varlet and bade hym: "Ryde untyll yondir fayre maner, and commaunde me to the lady of that castell and place, and pray hir to sende me som refresshynge of good metys and drynkys. And yf she aske the what I am, telle her that I am the knyght that folowyth the Glatysaunte Beste." (That is in Englysh to sey the Questynge Beste, for the beste, wheresomever he yode, he quested in the bealy with suche a noyse as hit had bene a thirty couple of howndis.)

Than the varlet wente his way and cam to the maner and salewed the lady, and tolde her frome whens he come. And whan he undirstode that he cam fro the knyght that folowed the questynge beste, "A, swete Lorde Jesu!" she seyde, "whan shall I se that jantyll knyght, my dere sonne Sir Palomydes! Alas! woll he nat abyde with me?"

And therewith she sowned and wepte and made passynge grete dole. But all so sone as she myght she gaff the varlet mete, all that he axed. And than the varlet returned unto Sir Palomydes, for he was a varlet of Kynge Markis. And as sone as he cam he tolde the knyghtes name was Sir Palomydes.

"I am well pleased," seyde Kynge Marke, "but holde the stylle and sey nothynge."

Than they alyght and sette them downe and reposed them a whyle. And anone wythall Kynge Marke fylle on slepe. So whan Sir Palomydes saw hym sounde on slepe he toke his horse and rode his way and seyde to them, "I woll nat be in the company of a slepynge knyght." And so he rode a grete pace.

Now turne we unto Sir Dynadan that founde thes seven knyghtes passynge hevy, and whan he wyste how that they had sped, as hevy was he.

"My lord Sir Uwayne," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I dare ley thereon my hede, hit is Sir Lameroke de Galys. I promyse you all I shall fynde hym, and he may be founde in this contrey."

And so Sir Dynadan rode aftir this knyght, and so ded Kynge Marke that sought hym thorow the foreyste. And so as Kynge Marke rode aftir Sir Palomydes he harde a noyse of a man that made grete dole. Than Kynge Marke rode as nye that noyse as he myght and as he durste. Than was he ware of a knyght that was dissended of his horse, and he had putte of his helme, and there he made a peteuous complaynte and a dolerous of love.

Now leve we off, and talke we of Sir Dynadan that rode to seke Sir Palomydes. And as he cam wythin a foreyste, he mette with a knyght, a chacer of deore.

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "mette ye wyth ony knyght wyth a shylde of sylver and lyons hedys?"

"Ye, fayre knyght," seyde the other, "with suche a knyght mette I wyth but a whyle agone, and streyte yondir way he yeode."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for myght I fynde the tracke of his horse, I sholde nat fayle to fynde that knyght."

Ryght so as Sir Dynadan rode in the evenynge late, he harde a dolefull noyse as hit were of a man. Than Sir Dynadan rode towarde that noyse, and whan he cam nyghe that noyse he alyght of his horse and wente nere hym on foote. Than was he ware of a knyght that stoode undir a tre, and his horse tyed by hym, and his helme off; and ever that knyght made a dolefull complaynte as evir made knyght, and allwayes he complayned of La Beale Isode, the Quene of Cornwayle, and sayde, "A, fayre lady, why love I the? For thou arte fayryst of all othir, and as yet shewdyst thou never love to me, nother bounté, pardé – and yet, alas, muste I love the. And I may nat blame the, fayre lady, for myne eyen caused me this sorowe. And yet to love the I am but a foole, for the beste knyght of the worlde lovyth the and ye hym agayne, that is Sir Trystram de Lyones. And the falsyst knyght and kynge of the worlde is your husbande, and the moste cowarde and full of treson is youre lorde, Kynge Marke. And alas, that ever so beawteuous a lady and pereles of all othir sholde be matched with the moste vylaunce knyght of the worlde!"

And all this langage harde Kynge Marke, what Sir Palomydes seyde by hym. Wherefore he was adrad, whan he sawe Sir Dynadan, leste that he had aspyed hym, and that he wolde tell Sir Palomydes that he was Kynge Marke; wherefore he wythdrewe hym, and toke his horse and rode to his men where he commaunded hem to abyde. And so he rode as faste as he myght unto Camelot.

And the same day he founde there Sir Amant the knyght redy, that afore Kynge Arthure had appelyd hym of treson. And so lyghtly the kynge commaunded them to do batayle. And by mysadventure Kynge Marke smote Sir Amante thorow the body; and yet was Sir Amaunte in the ryghtuous quarell. And ryght so he toke his horse and departed frome the courte for drede of Sir Dynadan, that he wolde telle Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes what he was.

Than was there damesels that La Beale Isode had sente to Sir Trystram that knew Sir Amante well. Than by the lycence of Kynge Arthure they wente to hym and spake with hym, for whyle the truncheon of the speare stake in his body he spake.

"A, fayre damesels," seyde Sir Amant, "recommaunde me unto La Beale Isode, and telle her that I am slayne for the love of her and of Sir Trystram."

And there he tolde the damesels how cowardly Kyng Marke had slayne hym and Sir Bersules, his felow, "and for that dede I appeled hym of treson, and here I am slayne in a ryghtuous quarell, and all was bycause Sir Bersules and I wolde nat consente by treson to sle the noble knyght Sir Trystram."

Than the too maydyns cryed alowde, that all the courte myght hyre, and seyde, "A, swete Jesu that knowyste all hydde thynges! why sufferyst Thou so false a traytoure to venqueyshe and sle a trewe knyght that faught in a ryghteuous quarell?"

Than anone hit was spronge to the kynge and the quene and to all the lordis that hit was Kynge Marke that had slayne Sir Amante, and Sir Bersules aforehonde, wherefore they did there that batayle. Than was Kynge Arthure wrothe oute of mesure, and so was all other knyghtes.

But whan Sir Trystram wyste all, he wepte for sorow for the losse of Sir Bersules and of Sir Amante. Whan Sir Launcelot aspyed Sir Trystram wepe he wente hastely to Kynge Arthure and sayde, "Sir, I pray you, gyff me leve to returne ayen yondir false kynge and knyght."

"I pray you," seyde Kynge Arthure, "fetche hym agayne, but I wolde nat ye slew hym, for my worshyp."

Than Sir Launcelot armed hym in all haste, and mownted uppon a grete horse and toke a spere in his honde and rode aftir Kynge Marke. And frome thens a thre myle Englysh Sir Launcelot overtoke hym and bade hym, "Turne, recreaunte kynge and knyght, for whethir thou wylte othir nylt, thou shalt go with me to Kynge Arthurs courte!"

Than Kynge Marke returned and loked uppon Sir Launcelot and sayde, "Fayre sir, what is your name?"

"Wyte you well my name is Sir Launcelot, and therefore defende the!"

And whan Kynge Marke knew that hit was Sir Launcelot, and cam so faste uppon hym with a speare, he cryed than alowde and seyde, "I yelde me to the, Sir Launcelot, honorable knyght."

But Sir Launcelot wolde nat hyre hym, but cam faste uppon hym. Kynge Marke saw that, and made no deffence but tumbeled adowne oute of his sadyll to the erthe as a sak, and there he lay stylle and cryed, "Sir Launcelot, have mercy uppon me!"

"Aryse, recreaunte kynge and knyght!"

"Sir, I woll nat fyght," seyde Kynge Marke, "but whother that ye woll I woll go wyth you."

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that I myght nat gyff the one buffette for the love of Sir Trystram and of La Beale Isode, and for the too knyghtes that thou haste slayne trayturly!"

And so he mownte uppon his horse and brought hym to Kynge Arthure. And there Kynge Marke alyght in that same place, and threwe his helme frome hym uppon the erthe and his swerde, and felle flatte to the erthe at Kynge Arthurs feete, and put hym in his grace and mercy.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye ar wellcom in a manner, and in a manner ye ar nat wellcom. In this manner ye ar wellcom, that ye com hydir magré your hede, as I suppose."

"That is trouthe," seyde Kynge Marke, "and ellys I had nat bene here now, for my lorde Sir Launcelot brought me hydir by fyne force, and to hym am I yoldyn to as recreaunte."

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye ought to do me servyse, omayge, and feauté, and never wolde ye do me none, but ever ye have bene ayenste me, and a dystroyer of my knyghtes. Now, how woll ye acquyte you?"

"Sir," seyde Kynge Marke, "ryght as youre lordshyp woll requyre me, unto my power I woll make a large amendys." For he was a fayre speker, and false thereundir.

Than for the grete plesure of Sir Trystram, to make them too accordid, the kynge withhylde Kynge Marke as at that tyme and made a brokyn love day betwene them.

Now turne we agayne unto Sir Palomydes, how Sir Dynadan comfortyd hym in all that he myght frome his grete sorowe.

"What knyght ar ye?" seyde Sir Palomydes.

"Sir, I am a knyght arraunte as ye be, that have sought you longe by your shylde."

"Here is my shylde," seyde Sir Palomydes. "Wete you well, and ye wolde ought therewith, I woll deffende hit."

"Nay," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I woll nat have ado with you but in good maner."

"And yf ye wyll, ye shall fynde me sone redy."

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "wotherwarde ryde ye this way?"

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I wote nat whother, but as fortune ledyth me."

"But harde ye other sawe ye ought of Sir Trystram?"

"So God me helpe, of Sir Trystram I both herde and sawe, and natforthan we love nat inwardly well togydyrs, yet at my myscheffe Sir Trystram rescowed me fro my deth. And yet or he and I departed, by bothe oure assentys we assygned a day that we sholde have

mette at the stony grave that Merlyon sette besyde Camelot, and there to have done batayle togydyrs. Howbehit I was letted," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that I myght nat holde my day, whyche grevyth me sore; but I have a layrge excuse, for I was presonere with a lorde and many other mo, and that shall Sir Trystram well undirstonde, that I brake hit of no feare or cowardyse."

And than Sir Palomydes tolde Sir Dynadan the same day that they sholde have mette.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Dynadan, "that same day mette Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystram at the same grave of stone, and there was the moste myghtyeste batayle that ever was sene in this londe betwyxte too knyghtes, for they fought more than fyve owres, and there they bothe bled so muche blood that all men mervayled that ever they myght endure hit. And so by bothe theire assentys they were made frendys and sworne brethirne for ever, and no man cowde juge the bettir knyght. And now is Sir Trystram made a Knyght of the Rounde Table, and he syttyth in the syege of the noble knyght Sir Marhalte."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Palomydes, "Sir Trystram ys farre bygger than is Sir Launcelot, and the hardyer knyght."

"Sir, have ye assayde them bothe?" seyde Sir Dynadan.

"I have sayde Sir Trystramys myghte," seyde Sir Palomydes, "but never Sir Launcelot, to my wyttynge, but at the fountayne where lay Sir Launcelot on slepe, and there with one speare he smote downe Sir Trystram and me," seyde Sir Palomydes. (But at that tyme they knewe nat eyther other, but aftyrwarde.)

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Dynadan, "as for Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystram, lette them be, for the warre of them woll nat be lyghtly macchid of no knyghtes that I knowe lyvynge."

"No," seyde Sir Palomydes, "God deffende, but and I hadde a quarell to the bettir of them bothe, I wolde with as good a wyll fyght with hym as with you."

"Sir, I requere you," seyde Sir Dynadan, "tell me your name, and in good fayth I shall holde you company tyll that we com to Camelot, and there shall ye have grete worshyp now at this grete

turnemente, for there shall be Quene Gwenyvere and La Beale Isode of Cornwayle."

"Wyte you well, sir knyght, for the love of La Beale Isode I woll be there, and ellis nat, but I woll nat have ado in Kynge Arthures courte."

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I shall ryde with you and do you servyse, so ye woll tell me youre name."

"Syr, ye shall undirstonde my name is Palomydes, brothir unto Sir Saphyre, the good knyght, and Sir Segwarydes. And we be Sarezyns borne."

"Sir, I thanke you," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for I am glad that I knowe your name. And by me ye shall nat be hurte but rathir avaunced, and I may, on my lyff. For ye shall wynne grete worshyp in the courte of Kynge Arthure, and be ryghte wellcom."

And so they dressed on theire helmys and put on there shyldis and mownted uppon theire horsys and toke the brode way towarde Camelot. And than were they ware of a castell that was fayre and ryche, and also passynge stronge as ony was within this realme.

"Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Dynadan, "here is a castell that I knowe well, and therein dwellyth Quene Morgan le Fay, Kynge Arthurs systyr. And Kynge Arthure gaff hir this castell, by the whyche he hath repented hym sytthyn a thousande tymes, for sytthen Kynge Arthur and she hath bene at debate and stryff; but this castell coude he never gete nother wynne of hir by no maner of engyne. And ever as she myght she made warre on Kynge Arthure, and all daungerous knyghtes she wytholdyth with her for to dystroy all thos knyghtes that Kynge Arthure lovyth. And there shall no knyght passe this way but he muste juste with one knyght, other wyth too, other with thre. And yf hit hap that Kynge Arthurs knyght be beatyn, he shall lose his horse and harnes and all that he hath, and harde yf that he ascape but that he shall be presonere."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Palomydes, "this is a shamefull custom and a vylaunce usage for a quene to use, and namely to make suche warre uppon her owne lorde that is called the floure of chevalry that is, Crystyn othir hethyn, and with all my harte I

woll destroy the shamefull custom. And I woll that all the worlde wyte she shall have no servyse of me. And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes, as I suppose she woll, to juste, they shall have bothe there hondys full."

"And I shall nat fayle you," seyde Sir Dynadan, "unto my puyssaunce, uppon my lyff!"

So as they stoode on horsebacke afore the castell, there cam a knyght wyth a rede shylde and too squyers aftir hym; and he cam strayte unto Sir Palomydes and sayde, "Fayre knyght arraunte, I requyre the for the love thou owyste unto knyghthode, that thou wylt not have ado here with this men of this castell." (Thus Sir Lamerok seyde.) "For I cam hydir to seke this dede, and hit is my rekeyste. And therefore I beseche you, knyght, lette me deale, and yf I be beatyn revenge me."

"In the name of God," seyde Sir Palomydes, "lat se how ye woll spede, and we shall beholde you."

Than anone come furth a knyght of the castell and profyrde to juste with the knyght wyth the rede shylde. And anone they encountyrd togydyrs, and he with the rede shylde smote hym so harde that he bare hym over hys horse croupe to the erthe. And therewith anone cam another knyght of the castell, and he was smytten so sore that he avoyded hys sadyll. And furthwithall cam the thirde knyght, and the knyght with the rede shylde smote hym to the erthe. Than cam Sir Palomydes and besought hym that he myght helpe hym to juste.

"Now, sir knyght," he seyde, "suffir me as at this tyme to have my wyll, for and they were twenty knyghtes I shall nat doute them."

And ever there were uppon the wallys of the castell many lordys and ladyes that cryed and seyde, "Well have ye justed, knyght with the rede shylde!"

But as sone as the knyght had smyttyn hem downe, his squyers toke theire horsys and avoyded the sadyls and brydyls of the horsis, and turnede theym into the foreyste, and made the knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the justys.

Ryght so cam forth of the castell the fourthe knyghte, and freyshly profyrde to juste wyth the knyght with the rede shylde. And he was redy, and he smote hym so harde that horse and man felle to the erthe, and the knyghtes backe brake with the falle, and his necke also.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Palomydes. "That yondir is a passynge good knyght and the beste juster that ever I sawe."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Dynadan, "he is as good as ever was Sir Launcelot othir Sir Trystram, what knyght soever he be."

Than furthwithall cam a knyght oute of the castell with a shylde bended with blak and with whyght. And anone the knyght wyth the rede shylde and he encountyrd so harde that he smote the knyght of the castell thorowoute the bended shylde and thorow the body, and brake the horse backe.

"Fayre knyght," sayde Sir Palomydes, "ye have overmuche on hande, therefore I pray you, lette me juste, for ye had nede to be reposed."

"Why, sir," seyde the knyght, "seme ye that I am weyke and fyeble? A, sir, methynkyth ye proffir me grete wronge and shame whan I do well inowe, for I telle you now as I told you arste, and they were twenty knyghtes I shall beate theym. And yf I be beatyn other slayne, than may ye revenge me. And yf ye thynke that I be wery, and ye have an appetyte to juste with me, I shall fynde you justynge inowghe."

"Syr," seyde he, "I sayde hit nat because that I wolde juste with you, but mesemyth ye have overmuche on hande."

"And therefore, and ye were jantyll," sayde the knyght with the red shylde, "ye wolde nat profyr me no shame. Therefore I requyre you to juste with me, and ye shall fynde that I am nat wery."

"Syth ye requyre me," seyde Sir Palomydes, "take kepe to youreselff."

Than they too knyghtes com togydyres as faste as theire horsys myght ren, and the knyght smote Sir Palomydes so sore on the shylde that the speare wente into hys syde and hurte hym a grete wounde and a perelous. And therewith Sir Palomydes avoyded his

sadyll. And that knyght turned unto Sir Dynadan, and whan he sawe hym commynge he cryed alowde and sayde, "Sir, I woll nat have ado with you!"

But for that he spared nat, but com strayte uppon hym. So Sir Dynadan for shame put forth hys speare and all to-shyvirde hit uppon the knyght; but he smote Sir Dynadan agayne so harde that he bare hym frome his horse. But he wolde nat suffyr his squyer to meddyll wyth there horsys, and bycause they were knyghtes arraunte.

Than he dressid hym agayne to the castell and justed with seven knyghtes mo, and there was none of hem that myght withstonde hym, but he bare them to the erthe. And of those a twelve knyghtes he slewe in playne justys foure. And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a swerde that they sholde never use the evyll customs of the castell, and whan he had made them to swere that othe, he lete them passe. And ever stoode the lordis and the ladyes on the castell wallys, cryynge and seyynge: "Knyght with the rede shylde, ye have mervaylously well done as ever we sawe knyght do."

And therewith come a knyght oute of the castell unarmed and seyde, "Knyght with the rede shylde, overmuche damage have ye done this same day! And therefore returne whother ye woll, for here ar no mo that woll have ado with the, for we repente sore that ever ye cam here, for by the is fordone all the olde customes of this castell."

And with that worde he turned agayne into the castell, and shett the yatys. Than the knyght with the rede shylde turned and called his squyers, and so paste forth on his way and rode a grete pace.

And whan he was paste, Sir Palomydes wente to Sir Dynadan and seyde to hym, "I had never suche a shame of one knyght that ever I mette, and therefore I caste me to ryde aftir hym and to be revenged uppon hym with my swerde, for on horsebacke I deme I shall gete no worshyp of hym."

"Sir Palomydes," seyde Dynadan, "ye shalle not meddyll with hym by my counceyle, for ye shall gete no worshyp of hym, and for

this cause: that ye have sene hym this day have had overmuche to done and overmuche travayled."

"Be Allmyghty Jesu," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I shall never be at ease tyll that I have had ado with hym."

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I shall gyff you my beholdynge."

"Well," seyde Sir Palomydes, "than shall ye se how we shall redresse oure myghtes."

So they toke there horsys of theire varlettis and rode aftir the knyght with the rede shylde. And downe in a valay, besyde a fountayne, they were ware where he was alyght to repose hym, and had done of his helme for to drynke at the welle. Than Sir Palomydes rode faste tyll he cam nyghe hym, and than he seyde, "Knyght, remembir ye me, and of the shame that ye ded to me late at the castell. Therefore redresse the, for I woll have ado with the."

"Fayre knyght," seyde Sir Lameroke, "of me ye wynne no worshyp, for ye have sene this day that I have be travayled sore."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll nat lette, for wyte you well, I woll be revenged."

"Well," seyde the knyght, "I may happyn to endure you."

And therewithall he mownted uppon his horse and toke a grete speare in his honde redy to juste.

"Nay," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll nat juste, for I am sure at justynge I gete no pryce."

"Now, fayre knyght," sayde he, "hit wolde beseme a knyght to just and to fyght on horsebacke."

"Ye shall se what I woll do," seyde Sir Palomydes.

And therewith he alyght downe uppon foote, and dressed hys shylde afore hym and pulled oute his swerde. Than the knyght with the rede shylde descended downe frome his horse and dressed his shylde afore hym, and so he drewe oute his swerde. And than they come togydyrs a soffte pace, and wondirly they layshed togydyrs passynge thycke, the mowntenaunce of an owre, or ever they breethid. Than they trased and traverced and wexed wondirly

wrothe, and aythir behyght other deth. They hewe so faste wyth there swerdis that they kutte downe halff theire shyldis, and they hewe togydyrs on helmys and mayles, that the bare fleysshe in som places stoode abovyn there harneys.

And whan Sir Palomydes behylde his felowys swerde overheled with his blood, hit greved hym sore. And som whyle they foyned and somwhyle they strake downe as wylde men. But at the laste Sir Palomydes waxed wondir faynte bycause of his fyrste wounde that he had at the castell wyth a speare, for that wounde greved hym wondirly sore.

"Now, fayre knyght," sayde Sir Palomydes, "mesemyth we have assayed ayther other passyngly well, and yf hit may please you I requyre you of your knyghthode to tell me your name."

"Sir," he sayde, "that is me ryght loth, for ye have done me grete wronge and no knyghthode to proffir me batayle, consyderynge my grete travayle. But and ye woll telle me youre name, I woll telle you myne."

"Sir, wyte you well, my name is Sir Palomydes."

"Than, sir, ye shall undirstonde my name is Sir Lameroke de Galys, sonne and ayre unto the good knyght and kynge, Kynge Pellynore. And Sir Torre, the good knyght, is my halff brothir."

Whan Sir Palomydes had herde hym sey so, he kneled adowne and asked mercy: "For outrageously have I done to you this day, consyderynge the grete dedis of armys I have sene you done, and shamefully and unknyghtly I have requyred you to do batayle with me."

"A, Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Lameroke, "overmuche have ye done and seyde to me!"

And therewyth he pulled hym up wyth his bothe hondis, and seyde, "Sir Palomydes, the worthy knyght, in all this londe is no bettir than ye be, nor more of proues, and me repentys sore that we sholde fyght togydirs."

"So hit doth nat me," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and yett I am sorer wounded than ye be; but as for that, I shall sone thereof be hole. But sertaynly I wolde nat for the fayryst castell in this londe but yf

ye and I had mette, for I shall love you dayes of my lyff afore all other knyghtes excepte my brothir Sir Saphir."

"I say the same," seyde Sir Lameroke, "excepte my brothir Sir Torre."

Than cam Sir Dynadan, and he made grete joy of Sir Lamerok. Than theire squyers dressed bothe theire shyldis and theire harnes, and stopped hir woundis. And thereby at a pryory they rested them all nyght.

Now turne we agayne, that whan Sir Uwayne and Sir Braundyles with his felowys cam to the courte of Kynge Arthure, and they tolde the kynge, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Trystram how Sir Dagonet the foole chaced Kynge Marke thorowoute the foreste, and how the strong knyght smote them downe all seven with one speare, than there was grete lawghynge and japynge at Kynge Marke and at Sir Dagonet. But all thos knyghtes coude nat telle what knyght hit was that rescowed Kynge Marke.

Than they asked of Kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym, and he answerde and sayde, "He named hymself the knyght that folowed the Questynge Beste, and in that name he sent oute one of my varlettes to a place where was his modir. And whan she harde from whens he cam she made passyng grete dole, and so discoverde to my varlette his name, and seyde: 'A, my dere son, Sir Palomydes, why wolt thou nat se me?' And therefore, sir," seyde Kynge Marke, "hit is to undirstonde his name is Sir Palomydes, a noble knyght."

Than were all the seven knyghtes passynge glad that they knewe his name.

Now turne we agayne, for on the morne they toke theire horsys, bothe Sir Lameroke, Sir Palomydes, and Sir Dynadan, wyth theire squyers and varlettis, tylle they sawe a fayre castell that stoode on a mountayne well closyd, and thydir they rode. And there they founde a knyght that hyght Sir Galahalte, that was lorde of that castell. And there they had grete chere and were well eased.

"Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Lameroke, "what woll ye do?"

"Sir, I woll to-morne to the courte of Kynge Arthure."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll nat ryde this thre dayes, for I am sore hurte and muche have I bledde, and therefore I woll repose me here."

"Truly," seyde Sir Lameroke, "and I woll abyde here wyth you. And whan ye ryde, than woll I ryde, onles that ye tary overlonge; than woll I take myne horse. Therefore I pray you, Sir Dynadan, abyde ye and ryde with us."

"Faythfully," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I woll nat abyde, for I have suche a talente to se Sir Trystram that I may nat abyde longe from hym."

"A! Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Palomydes, "now do I undirstonde that ye love my mortall enemy, and therefore how sholde I truste you?"

"Wyte you well," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I love my lorde Sir Trystram abovyn all othir knyghtes, and hym woll I serve and do honoure."

"So shall I," seyde Sir Lameroke, "in all that I may with my power."

So on the morne Sir Dynadan rode unto the courte of Kynge Arthure. And by the way as he rode he sawe where stoode an arraunte knyght, and made hym redy for to juste.

"Nat so," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for I have no wyll to juste."

"Wyth me shall ye juste," seyde the knyght, "or that ye passe this way."

"Sir, whether aske you justys, of love othir of hate?"

The knyghte answerde and seyde, "Wyte you well I aske hit for loove and nat of hate."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Dynadan, "but ye proffyr me harde love whan ye wolde juste with me wyth an harde speare! But, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Dynadan, "sytthyn ye woll juste with me, mete wyth me in the courte of Kynge Arthure, and there I shall juste wyth you."

"Well," seyde the knyght, "sytthyn ye woll not juste wyth me, I pray you tell me your name."

"Sir knyght, my name ys Sir Dynadan."

"A, sir," seyde that knyght, "full well knowe I you for a good knyght and a jantyll, and wyte you well sir, I love you hertyly."

"Than shall here be no justys," seyde Sir Dynadan, "betwyxte us."

So they departed.

And the same day he com to Camelot where lay Kynge Arthure. And there he salewed the kynge and the quene, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Trystram; and all the courte was glad of Sir Dynadans commynge home, for he was jantyll, wyse, and a good knyght. And in aspeciall Sir Trystram loved Sir Dynadan passyngly well.

Than the kynge askyd Sir Dynadan what adventures he had sene.

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I have seyne many adventures, and of som Kynge Marke knowyth, but nat all."

Than the kynge herkened to Sir Dynadan how he tolde that Sir Palomydes and he were byfore the castell of Morgan le Fay, and how Sir Lameroke toke the justys afore them, and how he forjusted twelve knyghtes and of them foure he slew, and how aftir that "he smote downe Sir Palomydes and me bothe."

"I may nat belyve that," seyde the kynge, "for Sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyght."

"That is verry trouthe," seyde Sir Dynadan, "but yett I sawe hym bettyr preved hande for hande."

And than he told the kynge of all that batayle, and how Sir Palomydes was the more wayker and sorer was hurte, and more he loste of his blood than Sir Lameroke.

"And withoute doute," seyde Sir Dynadan, "had the batayle lasted ony lenger, Sir Palomydes had be slayne."

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "this is to me a grete mervayle."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "mervayle ye nothynge thereof, for, at myne advyce, there is nat a valyaunter knyght in the worlde lyvynge, for I know his myght. And now woll I say you, I was never so wery of knyght but yf hit were my lorde Sir Launcelot. And there is no knyght in the worlde excepte Sir Launcelot that I wolde ded so well as Sir Lameroke."

"So God me helpe," seyde the kynge, "I wolde fayne that knyght Sir Lameroke wolde com to this courte."

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "he woll be here in shorte space and Sir Palomydes bothe, but I feare me that Sir Palomydes may nat yett travayle."

So within thre dayes after the kynge lete make a justenynge at a pryory frome the justys, and there made them redy many Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And Sir Gawayne and his bretherne, they made them redy to juste. But Sir Launcelot, Sir Trystram, nother Sir Dynadan wolde nat juste, but suffryd Sir Gawayne for the love of Kynge Arthure wyth his bretherne to wynne the degré yf they myght.

So on the morne they apparayled hem to juste; Sir Gawayne and his foure bretherne, they ded grete dedis of armys, and Sir Ector de Marys ded mervaylously well. But Sir Gawayne passed all that felyship, wherefore Kynge Arthure and all the knyghtes gave Sir Gawayne the honoure at the begynnynge.

Ryght so was Kynge Arthure ware of a knyght and too squyers that com oute of a foreystis syde wyth a covyrd shylde of lethir. Than he cam in slyly and hurled here and there, and anone with one speare he had smyttyn downe too Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And so wyth his hurtelynge he loste the coverynge of his shylde. Than was the kynge and all ware that he bare a rede shylde.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "se where rydyth a strong knyght, he wyth the rede shylde."

And there was a noyse and a grete cry: "Beware the knyght with the rede shylde!"

So within a lytyll whyle he had overthrowyn thre bretherne of Sir Gawaynes.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthure, "mesemyth yondir is the beste juster that ever I sawe."

So he loked aboute and saw hym encountir with Sir Gawayne and he smote hym downe with so grete force that he made his horse to avoyde his sadyll.

"How now?" seyde the kynge, "Sir Gawayne hath a falle! Well were me and I knew what knyght he were with the rede shylde."

"I know hym well inowghe," seyde Sir Dynadan, "but as at this tyme ye shall nat know his name."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Trystram, "he justyth bettir than Sir Palomydes, and yf ye lyste to know his name, wyte ye well hys name is Sir Lameroke de Galys."

And as they stood thus, they saw Sir Gawayne and he encountyrd togedir agayne, and there he smote Sir Gawayne from his horse and brused hym sore. And in the syght of Kynge Arthure he smote downe twenty knyghtes besyde Sir Gawayne and his bretherne, and so clyerly was the pryce yevyn hym as a knyght piereles. Than slyly and mervaylously Sir Lameroke wythdrewe hym from all the felyship into the foreystys syde. All this aspyed Kynge Arthure, for his yghe went never frome hym.

Than the kynge, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Trystram, and Sir Dynadan toke there hakeneyes and rode streyte aftir the good knyght Sir Lameroke de Galis, and there founde hym. And thus seyde the kynge: "A, fayre knyght, well be ye founde!"

Whan he sawe the kynge he put of his helme and salewed hym. And whan he sawe Sir Trystram he alyght adowne of his horse and ran to take hym by the thyghes; but Sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym, but he alyght or that he cam and ayther toke othir in armys and made grete joy of other.

Than the kynge was gladde and so was all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table excepte Sir Gawayne and his bretherne. And whan they wyste that hit was Sir Lameroke they had grete despyte of hym, and were wondirly wrothe wyth hym that he had put hym to such a dishonoure that day. Than he called to hym prevaly in counceyle all his bretherne, and to them seyde thus: "Fayre bretherne, here may ye se: whom that we hate Kynge Arthure lovyth, and whom that we love he hatyth. And wyte you well, my fayre bretherne, that this Sir Lamerok woll nevyr love us, because we slew his fadir, Kynge Pellynor, for we demed that he slew oure fadir, Kynge Lotte of Orkenay; and for the despyte of the deth of Kynge Pellynor Sir Lameroke ded us a shame to oure modir. Therefore I woll be revenged."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawaynes bretherne, "lat se devyse how ye woll be revenged, and ye shall fynde us redy."

"Well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "holde ye styll, and we shall aspye oure tyme."

Now passe we on our mater and leve we Sir Gawayne and speke we of Kynge Arthure, that on a day seyde unto Kynge Marke, "Sir, I pray you, gyff me a gyffte that I shall aske you."

"Sir," seyde Kynge Marke, "I woll gyff you whatsomever ye desyre, and hit be in my power."

"Sir, gramercy," seyde Kynge Arthure. "This woll I aske you, that ye be good lorde unto Sir Trystram, for he is a man of grete honoure, and that ye woll take hym with you into Cornwayle and lat hym se his fryndis, and there cherysh hym for my sake."

"Sir," seyde Kynge Marke, "I promise you be the fayth of my body and by the fayth that I owe unto God and to you, I shall worship hym for youre sake all that I can or may."

"Sir," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and I woll forgyff you all the evyll wyll that ever I ought you, and ye swere that uppon a booke afore me."

"Wyth a good wyll," seyde Kynge Marke.

And so he there sware uppon a booke afore hym and all his knyghtes, and therewith Kynge Marke and Sir Trystram toke ayther othir by the hondis harde knytte togyydyrs. But for all this Kynge Marke thought falsely, as hit preved aftir; for he put Sir Trystram in preson, and cowardly wolde have slayne hym.

Than sone aftyr Kynge Marke toke his leve to ryde into Cornwayle, and Sir Trystram made hym redy to ryde with hym, whereof the moste party of the Rounde Table were wrothe and hevy. And in especiall Sir Launcelot and Sir Lameroke and Sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure, for well they wyste that Kynge Marke wolde sle or destroy Sir Trystram.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "that my lorde Sir Trystram shall departe!"

And Sir Trystram toke suche a sorow that he was amased.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot unto Kynge Arthure, "what have ye done? For ye shall lose the man of moste worshyp that ever cam into youre courte."

"Sir, hit was his owne desyre," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and therefore, I myght nat do wythall, for I have done all that I can and made them at accorde."

"Acorde?" seyde Sir Launcelot. "Now fye on that accorde! For ye shall here that he shall destroy Sir Trystram other put hym into preson, for he is the moste cowarde and the vylaunste kynge and knyght that is now lyvynge."

And therewith Sir Launcelot departed and cam to Kynge Marke and sayde to hym thus: "Sir kynge, wyte thou well the good knyght Sir Trystram shall go with the. Beware, I rede the, of treson, for and thou myschyff that knyght by ony maner of falsehode or treson, by the fayth I awghe to God and to the order of knyghthode, I shall sle the myne owne hondis!"

"Sir Launcelot, overmuch have ye sayde unto me, and I have sworne and seyde over-largely afore Kynge Arthure, in hyrynge of all hys knyghtes, that I shall not sle nor betray hym. It were to me overmuche shame to breke my promyse."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but ye ar called so false and full of felony that no man may beleve you. Pardé, hit is knowne well for what cause ye cam into this contrey, and for none other cause but to sle Sir Tristram."

Soo with grete dole Kynge Marke and Sir Tristram rode togyders. For hit was by Sir Trystrams wil and his meanes to goo with Kyng Marke, and all was for the entente to see La Beale Isoud, for without the syghte of her Sir Tristram myght not endure.

Now torne we ageyne unto Syr Lamorak and speke we of his bretheren, Syr Tor, whiche was Kynge Pellenors fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couherd, for he was a bastard; and Syr Aglovale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok; Syre Lamorak, Dornar, Percyvale, these were his sones to in wedlok.

So whanne Kynge Marke and Sire Tristram were departed from the courte there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departynge of Sir Tristram. Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no manere of joyes eyghte dayes after.

And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym, and whanne this knyghte was unarmed he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte.

"Of what lygnage is he come?" said Kynge Arthur.

"Syre," sayd the knyght, "he is the sone of Kynge Pellenore that dyd you somtyme good servyse, and he is broder unto Sir Lamorak de Galys, the good knyghte."

"Wel," sayd the kynge, "for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte?"

"Wete you wel, my lord the kynge, that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to Sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglavale."

"Syre Aglovayle," sayd Arthur, "for the love of Sire Lamorak and for his faders love he shalle be made knyghte tomorowe. Now telle me," said Arthur, "what is his name?"

"Syre," sayd the knyght, "his name is Percyvale de Galys."

Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott. But the kynge and alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preved a good knyghte. Thenne at the dyner, whanne the kynge was set at the table, and every knyght after he was of prowesse, the kyng commaunded hym to be sette amonge meane knyghtes; and soo was Sire Percyvale sette as the kynge commaunded.

Thenne was there a mayden in the quenes court that was come of hyhe blood, and she was domme and never spak word. Ryght so she cam streyght into the halle, and went unto Sir Percyvale, and toke hym by the hand and said alowde, that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit, "Aryse, Sir Percyvale, the noble knyght and Goddes knyght, and go with me!"

And soo he dyd, and there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the Sege Perillous and said, "Fair knyghte, take here thy sege, for that sege apperteyneth to the and and to none other."

Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste, and as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed. Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete joye of Syr Percyvale.

Now torne we unto Sir Lamorak, that moche was there preysed. Thenne by the meane of Sir Gawayn and his bretheren they sente for her moder there besydes, fast by a castel besyde Camelot, and alle was to that entente to slee Sir Lamorak. The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but Sir Lamorak wyst of her beynge and was ful fayne.

And for to make an ende of this matere, he sente unto her, and ther betwixe them was a nyght assygned that Sir Lamorak shold come to her. Therof was ware Sir Gaherys, and rode afore the same nyght, and wayted uppon Sir Lamorak. And than he sy where he cam rydynge all armed, and where he alyght and tyed his horse to a prevay postren, and so he wente into a parler and unarmed hym. And than he wente unto the quenys bed, and she made of hym passynge grete joy and he of her agayne, for ayther lovid other passynge sore.

So whan Sir Gaherys sawe his tyme he cam to there beddis syde all armed, wyth his swerde naked, and suddaynly he gate his modir by the heyre and strake of her hede. Whan Sir Lameroke sawe the blood daysshe uppon hym all hote, whyche was the bloode that he loved passyng well, wyte you well he was sore abaysshed and dismayed of that dolerous syght. And therewithall Sir Lamerok lepte oute of the bed in his shurte as a knyght dismayed, sayynge thus: "A, Sir Gaherys, Knyght of the Table Rounde! Fowle and evyll have ye done, and to you grete shame! Alas, why have ye slayne youre modir that bare you? For with more ryght ye shulde have slayne me!"

"The offence haste thou done," seyde Sir Gaherys, "natwithstondynge a man is borne to offir his servyse; but yett sholdyst thou beware with whom thou medelyst, for thou haste put my bretherne and me to a shame; and thy fadir slew oure fadir, and thou to ly by oure modir is to muche shame for us to suffir. And as for thy fadir, Kynge Pellynor, my brothir Sir Gawayne and I slew hym."

"Ye ded the more wronge," seyde Sir Lamerok, "for my fadir slew nat your fadir: hit was Balyn le Saveage! And as yett my fadyrs deth is nat revenged."

"Leve tho wordys," seyde Sir Gaherys, "for and thou speke vylaunsly I woll sle the, but bycause thou arte naked I am ashamed to sle the. But wyte thou well, in what place I may gete the, I woll sle the! And now is my modir quytte of the, for she shall never shame her chyldryn. And therefore hyghe the and wythdrawe the and take thyne armour, that thou were gone."

So Sir Lameroke saw there was none other boote, but faste armed hym and toke his horse and roode his way makynge grete sorow; but for shame and sorowe he wolde nat ryde to Kynge Arthurs courte, but rode another way. But whan hit was knowyn that Sir Gaherys had slayne his modir the kynge was wrothe and commaunded hym to go oute of his courte. Wyte you well Sir Gawayne was wrothe that Sir Gaherys had slayne his modir and lete Sir Lamerok ascape. And for this mater was the kynge passynge wrothe and soo was sir Launcelot and many other knyghtes.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "here is a grete myscheff fallyn by fellony and by forecaste treson, that your syster is thus shamfully i-slayne. And I dare say hit was wrought by treson, and I dare say also that ye shall lose that good knyght Sir Lamerok. And I wote well, and Sir Trystram wyste hit, he wolde never com within your courte."

"God deffende," seyde Kynge Arthur, "that I sholde lese Sir Lamerok."

"Yes," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for Sir Gawayne and his bretherne woll sle hym by one meane other by another."

"That shall I lette," seyde Kynge Arthur.

Now leve we of Sir Lamerok and speke we of Sir Gawayne his bretherne, Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred. As they rode on theire adventures they mette wyth a knyght flyynge sore wounded, and they asked hym what tydynges.

"Fayre knyghtes," sayde he, "here commyth a knyght aftir me that woll sle me."

So wyth that come Sir Dynadan fast rydynge to them by adventure, but he wolde promyse them none helpe. But Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred promysed to rescowe hym.

And therewithall come that knyght streyte unto them, and anone he profyrde to juste. That sawe Sir Mordred and rode to hym and strake hym, but he smote Sir Mordred over his horse tayle.

That sawe Sir Aggravayne and streyghte he rode toward that knyght. And ryght so as he served Sir Mordred, so he served Sir Aggravayne and seyde to them, "Wyte you well, syrrys bothe, that I am Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité that hath done thus to you."

And yet he rode over Sir Aggravayne fyve or six tymes.

Whan Sir Dynadan saw this, he muste nedis juste with hym for shame. And so Sir Dynadan and he encountyrd togydyrs, but wyth pure strengthe Sir Dynadan smote hym over hys horse tayle. Than he toke his horse and fledde. (For he was on foote one of the valyauntist knyghtes in Arthurs dayes, and a grete dystroyer of all good knyghtes).

Than rode Sir Dynadan unto Sir Mordred and unto Sir Aggravayne.

"Sir knyght," seyde they all, "well have ye done, and well have ye revenged us, wherefore we pray you tell us your name."

"Fayre syrs, ye ought to knowe my name whyche is called Sir Dynadan."

Whan they undirstode that hit was Sir Dynadan they were more wrothe than they were before, for they hated hym oute of mesure bycause of Sir Lameroke. For Sir Dynadan had suche a custom that he loved all good knyghtes that were valyaunte and he hated all tho that were destroyers of good knyghtes. And there was none that hated Sir Dynadan but tho that ever were called murtherers.

Than spake the hurte knyght that Brewnes Saunze Pité had chaced (his name was Dalan) and sayde, "Yf thou be Sir Dynadan, thou slewe my fadir."

"Hit myght well be so," seyde Sir Dynadan, "but than hit was in my deffence and at his requeste."

"Be my hede," seyde Dalyn, "thou shalt dye therefore!"

And therewith he dressed his speare and his shylde. And to make shorte tale, Sir Dynadan smote hym downe of his horse, that his necke was nye brokyn. And in the same wyse he smote Sir Mordred and Sir Aggravayne. And aftir, in the queste of the Sankgreal, cowardly and felonsly they slew Sir Dynadan, whyche was grete damage, for he was a grete bourder and a passynge good knyght.

And so Sir Dynadan rode to a castell that hyght Beal Valet, and there he founde Sir Palamydes that was nat yet hole of the wounde that Sir Lamerok gaff hym. And there Sir Dynadan tolde Sir Palomydes all the tydynges that he harde and sawe of Sir Trystram, and how he was gone with Kynge Marke, "and wyth hym he hath all his wyll and desyre." Therewith Sir Palomydes wexed wrothe, for he loved La Beale Isode, and than he wyste well that Sir Trystram enjoyed her.

Now leve we Sir Palomydes and Sir Dynadan in the castell of Beale Valet, and turne we agayne unto Kynge Arthure. There cam a knyght oute of Cornwayle, his name was Sir Fergus, a felow of the Rounde Table, and there he tolde the kynge and Sir Launcelot good tydyngis of Sir Trystram (and there was brought goodly letters), and how he leffte hym in the castell of Tyntagyll.

Than cam a damesell that brought goodly lettyrs unto Kynge Arthure and unto Sir Launcelot, and there she had passynge good chere of the kynge and of the quene and of Sir Launcelot. And so they wrote goodly lettyrs agayne. But Sir Launcelot bade ever Sir Trystram beware of Kynge Marke, for ever he called hym in hys lettirs Kynge Foxe, as who saythe he faryth allwey with wylys and treson; whereof Sir Trystram in his herte thanked Sir Launcelot.

Than the damesell wente unto La Beale Isode and bare hir lettirs frome the kyng and from Sir Launcelot, whereof she was in grete joy.

"Fayre damesell," seyde Isode, "how faryth my lorde Arthure, and Quene Gwenyvere, and the noble knyght Sir Launcelot?"

She answerd, and to make shorte tale, "Muche the bettir that ye and Sir Trystram bene in joy."

"God rewarde them," seyde Isode, "for Sir Trystram hath suffirde grete payne for me and I for hym."

So the damesell departed and brought the lettirs to Kynge Marke. And whan he had rad them and undirstonde them, he was wroth wyth Sir Trystram, for he demed that he had sente the damesell to Kynge Arthure. For Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot in a maner thretned Kynge Marke in this letters, and as Kynge Marke red this lettyrs he demede treson by Sir Trystram.

"Damesell," seyde Kynge Marke, "woll ye ryde agayne and beare lettyrs frome me unto Kynge Arthure?"

"Sir," she seyde, "I woll be at youre commaundement to ryde whan ye wyll."

"Ye sey well," seyde the kynge. "Com ye agayne tomorne and fecche youre lettyrs."

Than she departed and cam to La Beall Isode and to Sir Trystram and tolde hem how she sholde ryde agayne with lettyrs to Kynge Arthure.

"Than we pray you," seyde they, "that whan ye have resceyved youre lettyrs that ye wolde com by us, that we may se the prevyté of youre lettirs."

"All that I may do, madame, ye wote well I muste do for Sir Trystram, for I have be longe his owne maydyn."

So on the morne the damesell wente unto Kynge Marke to have resceyved his lettyrs and to departe.

"Damesell, I am nat avysed," seyde Kynge Marke, "as at this tyme to sende my lettyrs."

But so pryvayly and secretely he sente lettirs unto Kynge Arthure and unto Quene Gwenyvere and unto Sir Launcelot. So the varlet departed and founde the kynge and the quene in Walys, at Carlyon. And as the kynge and the quene was at masse the varlet cam wyth the lettyrs, and whan masse was done the kynge and the quene opened the lettirs prevayly. And to begyn, the kyngis lettir spake wondirly shorte unto Kynge Arthure, and bade hym entermete

with hymself and wyth hys wyff, and of his knyghtes, for he was able to rule his wyff and his knyghtes.

Whan Kynge Arthure undirstode the lettir, he mused of many thynges, and thought of his systyrs wordys, Quene Morgan le Fay, that she had seyde betwyxte Quene Gwenyvere and Sir Launcelot, and in this thought he studyed a grete whyle. Than he bethought hym agayne how his owne sistir was his enemy, and that she hated the quene and Sir Launcelot to the deth, and so he put that all oute of his thought. Than Kynge Arthure rad the letter agayne, and the lattir clause seyde that Kynge Marke toke Sir Trystram for his mortall enemy, wherefore he put Kynge Arthure oute of doute he wolde be revenged of Sir Trystram. Than was Kynge Arthure wrothe wyth Kynge Marke.

And whan Quene Gwenyvere rad hir lettir and undirstode hyt, she was wrothe oute of mesure, for the letter spake shame by her and by Sir Launcelot. And so prevayly she sente the lettir unto Sir Launcelot. And whan he wyste the entente of the letter he was so wrothe that he layde hym downe on his bed to slepe, whereof Sir Dynadan was ware, for hit was his maner to be prevy with all good knyghtes. And as Sir Launcelot slepte, he stale the lettir oute of his honde and rad hit worde by worde, and than he made grete sorow for angir. And Sir Launcelot so wakened, and wente to a wyndowe and redde the letter agayne, whyche made hym angry.

"Syr," seyde Sir Dynadan, "wherefore be ye angry? I pray you, discover your harte to me, for, pardé, ye know well that I wolde you but well, for I am a poore knyght and a servyture unto you and to all good knyghtes. For though I be nat of worship myself, I love all tho that bene of worship."

"Hit is trouthe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye ar a trusty knyght, and for grete truste I woll shewe you my counceyle."

And whan Sir Dynadan undirstoode hit well he seyde, "Sir, thus is my counceyle: sette you ryght naught by thes thretenynges, for Kynge Marke is so vylaunce a knyght that by fayre speche shall never man gete ought of hym. But ye shall se what I shall do: I woll

make a lay for hym, and whan hit is made, I shall make an harpere to syng hit afore hym."

And so anone he wente and made hit, and taught hit to an harpere that hyght Elyot, and whan he cowde hit he taught hit to many harpers. And so by the wyll of Kynge Arthure and of Sir Launcelot the harpers wente into Walys and into Cornwayle to synge the lay that Sir Dynadan made by Kynge Marke, whyche was the worste lay that ever harper songe with harpe or with ony other instrument.

Now turne we agayne unto Sir Trystram and to Kynge Marke. Now as Sir Trystram was at a justys and at a turnemente hit fortuned he was sore hurte bothe with a speare and with a swerde, but yet allwayes he wan the gre. And for to repose hym he wente to a good knyght that dwelled in Cornwayle in a castell, whos name was Sir Dynas the Senesciall.

So by myssefortune there come oute of Syssoyne a grete numbre of men of armys, and an hedeous oste, and they entyrd nye the castell of Tyntagyll; and hir captens name was Sir Elyas, a good man of armys.

Whan Kynge Marke undirstood his enemyes were entyrd into his londe he made grete dole and sorow, for in no wyse by his good wylle Kynge Marke wolde nat sende for Sir Trystram, for he hated hym dedly. So whan his counceyle was com, they devysed and caste many perellys of the grete strengthe of hir enemyes. And than they concluded all at onys and seyde thus unto Kynge Marke: "Sir, wyte you well ye muste sende for Sir Trystram the good knyght, other ellys they woll never be overcom, for by Sir Trystram they muste be foughtyn withall, other ellys we rowe ayenste the streme."

"Well," seyde Kynge Marke, "I woll do by youre counceyle."

But yette he was full lothe thereto, but nede constrayned hym to sende for hym. And so he was sente fore in all haste that myght be, that he sholde com to Kynge Marke. And whan he undirstoode that he had sente for hym, he bestrode a soffte ambular and rode to Kynge Marke. And whan he was com the kynge seyde thus: "Fayre

nevew Sir Trystram, this is all. Here be com oure enemyes off Sessoyne that ar here nyhonde, and withoute taryynge they muste be mette wyth shortly, other ellys they woll destroy this contrey."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "wyte you well all my power is at your commaundement. But, sir, this eyght dayes I may beare none armys, for my woundis be nat yet hole. And by that day I shall do what I may."

"Ye say well," seyde Kynge Marke. "Than go ye agayne and repose you and make you freysh, and I shall go mete the Sessoynes with all my power."

So the kynge departed into Tyntagyll and Sir Trystram wente to repose hym.

And the kynge made a grete oste and departed them in thre. The fyrste parte ledde Sir Dynas the Senescyall, and Sir Andret led the secunde parte, and Sir Arguys led the thirde parte, and he was of the bloode of Kynge Marke. And the Sessoynes had thre grete batayles and many good men of armys. And so Kynge Marke by the advyce of his knyghtes yssued oute of the castell of Tyntagyll uppon his enemyes. And Sir Dynas, the good knyght, rode oute afore and slewe too good knyghtes his owne hondis. And than began the batayles. And there was mervaylous brekynge of spearys and smytynge of swerdys, and kylled downe many good knyghtes. And ever was Sir Dynas the Senesciall beste of Kynge Markes party.

And thus the batayle endured longe with grete mortalyté, but at the laste Kynge Marke and Sir Dynas, were they never so loth, they were dryvyn to the castell of Tyntagyll with grete slaughter of people. And the Syssoynes folowed on faste, that ten of them were getyn wythin the yatys and foure slayne wyth the portecolyes.

Than Kynge Marke sente for Sir Trystram by a varlet agayne that tolde hym of all the mortalyté. Than he sente the varlet agayne and bade hym: "Telle Kynge Marke that I woll com as sone as I am hole, for arste I may do hym no good."

Than Kynge Marke hadde hys answere.

And therewith cam Elyas, and bade the kynge yelde up the castell, "for ye may not holde hit nowhyle."

"Sir Elyas," seyde Kynge Marke, "and yf I be nat the sonner rescowed, I muste yelde up this castell."

And anone the kynge sente ayen for rescow to Sir Trystram. And by that tyme Sir Trystram was nyghe hole, and he had getyn hym ten good knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs, and wyth hem he rode unto Tyntagyll.

And whan he sawe the grete oste of Sessoynes he mervayled wondir gretly. And than Sir Trystram rode by the woddys and by the dychis as secretely as he myght, tyll he cam ny the gatis. And anone there dressed a knyght to hym, whan he sawe that Sir Trystram wolde have entird. Than Sir Trystram ran to hym and smote hym downe dede. And so he served thre mo. And everyche of these ten knyghtes slewe a man of armys. So Sir Trystram entyrde into the yatys of Tyntagyll.

And whan Kynge Marke wyste that Sir Trystram was com he was glad of his commynge, and so was all the felyship, and of hym they made grete joy. And on the morne Elyas the captayne cam and bade Kynge Marke, "Com oute and do batayle, for now the good knyght Sir Trystram is entyrd. And hit woll be shame to the," seyde Elyas, "for to kepe thy wallys."

Whan Kynge Marke undirstoode this he was wrothe and seyde no worde, but wente to Sir Trystram and axed hym his counceyle.

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "woll ye that I gyff hym his answere?"

"I woll well," seyde Kynge Marke.

Than Sir Trystram seyde thus to the messengere: "Beare thy lorde worde frome the kynge and me and sey how that we woll do batayle tomorne wyth hym in the playne fylde."

"Sir, what is your name?" seyde the messyngere.

"Sir, wyte thou well my name is Sir Trystram de Lyones."

So therewithall the messyngere departed and tolde his lorde Elyas.

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "I pray you gyff me leve to have the rule of youre oste tomorowe."

"Sir, I pray you take the rule," seyde Kynge Marke.

Than Sir Trystram lete devyse the batayle in what maner that they sholde be. So he lete his oste be departed in six batayles, and ordayned Sir Dynas the Senesciall to have the voward, and other good knyghtes to rule the remenaunte. And the same nyght Sir Trystram gart bren all the Sessoynes shyppis unto the colde watir.

And anone, as Elyas wyst that, he seyde hit was of Sir Trystrams doynge: "For he castyth that we shall never ascape, modyrs sonne of us. Therefore, fayre felowys, fyght frely tomorow, and myscomfort you nought for one knyght, for though he be the beste knyght of the worlde, he may nat have ado with us all."

Than they ordayned theire batayles in foure partyes, wondirly well apparayled and garnysshed with men of armys. Thus they wythin issued oute, and they wythoute sette frely uppon them. And there Sir Dynas ded grete dedis of armys; natforthan Sir Dynas and his felyship were put to the wors.

So with that cam Sir Trystram and slew too knyghtes with one speare. Than he slew on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that men mervayled that ever he myght do suche dedis of armys. And than ye myght se somtyme the batayle was dryven a bow-draught frome the castell, and sometyme hit was at the yatys of the castell.

Than cam Elyas the captayne, russhynge here and there, and smote Kynge Marke so sore uppon the helme that he made hym to avoyde his sadyll. And than Sir Dynas gate Kynge Marke agayne to horsebacke.

And therewyth cam Syr Trystram lyke a lyon, and there he mette wyth Sir Elyas, and he smote hym so sore on the helme that he avoyded his sadyll. And thus they fought tyll hit was nyght, and for grete slaughtir of peple and for wounded peple every party withdrew to theire resseyte.

And whan Kynge Marke was com wythin the castell of Tyntagyll he lacked of his knyghtes an hondred, and they withoute lacked too hondred. Than they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes, and than they wente to counceyle. And wyte you well eythir party were loth to fyght more, so that aythir myght ascape with theire worshyp.

Whan Elyas the captayne undirstoode the deth of his men he made grete dole; also whan he knew that they were loth to go to batayle agayne, he was wrothe oute off mesure. Than Elyas sente unto Kynge Marke in grete dispyte uppon hede whether he wolde fynde a knyght that wolde fyght with hym body for body, and yf that he myght sle Kynge Markis knyght, he to have the trewayge of Cornwayle yerely, "and yf that his knyght sle myne, I fully releace my clayme for ever."

Than the messynger departed unto Kynge Marke and tolde hym how that his lorde Elyas had sent hym worde to fynde a knyght to do batayle wyth hym body for body. Whan Kynge Marke undirstood the messynger he bade hym abyde and he sholde have his answere. Than callyd he all the baronage togydir to wyte what was beste counceyle, and they seyde all at onys, "To fyght in a fylde we have no luste, for had nat bene the proues of Sir Trystram, hit hadde bene lykly that we never sholde have scaped. And therefore, sir, as we deme, hit were well done to fynde a knyght that wolde do batayle wyth hym, for he knyghtly proferyth."

Natforthan whan all this was seyde they coude fynde no knyght that wolde do batayle with hym. "Sir kynge," seyde they all, "here is no knyght that dare fyght with Elyas."

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Marke, "than am I shamed and uttirly distroyed, onles that my nevew Sir Trystram wolde take the batayle uppon hym."

"Sir, wyte you well," they seyde all, "he had yesterday overmuche on hande, and he is wery and travayled and sore wounded."

"Where is he?" seyde Kynge Marke.

Than one answeryd and sayde, "Sir, he lyeth in his bedde for to repose hym."

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Marke, "but I have the succour of my nevew Sir Trystram, I am utterly destroyed for ever."

And therewithall one wente to Sir Trystram there he lay, and tolde hym what Kynge Marke seyde. And therewith Sir Trystram arose lyghtly and put on hym a longe gowne, and cam afore the kynge and the lordis. And whan he saw them so dismayed he axed them what tydynges.

"Never worse," seyde the kynge. And therewyth he tolde hym all as ye have herde aforehonde. "And as for you," seyde the kynge, "we may aske no more of you for shame, for thorow youre hardynesse yestirday ye saved all oure lyvys."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "now I undirstonde ye wolde have my succour, and reson wolde that I sholde do all that lyyth in me to do, savynge my worshyp and my lyff, howbehit that I am sore brused and hurte. And sytthyn Sir Elyas proferyth so largely, I shall fyght with hym: other ellys I woll be slayne in the fylde, othir ellys delyver Cornwayle of the olde trewage. And therefore lyghtly calle his messyngere, and he shall be answerde. For as yett my woundis bene grene, and they woll be sorer hereaftir sevennyght than they be now, and therefore he shall have his answere that I woll do batayle tomorne."

Than was the messyngere brought before Kynge Marke.

"Now herkyn, my felow," seyde Sir Trystram, "go faste unto thy lorde, and bid hym make trewe assurance on his party for the trwayge, as the kynge here shall on his party. And than tell thy lorde that Sir Trystram, Kynge Arthurs knyght and Knyght of the Table Rounde, wyll as to-morne mete with thy lorde on horsebak to do batayle as longe as I may endure, and aftir that to do batayle with hym on foote to the uttraunce."

The messyngere behylde Sir Trystram frome the top to the too, and therewythall he departed. And so he cam to his lorde and tolde hym how he was answered of Sir Trystram.

And therewithall was made ostage on bothe partyes, and made hit as sure as hit myght be that whethirsomever party had the victory, so for to ende. And than were bothe ostys assembeled on bothe partyes of the fylde wythoute the castel of Tyntagyll, and there was none that bare armys but Sir Trystram and Sir Elyas.

So whan all the poyntemente was made they departed in sundir and cam togydirs wyth all the myght that there horsys myght ren, that ayther knyght smote othir so harde that bothe horsis and knyghtes wente to the erthe. Natforthan they bothe arose lyghtly, and dressed theire shyldis on theire sholdyrs with naked swerdys in theire hondis, and they daysshed togydirs so that hit semed a

flamynge fyre aboute them. Thus they traced and traversed, and hewe on helmys and hawberkes, and cut away many cantellys of theire shyldis, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore, that the hoote blood ran freyshly uppon the erthe.

And by than they had foughtyn the mowntenaunce of an owre, Sir Trystram waxed faynte and wery, and bled sore, and gaff sore abak. That sawe Sir Elyas, and folowed fyersly uppon hym and wounded hym in many placis. And ever Sir Trystram traced and traverced and wente froward hym here and there, and coverde hym with his shylde as he myght all waykely, that all men sayde he was overcom; for Sir Elyas had gyvyn hym twenty strokes ayenste one. Than was there lawghynge amonge the Sessoynes party, and grete dole on Kynge Markis party.

"Alas," seyde the kynge, "we ar all shamed and destroyed for ever!"

For, as the booke seyth, Sir Trystram was never so macched but yf hit were of Sir Launcelot.

Thus as they stode and behylde bothe partyes, that one party laughynge and the othir party wepynge, Sir Trystram remembird hym of his lady, La Beale Isode, that loked uppon hym, and how he was never lykly to com in hir presence. Than he pulled up his shylde that before hynge full lowe, and than he dressed hym unto Sir Elyas and gaff hym many sad strokys, twenty ayenst one, and all to-brake his shylde and his hawberke, that the hote bloode ran downe as hit had bene rayne. Than began Kynge Marke and all Cornyshemen to lawghe, and the other party to wepe.

And ever Sir Trystram seyde to Sir Elyas, "Yelde the!"

And whan Sir Trystram saw hym so stakir on the grounde, he seyde, "Sir Elyas, I am ryght sory for the, for thou arte a passynge good knyght as ever I mette withall excepte Sir Launcelot."

And therewithall Sir Elyas fell to the erthe and there dyed.

"Now what shall I do?" seyde Sir Trystram unto Kynge Marke, "for this batayle ys at an ende."

Than they of Elyas party departed, and Kynge Marke toke of hem many presoners to redresse the harmys and the scathis that

he had of them, and the remenaunte he sente into her contrey to borow oute theire felowys.

Than was Sir Trystram serched and well healed. Yett for all this Kynge Marke wold fayne have slayne Sir Trystram; but for all that ever Sir Trystram saw other herde by Kynge Marke, he wolde never beware of his treson, but evir he wolde be thereas La Beale Isode was.

Now woll we passe over this mater and speke we of the harpers that Sir Launcelot and Sir Dynadan had sente into Cornwayle. And at the grete feste that Kynge Marke made for the joy that the Sessoynes were put oute of his contrey, than cam Elyot the harper with the lay that Sir Dynadan had made, and secretly brought hit unto Sir Trystram, and tolde hym the lay that Sir Dynadan had made by Kynge Marke. And whan Sir Trystram harde hit, he sayde, "O Lord Jesu! That Sir Dynadan can make wondirly well and yll, there he sholde make evyll!"

"Sir," seyde Elyot, "dare I synge this songe afore Kynge Marke?"

"Yee, on my perell," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I shall be thy waraunte."

So at the mete in cam Elyot the harper amonge other mynstrels and began to harpe. And because he was a coryous harper men harde hym synge the same lay that Sir Dynadan made, whyche spake the moste vylany by Kynge Marke and of his treson that ever man herde. And whan the harper had sunge his songe to the ende, Kynge Marke was wondirly wrothe and sayde, "Harper, how durste thou be so bolde, on thy hede, to synge this songe afore me?"

"Sir," seyde Elyot, "wyte thou well I am a mynstrell, and I must do as I am commaunded of thos lordis that I beare the armys of. And, sir, wyte you well that Sir Dynadan, a Knyght of the Table Rounde, made this songe and made me to synge hit afore you."

"Thou seyste well," seyde Kynge Marke, "and bycause thou arte a mynstrell thou shalt go quyte. But I charge the, hyghe the faste oute of my syght!"

So Elyot the harper departed and wente to Sir Trystram and tolde hym how he had sped. Than Sir Trystram let make lettyrs as goodly as he cowde to Camelot and to Sir Dynadan, and so he let conduyte the harper oute of the contrey. But to sey that Kynge Marke was wondirly wrothe, he was, for he demed that the lay that was songe afore hym was made by Sir Trystrams counceyle, wherefore he thought to sle hym and all his well-wyllers in that contrey.

THE EMPEROR LUCIUS

HYT BEFELLE WHAN Kyng Arthur had wedded Quene Gwenyvere and fulfylled the Rounde Table, and so aftir his mervelous knyghtis and he had venquyshed the moste party of his enemyes, than sone aftir com Sir Launcelot de Lake unto the courte, and Sir Trystrams come that tyme also. And than he rested and helde a royall feste and table rounde with his alyes of kynges, prynces, and noble knyghtes all of the Rounde Table.

So hit befelle that there cam into his halle, he syttynge in his throne royall, twelve auncient men berynge eche of hem a braunche of olyff, in tokyn that they cam as embassatours and messyngers fro the Emperour Lucyus, whiche was called at that tyme Procurour of the Publyke Wele of Rome, whiche sayde messyngers after theire comyng into the presence of Kynge Arthur dyd to hym theire obeysaunce in makyng to hym reverence, and seyde to hym in this wyse: "The hyghe and myghty Emperour Lucyus sendeth to the Kyng of Bretayne gretyng, commaundyng the to knowlecche hym for thy lorde and to sende hym the truage due of this realme unto the empyre, whiche thy fadir and other tofore thy precessours have payde, as is of recorde, and thou as rebell nat knowynge hym as thy soverayne withholdest, contrary to the statutes and decrees made by the noble Julius Cezar, conquerrour of this realme and fyrste Emperour of Rome."

Whan Kynge Arthure wyste what they mente he loked up with his gray yghen and angred at the messyngers passyng sore. Than were this messyngers aferde, and knelyd stylle and durste nat aryse, they were so aferde of his grymme countenaunce. Than one of the knyghtes messyngers spake alowde and seyde, "Crowned kynge,

myssedo no messyngers, for we be com at his commaundemente, as servytures sholde."

Than spake the Conquerrour, "Thou recrayed and coward knyghte, why feryst thou my countenaunce? There be in this halle, and they were sore aggreved, thou durste nat for a deukedom of londis loke in theire facis."

"Sir," seyde one of the senatoures, "so Cryste me helpe, I was so aferde whan I loked in thy face that myne herte wolde nat serve for to sey my message. But sytthen hit is my wylle for to sey myne erande, the gretis welle Lucius the Emperoure of Roome, and commaundis the uppon payne that woll falle to sende hym the trewage of this realme that thy fadir Uther Pendragon payde; and yf thou refuse hys commaundemente, knowe thou for certayne that he shall make stronge warre agaynste the, thy realmys and londes, and shall bereve the all thy realmys that thou weldyst, and chastyse the and thy subjectes that hit shall be ensample perpetuel unto alle kynges and prynces for to denye theire truage unto that noble empyre whiche domyneth upon the unyversal worlde."

"Thow seyste well," seyde Arthure, "but for all thy brym wordys I woll nat be to over-hasty, and therfore thou and thy felowys shall abyde here seven dayes, and shall calle unto me my counceyle of my moste trusty knyghtes and deukes and regeaunte kynges, and erlys and barowns and of my moste wyse doctours. And whan we have takyn oure avysement ye shall have your answere playnly, suche as I shall abyde by."

Than som of the yonge knyghtes, heryng this theire message, wolde have ronne on them to have slayne them, sayynge that hit was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng present to suffir them to saye so to the kynge. And anone the kynge commaunded none of them uppon payne of dethe to myssaye them ne do them ony harme.

Than the noble kynge commaunded Sir Clegis to brynge them to theire lodgynge, and to "loke that thes men be seteled and served with the beste, that there be no deyntés spared uppon them, that

nother chylde nor horse faught no thynge, for they ar full royall peple, and thoughe they have greved me and my courte, yet we muste remembir on oure worshyp." So they were led into chambyrs and served as rychely of deyntés that myght be gotyn. So the Romaynes had therof grete mervayle.

Than the kynge unto counsayle called his noble lordes and knyghtes, and within a towre there they assembled, the moste party of the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. Than the kynge commaunded hem of theire beste counceyle.

"Sir," seyde Sir Cador of Cornuayle, "as for me, I am nat hevy of this message, for we have be many dayes rested us and have ben ydle. Now the lettyrs of Lucius the Emperoure lykis me well, for now shall we have warre and worshyp."

"Be Cryste, I leve welle," seyde the kyng, "Sir Cador, this message lykis the! But yet they may nat be so answerde, for all theire spyteuous speche grevyth so my herte. That truage to Roome woll I never pay. Therefore counceyle me, my knyghtes, for Crystes love of hevyn. For this muche have I founde in the cronycles of this londe, that Sir Belyne and Sir Bryne, of my bloode elders that borne were in Bretayne, they had ocupyed the empyreship eyght score wyntyrs; and aftir, Constantyne oure kynnesman conquerd hit, and, Dame Elyneys son of Ingelonde, was Emperoure of Roome, and he recoverde the Crosse that Cryste dyed uppon. And thus was the Empyre kepte be my kynde elders, and thus have we evydence inowghe that we have ryght to clayme the tytil of the empyre of hole Rome."

Than answerde Kynge Angwysshaunce unto Arthure: "Sir, thou oughte to be aboven all othir Crysten kynges, for of knyghthode and of noble counceyle that is allway in the is none lyke unto the. And Scotlonde had never scathe syne ye were crowned kynge, and whan the Romaynes raynede uppon us they raunsomed oure elders and raffte us of oure lyves, and put this londe to extorsions and taylis. Therefore I make myne avow unto mylde Mary and unto Jesu Cryste that I shall be avenged uppon the Romayns, and to farther thy fyght I shall brynge the ferse men of armys, fully twenty

thousande of tyred men. I shall yeff hem my wages for to go and warre on the Romaynes and to dystroy hem, and all shall be within too ayges to go where the lykes."

Than the Kyng of Lytyll Brytayne sayde unto Kynge Arthure, "Sir, answere thes alyauntes and gyff them theire answere, and I shall somen my peple, and thirty thousande men shall ye have at my costis and wages."

"Ye sey well," seyde the kynge Arthure.

Than spake a myghty deuke that was lorde of Weste Walys: "Sir, I make myne avowe to God to be revenged on the Romaynes, and to have the vawarde, and there to vynquyshe with vyctory the Vyscounte of Roome. For onys as I paste on pylgrymage all by the Poynte Tremble, than the vyscounte was in Tuskayne, and toke up my knyghtys and raunsomed them unresonablé. And than I complayned me to the potestate and the Pope hymself, but I had nothynge ellys but plesaunte wordys. Other reson at Roome myght I none have, and so I yode my way sore rebuked. And therfore to be avenged I woll arere of my wyghteste Walshemen, and of myne owne fre wagis brynge you thirty thousande."

Than Sir Ewayne and his son Ider that were nere cosyns unto the Conquerrour, yet were they cosyns bothe twayne, and they helde Irelonde and Argayle and all the Oute Iles: "Sir," seyde they unto Kynge Arthure, "here we make oure avowes unto Cryste manly to ryde into Lumbardy and so unto Melayne wallys, and so over the Poynte Tremble into the Vale of Vyterbe, and there to vytayle oure knyghtes; and for to be avenged on the Romayns we shall bryng the thirty thousande of good mennys bodyes."

Than leepe in yonge Sir Launcelot de Laake with a lyght herte and seyde unto Kynge Arthure, "Thoughe my londis marche nyghe thyne enemyes, yet shall I make myne avow aftir my power that of good men of armys aftir my bloode thus many I shall brynge with me: twenty thousande helmys in haubirkes attyred that shall never fayle you whyles oure lyves lastyth."

Than lowghe Sir Bawdwyn of Bretayne and carpys to the kynge: "I make myne avow unto the vernacle noble for to brynge with me

ten thousande good mennys bodyes that shall never fayle whyle there lyvis lastyth."

"Now I thanke you," seyde the kynge, "with all my trew herte. I suppose by the ende be done and dalte the Romaynes had bene bettir to have leffte theire proude message."

So whan the sevennyghte was atte an ende the senatours besought the kynge to have an answere.

"Hit is well," seyde the kynge, and in the presence of all hys lordes and knyghtes he seyde to them in thys wyse, "Now sey ye to youre emperour that I shall in all haste me redy make with my keene knyghtes, and by the rever of Roone holde my Rounde Table. And I woll brynge with me the beste peple of fyftene realmys, and with hem ryde over the mountaynes in the maynelondis, and myne doune the wallys of Myllayne the proude, and syth ryde unto Roome with my royallyst knyghtes.

"Now ye have your answere: hygh you that ye were hense, and frome this place to the porte there ye shall passe over; and I shall gyff you seven dayes to passe unto Sandwyche. Now spede you, I counceyle you, and spare nat youre horsis, and loke ye go by Watlynge Strete and no way ellys, and where nyght fallys on you, loke ye there abyde. Be hit felle other towne, I take no kepe, for hit longyth nat to none alyauntis for to ryde on nyghtes. And may ony be founde a spere-lengthe oute of the way, and that ye be nat in the watir by the sevennyghtes ende, there shall no golde undir God pay for youre raunsom."

"Sir," seyde this senatoures, "this is an harde conduyte. We beseche you that we may passe saufly."

"Care ye nat," seyde the kynge, "your conduyte is able."

Thus they passed fro Carleyle unto Sandwyche-warde that hadde but seven dayes for to passe thorow the londe, and so Sir Cador brought hem on her wayes. But the senatours spared for no horse, but hyred hem hakeneys frome towne to towne, and by the sonne was sette at the sevynth dayes ende they com unto Sandwyche – so blythe were they never. And so the same nyght they toke theire

shyppyng and passed into Flaundres and Almayne, and aftir that over the grete mountayne that hyght Godarde, and so aftir thorow Lumbardy and thorow Tuskayne, and sone aftir they come to the Emperoure Lucius, and there they shewed hym the lettyrs of Kynge Arthure, and how he was the gastfullyst man that ever they on loked.

Whan the Emperour Lucius hadde redde the lettyrs and undirstoode them welle of theire credence, he fared as a man were rased of his wytte: "I wente that Arthure wolde have obeyed you and served you hymself unto your honde, for so hym well besemed, other ony kynge crystynde, for to obey ony senatour that is sente fro my persone."

"Sir," sayde the senatours, "lette be suche wordis, for that we have ascaped on lyve we may thonke God ever, for we wolde nat passe ayen to do that message for all your brode londis. And therefore, sir, truste to our sawys: ye shall fynde hym your uttir enemye; and seke ye hym and ye lyste, for into this londis woll he com, and that shall ye fynde within this half-yere, for he thynkys to be emperour hymself. For he seyth ye have ocupyed the empyre with grete wronge, for all his trew auncettryes sauff his fadir Uther were emperoures of Rome. And of all the soveraynes that we sawe ever he is the royallyst kynge that lyvyth on erthe; for we sawe on Newerys Day at his Rounde Table nyne kyngis, and the fayryst felyship of knyghtes ar with hym that durys on lyve, and thereto of wysedome and of fayre speche and all royalté and rychesse they fayle of none. Therefore, sir, be my counsayle, rere up your lyege peple and sende kynges and dewkes to loke unto your marchis, and that the mountaynes of Almayne be myghtyly kepte."

"Be Estir," seyde the emperour, "I caste me for to passe Almayne, and so furth into Fraunce and there bereve hym his londis. I shall brynge with me many gyauntys of Geene, that one of them shall be worth an hondred of knyghtes, and the perleous passages shall be surely kepte with my good knyghtes."

Than the emperoure sente furth his messyngers of wyse olde knyghtes unto a contrey callyd Ambaygne, and Arcage, and unto

Alysaundir, to Ynde, to Ermonye that the rever of Eufrates rennys by, and to Asye, Aufryke, and Europe the large, and to Ertayne, and Elamye, to the oute yles, to Arrabye, to Egypte, to Damaske and to Damyate, to noble deukis and erlys; also the Kynge of Cayer, and of Capados, and the Kyng of Tars, and of Turkye, and of Pounce, and of Pampoyle. And oute of Preter Johanes londe, also the Sowdon of Surrye, and frome Nebo unto Nazareth, and frome Garese to Galely, there come Sarysyns and becom subgettis unto Rome. So they come glydyng in galyes. Also there come the Kynge of Cypres, and the Grekis were gadirde and goodly arayed, with the Kynge of Macidonye, and of Calabre and of Catelonde bothe kynges and deukes, and the Kynge of Portyngale with many thousande Spaynardis.

Thus all thes kynges and dukys and admyrallys noblys assembled with syxtene kynges at onys, and so they com unto Rome with grete multytude of peple. Whan the emperoure undirstood theire comynge he made redy all his noble Romaynes and all men of warre betwyxte hym and Flaundyrs. Also he had gotyn with hym fyffty gyauntys that were engendirde with fendis, and all tho he lete ordeyne for to awayte on his persone and for to breke the frunte of the batayle of Arthurs knyghtes, but they were so muche of theire bodyes that horsys myght nat bere them. And thus the emperour with all hys horryble peple drew to passe Almayne to dystroy Arthures londys that he wan thorow warre of his noble knyghtes. And so Lucius com unto Cullayne, and thereby a castelle besegys, and wanne hit within a whyle, and feffed hit with Saresyns. And thus Lucius within a whyle destroyed many fayre contrayes that Arthure had wonne before of the myghty Kynge Claudas. So this Lucius dispercled abrode his oste syxty myle large, and commaunde hem to mete with hym in Normandy, in the contray of Constantyne, "and at Barflete there ye me abyde, for the Douchery of Bretayne I shall thorowly dystroy hit."

Now leve we Sir Lucius and speke we of Kyng Arthure that commaunded all that were undir his obeysaunce, aftir the utas of

Seynte Hyllary that all shulde be assembled for to holde a parlement at Yorke, within the wallys. And there they concluded shortly to areste all the shyppes of this londe, and within fyftene dayes to be redy at Sandwych.

"Now, sirrys," seyde Arthure, "I purpose me to passe many perelles wayes and to ocupye the empyre that myne elders afore have claymed. Therefore I pray you, counseyle me that may be beste and moste worshyp."

The kynges and knyghtes gadirde hem unto counsayle and were condecended for to make too chyfftaynes, that was Sir Baudwen of Bretayne, an auncient and an honorable knyght, for to counceyle and comforte; and Sir Cadore son of Cornuayle that was at that tyme called Sir Constantyne, that aftir was kynge, aftir Arthurs dayes. And there in the presence of all the lordis the kynge resyned all the rule unto thes too lordis and Quene Gwenyvere. And Sir Trystrams at that tyme beleft with Kynge Marke of Cornuayle for the love of La Beale Isode, wherefore Sir Launcelot was passyng wrothe.

Than Quene Gwenyvere made grete sorow that the kynge and all the lordys sholde so be departed, and there she fell doune on a swone, and hir ladyes bare hir to her chambir. Than the kynge commaunded hem to God and belefte the quene in Sir Constantynes and Sir Baudewens hondis, and all Inglonde holy to rule as themselfe demed beste. And whan the kynge was an horsebak he seyde with an hyghe voyce in herynge of all the lordis, "If that I dye in this jurney, here I make the, Sir Constantyne, my trew ayre, for thou arte nexte of my kyn save Sir Cadore, thy fadir, and therefore, if that I dey, I woll that ye be crowned kynge."

Ryght so he sought and his knyghtes towarde Sandewyche, where he founde before hym many galyard knyghtes, for there were the moste party of all the Rounde Table redy on tho bankes for to sayle whan the kynge lyked. Than in all haste that myght be they shypped theire horsis and harneyse and all maner of ordynaunce that fallyth for the werre, and tentys and pavylyons many were trussed, and so they shotte from the bankes many grete caryckes and many shyppes of fore-stage, with coggis and galeyes and spynnesse full

noble, with galeyes and galyottys rowyng with many ores. And thus they strekyn forth into the stremys many sadde hunderthes.

Here folowyth the dreme of Kynge Arthure

As the kynge was in his cog and lay in his caban, he felle in a slumberyng and dremed how a dredfull dragon dud drenche muche of his peple, and com fleyng one wynge oute of the weste partyes. And his hede, hym semed, was enamyled with asure, and his shuldyrs shone as the golde, and his wombe was lyke mayles of a merveylous hew, and his tayle was fulle of tatyrs, and his feete were florysshed as hit were fyne sable, and his clawys were lyke clene golde. And an hydeouse flame of fyre there flowe oute of his mowthe, lyke as the londe and the watir had flawmed all on fyre.

Than hym semed there com oute of the oryent a grymly beare, all blak, in a clowde, and his pawys were as byg as a poste. He was all to-rongeled with lugerande lokys, and he was the fowlyst beste that ever ony man sye. He romed and rored so rudely that merveyle hit were to telle. Than the dredfull dragon dressyd hym ayenste hym and come in the wynde lyke a faucon, and freyshely strykis the beare. And agayne the gresly beare kuttis with his grysly tuskes, that his breste and his brayle was bloodé, and hit rayled rede all over the see. Than the worme wyndis away and fleis uppon hyght and com downe with such a sowghe, and towched the beare on the rydge that fro the toppe to the tayle was ten foote large. And so he rentyth the beare and brennys hym up clene that all felle on pouder, bothe the fleysh and the bonys, and so hit flotered abrode on the see.

Anone the kynge waked and was sore abasshed of his dreme, and in all haste he sente for a wyse philozopher and charged hym to telle what sygnyfyed his dreme.

"Sir," seyde the phylozopher, "the dragon thou dremyste of betokyns thyne owne persone that thus here sayles with thy syker knyghtes; and the coloure of his wyngys is thy kyngdomes that thou haste with thy knyghtes wonne, and his tayle that was all to-tatered sygnyfyed your noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table.

And the beare that the dragon slowe above in the clowdis betokyns som tyraunte that turmentis thy peple, other thou art lyke to fyght with som gyaunte boldely in batayle be thyself alone. Therefore of this dredfull dreme drede the but a lytyll, and care nat now, sir conquerroure, but comforth thyself."

Than within a whyle they had a syght of the bankys of Normandy, and at the same tyde the kynge aryved at Barfflete and founde there redy many of his grete lordis, as he had commaunded at Crystemasse before hymselfe.

Than come there an husbandeman oute of the contrey, and talkyth unto the kyng wondirfull wordys and sayde, "Sir, here is a grete gyaunte of Gene that turmentyth thy peple; and hath devoured of thy peple mo than fyve hundred and many mo of oure chyldren, that hath bene his sustynaunce all this seven wynters. Yet is the sotte never cesid, but in the contrey of Constantyne he hath kylled and destroyed all oure knave chyldren; and this nyght he hath cleyghte the Duches of Bretayne as she rode by a ryver with her ryche knyghtes, and ledde hir unto yondir mounte to ly by hir whyle hir lyff lastyth.

"Many folkys folowed hym, mo than fyve hundird, barounes and bachelers and knyghtes full noble, but all they myght nat rescow hir, but ever she shryked and cryed wondirly lowde, that the sorow of that lady cover shall we never. She was thy cousyns wyff, Sir Howell the Hende, a man that we calle nyghe of thy bloode. Now, as thou arte oure ryghtwos kynge, rewe on this lady and on thy lyege peple, and revenge us as a noble conquerroure sholde."

"Alas," seyde Kynge Arthure, "this is a grete myscheffe! I had levir than all the realmys I welde unto my crowne that I had bene before that freyke a furlonge way for to have rescowed that lady, and I wolde have done my payne. Now, felow," seyde Arthure, "woldist thou ken me where that carle dwellys? I trowe I shall trete with hym or I far passe."

"Sir Conquerrour," seyde the goodman, "beholde yondir forlonde with yondir too fyrys, for there shalte thou fynde that carle beyonde

the colde strendus, and tresoure oute of numbir. There mayste thou sykerly fynde more tresoure, as I suppose, than is in all Fraunce aftir."

The kynge seyde, "Goodman, pees, and carpe to me no more! Thy soth sawys have greved sore my herte." Than he turnys towarde his tentys and carpys but lytyl.

Than the kynge called to hym Sir Kay in counceyle, and to Sir Bedwere the bolde thus seyde he: "Loke that ye too aftir evynsonge be surely armed, and your beste horsis, for I woll ryde on pylgrymage prevayly, and none but we thre. And whan my lordis is servyd we woll ryde to Seynte Mychaels Mounte where mervayles ar shewed."

Anone Sir Arthure wente to his wardrop and caste on his armoure, bothe his gesseraunte and his basnet, with his brode shylde. And so he buskys hym tyll his stede that on the bente hoved. Than he stertes uppon loffte and hentys the brydyll, and stirres hym stoutly, and sone he fyndis his knyghtes too, full clenly arayed. And than they trotted on stylly togedir over a blythe contray full of many myrry byrdis, and whan they com to the forlonde Arthure and they alyght on hir foote, and the kynge commaunded them to tarry there. "Now fastenys," seyde Arthure, "oure horsis that none nyghe other, for I woll seche this seynte be myself alone and speke wyth this maystir-man that kepys this mountayne."

Than the kynge yode up to the creste of the cragge, and than he comforted hymself with the colde wynde; and than he yode forth by too welle-stremys, and there he fyndys too fyres flamand full hyghe. And at that one fyre he founde a carefull wydow wryngande hir handys, syttande on a grave that was new marked. Than Arthure salued hir and she hym agayne, and asked hir why she sate sorowyng.

"Alas," she seyde, "careful knyght, thou carpys over lowde! Yon is a werlow woll destroy us bothe. I holde the unhappy! What doste thou on this mountayne? Thoughe here were suche fyffty, ye were to feyble for to macche hym all at onys. Whereto berys thou armoure? Hit may the lytyll avayle, for he nedys none other wepyn

but his bare fyste. Here lyeth a douches dede, the fayryst that lyved; he hath murthered that mylde withoute ony mercy; he forced hir by fylth of hymself, and so aftir slytte hir unto the navyll."

"Dame," seyde the kynge, "I com fro the noble conquerrour Sir Arthure, for to trete with that tirraunte for his lyege peple."

"Fy on suche tretyse," she seyde than, "for he settys nought by the kynge nother by no man ellys, but and thou have brought Arthurs wyff Dame Gwenyvere: he woll be more blyther of hir than thou haddyste geffyn hym halfendele Fraunce. And but yf thou have brought hir, prese hym nat to nyghe. Loke what he hath done unto fyftene kynges: he hath made hym a coote full of precious stonys, and the bordoures thereof is the berdis of fyftene kynges, and they were of the grettyst blood that dured on erthe. Othir farme had he none of fyftene realmys. This presente was sente hym to this laste Crystemasse: they sente hym in faythe for savyng of theire peple. And for Arthurs wyff he lodgys hym here, for he hath more tresoure than ever had Arthure or ony of his elders. And now thou shalt fynde hym at souper with syx knave chyldirne, and there he hath made pykyll and powder with many precious wynes, and thre fayre maydens that turnys the broche, that bydis to go to his bed, for they thre shall be dede within foure oures or the fylth is fulfylled that his fleyshe askys."

"Well," seyde Arthure, "I woll fulfylle my message for alle your grym wordis."

"Than fare thou to yondir fyre that flamys so hyghe, and there thou shalt fynde hym sykerly for sothe."

Than he paste forth to the creste of the hylle and syghe where he sate at his soupere alone, gnawyng on a lymme of a large man, and there he beekys his brode lendys by the bryght fyre, and brekelys hym semys. And thre damesels turned thre brochis, and thereon was twelve chyldir but late borne, and they were broched in maner lyke birdis.

Whan the kyng behylde that syght his herte was nyghe bledyng for sorow. Than he haylesed hym with angirfull wordys: "Now He that all weldys geff the sorow, theeff, there thou syttes! For thou art

the fowlyste freyke that ever was fourmed, and fendly thou fedys the, the devill have thy soule! And by what cause, thou carle, hast thou kylled thes Crysten chyldern? Thou haste made many martyrs by mourtheryng of this londis. Therefore thou shalt have thy mede, thorow Mychael that owyth this mounte. And also, why haste thou slayne this fayre douches? Therefore dresse the, doggys son, for thou shalt dye this day thorow the dynte of my hondis."

Than the gloton gloored and grevid full foule. He had teeth lyke a grayhounde, he was the foulyst wyght that ever man sye, and there was never suche one fourmed on erthe, for there was never devil in helle more horryblyer made, for he was fro the hede to the foote fyve fadom longe, and large. And therewith sturdely he sterte uppon his leggis and caughte a clubbe in his honde all of clene iron. Than he swappis at the kynge with that kyd wepyn. He cruysshed downe with the club the coronal doune to the colde erthe. The kyng coverde hym with his shylde and rechis a boxe evyn infourmede in the myddis of his forehede, that the slypped blade unto the brayne rechis. Yet he shappis at Sir Arthure, but the kynge shuntys a lytyll and rechis hym a dynte hyghe uppon the haunche, and there he swappis his genytrottys in sondir. Than he rored and brayed and yet angurly he strykes, and fayled of Sir Arthure and the erthe hittis, that he kutte into the swarffe a large swerde-length and more.

Than the kynge sterte up unto hym and raught hym a buffette and kut his baly in sundir, that oute wente the gore and the guttes, that the grasse and the grounde all foule was begone. Than he kaste away the clubbe and caughte the kynge in his armys and handeled the kynge so harde that he crusshed his rybbes. Than the balefull maydyns wronge hir hondis and kneled on the grounde and to Cryste called for comforte of Arthur. With that the warlow wrath Arthure undir, and so they waltyrde and walowde and tumbylde over the craggis and busshys, and eythir cleyght other full faste in theire armys. And other whyles Arthure was aboven and other whyle undir, and so they never leffte tyll they fylle thereas the floode marked; but ever in the walterynge Arthure smytes and hittis hym with a shorte dagger up to the hyltys, and in his fallynge there

braste of the gyauntes rybbys thre even at onys. And by fortune they felle thereas the too knyghtes aboode with theire horsis.

Whan Sir Kay saw the kynge and the gyaunte so icleyght togyder, "Alas,"sayd Sir Kay, "we ar forfete for ever! Yondir is oure lorde overfallen with a fende."

"Hit is nat so," seyde the kynge, "but helpe me, Sir Kay, for this corseynte have I clegged oute of the yondir clowys."

"In fayth," seyde Sir Bedwere, "this is a foule carle," and caughte the corseynte oute of the kynges armys. And there he seyde, "I have mykyll wondir, and Mychael be of suche a makyng, that ever God wolde suffir hym to abyde in hevyn. And if seyntis be suche that servys Jesu, I woll never seke for none, by the fayth of my body!"

The kynge than lough at Bedwers wordis and seyde, "This seynte have I sought nyghe unto my grete daungere. But stryke of his hede and sette hit on a trouncheoune of a speare, and geff hit to thy servaunte that is swyffte-horsed, and bere hit unto Sir Howell that is in harde bondis, and bydde hym be mery, for his enemy is destroyed. And aftir in Barflete lette brace hit on a barbycan, that all the comyns of this contrey may hit beholde.

"And than ye too go up to the mountayne and fecche me my shelde, my swerde, and the boystouse clubbe of iron, and yf ye lyste ony tresoure, take what ye lyst, for there may ye fynde tresoure oute of numbir. So I have the curtyll and the clubbe, I kepe no more. For this was a freysh gyaunte and mykyll of strength, for I mette nat with suche one this fyftene wyntir sauff onys in the mounte of Arrabé I mette with suche another, but this was fersar. That had I nere founden, had nat my fortune be good."

Than the knyghtes fecched the clubbe and the coote and all the remenaunte, and toke with hem what tresoure that hem lyked. Than the kynge and they sterte uppon theire horsys, and so they rode fro thens thereas they come fro.

And anone the clamoure was howge aboute all the contrey, and than they wente with one voyse tofore the kynge and thanked God and hym that theire enemy was destroyed.

"All thanke ye God," seyde Arthure, "and no man ellys. Looke that the goodys be skyffted that none playne of his parte."

Than he commaunded his cosyn Sir Howell to make a kyrke on that same cragge in the worshyppe of Seynte Mychael.

On the morne frome Barflete remevyth the kynge with all his grete batayle proudly arayed, and so they shooke over the stremys into a fayre champayne, and thereby doune in a valey they pyght up hir tentys. And evyn at the mete-whyle come too messyngers, that one was the Marchall of Fraunce, that seyde to the kynge how the emperoure was entyrd into Fraunce, "and hath destroyed much of oure marchis, and is com into Burgayne, and many borowys hath destroyed, and hath made grete slaughtir of your noble people. And where that he rydyth all he destroyes. And now he is comyn into Dowse Fraunce, and there he brennys all clene. Now all the dowseperys, bothe deukys and other, and the peerys of Parys towne, ar fledde downe into the lowe contrey towarde Roone, and but yf thou helpe them the sunner they muste yelde hem all at onys, bothe the bodyes and townys. They can none othir succour, but nedys they muste yelde them in haste."

Than the kynge byddis Sir Borce: "Now bowske the blyve, and Sir Lyonel and Sir Bedwere. Loke that ye fare with Sir Gawayne, my nevew, with you and take as many good knyghtes, and loke that ye ryde streyte unto Sir Lucius and sey I bydde hym in haste to remeve oute of my londys. And yf he woll nat so, bydde hym dresse his batayle and lette us redresse oure ryghtes with oure handis, and that is more worshyppe than thus to overryde maysterlesse men."

Than anone in all haste they dressed hem to horsebak, thes noble knyghtes, and whan they com to the grene wood they sawe before hem many prowde pavylyons of sylke of dyverse coloures that were sette in a medow besyde a ryvere, and the emperoures pavylyon was in the myddys with an egle displayed on loffte. Than thorow the wood oure knyghtes rode tylle that they com unto the emperoures tente. But behynde them they leffte stuff of men of armys in a boyshemente;

and there he leffte in the boyshemente Sir Lyonel and Sir Bedwere: Sir Gawayne and Sir Borce wente with the message.

So they rode worthyly into the emperoures tente and spoke bothe at onys with hawté wordys: "Now geff the sorow, Sir Emperour, and all thy sowdyars the aboute. For why ocupyest thou with wronge the empyreship of Roome? That is Kynge Arthures herytage be kynde of his noble elders: there lakked none but Uther, his fadir. Therefore the kyng commaundyth the to ryde oute of his londys, other ellys to fyght for all and knyghtly hit wynne."

"Ye sey well," seyde the emperour, "as youre lorde hath you commaunded. But telle your lorde I sende hym gretynge, but I have no joy of youre renckys thus to rebuke me and my lordys. But sey youre lorde I woll ryde downe by Sayne and wynne all that therto longes, and aftir ryde unto Roone and wynne hit up clene."

"Hit besemys the ylle," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that ony such an elffe sholde bragge suche wordys, for I had levir than all Fraunce to fyght ayenste the."

"Other I," seyde Sir Borce, "than to welde all Bretayne other Burgayne the noble."

Than a knyght that hyght Sir Gayus, that was cosyn unto the emperour, he seyde thes wordys: "Loo! how thes Englyshe Bretouns be braggars of kynde, for ye may see how they boste and bragge as they durste bete all the worlde."

Than grevid Sir Gawayne at his grete wordys, and with his bowerly bronde that bryght semed he stroke of the hede of Sir Gayus the knyght. And so they turned theire horsis and rode over watyrs and woodys unto they com ny the busshemente there Sir Lyonell and Sir Bedwere were hovyng stylle. Than the Romaynes folowed faste on horsebak and on foote over a fayre champeyne unto a fayre wood. Than turnys hym Sir Borce wyth a freyshe wylle and sawe a gay knyght com faste on, all floryshed in golde, that bare downe of Arthures knyghtes wondirfull many. Than Sir Borce aspyed hym, he kaste in feautir a spere and gyrdis hym thorowoute the body, that his guttys fylle oute and the knyght fylle dede doune to the grounde, that gresly gronyd. Than preced in a bolde barowne

all in purpull arayed. He threste into the prece of Kyng Arthures knyghtes and fruysshed downe many good knyghtes, and he was called Calleborne, the strengyste of Pavynes londis. And Sir Borce turned hym to and bare hym thorow the brode shylde and the brode of his breste, that he felle to the erthe as dede as a stone. Than Sir Feldenake the myghty, that was a praysed man of armys, he gurde to Sir Gawayne for greff of Sir Gayus and his other felowys, and Sir Gawayne was ware and drew Galantyne, his swerde, and hyt hym such a buffette that he cleved hym to the breste, and than he caughte his courser and wente to his ferys. Than a rych man of Rome, one of the senatours, called to his felowys and bade hem returne, "for yondir ar shrewed messengers and bolde boosters. If we folow them ony farther the harme shall be owrys." And so the Romaynes returned lyghtly to theire tentys and tolde the emperour how they had spedde, and how the Marchall of Rome was slayne, and mo than fyve thousande in the felde dede.

But yet ore they wente and departe, oure bushemente brake on bothe sydys of the Romaynes, and there the bolde Bedwer and Sir Lyonel bare downe the Romaynes on every syde. There oure noble knyghtes of mery Ingelonde bere hem thorow the helmys and bryght sheldis and slew hem downe, and there the hole roughte returned unto the emperour and tolde hym at one worde his men were destroyed, ten thousande, by batayle of tyred knyghtes, "for they ar the brymmyst men that evir we saw in felde." But allwayes Sir Borce and Sir Gawayne freyshly folowed on the Romaynes evyn unto the emperoures tentes. Than oute ran the Romaynes on every syde, bothe on horse and on foote, to many oute of numbir. But Sir Borce and Sir Berel were formeste in the frunte and freyshly faught as ever dud ony knyghtes. But Sir Gawayne was on the ryght honde and dud what he myght, but there were so many hym agaynste he myght nat helpe there his ferys, but was fayne to turne on his horse othir his lyffe muste he lese. Sir Borce and Sir Berell, the good barounes, fought as too boorys that myght no farther passe, but at the laste, thoughe they loth were, they were yolden and takyn and saved theire lyves. Yet the stale stood a lytyll on

fere with Sir Gawayne, that made sorow oute of mesure for thes too lordys, but than cam in a fresh knyght clenly arayed, Sir Idres, Sir Uwaynes son, a noble man of armys. He brought fyve hondred good men in haubirkes attyred, and whan he wyste Sir Borce and Sir Berel were cesed of werre, "Alas," he sayde, "this is to muche shame and overmuche losse! For with Kynge Arthure, and he know that thes too knyghtes bene thus loste, he woll never mery be tyll this be revenged."

"A, fayre knyght," sayde Sir Gawayne, "thou moste nedis be a good man, for so is thy fadir. I knowe full well thy modir: in Ingelonde was thou borne. Alas, thes Romaynes this day have chaced us as wylde harys, and they have oure noble chyfften takyn in the felde. There was never a bettir knyght that strode uppon a steede. Loo where they lede oure lordys over yondir brode launde! I make myne avowe," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I shall never se my lorde Arthure but yf I reskew hem that so lyghtly ar ledde us fro."

"That is knyghtly spokyn," seyde Sir Idres, and pulde up her brydyls and halowed over that champayne. There was russhynge of sperys and swappyng of swerdis, and Sir Gawayne with Galantyne his swerde dud many wondyrs. Than he threste thorow the prece unto hym that lad Sir Bors, and bare hym thorow up to the hyltys, and lade away Sir Bors strayte unto his ferys. Than Sir Idrus the yonge, Sir Uwaynes son, he threste unto a knyght that had Sir Berell, that the brayne and the blode clevid on his swerde. There was a proude senatoure preced aftir Sir Gawayne, and gaff hym a grete buffet. That sawe Sir Idres, and aftir rydyth, and had slayne the senatour but that he yelded hym in haste. Yet he was loth to be yoldyn but that he nedys muste, and with that Sir Idrus ledde hym oute of the prees unto Sir Lyonel and unto Sir Lovel, Idrus brothir, and commmaunded hem to kepe hym on payne of theire hedis.

Than there began a passyng harde stoure, for the Romaynes ever wexed ever bygger. Whan Sir Gawayne that aspyed, he sente forth a knyght unto Kyng Arthure. "And telle hym what sorow we endure, and how we have takyn the chefe chaunceler of Rome.

And Petur is presonere, a senatoure full noble, and odir proude pryncis, we knowe nat theire namys. And pray hym, as he is our lorde, to rescowe us betyme, for oure presoners may pay rychesse oute of numbir; and telle hym that I am wounded wondirly sore."

Whan the messynger com to the kyng and tolde hym thes wordys, the kynge thanked Cryste, clappyng his hondys. "And for thy trew sawys, and I may lyve many wyntyrs, there was never no knyght bettir rewardid. But there is no golde undir God that shall save theire lyvys, I make myne avow to God, and Sir Gawayne be in ony perel of deth; for I had levir that the emperour and all his chyff lordis were sunkyn into helle than ony lorde of the Rounde Table were byttyrly wounded."

And anone the kynge dyd do assemble hys armye, but anone or he departed the presoners were comen. So forth the presoners were broughte before Arthure, and he commaunded hem into kepyng of the conestablys warde, surely to be kepte as noble presoners. And Sir Gawayne and hys felowys gate the felde and put the Romaynes to flyght, and after returned. So within a whyle com in the foreryders, that is for to say Sir Bors, Sir Bedwere, Sir Lyonell, and Sir Gawayne, that was sore wounded, with all hir noble felyshyp. They loste no man of worshyppe. So anone the kynge lete rensake Sir Gawayne anone in his syght and sayde, "Fayre cosyn, me ruys of thyne hurtys! And yf I wyste hit myght glad thy hert othir fare the bettir with hit, I sholde presente the with hir hedys thorow whom thou art thus rebuked."

"That were lytyll avayle," sayde Sir Gawayne, "for theire hedys had they lorne and I had wolde myself, and hit were shame to sle knyghtes whan they be yolden."

Than was there joy and game amonge the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and spoke of the grete prouesse that the messyngers ded that day thorow dedys of armys.

So on the morne whan hit was day the kyng callyd unto hym Sir Cador of Cornuayle, and Sir Clarrus of Cleremounte, a clene man of armys, and Sir Cloudres, Sir Clegis, too olde noble knyghtes, and Sir Bors, Sir Berell, noble good men of armys, and also Sir Bryan de

les Yles, and Sir Bedwere the bolde, and also he called Sir Launcelot in heryng of all peple, and seyde, "I pray the, sir, as thou lovys me, take hede to thes other knyghtes and boldely lede thes presoners unto Parys towne, there for to be kepte surely as thou my love woll have, and yf ony rescowe befalle, moste I affye me in the, as Jesu me helpe."

Than Sir Launcelot and Sir Cadore with thes other knyghtes attyred oute of theire felyshyp ten thousande be tale of bolde men arayed of the beste of theire company, and than they unfolde baners and let hem be displayed.

Now turne we to the Emperour of Rome, that wyste by a spye whethir this presoners sholde wende. He callyd unto hym Sir Edolf and Sir Edwarde, too myghty kynges, and Sir Sextore of Lybye, and senatours many, and the Kyng of Surré, and the senatoure of Rome, Sawtre. All thes turned towarde Troyes with many proved knyghtes to betrappe the kynges sondismen that were charged with the presoners.

Thus ar oure knyghtes passed towarde Paryse. A busshemente lay before them of sixty thousande men of armys.

"Now, lordis," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I pray you, herkyns me a whyle. I drede that in this woodys be leyde afore us many of oure enemyes. Therefore be myne advyse sende we thre good knyghtes to aspye if ony ar in the woodys to lette us."

"I assente me," seyde Sir Cador, and all they seyde the same, and were aggreed that Sir Clegis, Sir Claryon, and Sir Cleremount the noble, that they sholde dyscover the woodys, bothe the dalys and the downys. So forth rode thes thre knyghtes and aspyed in the woodis men of armys rydyng on sterne horsys. Than Sir Clegys cryed on lowde, "Is there ony knyght, kyng, other cayser that dare for his lordis love that he servyth recountir with a Knyght of the Rounde Table? Be he kyng other knyght, here is his recounter redy."

An erle hym answeryd angirly agayne and seyde, "Thy lorde wenys with his knyghtes to wynne all the worlde! I trow your currage shall be aswaged in shorte tyme."

"Fye on the, cowarde!" seyde Sir Clegis, "as a cowarde thou spekyste, for, by Jesu, myne armys ar knowyn thorowoute all Inglonde and Bretayne, and I am com of olde barounes of auncetry noble, and Sir Clegis is my name, a Knyght of the Table Rounde. And frome Troy, Brute brought myne elders."

"The besemes well," seyde the kyng, "to be one of the good be thy bryght browys, but for all that thou canst conjeoure other sey, there shall none that is here medyll with the this tyme."

Than Sir Clegis returned fro the ryche kyng, and rode streyghte to Sir Launcelot and unto Sir Cadore and tolde hem what he had seyne in the woodis, of the fayryste syght of men of armys to the numbir of sixty thousande, "and therefore, lordynges, fyght you behovys, other ellys shunte for shame, chose whether ye lykys."

"Nay, be my fayth," sayde Sir Launcelot, "to turne is no tyme, for here is all olde knyghtes of grete worshyp that were never shamed. And as for me and my cousyns of my bloode, we ar but late made knyghtes, yett wolde we be loth to lese the worshyp that oure eldyrs have deservyd."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Cador and all thes knyghtes, "of youre knyghtly wordis ye comfortis us all. And I suppose here is none woll be glad to returne. And as for me," seyde Sir Cador, "I had lever dye this day than onys to turne my bak."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Borce. "Lette us set on hem freyshly, and the worshyp shall be oures, and cause oure kyng to honoure us for ever and to gyff us lordshyppis and landys for oure noble dedys. And he that faynes hym to fyght, the devyl have his bonys! And who save ony knyghtes for lycoure of goodys tylle all be done and know who shall have the bettir, he doth nat knyghtly, so Jesu me helpe!"

Than anone Sir Launcelot and Sir Cador, tho too myghty dukis, dubbed knyghtys worshyp to wynne. Sir Joneke was the fyrste, a juster full noble; Sir Hectimer and Sir Alyduke, bothe of Inglonde borne; and Sir Hamerel and Sir Hardolf, full hardy men of armys; also Sir Harry and Sir Harygall, that good men were bothe.

"Now, felowys," seyde Sir Launcelot and Sir Cador the kene, "com hydir. Sir Bedwere and Sir Berel, take with you Sir Raynolde

and Sir Edwarde that ar Sir Roulondis chyldir, and loke that ye take kepe to thes noble presoners. What chaunce so us betyde, save them and yourself: this commaundement we geff you as ye woll answere to oure soverayne lorde. And for ony stowre that ever ye se us bestadde, stondys in your stale and sterte ye no ferther. And yf hit befalle that ye se oure charge is to muche, than recover yourself unto som kydde castell, and than ryde you faste unto oure kynge and pray hym of soccour, as he is oure kynde lorde."

And than they fruyshed forth all at onys, of the bourelyest knyghtes that ever brake brede, with mo than fyve hondred at the formyst frunte, and caste theire speares in feawter all at onys, and save trumpettes there was no noyse ellys. Than the Romaynes oste remeved a lytyll, and the lorde that was Kynge of Lybye, that lad all the formyste route, he keste his spere in feautyr and bare his course evyn to Sir Berel, and strake hym thorow the gorge, that he and his horse felle to the grounde, and so he was brought oute of his lyff.

"Alas," sayde Sir Cadore, "now carefull is myne herte that now lyeth dede my cosyn that I beste loved." He alyght off his horse and toke hym in hys armys and there commaunded knyghtes to kepe well the corse.

Than the kynge craked grete wordys on lowde and seyde, "One of yon prowde knyghtes is leyde full lowe."

"Yondir kyng," seyde Sir Cador, "carpis grete wordis. But and I may lyve, or this dayes end I shall countir with yondir kynge, so Cryste me helpe!"

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "meve you nat to sore, but take your speare in your honde and we shall you not fayle."

Than Sir Cador, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Bors, the good men of armys, thes thre feawtyrd theire sperys and threste into the myddys and ran thorowoute the grete oste twyse other thre tymes, and whan theire sperys were brokyn they swange oute theire swerdis and slowe of noble men of armys mo than an hondred, and than they rode ayen to theire ferys. Than alowde the Kynge of Lybye cryed unto Sir Cador, "Well have ye revenged the deth of your knyght, for I have loste for one knyght an hondred by seven score."

And therewith the batayle began to joyne, and grete slaughter there was on the Sarysens party, but thorow ther noble prouesse, of Kyng Arthurs knyghtes ten were takyn and lad forth as presoners. That greved sore Sir Launcelot, Sir Cador, and Sir Bors the brym. The Kynge of Lybye behelde theire dedis and sterte on a sterne horse and umbelyclosed oure knyghtes and drove downe to the grounde many a good man, for there was Sir Aladuke slayne, and also Sir Ascamour sore wounded, and Sir Herawde and Sir Heryngale hewyn to pecis, and Sir Lovell was takyn and Sir Lyonell als, and ne had Sir Clegis and Sir Cleremonde nat bene, with the knyghthode of Sir Launcelot, tho newe-made knyghtes had be slayne everych one.

Than Sir Cador rode unto the Kyng of Lybye with a swerde well stelyd and smote hym an hyghe uppon the hede, that the brayne folowed. "Now haste thow," seyde Sir Cador, "corne-boote agaynewarde, and the devyll have thy bonys that ever thou were borne!"

Than the Sowdan of Surré was wood wrothe, for the deth of that kynge grevid hym at his herte, and recomforted his peple and sette sore on oure knyghtes. Than Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors encountyrs with hym sone, and within a whyle, as tellyth the romaynes, they had slayne of the Sarazens mo than fyve thousande. And Sir Kay the kene had takyn a captayne, and Edwarde had takyn too erlys, and the Sawdon of Surré yelded hym up unto Sir Launcelot, and the Senatur of Sautre yeldid hym unto Sir Cador.

Whan the Romaynes and the Sarezens aspyed how the game yode they fledde with all hir myght to hyde there hedis. Than oure knyghtes folowed with a freysshe fare and slew downe of the Sarezens by hundrethis by the holt evyse. And Sir Launcelot ded so grete dedys of armys that day that Sir Cador and all the Romaynes had mervayle of his myght, for there was nother kynge, cayser, nother knyght that day myght stonde hym ony buffette. Therefore was he honoured dayes of his lyff, for never ere or that day was he proved so well, for he and Sir Bors and Sir Lyonel was but late afore at an hyghe feste made all thre knyghtes.

And thus were the Romaynes and the Sarezens slayne adowne clene, save a fewe were recovirde therby into a lytyll castell. And than the noble renckys of the Rounde Table thereas the felde was toke up hir good bodyes of the noble knyghtes, and garte sende them unto Kyng Arthure, into the erthe to be caste. So they all rode unto Paryse and beleffte the presoners there with the pure proveste, and than they were delyverde into sure sauffgarde. Than every knyght toke a spere and dranke of the colde wyne, and than fersely in a brayde returned unto the kynge. Anone he graythed hym and cam to the batayle, and whan the kynge his knyghtes sawe he was than mervelously rejoyced, and cleyght knyght be knyght in his armys and sayde, "All the worshyp in the worlde ye welde, be my fayth! There was never kyng sauff myselff that welded evir such knyghtes."

"Sir," seyde Sir Cador, "there was none of us that fayled othir, but of the knyghthode of Sir Launcelot hit were mervayle to telle. And of his bolde cosyns ar proved full noble knyghtes, but of wyse wytte and of grete strengthe of his ayge Sir Launcelot hath no felowe."

Whan the kyng herde Sir Cador sey such wordys he seyde, "Hym besemys for to do such dedis."

And Sir Cadore tolde Arthure whyche of the good knyghtis were slayne: "the Kynge of Lybye, he slew the fyrste knyght on oure syde, that was Sir Berell; and Sir Aladuke was another, a noble man of armys; and Sir Maurel and Sir Mores that were too brethyrn, with Sir Manaduke and Sir Mandyff, too good knyghtes."

Than the kynge wepte and with a kevercheff wyped his iyen and sayde, "Your corrage and your hardynesse nerehande had you destroyed, for and ye had turned agayne ye had loste no worshyp, for I calle hit but foly to abyde whan knyghtes bene overmacched."

"Not so," sayde Sir Launcelot, "the shame sholde ever have bene oures."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Clegis and Sir Bors, "for knyghtes ons shamed recoverys hit never."

Now leve we Sir Arthure and his noble knyghtes, and speke we of a senatoure that ascaped fro the batayle. Whan he com to Lucius the Emperour of Rome, he seyde, "Sir, withdraw the! What doste thou here in this marchis and to overren poore peple? If thou dele with Kynge Arthure and his doughty knyghtes, thou wynnys naught ellys but grete strokys oute of mesure. For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in batayle an hondred of oures."

"Fye on the," seyde Lucyus, "for cowardly thou spekyste! Yf my harmys me greve, thy wordys greveth me muche more."

Than he called to hym his counceyle, men of noble bloode. So by all theire advyse he sent forth a knyght that hyght Sir Leomye. He dressed his peple, and hyghe hym, he bade, and take hym of the beste men of armys many sad hundrethis, "and go before, and we woll folow aftir."

But the kynge of theire commynge was prevely warned, and than into Sessoyne he dressid his peple and forstalled the Romaynes from the kyd castels and the walled townes. And there Sir Vyllers the Valyaunte made his avow evyn byfore the kynge to take other to sle the Vycounte of Rome, or ellys to dye therefore. Than the kyng commaunded Sir Cadore to take hede to the rerewarde, "and take renkys of the Rounde Table that the beste lykes, sauff Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors, with many mo othir. Sir Kay, Sir Clegis shall be there als, and Sir Marroke with Sir Marhaulte shall be with me in fere, and all thes with mo other shall awayte uppon my persone."

Thus Kynge Arthure dispercled all his oste in dyverse partyes that they sholde nat ascape, but to fyght them behovys.

Whan the emperoure was entyrd into the Vale of Sessoyne, he myght se where Kyng Arthure hoved in batayle with baners displayed. On every syde was he besette, that he myght nat ascape but other to fyght other to yelde hym, there was none other boote.

"Now I se well," seyde Sir Lucyus, "yondir traytoure hath betrayed me."

Than he redressis his knyghtes on dyverse partyes, and sette up a dragon with eglys many one enewed with sabyl, and than he lete blow up with trumpettes and with tabours, that all the vale

dyndled, and than he lete crye on lowde, that all men myght here: "Syrs, ye know well that the honoure and worshyp hath ever folowyd the Romaynes, and Rome is chyeff and hede over all the worlde. And this day, let hit nevir be loste for the defaughte of herte, and suffir not thes Bretons to abyde agaynste us, for I se well by yondyr ordynaunce this day shall dye much peple. And therefore do doughtyly this day, and the felde is ourys."

Than anone the Welshe kyng was so nyghe that he herde Sir Lucyus. Than he dressed hym to the vycounte, his avow for to holde. His armys were full clene and therein was a dolefull dragon, and into the vawarde he pykys hym with styff spere in honde, and there he mette wyth the valaunte Vyllers hymself that was Vycounte of Rome, and there he smote hym thorow the shorte rybbys with a speare, that the bloode braste oute on every syde, and so fylle to the erthe and never spake mo wordys aftir.

Than the noble Sir Uwayne boldely approched and gyrde thorowoute the emperours batayle where was the thyckest prece and slew a grete lorde by the emperours standard, and than flow to the baner and strake hit thorowoute with his bryght swerde, and so takyth hit fro hem and rydyth with hit away unto his felyshyp. Than Sir Launcelot lepe forth with his stede evyn streyght unto Sir Lucyus, and in his wey he smote thorow a kynge that stoode althirnexte hym, and his name was Jacounde, a Sarazen full noble. And than he russhed forth unto Sir Lucyus and smote hym on the helme with his swerde, that he felle to the erthe; and syth he rode thryse over hym on a rowe, and so toke the baner of Rome and rode with hit away unto Arthure hymself. And all seyde that hit sawe there was never knyght dud more worshyp in his dayes. Than dressed hym Sir Bors unto a sterne knyght and smote hym on the umbrell, that his necke braste. Than he joyned his horse untyll a sterne gyaunte, and smote hym thorow bothe sydys, and yet he slewe in his way turnyng too other knyghtes.

Be than the bowemen of Inglonde and of Bretayne began to shote, and these othir, Romaynes and Sarezens, shotte with dartis and with crosse-bowys. There began a stronge batayle on every syde and

muche slaughter on the Romaynes party, and the Douchemen with quarels dud muche harme, for they were with the Romaynes with hir bowys of horne. And the grete gyauntes of Gene kylled downe many knyghtes, with clubbys of steele crusshed oute hir braynes. Also they sqwatte oute the braynes of many coursers. Whan Arthure had aspyed the gyauntes workes he cryed on lowde that knyghtes myght here, and seyde, "Fayre lordys, loke your name be nat loste! Lese nat youre worshyp for yondir bare-legged knavys, and ye shall se what I shall do as for my trew parte." He toke there oute Excalyber and gurdys towarde Galapas, that grevid hym moste. He kut hym of by the kneis clenly there in sondir. "Now art thou of a syse," seyde the kyng, "lyke unto oure ferys," and than he strake of his hede swyftely.

Than come in Sir Cadore and Sir Kay, Sir Gawayne and good Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, Sir Lyonel, and Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Ascamore the good knyght that never fayled his lorde, Sir Pelleas and Sir Marhault that were proved men of armys. All thes grymly knyghtes sette uppon the gyauntys, and by the dyntys were dalte and the dome yoldyn they had felled hem starke dede of fyffty all to the bare erthe. So forth they wente wyth the kynge, tho Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. Was never kyng nother knyghtes dud bettir syn God made the worlde. They leyde on with longe swerdys and swapped thorow braynes. Shyldys nother no shene armys myght hem nat withstonde, tyll they leyde on the erthe ten thousande at onys. Than the Romaynes reled a lytyl, for they were somwhat rebuked, but Kyng Arthure with his pryce knyghtes preced sore aftir. Than Sir Kay, Sir Clegis and Sir Bedwere the ryche encountyrs with them by a clyffsyde, and there they thre by good meanys slowe in that chace mo than fyve hondred. And also Sir Kay roode unto a kyng of Ethyopé and bare hym thorow, and as he turned hym agayne towarde his ferys a tyrraunte strake hym betwyxte the breste and the bowellys; and as he was hurte yet he turned hym agayne and smote the todir on the hede, that to the breste hit raughte, and seyde, "Thoughe I dey of thy dente, thy praysyng shall be lytyll."

Whan Sir Clegys and Sir Bedwere saw that Sir Kay was hurte, they fared with the Romaynes as grayhoundis doth with harys. And than they returned ayen unto noble Kynge Arthure and tolde hym how they had spedde. "Sir kyng," sayde Sir Kay, "I have served the longe. Now bryng me unto som beryellys for my fadyrs sake, and commaunde me to Dame Gwenyvere, thy goodly quene, and grete well my worshypfull wyff that wratthed me never, and byd hir for my love to worche for my soule."

Than wepte Kynge Arthure for routhe at his herte, and seyde, "Thou shalt lyve for ever, my herte thynkes." And therewith the kynge hymself pulled oute the truncheoune of the speare and made lechis to seche hym sykerly, and founde nother lyvir nor lungys nother bowelles that were attamed. And than the kyng putte hym in hys owne tente with syker knyghtes and sayde, "I shall revenge thy hurte and I may aryght rede."

Than the kynge in this malyncoly metys with a kynge, and with Excalyber he smote his bak in sundir. Than in that haste he metys with anothir, and gurde hym in the waste thorow bothe sydes. Thus he russhed here and there thorow the thyckyst prees more than thirty tymes.

Than Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawayne, and Sir Lovel ys son gerde oute one that one hande where Lucyus the Emperoure hymself in a launde stoode. Anone as Sir Lucyus sawe Sir Gawayne he sayde all on hyght, "Thou art welcom iwys, for thou sekyst aftir sorow. Here thou shalt be sone over-macched!" Sir Launcelot was wroth at hys grymme wordys and gurde to hym with his swerde aboven uppon hys bryght helme, that the raylyng bloode felle doune to his feete. And Sir Gawayne wyth his longe swerde leyde on faste, that thre amerallys deyde thorow the dynte of his hondis. And so Lovel fayled nat in the pres; he slew a kynge and a deuke that knyghtes were noble.

Than the Romaynes releved; whan they sye hir lorde so hampred they chaced and chopped doune many of oure knyghtes good, and in that rebukyng they bare the bolde Bedwere to the colde erthe, and wyth a ranke swerde he was merveylously wounded.

Yet Sir Launcelot and Sir Lovel rescowed hym blyve. With that come in Kynge Arthure with the Knyghtes of the Table Rounde and rescowed the ryche men that never were lyke to ascape at that tyme; for oftetymes thorow envy grete hardynesse is shewed that hath bene the deth of many kyd knyghtes, for thoughe they speke fayre many one unto other, yet whan they be in batayle eyther wolde beste be praysed.

Anone as Kynge Arthure had a syght of the Emperoure Lucyus, for kynge nother for captayne he taryed no lenger. And eythir with her swerdys swapped at othir. So Sir Lucyus with his swerde hit Arthure overthwarte the nose and gaff hym a wounde nyghe unto the tunge. Sir Arthure was wroth and gaff hym another with all the myght that in his arme was leved, that frome the creste of his helme unto the bare pappys hit wente adoune, and so ended the emperour.

Whan hit was knowyn that the emperour was slayne, anone all the Romaynes with all theire hoost put them to flyght and Kynge Arthur with alle hys knyghtes folowed the chace. Than the kyng mette with Sir Cadore, his kene cousyn, and prayde hym, "Kylle doune clene for love of Sir Kay my foster-brothir, and for the love of Sir Bedwer that longe hath me served. Therefore save none for golde nothir for sylver, for they that woll accompany them with Sarezens, the man that wolde save them were lytyll to prayse. And therfore sle doune and save nother hethyn nothir Crystyn."

Than Sir Cadore, Sir Clegis, they caughte to her swerdys, and Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, Sir Lyonel, Sir Ector de Marys, they whyrled thorow many men of armys. And Sir Gawayne, Sir Gaherys, Sir Lovell and Sir Florens, his brothir that was gotyn of Sir Braundyles systir uppon a mountayne, all thes knyghtes russhed forth in a frunte with many mo Knyghtes of the Rounde Table that here be not rehersid. They hurled over hyllys, valeyes, and clowys, and slow downe on every honde wondirfull many, that thousandis in an hepe lay thrumbelyng togedir. But for all that the Romaynes and the Sarezens cowde do other speke to yelde themself there was none saved, but all yode to the swerde. For evir Kynge Arthure rode in

the thyckeste of the pres and raumped downe lyke a lyon many senatours noble. He wolde nat abyde uppon no poure man for no maner of thyng, and ever he slow slyly and slypped to another tylle all were slayne to the numbir of a hondred thousande, and yet many a thousande ascaped thorow prevy frendys.

And than relevys the kynge with his noble knyghtes and rensaked over all the feldis for his bolde barouns. And tho that were dede were buryed as theire bloode asked, and they that myght be saved there was no salve spared, nother no deyntés to dere that myght be gotyn for golde other sylver, and thus he let save many knyghtes that wente never to recover. But for Sir Kayes recovir and of Sir Bedwers the ryche was never man undir God so glad as hymself was.

Than the kynge rode streyte theras the emperoure lay, and garte lyffte hym up lordely with barounes full bolde, and the Sawdon of Surré and of Ethyopé the kyng, and of Egypte and of Inde too kynges full noble, wyth seventene other kynges were takyn up als, and also syxty senatours of Roome that were honoured full noble men, and all the elders. The kynge let bawme all thes with many good gummys and setthen lette lappe hem in syxtyfolde of cered clothe of sendell large, and than lete lappe hem in lede that for chauffynge other chongyng they sholde never savoure, and sytthen lete close them in chestys full clenly arayed, and theire baners abovyn over theire bodyes and theire shyldys turned upwarde, that eviry man myght knowe of what contray they were.

So on the morne they founde in the heth thre senatours of Rome. Whan they were brought to the kynge he seyde thes wordis: "Now to save your lyvys I take no grete force, with that ye woll meve on my message unto grete Rome and presente thes corses unto the proude potestate, and aftir shewe hym my lettyrs and my hole entente. And telle hem in haste they shall se me, and I trow they woll beware how they bourde with me and my knyghtes."

Than the emperour hymself was dressed in a charyot covered with the armys of the empyre all alone, and every too kynges in a charyot sewed aftir other, and the senatours com aftir by cowplys in acorde.

"Now sey ye to the potestate and all the lordys aftir that I sende hem the trybet that I owe to Rome, for this is the trew trybet that I and myne elders have loste this ten score wyntyrs. And sey hem as mesemes I have sent hem the hole somme, and yf they thynke hit nat inowe, I shall amende hit whan that I com. And furthermore I charge you to saye to them that I commaunde them upon payne of theire hedes never to demaunde trybet ne taxe of me ne of my londes, for suche tresoure muste they take as happyns us here."

So on the morne thes senatours rayked unto Rome and within eyghtene dayes they come to the potestate and tolde hym how they hadde brought the taxe and the trewage of ten score wynters bothe of Ingelonde, Irelonde, and of all the Est Londys. "For Kyng Arthure commaundys you nother trybet nother taxe ye never none aske uppon payne of youre hedys, but yf youre tytil be the trewer than ever ought ony of your elders. And for these causys we have foughtyn in Fraunce, and there us is foule happed, for all is chopped to the deth bothe the bettir and the worse. Therefore I rede you store you wyth stuff, for war is at honde. For in the moneth of May this myscheff befelle, in the contrey of Constantyne by the clere stremys; and there he heryed us with his knyghtes, and heled them that were hurte that same day and to bery them that were slayne."

Now turne we to Arthure with his noble knyghtes, that entryth streyghte into Lushburne and so thorowe Flaundirs and than to Lorayne. He laughte up all the lordshyppys, and sytthen he drew hym into Almayne and unto Lumbardy the ryche, and sette lawys in that londe that dured longe aftir, and so into Tuskayne, and there the tirrauntys destroyed. And there were captaynes full kene that kepte Arthurs comyng, and at streyte passages slew muche of his peple, and there they vytayled and garnysshed many good townys.

But there was a cité kepte sure defence agaynste Arthure and his knyghtes; and therewith angred Arthure and seyde all on hyght, "I woll wynne this towne other ellys many a doughty shall dye!" And than the kynge approched to the wallis withoute shelde sauff his bare harneys.

"Sir," seyde Sir Florence, "foly thou workeste, for to nyghe so naked this perleouse cité."

"And thow be aferde," seyde Kyng Arthure, "I rede the faste fle, for they wynne no worshyp of me but to waste theire toolys; for there shall never harlot have happe, by the helpe of Oure Lorde, to kylle a crowned kynge that with creyme is anoynted."

Than the noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table approched unto the cité, and theire horsis levys. They hurled on a frunte streyght unto the barbycans, and there they slewe downe all that before them stondys, and in that bray the brydge they wanne; and had nat the garnyson bene good, they had wonne within the yatys and the cité wonne thorow wyghtnesse of hondys. And than oure noble knyghtes withdrew them a lytyll and wente unto the kynge and prayde hym to take his herborage. And than he pyght his pavylyons of palle, and plantys all aboute the sege, and there he lette sette up suddeynly many engynes.

Than the kynge called unto hym Sir Florens and seyde these wordys: "My folk ys wexen feble for wantynge of vytayle, and hereby be forestes full fayre, and thereas oure foomen many, and I am sure they have grete store of bestes. And thyder shall thou go to forrey that forestes, and with the shall go Sir Gawayne, and Sir Wysharde with Sir Walchere, too worshypfull knyghtes, with all the wyseste men of the Weste Marchis. Also Sir Cleremount and Sir Clegis that were comly in armys, and the Captayne of Cardyff that is a knyght full good. Now go ye and warne all this felyshep that hit be done as I commaunde."

So with that forth yode Sir Florens, and his felyshyp was sone redy, and so they rode thorow holtys and hethis, thorow foreste and over hyllys. And than they com into a lowe medow that was full of swete floures, and there thes noble knyghtes bayted her stedis all that nyght.

And in the grekynge of the day Sir Gawayne hente his hors wondyrs for to seke, and stale away frome his felyshyp. Than was he ware of a man armed walkynge a-paase by a woodis ease by a revers syde, and his shelde braced on his sholdir, and he on a stronge

horse rydys withoute man wyth hym save a boy alone that bare a grymme speare. The knyght bare in his shelde of golde glystrand thre gryffons in sabyll, and a charbuckkle in the cheff of sylver. Whan Sir Gawayne was ware of that gay knyght, than he gryped a grete spere and rode streyght towarde hym on a stronge horse for to mete with that sterne knyght where that he hoved. Whan Sir Gawayne com hym nyghe, in Englyshe he asked hym what he was. And that other knyght answerde in his langage of Tuskayne and sayde, "Whother pryckyst thou, pylloure, that profers the so large? Thou gettyst no pray, prove whan the lykys, for my presoner thou shalt be for all thy proude lokys."

"Thou spekyste proudly," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but I counseyle the for all thy grymme wordis that thou grype to the thy gere or gretter grame falle."

Than hir launcis they handylde by crauffte of armys, and com on spedyly with full syker dyntes, and there they shotte thorow shyldys and mayles, and thorow there shene shuldyrs they were thorowborne the brede of an hande. Than were they so wroth that away wolde they never, but rathly russhed oute theire swerdys and hyttys on theire helmys with hatefull dyntys, and stabbis at hir stomakys with swerdys well steled. So freysshly tho fre men fyghtes on the grounde, whyle the flamynge fyre flowe oute of hir helmys. Than Sir Gawayne was grevid wondirly sore and swynges his good swerde Galantyne, and grymly he strykys, and clevys the knyghtes shylde in sundir, and thorowoute the thycke haubirke made of sure mayles; and the rybbys that were ryche, he russhed hem in sundir, that men myght beholde the lyvir and longes. Than groned the knyght for his grymme woundis, and gyrdis to Sir Gawayne and awkewarde hym strykes, and brastyth the rerebrace and the vawmbrace bothe, and kut thorow a vayne, that Gawayne sore greved, for so worched his wounde that his wytte chonged, and therwithall his armure was all blody berenne.

Than that knyght talked to Sir Gawayne and bade hym, "Bynde up thy wounde, or thy ble chonge, for thou all bebledis thy horse and thy bryght wedys, for all the barbers of Bretayne shall nat thy

blood staunche. For who that is hurte with this blaade bleed shall he ever."

"Be God," sayde Sir Gawayne, "hit grevys me but lytyll, yet shalt thou nat feare me for all thy grete wordis. Thow trowyste with thy talkynge to tame my herte, but yet thou betydys tene or thou parte hense but thou telle me in haste who may stanche my bledynge."

"That may I do and I woll; and so woll I so thou wolt succour me that I myght be fayre crystynde and becom meke for my mysdedis. Now mercy I Jesu beseche, and I shall becom Crysten and in God stedfastly beleve, and thou mayste for thy manhode have mede to thy soule."

"I graunte," seyde Sir Gawayne, "so God me helpe, to fullfyll all thy desyre. Thou haste gretly hit deservyd, so thou say me the soth, what thou sought here thus sengly thyself alone, and what lorde or legeaunce thou art undir."

"Sir," he seyde, "I hyght Priamus, and a prynce is my fadir, and he hath bene rebell unto Rome and overredyn muche of hir londis. And my fadir is com of Alysaundirs bloode that was overleder of kynges, and of Ector also was he com by the ryght lyne; and many mo were of my kynrede, bothe Judas Macabeus and Deuke Josué. And ayre I am althernexte of Alysaundir and of Aufryke and of all the oute iles. Yet woll I beleve on thy Lorde that thou belevyst on, and take the for thy labour tresour inow. For I was so hauté in my herte I helde no man my pere, so was I sent into this werre by the assente of my fadir with seven score knyghtes, and now I have encountred with one hath gevyn me of fyghtyng my fylle. Therefore, sir knyght, for thy kynges sake telle me thy name."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I am no knyght, but I have be brought up in the wardrope with the noble Kynge Arthure wyntyrs and dayes, for to take hede to his armoure and all his other wedis, and to poynte all the paltokkys that longe to hymself, and to dresse doublettis for deukys and erlys. And at Yole he made me yoman and gaff me good gyfftys, more than an hondred pounde, and horse and harneyse rych. And yf I have happe to my hele to serve my lyege lorde I shall be well holpyn in haste."

"A," sayde Sir Priamus, "and his knavys be so kene, his knyghtes ar passynge good. Now for thy Kynges love of Hevyn and for thy kyngys love, whether thou be knave other knyght, telle thou me thy name."

"Be God," seyde Sir Gawayne, "now woll I telle the soth. My name is Syre Gawayne, I am knowyn in his courte and kyd in his chambir and rolled with the rychest of the Rounde Table, and I am a deuke dubbed wyth his owen hondis. Therefore grucche nat, good sir, if me this grace is behappened: hit is the goodnesse of God that lente me this strength."

"Now I am I bettir pleased," sayde Sir Pryamus, "than thou haddest gyff me the Provynce and Parys the ryche, for I had levir have be toryn with foure wylde horse than ony yoman had suche a loose wonne of me, other els ony page other prycker sholde wynne of me the pryce in this felde gotyn.

"But now I warne the, Sir Knyght of the Rounde Table, here is by the Deuke of Lorayne with his knyghtes, and the doughtyeste of Dolphyne landys with many Hyghe Duchemen, and many lordis of Lumbardy, and the garneson of Godarde, and men of Westwalle, worshypfull knyghtes, and of Syssoyne and of Southlonde Sarezyns many numbirde, and there named ar in rollys sixti thousande of syker men of armys.

"Therefore but thou hyghe the fro this heth hit woll harme us both, and sore be we hurte, never lyke to recover. But take thou hede to my haynxman that he no horne blow, or and he do, than loke that he be hewyn on pecis, for here hovys at thy honde a hondred of good knyghtes that ar of my retynew and to awayte uppon my persone. For and thou be raught with that rought, raunsom nother rede golde woll they none aske."

Than Sir Gawayne rode over a watir for to gyde hymself, and that worshypfull knyght hym folowed sore wounded. And so they rode tylle they com to theire ferys that were baytand hir horsys in a low medow where lay many lordys lenyng on there shyldys, with lawghyng and japyng and many lowde wordys. Anone as Sir Wycharde was ware of Sir Gawayne and aspyed that he was hurte,

he wente towarde hym wepyng and wryngyng his hondys. Than Sir Gawayne tolde hym how he had macched with that myghty man of strengthe. "Therefore greve you nat, good sir, for thoughe my shylde be now thirled and my sholdir shorne, yett thys knyght Sir Pryamus hath many perelouse woundys; but he hath salvys, he seyth, that woll hele us bothe. But here is new note in honde, nere than ye wene, fore by an houre aftir none I trow hit woll noy us all."

Than Sir Pryamus and Sir Gawayne alyght bothe and lette hir horsys bayte in the fayre medow. Than they lette brayde of hir basnettys and hir brode shyldys. Than eythir bled so muche that every man had wondir that they myght sitte in theire sadyls or stonde uppon erthe.

"Now fecche me," seyde Sir Pryamus, "my vyall that hangys by the gurdyll of my haynxman, for hit is full of the floure of the foure good watyrs that passis from Paradyse, that mykyll fruyte in fallys that at one day fede shall us all. Putt that watir in oure fleysh where the syde is tamed, and we shall be hole within foure houres."

Than they lette clense theire woundys with colde whyght wyne, and than they lete anoynte them with bawme over and over, and holer men than they were within an houres space was never lyvyng syn God the worlde made. So whan they were clensed and hole they broched barellys and brought them the wyne wyth brede and brawne and many ryche byrdys. And whan they had etyn, Sir Gawayne seyde, "Lordynges, go to armys!" And whan they were armed and assembled togedyrs, with a clere claryon callys them to gadir to counceyle, and Sir Gawayne of the case hem tellys.

"Now tell us, Sir Pryamus, all the hole purpose of yondir pryce knyghtes."

"Sirs," seyde Sir Pryamus, "for to rescow me they have made a vowe, other ellys manfully on this molde to be marred all at onys. This was the pure purpose whan I passed thens, at hir perellys to preff me uppon payne of theire lyvys."

"Now, good men," seyde Sir Gawayne, "grype up your hertes, and yf we gettles go thus away hit woll greffe oure kynge. And

Sir Florens in this fyght shall here abyde for to kepe the stale as a knyght noble, for he was chosyn and charged in chambir with the kynge chyfften of this chekke and cheyff of us all. And whethir he woll fyght other fle we shall folow aftir; for as for me, for all yondir folkys faare forsake hem shall I never."

"A, fadir!" seyde Florens, "full fayre now ye speke, for I am but a fauntekyn to fraysted men of armys, and yf I ony foly do the faught muste be youres. Therefore lese nat youre worshyp. My wytt is but symple, and ye ar oure allther governoure; therefore worke as ye lykys."

"Now, fayre lordys," seyde Sir Pryamus, "cese youre wordys, I warne you betyme; for ye shall fynde in yondir woodys many perellus knyghtes. They woll putte furth beystys to bayte you oute of numbir, and ye ar fraykis in this fryth nat paste seven hondred, and that is feythfully to fewe to fyght with so many, for harlottys and haynxmen woll helpe us but a lytyll, for they woll hyde them in haste for all theire hyghe wordys."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "so God me helpe! Neverthelesse, we shall ones encountir them, and the beste shall have the vyctory. Now, fayre sonne," sayde Sir Gawayne unto Florens, "woll ye take youre felyshyp of the beste provyd men to the numbir of a hondred knyghtes, and prestly prove yourself and yondir pray wynne?"

"I assent me with good hert," seyde Florence.

Than Sir Florens called unto hym Sir Florydas with fyve score knyghtes, and forth they flynged a faste trotte and the folke of the bestes dryvys. Than folowed aftir Sir Florens noble men of armys fully seven hondred, and one Sir Feraunte of Spayne before on a fayre stede, that was fostred in Farmagos: the fende was his fadir. He flyttys towarde Sir Florens and sayde, "Whother flyest thou, false knyght?" Than Sir Florens was fayne, and in feautyr castis his spere, and rydys towarde the rought and restys no lenger, and full-but in the forehede he hyttys Sir Feraunte and brake his neckebone. Than Feraunte his cosyn had grete care and cryed full lowde: "Thou haste slayne a knyght and kynge anoynted that or this tyme

founde never frayke that myght abyde hym a buffette. Therefore ye shall dey, there shall none of you ascape!"

"Fye on the," seyde Florydas, "thou eregned wrecche!" And therewith to hym he flyngis with a swerde, that all the fleysshe of his flanke he flappys in sundir, that all the fylth of the freyke and many of his guttys fylle to the erthe. Than lyghtly rydis a raynke for to rescowe that barowne, that was borne in the Rodis and rebell unto Cryste. He preced in proudly and aftir his pray wyndys. But the raynke Rycharde of the Rounde Table on a rede stede rode hym agaynste and threste hym thorow the shylde evyn to the herte. Than he rored full rudely, but rose he never more.

Than alle his feerys mo than fyve hondred felle uppon Sir Florence and on his fyve score knyghtes. Than Sir Florens and Sir Florydas in feautir bothe castys theire spearys, and they felled fyve at the frunte at the fyrste entré; and sore they assayled oure folke and brake browys and brestys, and there was grete fyghte and many slayne and leyde to the grounde, and Syr Florence with hys hondred knyghtes allwayes kepte the stale and fought manly.

Whan Sir Pryamus, the pryse knyght, perceyved theire gamys, he yode to Sir Gawayne and thes wordys seyde: "Thy pryse men ar sore begone and put undir, for they ar oversette with Sarezens mo than fyve hondred. Now wolde thou suffir me for the love of thy God with a small parte of thy men to succoure hem betyme?"

"Sir, grucch ye nat," seyde Sir Gawayne, "the gre is there owne, for they mowe have gyfftys full grete i-graunted of my lorde. Therefore lette them fyght whylys hem lystes, the freyssh knyghtes, for som of hem fought nat theire fylle of all this fyve wyntyr. Therefore I woll nat styrre wyth my stale half my steede length but yf they be stadde wyth more stuff than I se hem agaynste."

So by that tyme was Sir Gawayne ware by the woodys syde of men commynge woodly with all maner of wepon, for there rode the Erle of Ethelwolde havyng on eyther half many hole thousandys, and the deuke of Douchemen dressys hym aftir and passis with Pryamus knyghtes. Than Gawayne, the good knyght, he chered his knyghtes and sayde, "Greve you nat, good men, for yondir grete

syght, and be nat abaysshed of yondir boyes in hir bryghte weedis, for and we feyght in fayth the felde is ourys!"

Than they haled up theire brydyls and began to walop, and by that they com nygh by a londys length they jowked downe with her hedys many jantyll knyghtes. A more jolyar joustynge was never sene on erthe. Than the ryche men of the Rounde Table ran thorow the thykkeste with hir stronge sperys, that many a raynke for that prouesse ran into the grevys, and durste no knavys but knyghtes kene of herte fyght more in this felde, but fledde.

"Be God," seyde Sir Gawayne, "this gladys my herte that yondir gadlynges be gone, for they made a grete numbir. Now ar they fewer in the felde than they were fyrst numbyrd by twenty thousande, in feyth, for all theire grete boste."

Than Jubeaunce of Geane, a myghty gyaunte, he feautred his speare to Sir Garrarde, a good knyght of Walys. He smote the Waylshe knyght evyn to the herte. Than our knyghtes toke herte to them and myghtyly meddeled wyth hir myddylwarde. But anone at all assemblé many Saresyns were destroyed, for the soveraynes of Sessoyne were salved for ever.

By that tyme Sir Pryamus the good prynce, in the presence of lordys, to his penowne he rode and lyghtly hit hentys, and rode with the royall rought of the Rounde Table, and streyte all his retynew folowed hym aftyr oute of the woode. They folowed as shepe oute of a folde, and streyte they yode to the felde and stood by theire kynde lorde. And sytthyn they sente to the deuke thes same wordis: "Sir, we have bene thy sowdyars all this seven wynter, and now we forsake the for the love of oure lyege lorde Arthure, for we may with oure worshype wende where us lykys, for garneson nother golde have we none resceyved."

"Fye on you, the devyll have your bonys! For suche sowdyars I sette but a lytyll."

Than the deuke dressys his Dowchmen streyte unto Sir Gawayne and to Sir Pryamus. So they too gryped theire spearys, and at the gaynyste in they gurde wyth hir noble myghtes. And there Sir Pryamus metyth with the Marquesse of Moyseslonde and smytyth

hym thorow.

Than Chastelayne, a chylde of Kyng Arthurs chambir (he was a warde of Sir Gawaynes of the West Marchis), he chasis to Sir Cheldrake that was a chyfteyne noble, and with his spere he smote thorow Cheldrake, and so that chek that chylde cheved by chaunce of armys. But than they chaced that chylde, that he nowhere myght ascape, for one with a swerde the halse of the chylde he smote in too. Whan Sir Gawayne hit sawe he wepte wyth all his herte and inwardly he brente for sorow. But anone Gotelake, a good man of armys, for Chastelayne the chylde he chongyd his mode, that the wete watir wente doune his chykys. Than Sir Gawayne dressis hym and to a deuke rydys, and Sir Dolphyn the deuke droff harde agaynste hym. But Sir Gawayne hym dressyth with a grete spere, that the grounden hede droff to his herte. Yette he gate hit oute and ran to another one, Sir Hardolf, an hardy man of armys, and slyly in he lette hit slyppe thorow, and sodeynly he fallyth to the erth. Yet he slow in the slade of men of armys mo than syxty with his hondys. Than was Sir Gawayne ware of the man that slew Chastelayne his chylde, and swyfftly with his swerde he smyttyth hym thorow: "Now, and thou haddyst ascaped withoutyn scathe, the scorne had bene oures!"

And aftir Sir Gawayne dressis hym unto the route and russhyth on helmys, and rode streyte to the rerewarde and so his way holdyth – and Sir Pryamus hym allthernexte gydynge hym his wayes – and there hurtelyth and hewyth downe hethyn knyghtes many. And Sir Florence on the other syde dud what he myght. There the lordys of Lorayne and of Lumbardy both were takyn and lad away with oure noble knyghtes. For suche a chek oure lordys cheved by chaunce of that werre that they were so avaunced hit avayled hem ever.

Whan Sir Florence and Sir Gawayne had the felde wonne, than they sente before fyve score of knyghtes, and her prayes and hir presoners passyth hem aftir. And Sir Gawayne in a streyte passage he hovyth tyll all the prayes were paste that streyte patthe that so sore he dredith. So they rode tyll they the cité sawe, and sothly the same day with asawte hit was gotyn.

Than Sir Florence and Sir Gawayne harborowed surely theire

peple, and sytthen turnys to a tente and tellyth the kynge all the tale truly that day how they travayled and how his ferse men fare welle all. "And fele of thy foomen ar brought oute of lyff, and many worshypfull presoners ar yolden into oure handys. But Chastelayne, thy chylde, is chopped of the hede, yette slewe he a cheff knyghte his owne hondys this day."

"Now thanked be God," sayde the noble kynge, "but I mervayle muche of that bourely knyght that stondyth by the, for hym semys to be a straungere, for presonere is he none lyke."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "this is a good man of armys: he macched me sore this day in the mornyng, and had nat his helpe bene, dethe had I founden. And now is he yolden unto God and to me, sir kyng, for to becom Crysten and on God beleve. And whan he is crystynde and in the fayth belevys, there lyvyth nat a bettir knyght nor a noblere of his hondis."

Than the kynge in haste crystynde hym fayre and lette conferme hym Priamus, as he was afore, and lyghtly lete dubbe hym a deuke with his hondys, and made hym Knyght of the Table Rounde.

And anone the kynge lette cry asawte unto the towne, and there was rerynge of laddyrs and brekynge of wallys, and the dyche fylled that men with lytyll payne myght entir into the cyté. The payne that the peple had was pyté to se! Than the duches hir dressed with damesels ryche, and the Countes of Clarysyn with hir clere maydyns, they kneled in theire kyrtyls there the kynge hovyth, and besought hym of socoure for the sake of Oure Lorde: "And sey us som good worde and cetyl thy peple or the cité suddeynly be with asawte wonne, for than shall dye many a soule that grevid the never."

The kynge avalyd his vyser with a knyghtly countenaunce, and kneled to hir myldely with full meke wordes and seyde, "Shall none myssedo you, madam, that to me longis, for I graunte the chartyrs and to thy cheff maydyns, unto thy chyldern and to thy chyff men in chambir that to the longis. But thy deuke is in daunger (my drede ys the lesse), but ye shall have lyvelode to leve by as to thyne astate fallys."

Than Arthure sendyth on eche syde wyth sertayne lordis for to cese of theire sawte, for the cité was yolden; and therewith the deukeis eldyst sonne com with the keyes and kneled downe unto the kynge and besought hym of his grace. And there he cesed the sawte by assente of his lordis, and the deuke was dressed to Dover with the kynges dere knyghtes for to dwelle in daunger and dole dayes of his lyff. Than the kynge with his crowne on his hede recoverde the cité and the castell, and the captaynes and connestablys knew hym for lorde, and there he delyverde and dalte byfore dyverse lordis a dowré for the deuches and hir chyldryn. Than he made wardens to welde all that londis.

And so in Lorayne and Lumbardy he lodged as a lorde in his owne, and sette lawys in the londis as hym beste lyked. And than at Lammas he yode, unto Lusarne he sought, and lay at his leyser with lykynges inowe. Than he mevys over the mountaynes and doth many mervayles, and so goth in by Godarte that Gareth sone wynnys. Than he lokys into Lumbardy and on lowde spekyth: "In yondir lykynge londis as lorde woll I dwelle."

Sir Florence and Sir Floridas that day passed with fyve hondred good men of armys unto the cité of Urbyne. They sought at the gaynyste and leyde there a buysshement as hem beste lykys. So there yssued oute of that cité many hundretthis and skyrmysshed wyth oure foreryders as hem beste semed. Than broke oute oure buysshemente and the brydge wynnys, and so rode unto theire borowys with baners up dysplayed. There fledde much folke oute of numbir for ferde of Sir Florence and his fers knyghtes. Than they busked up a baner abovyn the gatis, and of Sir Florence in fayth so fayne were they never.

The kynge than hovyth on an hylle and lokyth to the wallys and sayde, "I se be yondir sygne the cité is wonne."

Than he lete make a cry thorow all the oste that uppon payne of lyff and lymme and also lesyng of his goodys that no lyegeman that longyth to his oste sholde lygge be no maydens ne ladyes nother no burgessis wyff that to the cité longis. So whan this conquerrour

com into the cité he passed into the castell, and there he lendis and comfortis the carefull men with many knyghtly wordis, and made there a captayne, a knyght of his owne contrey, and the commons accorded theretyll.

Whan the soveraygnes of Myllayne herde that the cité was wonne they sente unto Kynge Arthure grete sommys of sylver, syxty horsys well charged, and besought hym as soverayne to have ruthe of the peple, and seyde they wolde be subgectes untyll hym for ever, and yelde hym servyse and sewte surely for hir londys, for Plesaunce and Pavye and Petresaunte and for the Porte Trembyll, and so mekly to gyff yerely for Myllayne a myllyon of golde, and make homage unto Arthure all hir lyff tymes. Than the kynge by his counceyle a conduyte hem sendys, so to com in and know hym for lorde.

Than into Tuskayne he turned whan hym tyme semed, and there he wynnys towrys and townys full hyghe, and all he wasted in his warrys there he away ryddys. Than he spedys towarde Spolute with his spedfull knyghtys, and so unto Vyterbe he vytayled his knyghtes, and to the Vale of Vysecounte he devysed, there to lygge in that vertuouse vale amonge vynys full plenteuouse. And there he suggeournys, that soveraigne, with solace at his harte, for to wete whether the senatours wolde hym of succour beseke.

But sone after, on a Saturday, sought unto kynge Arthure all the senatoures that were on lyve and of the cunnyngyst cardynallis that dwelled in the courte, and prayde hym of pece and profird hym full large; and besought hym as a soverayne-moste governoure undir God for to gyff them lycence for syx wekys large, that they myght be assembled all, and than in the cité of Syon that is Rome callyd, to crowne hym there kyndly with crysemed hondys, with septure, forsothe, as an emperoure sholde.

"I assente me," seyde the kynge, "as ye have devysed, and comly at Crystmas to be crowned hereafter, to reigne in my asstate and to holde my Rounde Table, with the rentys of Rome to rule as me lykys; and than, as I am avysed, to gete me over the salte see with good men of armys to deme for His deth that for us all on the Roode dyed."

Whan the senatours had this answere, unto Rome they turned and made rydy for his corownemente in the moste noble wyse. And at the day assigned, as the romaynes me tellys, he was crowned emperoure by the Poopys hondis, with all the royalté in the worlde to welde for ever. There they suggeourned that seson tyll aftir that tyme, and stabelysshed all the londys frome Rome unto Fraunce, and gaff londis and rentys unto knyghtes that had hem well deserved. There was none that playned on his parte, ryche nothir poore.

Than he commaunded Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors to take kepe unto theire fadyrs landys, that Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors welded and her fadyrs: "Loke that ye take seynge in all your brode londis, and cause youre lyege men to know you as for theire kynde lorde, and suffir never your soveraynté to be alledged with your subjectes, nother the soveraygne of your persone and londys. Also the myghty Kynge Claudas londis I gyff you for to parte betwyxte you evyn, for to mayntene your kynrede, that be noble knyghtes, so that ye and they to the Rounde Table make your repeyre."

Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors de Gaynys thanked the kynge fayre, and sayde theire hertes and servyse sholde ever be his owne.

"Where art thou, Priamus? Thy fee is yet behynde. Here I make the deuke and gyff the the deukedom of Lorayne for ever unto the and thyne ayres; and whan we com into Ingelonde, for to purvey the of horse-mete, a thousande pounde quarterly, for to mayntene thy servauntes. So thou leve not my felyship, this gyffte ys thyne owne."

The knyght thankys the kynge with a kynde wylle and sayde, "As longe as I lyve, my servys is youre owne."

Thus the kynge gaff many londys. There was none that wolde aske that myghte playne of his parte, for of rychesse and welth they had all at her wylle. Than the knyghtes and lordis that to the kynge longis called a counsayle uppon a fayre morne and sayde, "Sir kynge, we beseche the for to here us. All we ar undir youre lordship well stuffid, blyssed be God, of many thynges; and also we have wyffis weddid. We woll beseche youre good grace to reles us to sporte us with oure wyffis, for, worshypt be Cryste, this journey is well overcom."

"Ye say well," seyde the kynge, "for inowghe is as good as a feste, for to attemte God overmuche I holde hit not wysedom. And therefore make you all redy and turne we into Ingelonde."

Than there was trussynge of harneyse with caryage full noble. And the kynge toke his leve of the holy fadir the Pope, and patryarkys and cardynalys and senatoures full ryche, and leffte good governaunce in that noble cité and all the contrays of Rome for to warde and to kepe, that in no wyse hys commaundement be brokyn on payne of dethe. And after lycence gyven, he returned and commaunded that no man shold not robbe ne take vytaylle ne other thynge by the way, but that he shold paye therfore in payne of dethe. Thus he passyth thorow the contreyes of all partyes.

And so Kyng Arthure passed over the see unto Sandwyche haven. Whan Quene Gwenyvere herde of his commynge she mette with hym at London, and so dud all other quenys and noble ladyes. For there was never a solempner metyng in one cité togedyrs, for all maner of rychesse they brought with hem at the full.

Here endyth the tale of the noble Kynge Arthure that was emperour hymself thorow dygnyté of his hondys. And here folowyth afftir many noble talys of Sir Launcelot de Lake.

Explycit the Noble Tale betwyxt
Kynge Arthure and Lucius the Emperour of Rome.

ALEXANDER THE ORPHAN

NOW TURNE WE to another mater that felle betwene Kyng Marke and his brothir, that was called the good prynce Bodwyne, that all the peple of the contrey loved passyng well.

So hit befelle on a tyme that the myscreauntys Sarezynes londid in the contrey of Cornwayle sone aftir these Sessoynes were departed. And whan the good prynce Sir Bodwyne was ware of them where they were londed, than at the londynge he areysed the peple pryvayly and hastyly. And or hit were day he let put wylde fyre in thre of his owne shyppis, and suddeynly he pulled up the sayle, and wyth the wynde he made tho shyppis to be drevyn amonge the navy of the Sarezynes. And to make a short tale, tho thre shyppis sette on fyre all the shyppis, that none were saved. And at the poynte of the day the good prynce Bodwyne with all his felyship set on the myscreauntys with showtys and cryes and slew to the numbir of fourty thousande and lefft none on lyve.

Whan Kynge Marke wyste this he was wondirly wrothe that his brothir sholde wynne suche worship and honour, and bycause this prynce was bettir beloved than he in all that contrey. And also this prynce Bodwyne lovid well Sir Trystram, and therefore he thought to sle hym. And thus, hastely and uppon hede, as a man that was full of treson, he sente for Prynce Bodwyne and Anglydes his wyff, and bade them brynge theire yonge sonne with hem, that he myght se hym; and all this he ded to the entente to sle the chylde as well as his fadir, for he was the falsist traytour that ever was borne. Alas, for hys goodnes and for hys good dedis this jantyll Prynce Bodwyne was slayne!

So whan he cam wyth his wyff Anglydes the kynge made them fayre semblaunte tylle they had dyned. And whan they had dyned Kynge Marke sente for his brothir and seyde thus: "Brothir, how sped you whan the myscreauntes aryved by you? Mesemyth hit had

bene your parte to have sente me worde, that I myght have bene at that journey; for hit had bene reson that I had had the honoure and nat you."

"Sir," seyde Prince Bodwyne, "hit was so that, and I had taryed tyl that I had sente for you, tho myscreauntes had distroyed my contrey."

"Thou lyeste, false traytoure!" seyde Kynge Marke. "For thou arte ever aboute to wynne worship from me and put me to dishonoure, and thou cherysht that I hate!"

And therewith he stroke hym to the herte wyth a dagger, that he never aftir spake worde.

Than the lady Anglydes made grete dole and sowned, for she saw her lorde slayne afore her face. Than was there no more to do, but Prynce Bodwyne was dispoyled and brought to his buryellys. But his lady Anglydes pryvaly gate hir husbandis dubled and his shurte, and that she kept secretly.

Than was there muche sorow and cryynge, and grete dole made betwyxt Sir Trystram, Sir Dynas, and Sir Fergus. And so ded all knyghtes that were there, for that prynce was passyngly well beloved. So La Beall Isode sente for Anglydes his wyff, and bade her avoyde delyverly, other ellys hir yonge sonne Alysaundir le Orphelyne sholde be slayne. Whan she harde this, she toke her horse and hir chylde and rode away with suche poore men as durste ryde with hir.

Notwythstondynge, whan Kynge Marke had done this dede, yet he thought to do more vengeaunce, and with his swerde in his honde he sought frome chambir to chambir for Anglydes and hir yonge sonne. And whan she was myst he called a good knyght to hym that hyght Sir Sadoke, and charged hym in payne of dethe to fette agayne Anglydes and hir yonge sonne.

So Sir Sadoke departed, and rode aftir Anglydes, and within ten myle he overtoke her and bade hir turne ayen and ryde with hym to Kynge Marke.

"Alas, fayre knyght!" she seyde, "what shall ye wynne be my sunnys deth, other ellys by myne? For I have overmuche harme, and to grete a losse."

"Madame," seyde Sir Sadoke, "for your losse is grete dole and pité. But, madame," seyde Sir Sadoke, "wolde ye departe oute of this contrey wyth youre sonne and kepe hym tyll he be of ayge, that he may revenge his fadyrs deth? Than wolde I suffir you to departe frome me, so ye promyse me to revenge the deth of Prynce Bodwyne."

"A, jantyll knyght, Jesu thanke the! And yf ever my sonne Alysaundir le Orphelyne lyve to be a knyght, he shall have his fadirs dublet and his shurte with the blody markes, and I shall gyff hym suche a charge that he shall remember hit whylys he lyvyth."

And therewithall departed Sir Sadoke frome her, and ayther betoke other to God. And whan Sir Sadoke cam unto Kynge Marke he tolde hym faythfully that he had drowned yonge Alysaundir, her sonne, and thereof Kynge Marke was full glad.

Now turne we unto Anglydes that rode bothe nyght and day by adventure oute off Cornwayle, and sylden and in feaw placis she rested, but ever she drewe southwarde to the see syde, tyll by fortune she cam to a castell that was called Magowns, that now is called Arundell, in Southsex. And the conestable of that castell welcomed Anglydes, and seyde she was wellcom to her owne castell.

And so she was there worshypfully resceyved, for the conestable his wyff was her ny cousyn. And the conestablys name was Sir Bellyngere, and he tolde Anglydes that the same castell was hers by ryght inerytaunce.

Thus Anglydes endured yerys and wyntyrs, tyll Alysaundir was bygge and stronge, and there was none so wyghty in all that contrey, that there was no man myght do no maner of maystry afore hym.

Than uppon a day Sir Bellyngere the constable cam to Anglydes and seyde, "Madame, hit were tyme my lorde Alysaundir were made knyght, for he is a stronge yonge man."

"Sir," seyde she, "I wolde he were made knyght, but than muste I gyff hym the moste charge that ever synfull modir gaff to hir childe."

"As for that, do as ye lyste, and I shall gyff hym warnynge that he shall be made knyght. And hit woll be well done that he be made knyght at Oure Lady Day in Lente."

"Be hit so," seyde Anglydes, "and I pray you, make ye redy therefore."

So cam the conestable to Alysaundir, and tolde hym that he sholde at Oure Lady of Lente be made a knyght.

"Sir, I thanke God and you," seyde Alysaundir "for this is the beste tydynges that ever cam to me."

Than the conestable ordayned twenty of the grettyste jantylmennes sunnys and the beste borne men of that contrey whyche sholde be made knyghtes the same day that Alysaundir was made knyght. And so on the same day that he and his twenty felowys were made knyghtes, at the offerynge of the masse there cam this lady Anglydes unto her sonne and seyde thus: "A, my fayre swete sonne, I charge the uppon my blyssynge and on the hyghe order of chevalry that thou takyste here this day, to take hede what I shall sey and charge the wythall."

And therewithall she pulled oute a blody dublet and a blody shurte that was bebled with olde bloode. Whan Alysaundir saw this he sterte abak, and waxed paale and sayde, "Fayre moder, what may this meane?"

"I shall tell the, fayre son. This was thyne owne fadyrs doublet and shurte that he ware uppon hym that same tyme that he was slayne." And there she tolde hym why and wherefore. "And for hys good dedis Kynge Marke slew hym with his dagger afore myne owne yghen. And therefore this shall be youre charge that I gyff you at thys tyme. Now I requere the and I charge the, uppon my blyssynge and uppon the hyghe order of knyghthode, that thou be revenged uppon Kynge Marke for the deth of thy fadir." And therewythall she sowned.

Than Alysaundir lepte to his modir, and toke her up in his armys, and sayde, "Fayre modir, ye have gyvyn me a grete charge, and here I promyse you I shall be avenged uppon Kynge Marke whan that I may, and that I promyse to God and to you."

So this feste was ended, and the conestable by the avyce of Anglydes let purvey that Alysaundir were well horsed and harneyste. Than he justed with his twenty felowys that were made knyghtes with hym; but for to make a shorte tale, he overthrewe all tho twenty, that none myght withstonde hym a buffet.

Than one of the knyghtes departed unto Kynge Marke, and tolde all how Alysaundir was made knyght and all the charge that his modir gaff hym, as ye have harde aforetyme.

"Alas, false treson!" seyde Kynge Marke. "I wente that yonge traytoure had bene dede. Alas! whom may I truste?" And therewithall Kynge Marke toke a swerde in his honde, and sought Sir Sadoke from chambir to chambir to sle hym.

Whan Sir Sadoke saw Kynge Marke cam with his swerde in his honde, "Syr," he seyde, "beware, Kynge Marke, and com nat to nyghe me! For wyte thou well that I saved Alysaundir his lyff, of the whyche I never repente me, for thou falsely and cowardly slew his fadir, Prynce Bodwyne, traytourly for his good dedis. Wherefore I pray Allmyghty Jesu sende Alysaundir myght and power to be revenged uppon the. And now beware, Kynge Marke, of yonge Alysaundir, for he is made a knyght."

"Alas," seyde Kynge Marke, "that ever I sholde hyre a traytoure sey so afore me!"

And therewith foure knyghtes of Kynge Markes drew theire swerdis to sle Sir Sadoke, but anone Kynge Marke his knyghtes were slayne afore hym. And Sir Sadoke paste forthe into his chambir, and toke his harneys and his horse and rode on his way, for there was nother Sir Trystram, Sir Dynas, nother Sir Fergus that wolde Sir Sadoke ony evyll wyll.

Than was Kynge Marke wood wrothe, and thought to destroy Sir Alysaundir, for hym he dradde and hated moste of any man lyvynge.

Whan Sir Trystram undirstood that Alysaundir was made knyght, anone furthwithall he sent hym a lettir prayynge and chargynge hym that he draw hym to the courte of Kynge Arthure, and that he put hym in the rule and in the hondis of Sir Launcelot. So this lettyr

was sente unto Sir Alysaundir from his cousyne Sir Trystram, and at that tyme he thought to do after his commaundemente.

Than Kynge Marke called a knyght that brought hym the tydynges frome Alysaundir, and bade hym abyde stylle in that contrey.

"Sir," seyde the knyght, "so muste I do, for in my nowne contrey dare I nat com."

"No force," seyde Kynge Marke, "for I shall gyff the here double as muche londis as ever thou haddyste of thyne owne."

But within shorte space Sir Sadoke mette wyth that false knyght and slew hym. Than was Kynge Marke wood wrothe oute of mesure. Than he sente unto Quene Morgan le Fay and to the Quene of Northe Galys, prayynge them in his lettyrs that they too sorserers wolde sette all the contrey envyrone with ladyes that were enchauntours, and by suche that were daungerous knyghtes, as Sir Malagryne and Sir Brewnys Saunze Pyté, that by no meane Alysaundir le Orphelyne shulde never ascape, but other he sholde be takyn or slayne. And all this ordynaunce made Kynge Marke for to distroy Sir Alysaunder.

Now turne we unto Sir Alysaundir, that at his departyng his modir toke hym his fadyrs blody sherte, and so he bare hit with hym tyll his deth day in tokenynge to thynke uppon his fadyrs deth.

So was Alysaundir purposed to ryde to London, by the counceyle of Sir Trystram, to Sir Launcelot. And by fortune he went aftir the see syde, and rode wronge. And there he wan at a turnemente the gre, that Kynge Carados made, and there he smote downe Kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes, and also Sir Saffir, a good knyght that was Sir Palomydes brothir. And all this sawe a damesell, and went to Morgan le Fay, and tolde hir how she saw the beste knyght juste that ever she sawe; and ever as he smote downe knyghtes, he made them to swere to were none harneyse of a twelve-monthe and a day.

"This is well seyde," seyde Morgan le Fay, "for that is the knyght that I wolde fayne se."

And so she toke her palfrey and rode a grete whyle, and than she rested her in her pavylyon. So there cam foure knyghtes, too of

them were armed, and too were unarmed, and they tolde Morgan le Fay there namys. The fyrste was Elyas de Gomeret, the secunde Car de Gomeret; tho too were armed. And the other too were of Camylyarde, cousyns unto Quene Gwenyvere. And that one hyght Sir Gye, and that othir hyght Sir Garaunte; tho too were unarmed. And this foure knyghtes tolde Morgan le Fay how a yonge knyght had smyttyn them downe afore a castell. "For the maydyn of that castell seyde that he was but late made knyght, and yonge. But as we suppose, but yf hit were Sir Trystram othir Sir Launcelot other ellys Sir Lameroke the good knyght, there is none that myght sytte hym a buffette with a speare."

"Well," seyde Morgan le Fay, "I shall mete wyth that knyght or hit be longe tyme, and he dwelle in that contrey."

So turne we to the damesell of the castell, that whan Alysaundir le Orphelyne had forjusted the foure knyghtes she called hym to her and seyde thus: "Sir knyght, wolte thou for my sake juste and fyght wyth a knyght of this contrey, that is and hath bene longe an evyll neyghboure to me? His name is Sir Malegryne, and he woll nat suffir me to be maryde in no maner."

"Damesell," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "and he com the whyle that I am here, I woll fyght with hym."

And therewithall she sente for hym, for he was at her commaundemente. And whan ayther had a syght of other, they made hem redy for to juste. And so they cam togydyr egirly, and this Sir Malegryne brused his speare uppon Sir Alysaundir, and he smote hym agayne so harde that he bare hym quyte from his horse to the erthe. But this Malegryne devoyded, and lyghtly arose and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and bade hym alyght: "For wyte thou well, sir knyghte, thoughe thou have the bettir on horsebacke, thou shalt fynde that I shall endure the lyke a knyght on foote."

"Ye sey well!" seyde Sir Alysaundir. And so he avoyded his horse and bytoke hym to his varlet. And than they russhed togydyrs lyke too boorys, and leyde on theire helmys and shyldis longe tyme, by the space of thre owrys, that never man coude sey whyche was the

bettir knyght. And in the meane whyle cam Morgan le Fay to the damesell of the castell, and they behylde the batayle.

But this Sir Malagryne was an olde rooted knyght, and he was called one of the moste daungerous knyghtes of the worlde to do batayle on foote, but on horsebacke there was many bettir. And ever this Malagryne awayted to sle Sir Alysaundir, and so wounded hym wondirly sore that hit was mervayle that ever he myght stonde, for he had bled so muche; for this Sir Alysaundir fought ever wyldely and nat wyttyly, and that othir was a felons knyght and awayted hym, and smote hym sore. And som tyme they russhed togydyrs with theire shyldis lyke too boorys other rammys, and felle grovelynge bothe to the erthe.

"Now, sir knyght," seyde Sir Malegryne, "holde thyne honde a whyle, and telle me what thou arte."

"That woll I nat," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "but yf me lyst well. But tell me thy name, and why thou kepyste thys contrey, other ellys thou shalt dye of my hondis."

"Sir, wyte thou well," seyde Sir Malagryne, "that for this maydyns love of this castell, I have slayne ten good knyghtes by myssehap, and by outerage and orgulyté of myselff I have slayne othir ten knyghtes."

"So God helpe me," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "this is the fowlyste confession that ever I harde knyght make, and hit were pité that thou sholdiste lyve ony lenger. And therefore kepe the! For, as I am a trewe knyght, other thou shalt sle me, other ellys I shall sle the!"

Than they laysshed togydyrs fyersely. And at the laste Sir Alysaundir smote hym to the erthe, and than he raced of his helme and smote of his hede. And whan he had done this batayle he toke his horse and wolde have mownted, but he myght nat and he felle downe flatte on the erthe for febilnesse. And than he seyde, "A, Jesu, succoure me!"

So by that com Morgan le Fay and bade hym be of good comforte. And so she layde hym, this Alysaundir, in an horse-lytter, and so led hym into the castell, for he had no foote to stonde uppon the erthe;

for he had sixtene grete woundis, and in especiall one of them was lyke to be his deth.

Than Quene Morgan le Fay serched his woundis and gaff hym suche an oynement that he sholde have dyed. And so on the morne whan she cam to hym agayne, he complayned hym sore. And than she put another oynemente uppon hym, and than he was oute of his payne.

Than cam the damesell of the castell and seyde unto Morgan le Fay, "I pray you helpe me that this knyght myght wedde me, for he hath wonne me with his hondis."

"Ye shall se," seyde Morgan le Fay, "what I shall sey."

Than this quene Morgan le Fay wente to Sir Alysaundir and bade hym in ony wyse that he shulde refuse this lady "and she desyre to wed you, for she is nat for you."

So this damesell cam and desired of hym maryage.

"Damesell," seyde Sir Alysaundir le Orphelyne, "I thanke you, but as yet I caste me nat to mary in this contrey."

"Sir," she seyde, "sytthyn ye woll nat mary me, I pray you, insomuche as ye have wonne me, that ye woll gyff me to a knyght of this contrey that hath bene my frende and loved me many yerys."

"Wyth all myne herte," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "I woll assente thereto."

Than was the knyght sente fore, and his name was Sir Geryne le Grose. And anone he made them honde-faste and wedded them.

Than cam Quene Morgan le Fay to Sir Alysaundir and bade hym aryse, and so put hym in an horse-lytter. And so she gaff hym suche a drynke that of thre dayes and thre nyghtes he waked never, but slepte. And so she brought hym to hir owne castell that at that tyme was called La Beale Regarde. Than Morgan le Fay com to Sir Alysaundir and axed hym yf he wolde fayne be hole.

"Madame, who wolde be syke and he myght be hole?"

"Well," seyde Morgan le Fay, "than shall ye promyse me by youre knyghthode that this twelve-monthe and a day ye shall nat passe the compace of this castell, and ye shall lyghtly be hole."

"I assent me," seyde Sir Alysaundir.

And there he made hir a promyse and was sone hole. And whan Sir Alysaundir was hole, he repented hym of his othe, for he myght nat be revenged uppon Kynge Marke.

Right so there cam a damesell that was cousyn nyghe to the Erle of Pase, and she was cousyn also unto Morgan le Fay and by ryght that castell of La Beale Regarde sholde have bene hers by trew enherytaunce. So this damesell entyrd into this castell where lay Sir Alysaundir, and there she founde hym uppon his bedde passynge hevy and all sad.

"Sir knyght," seyde the damesell, "and ye wolde be myrry, I cowde tell you good tydyngis."

"Well were me," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "and I myght hyre of good tydynges, for now I stonde as a presonere be my promyse."

"Sir," she seyde, "wyte you well that ye be a presonere and wors than ye wene, for my lady my cousyn Quene Morgan kepyth you here for none other entente but for to do hir plesure whan hit lykyth hir."

"A, Jesu defende me," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "frome suche pleasure! For I had levir kut away my hangers than I wolde do her ony suche pleasure!"

"As Jesu me helpe," seyde the damesell, "and ye wolde love me and be ruled by me, I shall make your delyveraunce with your worship."

"Telle me now by what meane, and ye shall have my love."

"Fayre knyght," sayde she, "this castell ought of ryght to be myne. And I have an uncle which is a myghty erle, and he is Erle of the Pace; and of all folkis he hatyth moste Morgan le Fay. And I shall sende unto hym and pray hym for my sake to destroy this castell for the evyll customys that bene used therein, and than woll he com and sette fyre on every parte with wylde fyre. And so shall I gete you at a prevy postren, and there shall ye have your horse and youre harneis."

"Fayre damesell, ye sey passynge well."

"And than may ye kepe the rome of this castell this twelvemonthe and a day, and than breke ye nat youre othe."

"Truly, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "ye say sothe." And than he kyssed hir and ded to her plesaunce as hit pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers.

So anone she sente unto hir uncle and bade hym com to destroy that castell; for, as the booke seyth, he wolde have destroyed that castell aforetyme, had nat that damesell bene.

Whan the erle undirstode hir letteris, he sente her worde on suche a day he wolde com and destroy that castell. So whan that day cam, she shewed Sir Alysaundir a postren where thorow he sholde fle into the gardyne, and there he sholde fynde his armoure and his horse.

So whan the day cam that was sette, thydir cam the Erle of the Pase wyth foure hondred knyghtes and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castell, that or they seased they leffte nat one stone stondynge.

And all this whyle that this fyre was in the castell, he abode in the gardyne. And whan the fyre was done, he let crye that he wolde kepe that pyce of erthe, thereas the castell of La Beale Regarde was, a twelve-monthe and a day frome all maner of knyghtes that wolde com.

So hit happed there was a deuke that hyght Aunsyrus, and he was of the kynne of Sir Launcelot. And this knyght was a grete pylgryme, for every thirde yere he wolde be at Jerusalem; and bycause he used all his lyff to go in pylgrymage, men called hym Deuke Aunserus the Pylgryme. And this deuke had a doughter that hyght Alys, that was a passynge fayre woman, and bycause of her fadir she was called Alys le Beall Pylgryme. And anone as she harde of this crye, she wente unto Kyng Arthurs courte and seyde opynly, in hyrynge of many knyghtes, that "what knyght may overcom that knyght that kepyth the pyce of erthe shall have me and all my londis."

Whan the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table harde hir sey thus, many of them were glad, for she was passynge fayre and ryche, and of grete rentys.

Ryght so she lete crye in castellys and townys as faste on her syde as Sir Alysaundir ded on his syde. Than she dressed hir pavylion streyte by the pyese of erthe that Sir Alysaundir kepte.

So she was nat so sone there but there cam a knyght of Kynge Arthurs courte that hyght Sir Sagramour le Desyrous, and he profyrde to juste wyth Sir Alysaundir. And so they encountyrd, and he brused his speare uppon Sir Alysaundir. But Sir Alysaundir smote hym so sore that he avoyded his arson of his sadyll to the erthe.

Whan La Beale Alys sawe hym juste so well, she thought hym a passyng goodly knyght on horsebacke. And than she lepe oute of hir pavylyon and toke Sir Alysaundir by the brydyll, and thus she seyde: "Fayre knyght, I requyre the of thy knyghthode, shew me thy vysayge!"

"That dare I well," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "shew my vysayge." And than he put of his helme, and whan she sawe his vysage she seyde, "A swete fadir Jesu! The I muste love, and never othir."

"Than shewe me youre vysage," seyde he.

And anone she unwympeled her, and whan he sawe her vysage he seyde, "A, Lorde Jesu! Here have I founde my love and my lady! And therefore, fayre lady, I promyse you to be youre knyght, and none other that beryth the lyff."

"Now, jantyll knyghte," seyde she, "telle me youre name."

"Madame, my name is Sir Alysaundir le Orphelyne. Now damesell, telle me your name," seyde he.

"A, sir," seyde she, "syth ye lyst to know my name, wyte you well my name is Alys la Beale Pellaron. And whan we be more at oure hartys ease bothe, ye and I shall telle other of what bloode we be com."

So there was grete love betwyxt them.

And as they thus talked, there cam a knyght that hyght Sir Harleuse le Berbuse, and axed parte of Sir Alysaundirs spearys. Than Sir Alysaundir encountred with hym, and at the fyrste Sir Alysaundir smote hym over his horse croupe. And than there cam another knyght that hyght Sir Hewgon, and Sir Alysaundir smote him downe as he ded that othir.

Than Sir Hewgon profirde batayle on foote, and anone Sir Alysaundir overthrewe hym within thre strokys; and than he raced

of his helme and there wolde have slayne hym, had he nat yelded hym. So than Sir Alysaundir made bothe tho knyghtes to swere to were none armour of a twelve-monthe and a day. Than Sir Alysaundir alyght, and wente to reste hym and to repose hym.

Than the damesell that halpe Sir Alysaundir oute of the castell, in her play tolde Alys alltogydir how he was presonere in the castell of La Beall Regarde; and there she tolde her how she gate hym oute of preson.

"Sir," seyde Alys la Beall Pillaron, "mesemyth ye ar muche beholdynge to this mayden."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Alysaundir.

And there Alys tolde of what bloode she was com, and seyde, "Sir, wyte you well that I am of the bloode of Kynge Ban, that was fadir unto Sir Launcelot."

"Iwys, fayre lady," seyde Sir Alysaundir, "my modir tolde me my fadir was brothir unto a kynge, and I am nye cousyn unto Sir Trystram."

So this meane whyle cam thre knyghtes; that one hyght Sir Vayns, and that other hyght Harvis le Marchis, and the thirde hyghte Peryne de la Mountayne. And with one speare Sir Alysaundir smote them downe all thre, and gaff them suche fallys that they had no lyst to fyght uppon foote. So he made them to swere to were none armys of a twelve-monthe.

So whan they were departed Sir Alysaundir behylde his lady Alys on horsebak as she stoode in hir pavylion, and than was he so enamered uppon her that he wyst nat whether he were on horsebacke other on foote. Ryght so cam the false knyght Sir Mordred and sawe Sir Alysaundir was so afonned uppon his lady, and therewithall he toke hys horse by the brydyll and lad hym here and there, and had caste to have lad hym oute of that place to have shamed hym.

So whan the damesell that halpe hym oute of that castell sawe how shamefully he was lad, anone she lete arme her and sette a shylde uppon her shuldir. And therewith she a-mownted uppon his horse and gate a naked swerde in hir honde, and she threste unto

Alysaundir with all hir myght, and she gaff hym suche a buffet that hym thought the fyre flowe oute of his yghen.

And whan Sir Alysaundir felte that stroke he loked aboute hym and drew his swerde. And whan she sawe that, she fledde, and so ded Sir Mordred into the foreyste. And the damesell fled into the pavylyon.

So whan Sir Alysaundir undirstood hymselff how the false knyght wolde have shamed hym had nat the damesell bene, than was he wroth with hymselff that Sir Mordred had so ascaped his hondis. But than Sir Alysaundir and his lady Alys had good game at the damesell, how sadly she smote hym uppon the helme.

Than Sir Alysaundir justed thus day be day, and on foote ded many batayles with many knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs courte, and with many knyghtes straungers, that for to tell batayle by batayle hit were overmuche to reherse. For every day in that twelve-monthe he had to do wyth one knyght owther wyth another, and som day with thre or foure, and there was never knyght that put hym to the warre.

And at the twelve-monthes ende he departed with his lady La Beall Pyllerowne. And the damesell wolde never go frome hym, and so they wente into hir contrey of Benoy and lyved there in grete joy.

But, as the booke tellyth, Kynge Marke wolde never stynte tylle he had slayne hym by treson. And by Alis he gate a chylde that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse, and by good fortune he cam to the courte of Kynge Arthure and preved a good knyght. And he revenged his fadirs deth, for this false Kynge Marke slew bothe Sir Trystram and Sir Alysaundir falsely and felonsly. And hit happed so that Sir Alysaunder had never grace ne fortune to com to Kynge Arthurs courte; for and he had com to Sir Launcelot, all knyghtes seyde that knew hym that he was one of the strengyste knyghtes that was in Kynge Arthurs dayes. And grete dole was made for hym.

So let we hym passe and turne we to another tale.

SIR LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE

SONE AFTIR THAT Kynge Arthure was com from Rome into Ingelonde, than all the Knyghtys of the Rounde Table resorted unto the kynge and made many joustys and turnementes. And som there were that were but knyghtes whiche encresed in armys and worshyp that they passed all other of her felowys in prouesse and noble dedys, and that was well proved on many. But in especiall hit was prevyd on Sir Launcelot de Lake, for in all turnementes, justys, and dedys of armys, both for lyff and deth, he passed all other knyghtes, and at no tyme was he ovircom but yf hit were by treson other inchauntement.

So this Sir Launcelot encresed so mervaylously in worship and honoure, therefore he is the fyrste knyght that the Freynsh booke makyth mencion of aftir Kynge Arthure com frome Rome. Wherefore Quene Gwenyvere had hym in grete favoure aboven all other knyghtis, and so he loved the quene agayne aboven all other ladyes dayes of his lyff, and for hir he dud many dedys of armys and saved her frome the fyre thorow his noble chevalry.

Thus Sir Launcelot rested hym longe with play and game, and than he thought hymself to preve in straunge adventures, and bade his nevew Sir Lyonell for to make hym redy, "for we too muste go seke adventures." So they mounted on theire horses, armed at all ryghtes, and rode into a depe foreste and so into a playne.

So the wedir was hote aboute noone, and Sir Launcelot had grete luste to slepe. Than Sir Lyonell aspyed a grete appyll-tre that stoode by an hedge, and seyde, "Sir, yondir is a fayre shadow, there may we reste us and oure horsys."

"Hit is trouthe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for this seven yere I was not so slepy as I am nowe."

So there they alyted and tyed there horsys unto sondry treis and Sir Launcelot layde hym downe undir this appyll-tre, and his helmet undir his hede, and Sir Lyonell waked whyles he slepte. So Sir Launcelot slepte passynge faste.

And in the meane whyle com there thre knyghtes rydynge, as faste fleynge as they myght ryde, and there folowed hem thre but one knyght. And whan Sir Lyonell hym sawe, hym thought he sawe never so grete a knyght nother so well-farynge a man, and well appareyld unto all ryghtes. So within a whyle this stronge knyght had overtakyn one of the thre knyghtes, and there he smote hym to the colde erth, that he lay stylle; and than he rode unto the secunde knyght and smote hym so that man and horse felle downe. And so streyte unto the thirde knyght he rode, and smote hym behynde his horse ars a spere-lengthe; and than he alyght downe and rayned his horse on the brydyll, and bounde all thre knyghtes faste with the raynes of there owne brydelys.

Whan Sir Lyonell had sene hym do thus, he thought to assay hym, and made hym redy, and stylly and pryvaly he toke his horse and thought nat for to awake Sir Launcelot, and so mounted uppon his hors and overtoke the strong knyght. He bade hym turne, and so he turned and smote Sir Lyonell so harde that hors and man he bare to the erth. And so he alyght downe and bounde hym faste and threw hym overthwarte his owne horse as he had served the other thre, and so rode with hem tyll he com to his owne castell. Than he garte unarme them and bete them with thornys all naked, and aftir put them in depe preson where were many mo knyghtes that made grete dole.

So whan Sir Ector de Marys wyste that Sir Launcelot was paste oute of the courte to seke adventures, he was wroth with hymself and made hym redy to seke Sir Launcelot. And as he had ryden longe in a grete forest, he mette with a man was lyke a foster.

"Fayre felow," seyde Sir Ector, "doste thou know in this contrey ony adventures that bene here nyghehonde?"

"Sir," seyde the foster, "this contrey know I well. And hereby within this myle is a stronge maner and well dyked, and by that

maner on the lyffte honde there is a fayre fourde for horse to drynke off, and over that fourde there growys a fayre tre. And thereon hongyth many fayre shyldys that welded somtyme good knyghtes, and at the bole of the tre hongys a basyn of couper and latyne. And stryke uppon that basyn with the butte of thy spere thre tymes, and sone aftir thou shalt hyre new tydynges, and ellys haste thou the fayreste grace that ever had knyghte this many yeres that passed thorow this foreste."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Ector and departed, and com unto this tre and sawe many fayre shyldys. And amonge them all he sawe hys brothirs shylde, Sir Lyonell, and many mo that he knew that were of his felowys of the Rounde Table, the whyche greved his herte, and promysed to revenge his brothir. Than anone Sir Ector bete on the basyn as he were woode, and than he gaff his horse drynke at the fourde. And there com a knyghte behynde hym and bade hym com oute of the watir and make hym redy. Sir Ector turned hym shortly, and in feawtir caste his spere and smote the other knyght a grete buffette, that his horse turned twyse abowte.

"That was well done," seyde the stronge knyght, "and knyghtly thou haste stryken me."

And therewith he russhed his horse on Sir Ector and cleyght hym undir his ryght arme and bare hym clene oute of the sadyll, and so rode with hym away into his owne halle and threw hym downe in myddyll of the floure. The name of thys knyghte was Sir Tarquyn. Than this seyde Tarquyn seyde unto Sir Ector, "For thou hast done this day more unto me than ony knyght dud this twelve yere, now woll I graunte the thy lyff, so thou wolt be sworne to be my trew presoner."

"Nay," sayde Sir Ector, "that woll I never promyse the, but that I woll do myne advauntage."

"That me repentis," seyde Sir Tarquyn.

Than he gan unarme hym and bete hym with thornys all naked, and sytthyn put hym downe into a depe dongeon, and there he knewe many of his felowys. But whan Sir Ector saw Sir Lyonell, than made he grete sorow.

"Alas, brothir!" seyde Sir Ector, "how may this be, and where is my brothir Sir Launcelot?"

"Fayre brothir, I leffte hym on slepe whan that I frome hym yode, undir an appil-tre, and what is becom of hym I can nat telle you."

"Alas," seyde the presoneres, "but yf Sir Launcelot helpe us we shall never be delyverde, for we know now no knyght that is able to macch with oure maystir Tarquyne."

Now leve we these knyghtes presoners, and speke we of Sir Launcelot de Lake that lyeth undir the appil-tre slepyng. Aboute the none there com by hym foure queenys of a grete astate; and for the hete sholde nat nyghe hem, there rode foure knyghtes aboute hem and bare a cloth of grene sylke on foure sperys betwyxte hem and the sonne. And the quenys rode on foure whyghte mulys.

Thus as they rode they herde a grete horse besyde them grymly nyghe. Than they loked and were ware of a slepynge knyghte lay all armed undir an appil-tre. And anone as they loked on his face they knew well hit was Sir Launcelot, and began to stryve for that knyght, and every of hem seyde they wolde have hym to hir love.

"We shall nat stryve," seyde Morgan le Fay, that was Kyng Arthurs sister. "I shall put an inchauntement uppon hym that he shall nat awake of all this seven owres, and than I woll lede hym away unto my castell. And whan he is surely within my holde, I shall take the inchauntement frome hym, and than lette hym chose whych of us he woll have unto paramour."

So this enchauntemente was caste uppon Sir Launcelot, and than they leyde hym uppon his shylde and bare hym so on horsebak betwyxte too knyghtes, and brought hym unto the Castell Charyot; and there they leyde hym in a chambir colde, and at nyght they sente unto hym a fayre dameselle with his souper redy idyght. Be that the enchauntement was paste. And whan she com she salewed hym and asked hym what chere.

"I can not sey, fayre damesel," seyde Sir Launcelot "for I wote not how I com into this castell but hit be by inchauntemente."

"Sir," seyde she, "ye muste make good chere; and yf ye be suche a knyght as it is seyde ye be, I shall telle you more to-morn be pryme of the day."

"Gramercy, fayre damesel," seyde Sir Launcelot, "of your good wylle."

And so she departed, and there he laye all that nyght withoute ony comforte.

And on the morne erly com thes foure quenys passyngly well besene, and all they byddynge hym good morne, and he them agayne. "Sir knyght," the foure quenys seyde, "thou muste undirstonde thou art oure presonere, and we know the well that thou art Sir Launcelot du Lake, Kynge Banis sonne. And because that we undirstonde youre worthynesse, that thou art the noblest knyght lyvyng, and also we know well there can no lady have thy love but one, and that is Quene Gwenyvere, now thou shalt hir love lose for ever, and she thyne. For hit behovyth the now to chose one of us foure, for I am Quene Morgan le Fay, quene of the londe of Gore, and here is the Quene of North Galys, and the Quene of Estlonde, and the Quene of the Oute Iles. Now chose one of us, whyche that thou wolte have to thy paramour, other ellys to dye in this preson."

"This is an harde case," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that other I must dye other to chose one of you. Yet had I lever dye in this preson with worshyp than to have one of you to my paramoure magré myne hede. And therefore ye be answeryd: I woll none of you, for ye be false enchaunters. And as for my lady Dame Gwenyvere, were I at my lyberté as I was, I wolde prove hit on you or on youres that she is the treweste lady unto hir lorde lyvynge."

"Well," seyde the quenys, "ys this your answere, that ye woll refuse us?"

"Ye on my lyff," seyde Sir Launcelot, "refused ye bene of me."

So they departed and leffte hym there alone, that made grete sorow.

So aftir that noone com the damesel unto hym with his dyner and asked hym what chere.

"Truly, fayre damesel," seyde Sir Launcelot, "in my lyf dayes never so ylle."

"Sir," she seyde, "that me repentis, but and ye woll be ruled by me I shall helpe you oute of this dystresse, and ye shall have no shame nor velony, so that ye woll holde me a promyse."

"Fayre damesel, I woll graunte you; but sore I am of thes quenys sorserers crauftis aferde, for they have destroyed many a good knyght."

"Sir," seyde she, "that is soth, and for the renowne and bounté that they here of you they woll have your love. And sir, they sey youre name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, the floure of knyghtes, and they be passyng wroth with you that ye have refused hem. But sir, and ye wolde promyse me to helpe my fadir on Tewysday next commynge, that hath made a turnemente betwyxt hym and the Kynge of North Galys – for the laste Tewysday past my fadir loste the felde thorow thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte – and yf ye woll be there on Tewysday next commynge and helpe my fadir, to-morne be pryme by the grace of God I shall delyver you clene."

"Now, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "telle me your fadyrs name, and than shall I gyff you an answere."

"Sir knyght," she seyde, "my fadyrs name is Kynge Bagdemagus, that was foule rebuked at the laste turnemente."

"I know your fadir well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for a noble kynge and a good knyght, and by the fayth of my body, your fadir shall have my servyse and you bothe at that day."

"Sir," she seyde, "gramercy, and to-morne loke ye be redy betymys, and I shall delyver you, and take you your armoure and your horse, shelde, and spere. And hereby wythin this ten myle is an abbey of whyght monkys, and there I pray you to abyde me, and thydir shall I brynge my fadir unto you."

"And all this shall be done," seyde Sir Launcelot, "as I am trew knyght."

And so she departed, and come on the morne erly and founde hym redy. Than she brought hym oute of twelve lockys, and toke hym his armour and his owne horse; and lyghtly he sadyld hym

and toke a grete spere in his honde, and so rode forth, and sayde, "Damesell, I shall nat fayle you, by the grace of God."

And so he rode into a grete foreste all that day, and never coude fynde no hygheway. And so the nyght fell on hym, and than was he ware in a slade of a pavylyon of rede sendele.

"Be my feyth," seyde Sir Launcelot, "in that pavylyon woll I lodge all this nyght." And so he there alyght downe, and tyed his horse to the pavylyon, and there he unarmed hym. And there he founde a bed, and layde hym therein, and felle on slepe sadly.

Than within an owre there com that knyght that ought the pavylyon. He wente that his lemman had layne in that bed, and so he leyde hym adowne by Sir Launcelot and toke hym in his armys and began to kysse hym. And whan Sir Launcelot felte a rough berde kyssyng hym he sterte oute of the bedde lyghtly, and the othir knyght after hym. And eythir of hem gate theire swerdys in theire hondis, and oute at the pavylyon dore wente the knyght of the pavylyon, and Sir Launcelot folowed hym. And there by a lytyll slade Sir Launcelot wounded hym sore, nyghe unto the deth. And than he yelded hym to Sir Launcelot, and so he graunted hym, so that he wolde telle hym why he com into the bed.

"Sir," sayde the knyghte, "the pavylyon is myne owne. And as this nyght I had assigned my lady to have slepte with hir, and now I am lykly to dye of this wounde."

"That me repentyth," seyde Sir Launcelot, "of youre hurte, but I was adrad of treson, for I was late begyled. And therefore com on your way into youre pavylyon, and take youre reste, and as I suppose I shall staunche your bloode."

And so they wente bothe into the pavylyon, and anone Sir Launcelot staunched his bloode. Therewithall com the knyghtes lady, that was a passynge fayre lady, and whan she aspyed that her lorde Belleus was sore wounded she cryed oute on Sir Launcelot and made grete dole oute of mesure.

"Pease, my lady and my love," seyde Sir Belleus, "for this knyght is a good man and a knyght aventures." And there he tolde hir all

the case how he was wounded. “And whan that I yelded me unto hym he laffte me goodly, and hath staunched my bloode.”

“Sir,” seyde the lady, “I require the, telle me what knyght thou art, and what is youre name.”

“Fayre lady,” he sayde, “my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake.”

“So me thought ever be youre speche,” seyde the lady, “for I have sene you oftyn or this, and I know you bettir than ye wene. But now wolde ye promyse me of youre curtesye, for the harmys that ye have done to me and to my lorde Sir Belleus, that whan ye com unto Kyng Arthurs courte for to cause hym to be made Knyght of the Rounde Table? For he is a passyng good man of armys and a myghty lorde of londys of many oute iles.”

“Fayre lady,” sayde Sir Launcelot, “latte hym com unto the courte the next hyghe feste, and loke ye com with hym, and I shall do my power, and he preve hym doughty of his hondis, that ye shall have youre desyre.”

So within a whyle the nyght passed and the day shone. Than Sir Launcelot armed hym and toke his horse, and they taughte hym to the abbey and thyder he rode within the space of too owrys.

And as sone as Sir Launcelot com within the abbey yarde, the doughter of Kyng Bagdemagus herde a grete horse trotte on the pavymente, and she than arose and yode to a wyndowe, and there she sawe Sir Launcelot. And anone she made men faste to take his horse frome hym and lette lede hym into a stable, and hymself unto a chambir and unarmed hym. And this lady sente hym a longe gowne, and com hirself and made hym good chere, and she seyde he was the knyght in the worlde that was moste welcom unto hir.

Than in all haste she sente for hir fadir Bagdemagus that was within twelve myle of that abbey, and afore evyn he come with a fayre felyshyp of knyghtes with hym. And whan the kynge was alyght of his horse he yode streyte unto Sir Launcelot his chambir, and there he founde his doughtir. And than the kynge toke hym in his armys and eythir made other good chere.

Than Sir Launcelot made his complaynte unto the kynge, how he was betrayed, and how he was brothir unto Sir Lyonell whyche was

departed frome hym he wyste not where, and how his doughter had delyverde hym oute of preson. "Therefore, whyle that I lyve, I shall do hir servyse and all hir kynrede."

"Than am I sure of your helpe," seyde the kyng, "on Tewysday next commyng?"

"Yee, sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I shall nat fayle you, for so have I promysed my lady youre doughter. But sir, what knyghtes be tho of my lorde Kynge Arthurs that were with the Kyng of North Galys?"

"Sir, hit was Sir Madore de la Porte and Sir Mordred and Sir Gahalantyne that all forfared my knyghtes, for agaynste hem thre I nother none of myne myght bere no strengthe."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "as I here sey that the turnement shall be here within this thre myle of this abbay. But, sir, ye shall sende unto me thre knyghtes of youres suche as ye truste, and loke that the thre knyghtes have all whyght sheldis and no picture on theire shyldis, and ye shall sende me another of the same sewte; and we foure wyll com oute of a lytyll wood in myddys of bothe partyes, and we shall falle on the frunte of oure enemys and greve hem that we may. And thus shall I not be knowyn what maner a knyght I am."

So they toke theire reste that nyght. And this was on the Sonday, and so the kynge departed and sente unto Sir Launcelot thre knyghtes with the foure whyght shyldys. And on the Tewysday they lodged hem in a lytyll leved wood besyde thereas the turnemente sholde be. And there were scaffoldys and holys, that lordys and ladyes myght beholde and gyff the pryse.

Than com into the fylde the Kynge of North Galys with nyne score helmys, and than the thre knyghtis of Kyng Arthurs stood by themself. Than com into the felde Kynge Bagdemagus with foure score helmys; and than they feautred theire sperys and come togydyrs with a grete daysshe. And there was slayne of knyghtes at the fyrst recountir twelve knyghtes of Kynge Bagdemagus parté, and syx of the Kynge of North Galys party; and Kynge Bagdemagus his party were ferre sette asyde and abak.

Wyth that com in Sir Launcelot, and he threste in with his spere in the thyckyst of the pres; and there he smote downe with one spere fyve knyghtes and of foure of them he brake theire backys. And in that thrange he smote downe the Kynge of North Galys, and brake his thygh in that falle.

All this doynge of Sir Launcelot saw the thre knyghtes of Arthurs. "Yondir is a shrewde geste," seyde Sir Madore de la Porte, "therefore have here ons at hym!"

So they encountred, and Sir Launcelot bare hym downe horse and man, that his sholdir wente oute of joynte. "Now hit befallyth me," seyde Sir Mordred, "to stirre me, for Sir Mador hath a sore falle."

And than Sir Launcelot was ware of hym, and gate a grete spere in his honde and mette with hym; and Sir Mordred brake his spere uppon hym, and Sir Launcelot gaff hym suche a buffette that the arson of the sadil brake, and so he drove over the horse tayle, that his helme smote into the erthe a foote and more, that nyghe his nek was broke, and there he lay longe in a swowe.

Than com in Sir Gahalantyne with a grete spere, and Sir Launcelot agaynste hym in all that they myght dryve, that bothe hir sperys to-braste evyn to theire hondys; and than they flange oute with her swerdes and gaff many sore strokys. Than was Sir Launcelot wroth oute of mesure, and than he smote Sir Gahalantyne on the helme that his nose, erys and mowthe braste oute on bloode; and therewith his hede hynge low, and with that his horse ran away with hym, and he felle downe to the erthe.

Anone therewithall Sir Launcelot gate a grete speare in his honde, and or ever that grete speare brake he bare downe to the erthe syxtene knyghtes, som horse and man and som the man and nat the horse; and there was none that he hitte surely but that he bare none armys that day. And than he gate another grete spere and smote downe twelve knyghtes, and the moste party of hem never throoff aftir. And than the knyghtes of the Kyng of North Galys party wolde jouste no more, and there the gre was gevyn to Kyng Bagdemagus.

So eythir party departed unto his owne place, and Sir Launcelot rode forth with Kynge Bagdemagus unto his castel. And there he had passynge good chere bothe with the kyng and with his doughter, and they profyrde hym grete yefftes. And on the morne he toke his leve and tolde the kynge that he wolde seke his brothir Sir Lyonell, that wente frome hym whan he slepte.

So he toke his horse and betaughte hem all to God, and there he seyde unto the kynges doughter, "Yf that ye have nede ony tyme of my servyse, I pray you let me have knowlecche, and I shall nat fayle you, as I am trewe knyght."

And so Sir Launcelot departed, and by adventure he com into the same foreste there he was takyn slepynge before; and in the myddys of an hygheway he mette a damesel rydynge on a whyght palfray, and there eythir salewed other.

"Fayre damesel," seyde Sir Launcelot, "know ye in this contrey ony adventures nere hande?"

"Sir knyght," seyde the damesel, "here ar adventures nyghe, and thou durste preve hem."

"Why sholde I not preve adventures?" seyde Sir Launcelot. "For for that cause com I hydir."

"Well," seyde she, "thou semyst well to be a good knyght, and yf thou dare mete with a good knyght I shall bryng the where is the beste knyght and the myghtyeste that ever thou founde, so thou wolte telle me thy name and what knyght thou art."

"Damesell, as for to telle you my name, I take no grete force. Truly, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Sir, thou besemys well; here bene adventures fast by that fallyth for the, for hereby dwellyth a knyght that woll nat be overmacched for no man I know but ye do overmacche hym, and his name is Sir Tarquyn. And, as I undirstonde, he hath in his preson of Arthurs courte good knyghtes thre score and foure that he hath wonne with his owne hondys. But whan ye have done that journey, ye shall promyse me, as ye ar a trew knyght, for to go with me and helpe me and other damesels that ar dystressed dayly with a false knyght."

"All youre entente, damesell, and desyre I woll fulfylle, so ye woll brynge me unto this knyght."

"Now, fayre knyght, com on youre way." And so she brought hym unto the fourde and the tre where hynge the basyn. So Sir Launcelot lette his horse drynke, and sytthen he bete on the basyn with the butte of his spere tylle the bottum felle oute. And longe dud he so, but he sye no man. Than he rode enlonge the gatys of that maner nyghe halfe an howre.

And than was he ware of a grete knyght that droffe an horse afore hym, and overthwarte the horse lay an armed knyght bounden. And ever as they com nere and nere Sir Launcelot thought he sholde know hym. Than was he ware that hit was Sir Gaherys, Gawaynes brothir, a Knyght of the Table Rounde.

"Now, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I se yondir cometh a knyght faste ibounden that is a felow of myne, and brothir he is unto Sir Gawayne. And at the fyrste begynnyng I promyse you, by the leve of God, for to rescowe that knyght but yf his maystir sytte the bettir in his sadyl. I shall delyver all the presoners that he hath oute of daungere, for I am sure he hath too bretherne of myne presoners with hym."

But by that tyme that eythir had sene other they gryped theyre sperys unto them.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Launcelot, "put that wounded knyghte of that horse and lette hym reste a whyle, and lette us too preve oure strengthis. For, as hit is enfourmed me, thou doyste and haste done grete despyte and shame unto Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And therefore now defende the!"

"And thou be of the Rounde Table," seyde Terquyn, "I defye the and all thy felyshyp!"

"That is overmuche seyde," Sir Launcelot seyde, "of the at thys tyme."

And than they put there sperys in theire restys and come togedyrs with hir horsis as faste as they myght ren; and aythir smote other in myddys of theire shyldis, that both theire horsys backys braste undir them, and the knyghtes were bothe astoned. And as sone

as they myght they avoyded theire horsys and toke theire shyldys before them and drew oute theire swerdys and com togydir egirly; and eyther gaff other many stronge strokys, for there myght nothir shyldis nother harneyse holde theire strokes. And so within a whyle they had bothe many grymme woundys and bledde passyng grevously. Thus they fared too owres and more, trasyng and rasyng eyther othir where they myght hitte ony bare place. Than at the laste they were brethles bothe, and stode lenyng on her swerdys.

"Now, felow," seyde Sir Terquyne, "holde thy honde a whyle, and telle me that I shall aske of the."

"Sey on," seyde Sir Launcelot.

Than Sir Terquyn seyde, "Thou art the byggyst man that ever I mette withall, and the beste-brethed, and as lyke one knyght that I hate abovyn all other knyghtes. So be hit that thou be not he, I woll lyghtly acorde with the, and for thy love I woll delyver all the presoners that I have, that is thre score and foure, so thou wolde telle me thy name. And thou and I woll be felowys togedyrs and never to fayle the whyle that I lyve."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but sytthyn hit is so that I may have thy frendeshyppe, what knyght is that that thou so hatyste abovyn all thynge?"

"Feythfully," seyde Sir Terquyn, "his name is Sir Launcelot de Lake, for he slowe my brothir Sir Carados at the Dolerous Towre, that was one of the beste knyghtes on lyve; and therefore hym I excepte of alle knyghtes, for may I hym onys mete, the tone shall make an ende, I make myne avow. And for Sir Launcelottis sake I have slayne an hondred good knyghtes, and as many I have maymed all uttirly, that they myght never aftir helpe themself, and many have dyed in preson. And yette have I thre score and foure, and all shall be delyverde, so thou wolte telle me thy name, so be hit that thou be nat Sir Launcelot."

"Now se I well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that suche a man I myght be, I myght have pease, and such a man I myght be that there sholde be mortall warre betwyxte us. And now sir knyght, at thy requeste I woll that thou wete and know that I am Sir Launcelot

du Lake, Kynge Bannys son of Benwyke, and verry Knyght of the Table Rounde. And now I defyghe the, and do thy beste!"

"A!" seyde Sir Tarquyne, "Launcelot, thou arte to me moste welcom of ony knyght, for we shall never departe tylle the tone of us be dede."

Than they hurteled togedyrs as too wylde bullys, russhynge and laysshyng with hir shyldis and swerdys, that somtyme they felle bothe on theire nosys. Thus they foughte stylle too owres and more and never wolde have reste, and Sir Tarquyne gaff Sir Launcelot many woundys, that all the grounde thereas they faughte was all besparcled with bloode.

Than at the laste Sir Terquyne wexed faynte and gaff somwhatt abakke, and bare his shylde low for wery. That aspyed Sir Launcelot, and lepte uppon hym fersly and gate hym by the bavoure of hys helmette and plucked hym downe on his kneis, and anone he raced of his helme and smote his necke in sundir. And whan Sir Launcelot had done this he yode unto the damesell and seyde, "Damesell, I am redy to go with you where ye woll have me, but I have no horse."

"Fayre sir," seyde she, "take this wounded knyghtes horse, and sende hym into this maner and commaunde hym to delyver all thes presoners." So he toke Sir Gaheris horse and prayde hym nat to be greved.

"Nay, fayre lorde, I woll that ye have hym at your commaundemente, for ye have bothe saved me and my horse. And this day I sey ye ar the beste knyght in the worlde, for ye have slayne this day in my syght the myghtyeste man and the beste knyght excepte you that ever I sawe. But, fayre sir," seyde Sir Gaherys, "I pray you telle me your name."

"Sir, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake that ought to helpe you of ryght for Kynge Arthurs sake, and in especiall for my lorde Sir Gawayne his sake, youre owne brothir. And whan that ye com within yondir maner, I am sure ye shall fynde there many knyghtes of the Rounde Table; for I have sene many of theire shyldys that I know hongys on yondir tre. There is Sir Kayes shylde, and Sir Brandeles shylde, and Sir Marhaus shylde, and Sir Galyhuddys shylde, and

Sir Bryan de Lystenoyse his shylde, and Sir Alydukis shylde, with many mo that I am nat now avysed of, and also my too brethirne shyldis, Sir Ector de Marys and Sir Lyonell. Wherefore I pray you grete them all frome me and sey that I bydde them to take suche stuff there as they fynde, and that in ony wyse my too brethirne go unto the courte and abyde me there tylle that I com, for by the feste of Pentecoste I caste me to be there, for as at thys tyme I muste ryde with this damesel for to save my promyse."

And so they departed frome Gaherys, and Gaherys yode into the maner, and there he founde a yoman porter kepyng many keyes. Than Sir Gaherys threw the porter unto the grounde and toke the keyes frome hym, and hastely he opynde the preson dore, and there he lette all the presoners oute, and every man lowsed other of theire bondys. And whan they sawe Sir Gaherys, all they thanked hym, for they wente that he had slayne Sir Terquyne because that he was wounded.

"Not so, syrs," seyde Sir Gaherys, "hit was Sir Launcelot that slew hym worshypfully with his owne hondys, and he gretys you all well and prayeth you to haste you to the courte. And as unto you, Sir Lyonell and Sir Ector de Marys, he prayeth you to abyde hym at the courte of Kynge Arthure."

"That shall we nat do," seyde his bretherne. "We woll fynde hym and we may lyve."

"So shall I," seyde Sir Kay, "fynde hym or I com to the courte, as I am trew knyght."

Than they sought the house thereas the armour was, and than they armed them, and every knyght founde hys owne horse and all that longed unto hym. So forthwith there com a foster with foure horsys lade with fatte venyson; and anone Sir Kay seyde, "Here is good mete for us for one meale, for we had not many a day no good repaste." And so that venyson was rosted, sodde, and bakyn; and so aftir souper som abode there all nyght. But Sir Lyonell and Sir Ector de Marys and Sir Kay rode aftir Sir Launcelot to fynde hym yf they myght.

Now turne we to Sir Launcelot that rode with the damesel in a fayre hygheway.

"Sir," seyde the damesell, "here by this way hauntys a knyght that dystressis all ladyes and jantylwomen, and at the leste he robbyth them other lyeth by hem."

"What?" seyde Sir Launcelot, "is he a theff and a knyght and a ravyssher of women? He doth shame unto the order of knyghthode, and contrary unto his oth. Hit is pyté that he lyvyth! But, fayre damesel, ye shall ryde on before youreself, and I woll kepe myself in coverte, and yf that he trowble yow other dystresse you I shall be your rescowe and lerne hym to be ruled as a knyght."

So thys mayde rode on by the way a souffte amblynge pace. And within a whyle com oute a knyght on horsebak owte of the woode and his page with hym, and there he put the damesell frome hir horse, and than she cryed. With that com Sir Launcelot as faste as he myght tyll he com to the knyght, sayyng, "A, false knyght and traytoure unto knyghthode, who dud lerne the to distresse ladyes, damesels, and jantyllwomen?"

Whan the knyght sy Sir Launcelot thus rebukyng hym he answerde nat, but drew his swerde and rode unto Sir Launcelot. And Sir Launcelot threw his spere frome hym and drew his swerde, and strake hym suche a buffette on the helmette that he claffe his hede and necke unto the throte.

"Now haste thou thy paymente that longe thou haste deserved!"

"That is trouth," seyde the damesell, "for lyke as Terquyn wacched to destroye good knyghtes, so dud this knyght attende to destroy and dystresse ladyes, damesels and jantyllwomen, and his name was Sir Perys de Foreste Savage."

"Now, damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot "woll ye ony more servyse of me?"

"Nay, sir," she seyde, "at thys tyme, but Allmyghty Jesu preserve you wheresomever ye ryde or goo, for the curteyst knyght thou arte, and mekyste unto all ladyes and jantylwomen that now lyvyth. But one thyng, sir knyght, methynkes ye lak, ye that ar a knyght

wyveles, that ye woll nat love som mayden other jantylwoman. For I cowde never here sey that ever ye loved ony of no maner of degré, and that is grete pyté. But hit is noysed that ye love Quene Gwenyvere, and that she hath ordeyned by enchauntemente that ye shall never love none other but hir, nother none other damesell ne lady shall rejoyce you, wherefore there be many in this londe of hyghe astate and lowe that make grete sorowe."

"Fayre damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may nat warne peple to speke of me what hit pleasyth hem. But for to be a weddyd man, I thynke hit nat, for than I muste couche with hir and leve armys and turnamentis, batellys and adventures. And as for to sey to take my pleasaunce with paramours, that woll I refuse: in prencipall for drede of God, for knyghtes that bene adventures sholde nat be advoutrers nothir lecherous, for than they be nat happy nother fortunate unto the werrys; for other they shall be overcom with a sympler knyght than they be hemself, other ellys they shall sle by unhappe and hir cursednesse bettir men than they be hemself. And so who that usyth paramours shall be unhappy, and all thynge unhappy that is about them."

And so Sir Launcelot and she departed. And than he rode in a depe forest too dayes and more, and hadde strayte lodgynge. So on the thirde day he rode on a longe brydge, and there sterte uppon hym suddeynly a passyng foule carle. And he smote his horse on the nose, that he turned aboute, and asked hym why he rode over that brydge withoute hys lycence.

"What sholde I nat ryde this way?" seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may not ryde besyde."

"Thou shalt not chose," seyde the carle, and laysshed at hym with a grete club shodde with iron.

Than Sir Launcelot drew his swerde and put the stroke abacke, and clave his hede unto the pappys.

And at the ende of the brydge was a fayre vyllage, and all the peple, men and women, cryed on Sir Launcelot and sayde, "Sir knyght, a worse dede duddyst thou never for thyself, for thou haste slayne the chyeff porter of oure castell."

Sir Launcelot lete hem sey what they wolde, and streyte he rode into the castell. And whan he come into the castell he alyght and tyed his horse to a rynge on the walle. And there he sawe a fayre grene courte, and thydir he dressid hym, for there hym thought was a fayre place to feyght in. So he loked aboute hym and sye muche peple in dorys and in wyndowys that sayde, "Fayre knyghte, thou arte unhappy to com here!"

Anone withall there com uppon hym too grete gyauntis well armed all save there hedys, with too horryble clubbys in theire hondys. Sir Launcelot put his shylde before hym and put the stroke away of that one gyaunte, and with hys swerde he clave his hede in sundir. Whan his felowe sawe that, he ran away as he were woode for fere of the horryble strokis, and Sir Launcelot aftir hym with all his myght, and smote hym on the shuldir and clave hym to the navyll.

Than Sir Launcelot wente into the halle, and there com afore hym thre score of ladyes and damesels, and all kneled unto hym and thanked God and hym of his delyveraunce. "For," they seyde, "the moste party of us have bene here this seven yere presoners, and we have worched all maner of sylke workys for oure mete, and we ar all grete jentylwomen borne. And blyssed be the tyme, knyght, that ever thou were borne, for thou haste done the moste worshyp that ever ded knyght in this worlde: that woll we beare recorde. And we all pray you to telle us your name, that we may telle oure frendis who delyverde us oute of preson."

"Fayre damesellys," he seyde, "my name is Sir Launcelot du Laake."

"A sir," seyde they all, "well mayste thou be he, for ellys, save yourself, as we demed, there myght never knyght have the bettir of thes jyauntis, for many fayre knyghtes have assayed and here have ended. And many tymes have we here wysshed aftir you, and thes too gyauntes dredde never knyght but you."

"Now may ye sey," seyde Sir Launcelot, "unto your frendys who hath delyuerd you, and gretes them all fro me; and yf that I com in ony of your marchys, shew me such chere as ye have cause. And what tresoure that there is in this castel I yeff hit you for a rewarde

for your grevaunces. And the lorde that is ownere of this castel, I wolde he ressayved hit as is his ryght."

"Fayre sir," they seyde, "the name of this castell is called Tyntagyll, and a deuke ought hit somtyme that had wedded fayre Igrayne, and so aftir that she was wedded to Uther Pendragon, and he gate on hir Arthure."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I undirstonde to whom this castel longith."

And so he departed frome them and betaught hem unto God, and than he mounted uppon his horse and rode into many strange contreyes and thorow many watyrs and valeyes, and evyll was he lodged. And at the laste by fortune hym happynd ayenste nyght to com to a fayre courtelage, and therein he founde an olde jantylwoman that lodged hym with good wyll, and there he had good chere for hym and his horse. And whan tyme was, his oste brought hym into a fayre garret over the gate to his bedde. There Sir Launcelot unarmed hym and set his harneyse by hym and wente to bedde, and anone he felle on slepe.

So aftir there com one on horsebak and knokked at the gate in grete haste. Whan Sir Launcelot herde this he arose up and loked oute at the wyndowe, and sygh by the moonelyght thre knyghtes com rydyng aftir that one man, and all thre laysshynge on hym at onys with swerdys, and that one knyght turned on hem knyghtly agayne and defended hym.

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "yondir one knyght shall I helpe, for hit were shame for me to se thre knyghtes on one, and yf he be there slayne I am partener of his deth."

And therewith he toke his harneys and wente oute at a wyndowe by a shete downe to the foure knyghtes. And than Sir Launcelot seyde on hyght, "Turne you, knyghtis, unto me, and leve this feyghtyng with that knyght!" And than they thre leffte Sir Kay and turned unto Sir Launcelot, and there began grete bataylle, for they alyghte al thre and strake many grete strokes at Sir Launcelot and assayled hym on every honde. Than Sir Kay dressid hym to have holpen Sir Launcelot.

"Nay, sir," sayde he, "I woll none of your helpe. Therefore, as ye woll have my helpe, lette me alone with hem."

Sir Kay for the plesure of that knyght suffyrd hym for to do his wylle and so stoode on syde. Than anone within seven strokys Sir Launcelot had strykyn hem to the erthe. And than they all thre cryed, "Sir knyght, we yelde us unto you as a man of myght makeles."

"As to that, I woll nat take youre yeldyng unto me, but so that ye woll yelde you unto thys knyght; and on that covenaunte I woll save youre lyvys, and ellys nat."

"Fayre knyght, that were us loth, for as for that knyght, we chaced hym hydir, and had overcom hym, had nat ye bene. Therefore to yelde us unto hym hit were no reson."

"Well, as to that, avyse you well, for ye may chose whether ye woll dye other lyve. For and ye be yolden hit shall be unto Sir Kay."

"Now, fayre knyght," they seyde, "in savyng of oure lyvys, we woll do as thou commaundys us."

"Than shall ye," seyde Sir Launcelot, "on Whytsonday nexte commynge go unto the courte of Kynge Arthure, and there shall ye yelde you unto Quene Gwenyvere and putte you all thre in hir grace and mercy, and say that Sir Kay sente you thydir to be her presoners."

"Sir," they seyde, "hit shall be done, by the feyth of oure bodyes, and we be men lyvyng."

And there they sware every knyght uppon his swerde, and so Sir Launcelot suffyrd hem to departe. And than Sir Launcelot cnocked at the gate with the pomell of his swerde, and with that come his oste, and in they entyred, he and Sir Kay.

"Sir," seyde his oste, "I wente ye had bene in your bede."

"So I was, but I arose and lepe oute at my wyndow for to helpe an olde felowe of myne."

So whan they come nye the lyght Sir Kay knew well hit was Sir Launcelot, and therewith he kneled downe and thanked hym of all his kyndenesse, that he had holpyn hym twyse frome the deth.

"Sir," he seyde, "I have nothyng done but that me ought for to do. And ye ar welcom, and here shall ye repose you and take your reste."

Whan Sir Kay was unarmed he asked aftir mete. Anone there was mete fette for hym and he ete strongly. And whan he had sowped they wente to theire beddys and were lodged togydyrs in one bed.

So on the morne Sir Launcelot arose erly and leffte Sir Kay slepyng. And Sir Launcelot toke Sir Kayes armoure and his shylde and armed hym; and so he wente to the stable and sadylde his horse, and toke his leve of his oste and departed. Than sone aftir arose Sir Kay and myssid Sir Launcelot, and than he aspyed that he had his armoure and his horse.

"Now, be my fayth, I know welle that he woll greve som of the courte of Kyng Arthure, for on hym knyghtes woll be bolde and deme that hit is I, and that woll begyle them. And bycause of his armoure and shylde, I am sure I shall ryde in pease."

And than sone aftir Sir Kay departed and thanked his oste.

Now turne we unto Sir Launcelot that had ryddyn longe in a grete foreste. And at the laste he com unto a low contrey full of fayre ryvers and fayre meedys, and before hym he sawe a longe brydge, and thre pavylyons stood thereon, of sylke and sendell of dyverse hew. And withoute the pavylyons hynge thre whyght shyldys on trouncheouns of sperys, and grete longe sperys stood upryght by the pavylyons, and at every pavylyon dore stoode thre freysh knyghtes.

And so Sir Launcelot passed be hem and spake no worde. But whan he was paste the thre knyghtes knew hym and seyde hit was the proude Sir Kay. "He wenyth no knyght so good as he, and the contrary is oftyn proved."

"Be my fayth," seyde one of the knyghtes (his name was Sir Gawtere), "I woll ryde aftir hym and assay hym for all his pryde; and ye may beholde how that I spede."

So this knyght Sir Gawtere armed hym, and hynge his shylde uppon his sholdir and mounted uppon a grete horse, and gate his

speare in his honde, and wallopte aftir Sir Launcelot. And whan he come nyghe hym he cryed, "Abyde, thou proude knyght, Sir Kay! for thou shalt nat passe all quyte."

So Sir Launcelot turned hym, and eythir feautyred theire sperys and com togedyrs with all theire myghtes. And Sir Gawters speare brake, but Sir Launcelot smote hym downe horse and man. And whan he was at the erthe his brethyrn seyde, "Yondir knyght is nat Sir Kay, for he is far bygger than he."

"I dare ley my hede," seyde Sir Gylmere, "yondir knyght hath slayne Sir Kay and hath takyn hys horse and harneyse."

"Whether hit be so other no," seyde Sir Raynolde, the thirde brothir, "lette us mounte on oure horsys and rescow oure brothir Sir Gawtere. For upon payne of deth, we all shall have worke inow to macche that knyght, for ever mesemyth by his persone hit is Sir Launcelot other Sir Trystrams, other Sir Pelleas the good knyght."

Than anone they toke theire horsys and overtoke Sir Launcelot. And Sir Gylmere put forth his speare and ran to Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot smote hym downe, that he lay in a sowghe.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Raynolde, "thou arte a stronge man, and as I suppose thou haste slayne my too bretherne, for the whyche rysyth my herte sore agaynste the. And yf I myght wyth my worshyppe I wolde not have ado with the, but nedys I muste take suche parte as they do. And therefore, knyght, kepe thyselfe!"

And so they hurtylde togydyrs with all theire myghtes and all to-shevird bothe there spearys, and than they drew hir swerdys and laysshed togydir egirly. Anone therewithall arose Sir Gawtere and come unto his brothir Sir Gyllymere, and bade hym aryse, "and helpe we oure brothir, Sir Raynolde, that yondir merveylously macchyth yondir good knyght." Therewithall they lepte on theire horses and hurteled unto Sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe them com he smote a sore stroke unto Sir Raynolde, that he felle of his horse to the grounde, and than he caste to the othir too bretherne, and at too strokys he strake hem downe to the erthe. Wyth that Sir Raynolde gan up sterte with his hede all blody and com streyte unto Sir Launcelot.

"Now let be," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I was not far frome the whan thou were made knyght, Sir Raynolde, and also I know thou arte a good knyght, and lothe I were to sle the."

"Gramercy," seyde Sir Raynolde, "of your goodnesse, and I dare say, as for me and my bretherne, we woll nat be loth to yelde us unto you, with that we know youre name, for welle we know ye ar not Sir Kay."

"As for that, be as be may. For ye shall yelde you unto Dame Gwenyvere, and loke that ye be with her on Whytsonday and yelde you unto hir as presoners, and sey that Sir Kay sente you unto hir."

Than they swore hit sholde be done, and so passed forth Sir Launcelot, and ecchone of the bretherne halpe other as well as they myght.

So Sir Launcelot rode into a depe foreste, and there by hym in a slade he sey foure knyghtes hovynge undir an oke, and they were of Arthurs courte: one was Sir Sagramour le Desyrus, and Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Gawayne, and Sir Uwayne. And anone as these foure knyghtes had aspyed Sir Launcelot they wende by his armys that hit had bene Sir Kay.

"Now be my fayth," seyde Sir Sagramoure, "I woll preve Sir Kayes myght," and gate his spere in his honde and com towarde Sir Launcelot.

Than Sir Launcelot was ware of his commyng and knew hym well, and feautred his speare agaynste hym and smote Sir Sagramoure so sore that horse and man wente bothe to the erthe.

"Lo, my felowys," seyde Sir Ector, "yondir may ye se what a buffette he hath gyffen! Methynkyth that knyght is muche bygger than ever was Sir Kay. Now shall ye se what I may do to hym."

So Sir Ector gate his spere in his honde and walopte towarde Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot smote hym evyn thorow the shylde and his sholdir that man and horse wente to the erthe, and ever his spere helde.

"Be my fayth," sayde Sir Uwayne, "yondir is a stronge knyght, and I am sure he hath slayne Kay. And I se be his grete strengthe hit woll be harde to macche hym."

And therewithall Sir Uwayne gate his speare and rode towarde Sir Launcelot. And Sir Launcelot knew hym well and lette his horse renne on the playne and gaff hym suche a buffette that he was astooned, and longe he wyste nat where he was.

"Now se I well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I must encountir with that knyght," and dressed his shylde and gate a good speare in his honde, and Sir Launcelot knewe hym well; and thenne they lete renne theire horses with all theire myghtes, and eyther knyght smote other in myddys of the shylde. But Sir Gawaynes spere braste, and Sir Launcelot charged so sore uppon hym that his horse reversed up-so-downe, and muche sorow had Sir Gawayne to avoyde his horse. And so Sir Launcelot passed on a pace and smyled and seyde, "God gyff hym joy that this spere made, for there cam never a bettir in my honde."

Than the foure knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted eche other. "What sey ye by this geste," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that with one spere hath felde us all foure?"

"We commaunde hym to the devyll," they seyde all, "for he is a man of grete myght."

"Ye may well say hit," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that he is a man of myght, for I dare ley my hede hit is Sir Launcelot: I know hym well by his rydyng."

"Latte hym go," seyde Sir Uwayne, "for whan we com to the courte we shall wete."

Than had they much sorow to gete theire horsis agayne.

Now leve we them there and speke we of Sir Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe foreste. And as he rode he sawe a blak brachette sekyng in maner as hit had bene in the feaute of an hurte dere. And therewith he rode aftir the brachette and he saw lye on the grounde a large feaute of bloode. And than Sir Launcelot rode faster, and ever the brachette loked behynde hir, and so she wente thorow a grete marys, and ever Sir Launcelot folowed. And than was he ware of an olde maner, and thydir ran the brachette and so over a brydge. So Sir Launcelot rode over that brydge that was olde

and feble, and whan he com in the myddys of a grete halle there he seye lye dede a knyght that was a semely man, and that brachette lycked his woundis. And therewithall com oute a lady wepyng and wryngyng hir hondys, and sayde, "Knyght, to muche sorow hast thou brought me."

"Why sey ye so?" seyde Sir Launcelot. "I dede never this knyght no harme, for hydir by the feaute of blood this brachet brought me. And therefore, fayre lady, be nat dyspleased with me, for I am full sore agreved for your grevaunce."

"Truly, sir," she seyde, "I trowe hit be nat ye that hath slayne my husbonde, for he that dud that dede is sore wounded and is never lykly to be hole, that shall I ensure hym."

"What was youre husbondes name?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir, his name was called Sir Gylberd the Bastarde, one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde, and he that hath slayne hym I know nat his name."

"Now God sende you bettir comforte," seyde Sir Launcelot.

And so he departed and wente into the foreste agayne, and there he mette with a damesell the whyche knew hym well. And she seyde on lowde, "Well be ye founde, my lorde. And now I requyre you of your knyghthode helpe my brothir that is sore wounded and never styntyth bledyng, for this day he fought with Sir Gylberte the Bastarde and slew hym in playne batayle, and there was my brothir sore wounded. And there is a lady, a sorseres, that dwellyth in a castel here bysyde, and this day she tolde me my brothirs woundys sholde never be hole tyll I coude fynde a knyght wolde go into the Chapel Perelus, and there he sholde fynde a swerde and a blody cloth that the woundid knyght was lapped in; and a pece of that cloth and that swerde sholde hele my brothir, with that his woundis were serched with the swerde and the cloth."

"This is a mervelouse thyng," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but what is your brothirs name?"

"Sir," she seyde, "Sir Melyot de Logrys."

"That me repentys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for he is a felow of the Table Rounde, and to his helpe I woll do my power."

Than she sayde, "Sir, folow ye evyn this hygheway, and hit woll brynge you to the Chapel Perelus, and here I shall abyde tyll God sende you agayne. And yf you spede nat I know no knyght lyvyng that may encheve that adventure."

Ryght so Sir Launcelot departed, and whan he com to the Chapell Perelus he alyght downe and tyed his horse unto a lytyll gate. And as sone as he was within the chyrchyerde he sawe on the frunte of the chapel many fayre ryche shyldis turned up-so-downe, and many of tho shyldis Sir Launcelot had sene knyghtes bere byforehande. With that he sawe by hym there stonde a thirty grete knyghtes, more by a yerde than any man that ever he had sene, and all they grenned and gnasted at Sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe theire countenaunce he dredde hym sore, and so put his shylde before hym and toke his swerde in his honde redy unto batayle.

And they all were armed all in blak harneyse, redy with her shyldis and her swerdis redy drawyn. And as Sir Launcelot wolde have gone thorow them they skaterd on every syde of hym and gaff hym the way, and therewith he wexed bolde and entyrde into the chapel. And there he sawe no lyght but a dymme lampe brennyng, and than was he ware of a corpus hylled with a clothe of sylke. Than Sir Launcelot stouped doune and kutte a pese away of that cloth, and than hit fared undir hym as the grounde had quaked a lytyll; therewithall he feared.

And than he sawe a fayre swerde lye by the dede knyght, and that he gate in his honde and hyed hym oute of the chapell. Anone as ever he was in the chapell-yerde all the knyghtes spake to hym with grymly voyces and seyde, "Knyght Sir Launcelot, lay that swerde frome the or thou shalt dye!"

"Whether that I lyve other dye," seyde Sir Launcelot, "with no grete wordys gete ye hit agayne. Therefore fyght for hit and ye lyst."

Than ryght so he passed thorowoute them. And byyonde the chapell yarde there mette hym a fayre damesell and seyde, "Sir Launcelot, leve that swerde behynde the, other thou wolt dye for hit."

"I leve hit not," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for no thretyng."

"No," seyde she, "and thou dyddyste leve that swerde, Quene Gwenyvere sholde thou never se."

"Than were I a foole and I wolde leve this swerde."

"Now jantyll knyghte," seyde the damesel, "I requyre the to kysse me but onys."

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that God me forbede."

"Well, sir," seyde she, "and thou haddyst kyssed me thy lyff dayes had be done. And now, alas," she seyde, "I have loste all my laboure, for I ordeyned this chapell for thy sake and for Sir Gawayne. And onys I had hym within me, and at that tyme he fought with this knyght that lyeth dede in yondir chapell, Sir Gylberte the Bastarde, and at that tyme he smote the lyffte honde of Sir Gylberte. And, Sir Launcelot, now I telle the, I have loved the this seven yere, but there may no woman have thy love but Quene Gwenyvere; and sytthen I myght nat rejoyse the nother to have thy body on lyve, I had kepte no more joy in this worlde but to have thy body dede. Than wolde I have bawmed hit and sered hit, and so to have kepte hit my lyve dayes; and dayly I sholde have clypped the and kyssed the, dispyte of Quene Gwenyvere."

"Ye se well," seyde Sir Launcelot; "Jesu preserve me frome your subtyle crauftys!"

And therewithall he toke his horse and so departed frome hir. And as the book seyth, whan Sir Launcelot was departed she toke suche sorow that she deyde within a fourtenyte; and hir name was called Hallewes the Sorseres, lady of the Castell Nygurmous. And anon Sir Launcelot mette with the damesel, Sir Melyottis systir, and whan she sawe hym she clapped hir hondys and wepte for joy. And than they rode into a castell thereby where lay Sir Melyot, and anone as Sir Launcelot sye hym he knewe hym, but he was passyng paale as the erthe for bledynge. Whan Sir Melyot saw Sir Launcelot he kneled uppon his kneis and cryed on hyghte: "A, lorde Sir Launcelot, helpe me anone!"

Than Sir Launcelot lepe unto hym and towched his woundys with Sir Gylbardys swerde, and than he wyped his woundys with a parte of the bloody cloth that Sir Gylbarde was wrapped in and

anone an holer man in his lyff was he never. And than there was grete joy betwene hem, and they made Sir Launcelot all the chere that they myghte.

And so on the morne Sir Launcelot toke his leve and bade Sir Melyot hyghe hym "to the courte of my lorde Arthure, for hit drawyth nyghe to the feste of Pentecoste. And there, by the grace of God, ye shall fynde me." And therewith they departed.

And so Sir Launcelot rode thorow many strange contrayes, over mores and valeis, tyll by fortune he com to a fayre castell. And as he paste beyonde the castell hym thought he herde too bellys ryng, and than he was ware of a faucon com over his hede fleyng toward an hyghe elme, and longe lunes aboute her feete. And she flowe unto the elme to take hir perche, the lunes overcast aboute a bowghe, and whan she wolde have tane hir flyght she hynge by the leggis faste. And Sir Launcelot syghe how he hynge and behelde the fayre faucon Perygot, and he was sory for hir.

The meane whyle cam a lady oute of the castell and cryed on hyghe: "A Launcelot, Launcelot! as thow arte floure of all knyghtes, helpe me to gete me my hauke, for and my hauke be loste my lorde wolde destroy me, for I kepte the hauke and she slypped fro me. And yf my lorde my husbande wete hit, he is so hasty that he wyll sle me."

"What is your lordis name?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir," she seyde, "his name is Sir Phelot, a knyght that longyth unto the Kynge of North Galys."

"Well fayre lady, syn that ye know my name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe, I woll do what I may to gete youre hauke; and yet God knowyth I am an evyll clymber, and the tre is passynge hyghe, and fewe bowys to helpe me withall."

And therewith Sir Launcelot alyght and tyed his horse to the same tre, and prayde the lady to onarme hym. And so whan he was unarmed he put of all his clothis unto his shurte and his breche, and with myght and grete force he clambe up to the faucon and tyed the lunes to a grete rotyn boysh, and threwe the hauke downe with the buysh.

And anone the lady gate the hauke in hir honde; and therewithall com oute Sir Phelot oute of the grevys suddeynly, that was hir husbonde, all armed and with his naked swerde in his honde, and sayde, "A, knyght Sir Launcelot, now I have founde the as I wolde," he stondyng at the boole of the tre to sle hym.

"A, lady!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "why have ye betrayed me?"

"She hath done," seyde Sir Phelot, "but as I commaunded hir, and therefore there is none othir boote but thyne oure is com that thou muste dye."

"That were shame unto the," seyde Sir Launcelot, "thou an armed knyght to sle a naked man by treson."

"Thou gettyste none other grace," seyde Sir Phelot, "and therefore helpe thyself and thou can."

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that shall be thy shame; but syn thou wolt do none other, take myne harneys with the and hange my swerde there uppon a bowghe that I may gete hit, and than do thy beste to sle me and thou can."

"Nay," seyde Sir Phelot, "for I know the bettir than thou wenyste. Therefore thou gettyst no wepyn and I may kepe the therefro."

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever a knyght sholde dey wepenles!"

And therewith he wayted above hym and undir hym, and over hym above his hede he sawe a rownsepyk, a bygge bowghe leveles. And therewith he brake hit of by the body, and than he com lowar, and awayted how his owne horse stoode, and suddenyly he lepe on the farther syde of his horse froward the knyght. And than Sir Phelot laysshed at hym egerly to have slayne hym, but Sir Launcelot put away the stroke with the rownsepyk, and therewith toke hym on the one syde of the hede, that downe he felle in a sowghe to the grounde.

So than Sir Launcelot toke his swerde oute of his honde and strake his necke in too pecys.

"Alas!" than cryed that lady, "why haste thou slayne my husbonde?"

"I am nat causer," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but with falshede ye wolde have had me slayne with treson, and now hit is fallyn on you bothe."

And than she sowned as though she wolde dey. And therewith Sir Launcelot gate all his armoure as well as he myght and put hit uppon hym for drede of more resseite, for he dredde hym that the knyghtes castell was so nyghe hym. And as sone as he myght he toke his horse and departed, and thanked God that he had escaped that harde adventure.

So Sir Launcelot rode many wylde wayes thorowoute morys and mares, and as he rode in a valay, he sey a knyght chasyng a lady with a naked swerde to have slayne hir. And by fortune, as this knyght sholde have slayne thys lady, she cryed on Sir Launcelot and prayde hym to rescowe her.

Whan Sir Launcelot sye that myschyff, he toke his horse and rode betwene hem, sayynge, "Knyght, fye for shame, why wolte thou sle this lady? Thou dost shame unto the and all knyghtes!"

"What haste thou to do betwyxte me and my wyff? I woll sle her magré thyne hede."

"That shall ye nat," sayde Sir Launcelot, "for rather we woll have ado togedyrs."

"Sir Launcelot," the knyght, "thou doste nat thy parte, for this lady hath betrayed me."

"Hit is not so," seyde the lady, "truly, he seyth wronge on me. And for bycause I love and cherysshe my cousyn jarmayne, he is jolowse betwyxte me and hym; and as I mutte answere to God there was never sene betwyxte us none suche thynges. But, sir," seyde the lady, "as thou arte called the worshypfullyst knyght of the worlde, I requyre the of trewe knyghthode, kepe me and save me, for whatsomever he sey he woll sle me, for he is withoute mercy."

"Have ye no doute: hit shalle nat lye in his power."

"Sir," seyde the knyght, "in your syght I woll be ruled as ye woll have me."

And so Sir Launcelot rode on the one syde and she on the other syde. And he had nat ryden but a whyle but the knyght

bade Sir Launcelot turne hym and loke behynde hym, and seyde, "Sir, yondir com men of armys aftir us rydynge." And so Sir Launcelot turned hym and thought no treson; and therwith was the knyght and the lady on one syde, and suddeynly he swapped of the ladyes hede. And whan Sir Launcelot had aspyed hym what he had done, he seyde and so called hym: "Traytoure, thou haste shamed me for evir!" And suddeynly Sir Launcelot alyght of his horse and pulde oute his swerde to sle hym. And therewithall he felle to the erthe and gryped Sir Launcelot by the thyghes and cryed mercy.

"Fye on the," seyde Sir Launcelot, "thou shamefull knyght! Thou mayste have no mercy: therefore aryse and fyghte with me!"

"Nay," sayde the knyght, "I woll never aryse tylle ye graunte me mercy."

"Now woll I proffyr the fayre: I woll unarme me unto my shyrte, and I woll have nothyng uppon me but my sherte and my swerde in my honde, and yf thou can sle me, quyte be thou for ever."

"Nay, sir, that woll I never."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "take this lady and the hede, and bere it uppon the; and here shalt thou swere uppon my swerde to bere hit allwayes uppon thy bak and never to reste tyll thou com to my lady Quene Gwenyvere."

"Sir, that woll I do, by the feyth of my body."

"Now, what is youre name?"

"Sir, my name is Sir Pedyvere."

"In a shamefull oure were thou borne," seyde Sir Launcelot.

So Sir Pedyvere departed with the dede lady and the hede togydir, and founde the quene with Kynge Arthure at Wynchestir; and there he told all the trouthe.

"Sir knyght," seyde the quene, "this is an horryble dede and shamefull, and a grete rebuke unto Sir Launcelot, but natwythstondyng his worshyp is knowyn in many dyverse contreis. But this shall I gyff you in penaunce: make ye as good skyffte as ye can, ye shall bere this lady with you on horsebak unto the Pope of Rome, and of hym resseyve youre penaunce for your foule dedis.

And ye shall nevir reste one nyght thereas ye do another, and if ye go to ony bedde the dede body shall lye with you."

This oth he there made and so departed. And as hit tellyth in the Frenshe booke, whan he com unto Rome the Pope there bade hym go agayne unto Quene Gwenyvere, and in Rome was his lady buryed by the Popys commaundement. And after thys knyght Sir Pedyvere fell to grete goodnesse, and was an holy man and an hermyte.

Now turne we unto Sir Launcelot du Lake that com home too dayes before the feste of Pentecoste, and the kynge and all the courte were passyng fayne. And whan Sir Gawayne, Sir Uwayne, Sir Sagramoure, and Sir Ector de Mares sye Sir Launcelot in Kayes armour, than they wyste well that hit was he that smote hem downe all wyth one spere. Than there was lawghyng and smylyng amonge them, and ever now and now com all the knyghtes home that were presoners with Sir Terquyn, and they all honoured and worshipped Sir Launcelot.

Whan Sir Gaherys herde hem speke he sayde, "I sawe all the batayle from the begynnynge to the endynge." And there he tolde Kynge Arthure all how hit was and how Sir Terquyn was the strongest knyght that ever he sawe excepte Sir Launcelot; and ther were many knyghtes bare hym recorde, nyghe thre score. Than Sir Kay tolde the kynge how Sir Launcelot had rescowed hym whan he sholde have bene slayne, and how "he made the thre knyghtes yelde hem to me and nat to hym." And there they were all thre and bare recorde. "And by Jesu," seyde Sir Kay, "Sir Launcelot toke my harneyse and leffte me his, and I rode in Goddys pece and no man wolde have ado with me."

Anone therewith com the thre knyghtes that fought with Sir Launcelot at the longe brydge; and there they yelded them unto Sir Kay, and Sir Kay forsoke them and seyde he fought never with hem. "But I shall ease your hertes," seyde Sir Kay, "yondir is Sir Launcelot that overcam you." Whan they wyste that, they were glad. And than Sir Melyot de Logrys com home, and tolde hem and

the kynge how Sir Launcelot had saved hym frome the deth, and all his dedys was knowyn: how the quenys sorserers foure had hym in preson, and how he was delyverde by the kynge Bagdemagus doughter.

Also there was tolde all the grete armys that Sir Launcelot dud betwyste the too kynges, that ys for to say the Kynge of North Galys and Kyng Bagdemagus: all the trouth Sir Gahalantyne dud telle, and Sir Mador de la Porte, and Sir Mordred, for they were at the same turnement. Than com in the lady that knew Sir Launcelot whan that he wounded Sir Belleus at the pavylyon; and there at the requeste of Sir Launcelot Sir Belleus was made Knyght of the Rounde Table.

And so at that tyme Sir Launcelot had the grettyste name of ony knyght of the worlde, and moste he was honoured of hyghe and lowe.

Explicit a Noble Tale of Sir Launcelot du Lake.
Here folowyth Sir Garethis Tale of Orkeney
that was callyd Bewmaynes by Sir Kay

THE TOURNAMENT AT SURLUSE

SO HIT BEFELLE that Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was lorde of the contrey of Surluse, whereof cam oute many good knyghtes, and this noble prince was a passynge good man of armys, and ever he hylde a noble felyship togydirs. And than he cam to Kynge Arthurs courte and tolde hym his entente, how this was his wyll, how he wolde let cry a justys in the contrey of Surluse, the whyche contrey was within the bandis of Kynge Arthur, and there he asked leve to crye a justys.

"I woll gyff you leve," seyde Kynge Arthur, "but wyte you well I may not be there myselff."

"Sir," seyde Quene Gwenyvere, "please hit you to gyff me leve to be at that justis?"

"Wyth a ryght good wyll," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce shall have you in governaunce."

"Sir, as ye wyll, so be hit."

Than the Quene seyde, "I woll take with me suche knyghtes as lykyth me beste."

"Do as ye lyste," seyde Kynge Arthure.

So anone she commaunded Sir Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as hym thought beste.

So in every good towne and castell off this londe was made a crye that in the contrey of Surluse Sir Galahalte shulde make a justis that sholde laste seven dayes, and how the Hawte Prince with the helpe of Quene Gwenyveres knyghtes sholde juste agayne all maner of men that commyth. Whan this crye was knowyn, kynges and prynces, deukes, erlys and barownes and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that justys.

And at the day of justenynge there cam Sir Dynadan disgysed, and ded many grete dedis of armys. Than at the requeste of Quene

Gwenyvere and of Kynge Bagdemagus Sir Launcelot com into the thrange, but he was disgysed; that was the cause that feaw folke knew hym. And there mette wyth hym Sir Ector de Marys, his owne brothir, and ayther brake theire spearys uppon other to theire handis. And than aythir gate another speare, and than Sir Launcelot smote downe Sir Ector, his owne brothir.

That sawe Sir Bleoberys, and he smote Sir Launcelot uppon the helme suche a buffet that he wyste nat well where he was. Than Sir Launcelot was wrothe and smote Sir Bleoberys so sore uppon the helme that his hed bowed downe bakwarde, and he smote hym efft another stroke, and therewith he avoyded his sadyll. And so he rode by and threste in amonge the thykkyst.

Whan the Kynge of North Galys saw Sir Ector and Sir Bleoberys ley on the grounde, than was he wrothe, for they cam on his party agaynste them of Surluse. So the Kyng of North Galys ran unto Sir Launcelot and brake a speare uppon hym all to pecis. And therewith Sir Launcelot overtoke the Kynge of North Galys and smote hym such a buffet on the helme with his swerde that he made hym to avoyde the arson of his sadyll. And anone the kynge was horsed agayne.

So Kynge Bagdemagus and the Kyng of Northe Galys aythir party hurled to other, and than began a stronge medlé, but they of Northe Galys were muche bygger than the other.

So whan Sir Launcelot saw his party go so to the warre, he thrange in to the thyckyst with a bygge swerde in his honde. And there he smote downe on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and pulled downe knyghtes and raced of helmys, that all men had wondir that ever one knyght myght do suche dedis of armys. Whan Sir Mellyagaunce that was sonne unto Kynge Bagdemagus saw how Sir Launcelot fared, he merveilled gretely, and whan he undirstood that hit was he, he wyste well that he was disgysed for his sake. Than Sir Mellyagaunce prayde a knyght to sle Sir Launcelotes horse, other with swerde or speare.

And at that tyme, Kynge Bagdemagus mette with another knyght that hyght Sauseyse, a good knyght, and sayde, "Now, fayre knyght

Sir Sauseyse, encountir with my sonne Sir Mellyagaunce, and gyff hym layrge pay, for I wolde that he were well beatyn of thy hondis, that he myght departe oute of this felde."

And than Sir Sauseyse encountyrd with Sir Mellyagaunce, and aythir smote other adowne. And than they fought on foote. And there Sir Sauseyse had wonne Sir Mellyagaunce, had there nat com rescowys.

So than the Haute Prynce blewe to lodgynge, and every knyght unarmed hym and wente to the grete feyste.

Than in the meane whyle there came a damesell to the Haute Prynce and complayned that there was a knyght that hyght Sir Gonereyes that withhylde all her londis. And so the knyght was there presente, and keste his glove to hir or to ony that wolde fyght in hir name. So the damesell toke up the glove all hevyly for the defaute of a champyon. Than there cam a varlet to her and seyde, "Damesell, woll ye do aftir me?"

"Full fayne," seyde the damesell.

"Than go ye unto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an ermytage, and that knyght folowyth the Questynge Beeste, and pray hym to take the batayle uppon hym. And anone he woll graunte you."

So anone she toke her palferey, and within a whyle she founde that knyght, whyche was called Sir Palomydes. And whan she requyred hym he armed hym and rode with her and made her go to the Haute Prynce and to aske leve for hir knyght to do batayle.

"I woll well," seyde the Haute Prynce.

Than the knyghtes made them redy and cam to the fylde to juste on horsebacke, and aythir gate a grete speare in his honde, and so mette togydirs so hard that theire spearis all to-shevird. And anone they flange oute theire swerdis, and Sir Palomydes smote Sir Gonereyse downe to the erthe. And than he raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than they wente to souper.

And this damesell loved Sir Palomydes as her paramour, but the booke seyth she was of his kynne.

So than Sir Palomydes disgysed hymselff in this maner: in his shylde he bare the Questynge Beste, and in all his trapours. And whan he was thus redy he sente to the Haute Prynce to gyff hym leve to juste with othir knyghtes, but he was adouted of Syr Launcelot. Than the Haute Prynce sente hym worde agayne that he sholde be wellcom, and that Sir Launcelot sholde nat juste wyth hym. Than Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce lete cry that what knyght somever smote downe Sir Palomydes sholde have his damesell to hymselff to his demaynes.

Here begynnyth the secunde day. And anone as Sir Palomydes came into the fylde, Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was at the raunge ende, and mette wyth Sir Palomydes and he with hym, with too grete spearys. And they cam so harde togydyrs that theire spearys all to-shevirde. But Sir Galahalte smote hym so harde that he bare hym bakwarde over his horse, but yet he loste nat his styroppis. Than they pulled oute theire swerdis, and laysshed togydirs many sad strokis, that many worshypfull knyghtes leffte theire busynes to beholde them. But at the laste Sir Galahalte smote a stroke of myght unto Sir Palomydes sore uppon the helme; but the helme was so harde that the swerde myght nat byghte, but slypped and smote of the hede of his horse.

But whan Sir Galahalte saw the good knyght Sir Palomydes fall to the erthe, he was ashamed of that stroke. And therewithall he alyght adowne of his owne horse, and prayde Sir Palomydes to take that horse of his gyffte and to forgyff hym that dede.

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I thanke you of youre grete goodnes, for ever of a man of worship a knyght shall never have disworshyp."

And so he mownted uppon that horse, and the Haute Prynce had another horse anone.

"Now," seyde the Haute Prynce, "I releace to you that maydyn, for ye have wonne her."

"A," sayde Sir Palomydes, "the damesell and I be at youre commaundement."

So they departed, and Sir Galahalte ded grete dedis of armys. And ryght so cam Sir Dynadan and encountyrd wyth Sir Galahalte, and aythir cam on other so faste that theire spearys brake to there hondis. But Sir Dynadan had wente the Haute Prynce had bene more weryar than he was, and than he smote many sad strokes at the Haute Prynce. But whan Sir Dynadan saw he myght nat gete hym to the erthe, he seyde, "My lorde, I pray you, leve me and take anothir."

So the Haute Prynce knew nat Sir Dynadan, but leffte hym goodly for his fayre wordis, and so they departed. But another knyght there cam and tolde the Haute Prynce that hit was Sir Dynadan.

"Iwys," seyde the Haute Prynce, "therefore am I hevy that he is so ascaped fro me, for with his mokkis and his japys now shall I never have done with hym."

And than Sir Galahalte rode faste aftyr hym and bade hym, "Abyde, Sir Dynadan, for Kynge Arthurs sake!"

"Nay," seyde Sir Dynadan, "so God me helpe, we mete no more togydyrs this day!"

Than in that haste Sir Galahalte mette with Sir Mellyagaunce, and he smote hym so in the throte that and he had nat fallyn his necke had be brokyn. And with the same speare he smote downe anothir knyght.

Than cam in they of the Northe Galys and many straungers with them, and were lyke to have put them of Surluse to the worse, for Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce had overmuche in honde. So there cam the good knyght Sir Symounde the Valyaunte with fourty knyghtes and bete them all abacke.

Than Quene Gwenyvere and Sir Launcelot let blow to lodgynge, and every knyght unarmed hym and dressed them to the feste.

So whan Sir Palomydes was unarmed he axed lodgynge for hymselff and the damesell, and anone the Haute Prynce commaunded them to lodgynge. And he was nat so sone in his lodgynge but there cam a knyght that hyght Archade. He was brothir unto Sir Gomoryes that Sir Palomydes slewe afore in the damesels quarell. And this knyght Archade called Sir Palomydes traytoure, and appeled hym for the deth of his brothir.

"By the leve of the Haute Prynce," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I shall answere the."

Whan Sir Galahalte undirstood there quarell he bade them go to the dyner, "and as sone as ye have dyned, loke that aythir knyght be redy in the fylde."

So whan they had dyned they were armed bothe and toke theire horsys. And the quene and the prynce and Sir Launcelot were sette to beholde them. And so they let ren theire horsis, and there Sir Palomydes and Sir Archade mette, and he bare Sir Archade on his speare ende over his horse tayle. And than Sir Palomydes alyght and drewe his swerde, but Sir Archade myght nat aryse. And there Sir Palomydes raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than the Haute Prynce and Quene Gwenyvere went to souper.

Than Kynge Bagdemagus sente away his sonne Mellyagaunce, bycause Sir Launcelot sholde nat mete with hym; for he hated Sir Launcelot, and that knewe he nat.

Now begynnyth the thirde day of justis. And at that day Kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy, and there cam agaynste hym Kynge Marsyll that had in gyffte an ilonde of Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and this ilonde was called Pomytayne. Than hit befelle thus that Kynge Bagdemagus and Kynge Marsyll of Pomytayne mette togydir wyth spearys, and Kynge Marsyll had suche a buffet that he felle over his horse croupe. Than cam therein a knyght of Kynge Marsyls to revenge his lorde, and Kynge Bagdemagus smote hym downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

So there came an erle that hyght Sir Arrowse, and Sir Breuse, and an hondred knyghtes wyth hem of Pometaynes, and the Kynge of Northe Galys was with hem, and all they were agaynste them of Surluse. And than there began a grete batayle, and many knyghtes were caste undir theire horse fyete. And ever Kynge Bagdemagus ded beste, for he fyrste began and ever he was lengyste that helde on. But Sir Gaherys, Gawaynes brothir, smote ever at the face of Kynge Bagdemagus, and at the laste he smote downe Sir Gaherys, horse and man.

And by aventure Sir Palomydes mette with Sir Blamour de Ganys, brothir unto Sir Bleoberys, and ayther smote other with grete spearis, that bothe horse and men felle to the erthe. But Sir Blamour had suche a falle that he had allmoste broke his necke, for the blood braste oute at the nose, mowthe, and earys. Than cam in Deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and undir his governaunce there cam a knyght that hyght Sir Elys le Noyre. And there encountyrd with hym Kynge Bagdemagus, and he smote Sir Elys, that he made hym to avoyde his arson of his sadyll.

So this Deuke Chalence of Claraunce ded there grete dedis of armys, and so late as he cam in the thirde day there ded no man so well excepte Kynge Bagdemagus and Sir Palomydes. And the pryce was gyvyn that day unto Kynge Bagdemagus, and than they blew unto lodgyng and unarmed them and wente to the feyste.

Ryght so cam in Sir Dynadan and mocked and japed wyth Kynge Bagdemagus, that all knyghtes lowghe at hym, for he was a fyne japer and lovynge unto all good knyghtes.

So anone as they had dyned, there cam a varlet berynge foure spearys on his backe, and he cam to Sir Palomydes and seyde thus: "Here is a knyght by that hath sente you the choyse of foure spearys, and requyryth you for youre ladyes sake to take that one halff of thes spearys and juste with hym in the fylde."

"Telle hym," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll nat fayle you."

So Sir Galahalte seyde, "Make you redy!" So Quene Gwenyvere, the Haute Prynce, and Sir Launcelot, they were sette upon scaffoldis to gyve the jugemente of thes too knyghtis.

Than Sir Palomydes and the straunge knyght ran togydirs and brake there spearys to theire hondys. And anone aythir of them toke another speare and shyvyrd them in pecis. And than ayther toke a gretter speare, and than the knyght smote downe Sir Palomydes, horse and man to the erthe, and as he wolde have passed over hym the knyghtes horse stombeled and felle downe uppon Sir Palomydes. Than they drewe theire swerdis, and laysshed togydirs wondirly sore.

Than the Haute Prynce and Sir Launcelot seyde they saw never too knyghtes fyght bettir; but ever the straunge knyght doubled his

strokys and put Sir Palomydes abak. And therewithall the Haute Prynce cryed "Whoo!"

And than they wente to lodgynge, and whan they were unarmed anone they knew hym for Sir Lamerok. And whan Sir Launcelot knew Sir Lamerok he made muche of hym; for of all erthely men he loved hym beste, excepte Sir Trystram. Than Quene Gwenyvere commended hym, and so did all good knyghtes, and made muche of hym, excepte Sir Gawaynes brethirne. Than Quene Gwenyvir seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, I requyre you that and ye juste ony more, that ye juste wyth none of the blood of my lorde Kynge Arthur."

And so he promysed he wolde nat as at that tyme.

Here begynnyth the fourthe day. Than cam into the fylde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and all they of Northe Galys, and Deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and Kynge Marsyll of Pometayne. And there cam Sir Saphir, Sir Palomydes brothir, and he tolde hym tydynges of hys fadir and of his modir and all hys kynne. "Fayre brothir," seyde Sir Saphir, "they do ryght well, thanked be God, but they have had grete warre ageynst an erle, and his name was called the Erle de la Plaunche, and so I appeled hym afore the kynge for he made warre uppon oure fadir and modir, and there I slewe hym in playne batayle."

So they too wente into the fylde, and the damesell wyth hem. And there cam to encountir agayne them Sir Bleoberys de Ganys and Sir Ector de Marys. And Sir Palomydes encountyrd wyth Sir Bleoberys, and aythir smote other downe. In the same wyse ded Sir Saphir and Sir Ector, and tho too couplys ded batayle on foote.

Than cam in Sir Lamerok, and he encountyrd with the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes and smote hym quyte over his horse tayle. And in the same wyse he served the Kynge of Northe Galys, and also he smote downe Kynge Marsyll. And so or ever he stynte he smote downe wyth his speare and with his swerde thirty knyghtys. Whan Deuke Chalens saw Sir Lamerok do so grete proues he wolde nat meddyll with hym for shame. And than he charged all his knyghtes

in payne of deth that "none of you towche hym, for hit were shame to all good knyghtes and that knyght were shamed."

Than the too kynges gadird them togydirs, and all they sett uppon Sir Lameroke. And he fayled them nat, but russhed here and there and raced of many helmys, that the Haute Prince and Quene Gwenyvere seyde they sawe never knyght do suche dedis of armys on horsebacke. "Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot to Kynge Bagdemagus, "I woll arme me and helpe Sir Lamerok."

"And I woll ryde wyth you," seyde Kynge Bagdemagus.

And whan they too were horsed they cam to Sir Lamerok that stood amonge thirty knyghtes, and well was hym that myght reche hym a buffet; and ever he smote agayne myghtyly. Than cam there into the pres Sir Launcelot, and he threwe downe Sir Mador de la Porte, and with the troncheon of that speare he threwe downe many knyghtes. And Kynge Bagdemagus smote on the lyffte honde and on the ryght honde mervaylusly well. And than tho thre kynges fledde abak.

And therewithall Sir Galahalte lat blow to lodgynge; and all herrowdis gaff Sir Lamerok the pryce.

And all this whyle fought Sir Palomydes and Sir Bleoberys, and Sir Safer and Sir Ector, on foote, and never was there foure knyghtes more evynner macched. And anone they were departed, and had unto theire lodgynge and unarmed, and so they wente to the grete feste.

But whan Sir Lamerok was com unto the courte Quene Gwenyvere enbraced hym in her armys and seyde, "Sir, well have ye done this day!"

Than cam the Haute Prynce, and he made of hym grete joy, and so ded Sir Dynadan, for he wepte for joy. But the joy that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Lamerok there myght no tonge telle. Than they wente unto reste. And so on the morne the Haute Prynce Sir Galahalte blew unto the fylde.

Here begynnyth the fyfth day. So hit befell that Sir Palomydes cam in the morne-tyde, and profyrde to juste thereas Kynge Arthur was,

in a castell there besydys Surluse. And there encountyrd with hym a worshypfull deuke that hyght Adrawns, and there Sir Palomydes smote hym over his horse croupyn. And this deuke was uncle unto Kynge Arthure.

Than Sir Elyce, his sonne, rode unto Sir Palomydes, and so he servid Sir Elyse in the same wyse. Whan Sir Gawayne sawe this he was wrothe. Than he toke his horse and encountird with Sir Palomydes, and Sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that he wente to the erthe, horse and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote downe his thre bretherne, that is for to say Sir Mordred, Sir Gaherys, and Sir Aggravayne.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "this is a grete dispyte that suche a Sarysen shall smyte downe my blood!"

And therewithall Kynge Arthure was wood wrothe and thought to have made hym redy to juste. That aspyed Sir Lamerok, that Kynge Arthure and his blood was so discomfite. And anone he was redy and axed Sir Palomydes if he wolde ony more juste.

"Why sholde I nat juste?" seyde Sir Palomydes.

So they hurled togydirs and brake theire spearys and all to-shyvird them, that all the castell range of theire dyntys. Than aythir gate a gretter speare, and they cam so fyersly togydir that Sir Palomydes speare brake, and Sir Lamerokes hylde. And therewythall Sir Palomydes loste his styrropis, and so he lay upryght on his horse backe. But Sir Palomydes recoverde agayne and toke his damesell, and so Sir Saffir and he wente theire way.

So whan he was departed the kynge cam to Sir Lamerok and thankyd hym of his goodnes and prayde hym to tell hym his name.

"Syr," seyde Sir Lamerok, "wyte you well I owghe you my servyse, but as at this tyme I woll nat abyde here, for I se off myne enemyes many aboute you."

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "nowe wote I well hit is Sir Lamerok de Galys. A, Sir Lamerok, abyde wyth me! And, be my crowne, I shall never fayle the: and nat so hardy in Sir Gawaynes hede, nothir none of his bretherne, to do the wronge."

"Sir, grete wronge have they done me and you bothe."

"That is trouthe," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for they slew theire owne modir, my sistir. Hit had bene muche fayrer and bettir that ye hadde wedded her, for ye ar a kynges sonne as well as they."

"A Jesu, mercy!" seyde Sir Lamerok, "her deth shall I never forgete, and if hit were nat at the reverence of youre hyghnes, I sholde be revenged uppon Sir Gawayne and his bretherne."

"Truly," seyde Kynge Arthur, "I woll make you at acorde."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lamerok, "as at this tyme I may nat abyde with you, for I muste to the justis where is Sir Launcelot and the Haute Prynce Sir Galahalte."

So there was a damesell that was doughtir unto Kynge Baudas; and there was a Sarazen knyght that hyght Sir Corsabryne, and he loved the damesell and in no wyse he wolde suffir her to be maryed. For ever this Corsabryne noysed her and named her that she was oute of her mynde, and thus he lette her that she myght nat be maryed.

So by fortune this damesell harde telle that Sir Palomydes ded muche for damesels. And anone she sente hym a pensell and prayde hym to fyght with Sir Corsabroyne for her love, and he sholde have her and all her londis, and all of her fadirs that sholde falle aftir hym. Than the damesell sente unto Sir Corsabryne and bade hym go unto Sir Palomydes that was a paynym as well as he, and she gaff hym warnynge that she had sente hym her pensell; and yf he myght overcom Sir Palomydes she wolde wedde hym.

Whan Sir Corsabryne wyste of her dedis, than was he wood wrothe. And anone he rode unto Surluse where the Haute Prynce was, and there he founde Sir Palomydes redy, the whyche had the pensell. And so there they waged batayle aythir with othir afore Sir Galahalte.

"Well," seyde the Haute Prynce, "this day muste noble knyghtes juste, and at aftir dyner we shall se how ye can do."

Than they blew to justys. And in cam Sir Dynadan and mette with Sir Geryne, a good knyght, and he threw hym downe over his horse croupen. And Sir Dynadan overthrew foure knyghtes mo,

and there he dede grete dedis of armys, for he was a good knyght. But he was a grete skoffer and a japer, and the meryeste knyght amonge felyship that was that tyme lyvynge: and he loved every good knyght and every good knyght loved hym.

So whan the Haute Prynce saw Sir Dynadan do so well, he sente unto Sir Launcelot and bade hym stryke hym adowne, "and so brynge hym afore me and Quene Gwenyvere."

Than Sir Launcelot ded as he was requyred. Than cam Sir Lamorak and smote downe many knyghtes, and raced of helmys, and droff all the knyghtes afore hym, and Sir Launcelot smote adowne Sir Dynadan and made his men to unarme hym, and so brought hym to the Quene and to the Haute Prynce, and they lowghe at Sir Dynadan that they myght nat stonde.

"Well," seyde Sir Dynadan, "yet have I no shame, for the olde shrew Sir Launcelot smote me downe."

So they wente to dyner, all the courte, and had grete disporte at Sir Dynadan.

So whan the dyner was done, they blew to the fylde to beholde Sir Palomydes and Sir Corsabryne. Syr Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddys of the fylde, and than they hurled togydirs with her spearys as hit were thundir, and they smote aythir other to the erthe. And than they pulled oute there swerdis and dressed theire shyldis and laysshed togydirs myghtyly as myghty knyghtes, that well-nyghe there was no pyse of harneyse wolde holde them, for this Corsabryne was a passynge felownse knyght.

"Corsabryne," seyde Sir Palomydes, "wolt thou release me yondir damesell and the pensell?"

Than was he wrothe oute of mesure, and gaff Sir Palomydes suche a buffet that he kneled on his kne. Than Sir Palomydes arose lyghtly and smote hym uppon the helme, that he fell upryght to the erthe. And therewithall he raced of his helme and seyde, "Yelde the, Corsabryne, or thou shalt dye!"

"Fye on the," seyde Sir Corsabryne, "and do thy warste!"

Than he smote of his hede. And therewithall cam a stynke of his body, whan the soule departed, that there myght nobody abyde

the savoure. So was the corpus had away and buryed in a wood, bycause he was a paynym.

Than they blew unto lodgyng, and Sir Palomydes was unarmed. Than he wente unto Quene Gwenyvere, to the Haute Prynce, and to Sir Launcelot.

"Sir," seyde the Haute Prynce, "here have ye seyne this day a grete myracle by Corsabryne what savoure was there whan the soule departed frome the body. Therefore we all requyre you to take the baptyme uppon you, and than all knyghtes woll sette the more be you."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll that ye all knowe that into this londe I cam to be crystyned, and in my harte I am crystynde, and crystynde woll I be. But I have made suche a vowe that I may nat be crystynde tyll I have done seven trewe bataylis for Jesus sake, and than woll I be crystynde. And I truste that God woll take myne entente, for I meane truly."

Than Sir Palomydes prayde Quene Gwenyvere and the Haute Prynce to soupe with hym; and so he ded bothe Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamerok and many other good knyghtes.

So on the morne they herde theire masse, and blewe to the felde, and than many worshipfull knyghtes made them redy.

Here begynnyth the syxth day. Than cam therein Sir Gaherys, and there encountyrd with hym Sir Ossayse of Surluse, and Sir Gaherys smote hym over his horse croupe. And than ayther party encountyrd with othir, and there were many speres broken and many knyghtes caste undir fyete.

So there cam in Sir Dornar de Galys and Sir Agglovale, that were bretherne unto Sir Lamerok, and they mette with other too knyghtes, and aythir smote other so harde that all foure knyghtes and horsis fell to the erthe.

Whan Sir Lamerok saw his too bretherne downe he was wrothe oute of mesure; and than he gate a grete speare in his honde, and therewithall he smote downe foure good knyghtes, and than his speare brake. Then he pulled oute his swerde and smote aboute

hym on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and raced of helmys and pulled downe knyghtes, that all men mervayled of suche dedis of armys as he ded, for he fared so that many knyghtes fledde. Than he horsed his bretherne agayne and sayde, "Bretherne, ye ought to be ashamed to falle so of your horsis! What is a knyght but whan he is on horsebacke? For I sette nat by a knyght whan he is on foote, for all batayles on foote ar but pyllours batayles, for there sholde no knyght fyghte on foote but yf hit were for treson or ellys he were dryvyn by forse to fyght on foote. Therefore, bretherne, sytte faste in your sadyls, or ellys fyght never more afore me!"

So with that cam in the deuke Chalence of Claraunce. And there encountyrd with hym the erle Ulbawys of Surluse, and aythir of hem smote other downe. Than the knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed theire lordis agayne, for Sir Ector and Sir Bleoberys were on foote waytynge on the deuke Chalence, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes was with the erle Ulbawes. So wyth that cam Sir Gaherys and laysshed to the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and he to hym agayne. Than cam the deuke Chalence and departed them.

So they blew to lodgynge, and the knyghtes unarmed them and drewe them to there dyner. And at the myddys of this dynar in cam Sir Dynadan and began to rayle. And than he behelde the Haute Prynce that hym semed wrothe with som faute that he sawe: for he had a condission that he loved no fysshe, and bycause he was served with fysshe and hated hit, therefore he was nat myrry. And whan Sir Dynadan had aspyed the Haute Prynce he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede, and anone that he gate betwyxte too disshis and served the Haute Prynce with that fysshe. And than he sayde thus: "Sir Galahalte, well may I lykkyn you to a wolff, for he woll never ete fysshe, but fleysshe."

And anone the Haute Prynce lowghe at his wordis.

"Well, well," seyde Sir Dynadan to Sir Launcelot, "what devyll do ye in this contrey? For here may no meane knyghtes wynne no worship for the. I ensure the," Sir Dynadan seyde to Sir Launcelot,

"I shall no more mete with the nother with thy grete speare, for I may nat sytte in my sadyll whan thy speare hittyth me. And I be happy, I shall beware of thy boysteous body that thou beryst."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "make good wacche! Over Goddis forbode that ever we mete but hit be at a dysshe of mete!" Than lowghe the quene and the Haute Prynce, that they myght nat sytte at theire table, and thus they made grete joy tyll on the morne. And than they harde masse, and blew to the fylde, and Quene Gwenyvere and all astatys were sette, and jouges armed clene with theire shyldis to kepe the ryghte.

Now begynnyth the sevynth batayle. Here cam in the Deuke Cambynes and there encountyrd with hym Sir Arystaunce that was cownted a good knyght, and they mette so harde that aythir bare other adowne, horse and man. Than there cam in the Erle Lambayle and halpe the deuke agayne to horsebacke.

Than there cam in Sir Ossayse of Surluse, and he smote the Erle Lambayle downe frome his horse. And so they began grete dedis of armys, and many spearys were brokyn and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe. Than the Kynge of Northe Galys and the Erle Ulbawes smote togydyrs, that all the jouges thought hit was mortall deth.

This meane whyle Quene Gwenyvere and the Haute Prynce and Sir Launcelot made there Sir Dynadan to make hym redy to juste.

"I woll," seyde Sir Dynadan, "ryde into the fylde, but than one of you twayne woll mete with me."

"Perdeus," seyde the Haute Prynce and Sir Launcelot, "ye may se how we sytte here as jouges with oure shyldis, and allway may ye beholde where we sytte here or nat."

So Sir Dynadan departed and toke his horse, and mette with many knyghtes and ded passyngly well. And as he was departed, Sir Launcelot disgysed hymselff and put uppon his armour a maydyns garmente freysshely attyred. Than Sir Launcelot made Sir Galyhodyn to lede hym thorow the raunge, and all men had wondir what damesell was that. And so as Sir Dynadan cam into

the raunge, Sir Launcelot, that was in the damesels aray, gate Sir Galyhodyns speare and ran unto Sir Dynadan.

And allwayes he loked up thereas Sir Launcelot was, and than he sawe one sytte in the stede of Sir Launcelot armed. But whan Sir Dynadan saw a maner of a damesell, he dradde perellys lest hit sholde be Sir Launcelot disgysed. But Sir Launcelot cam on hym so faste that he smote Sir Dynadan over his horse croupe. And anone grete coystrons gate Sir Dynadan into the foreyste there besyde, and there they dispoyled hym unto his sherte and put uppon hym a womans garmente and so brought hym into the fylde; and so they blew unto lodgyng, and every knyght wente and unarmed them.

And than was Sir Dynadan brought in amonge them all, and whan Quene Gwenyvere sawe Sir Dynadan ibrought in so amonge them all, than she lowghe that she fell downe, and so dede all that there was.

"Well," seyde Sir Dynadan, "Sir Launcelot, thou arte so false that I can never beware of the."

Than by all the assente they gaff Sir Launcelot the pryce; the next was Sir Lameroke de Galys, and the thirde was Sir Palomydes; the fourthe was Kynge Bagdemagus. So thes foure knyghtes had the pryce. And there was grete joy and grete nobelay in all the courte.

And on the morne Quene Gwenyvere and Sir Launcelot departed unto Kynge Arthur; but in no wyse Sir Lamerok wolde nat go wyth them.

"Sir, I shall undirtake," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that, and ye woll go wyth us, Kynge Arthure shall charge Sir Gawayne and his bretherne never to do you hurte."

"As for that," sayde Sir Lamerok, "I woll nat truste to Sir Gawayne, nother none of his bretherne. And wyte you well, Sir Launcelot, and hit were nat for my lorde Kynge Arthurs sake, I shuld macche Sir Gawayne and his bretherne well inowghe. But for to sey that I shall truste them, that shall I never. And therefore I pray you recommaunde me unto Kynge Arthure and all my lordys of the Rounde Table, and in what place that ever I com I shall do you all servyse to my power. And sir, yet hit is but late that I

revenged them whan my lorde Arthurs kynne were put to the werse by Sir Palomydes."

Than Sir Lameroke departed frome Sir Launcelot and all the felyship, and aythir of them wepte at her departynge.

Now turne we fro this mater and speke of Sir Trystram, of whom this booke is pryncipall off; and leve we the kynge and the quene and Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamerok. 5

THE JOYOUS GUARD

AND HERE BEGYNNYTH the treson of Kynge Marke that he ordayned agayne Sir Trystram.

And there was cryed by the costys of Cornwayle a grete turnemente and justus, and all was done by Sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce and Kynge Bagdemagus to the entente to sle Syr Launcelot other ellys uttirly to destroy hym and shame hym, bycause Sir Launcelot had evermore the hygher degré. Therefore this prince and this kynge made this justys ayenst Sir Launcelot. And thus her counceyle was discoverde unto Kynge Marke, whereof he was glad. Than Kynge Marke unbethought hym that he wolde have Sir Trystram unto the turnemente disgysed, that no man sholde knowe hym, to that entente that the Haute Prynce sholde wene that Sir Trystram were Sir Launcelot. And so at that justys cam in Sir Trystram, and at that tyme Sir Launcelot was not there. But whan they sawe a knyght disgysed do suche dedis of armys, they wente hit had bene Sir Launcelot, and in especiall Kynge Marke seyde hit was Sir Launcelot playnly.

Than they sette uppon hym, bothe Kynge Bagdemagus and the Haute Prynce and there knyghtes, that hit was wondir that ever Sir Trystram myght endure that payne. Notwythstondynge for all the payne that they ded hym, he wan the degré at that turnemente; and there he hurte many knyghtes and brused them, and they hurte hym and brused hym wondirly sore.

So whan the justys was all done they knewe well that he was Sir Trystram de Lyones, and all they that were on Kynge Markis party were glad that Sir Trystram was hurte, and all the remenaunte were sory of his hurte, for Sir Trystrams was nat so behated as was Sir Launcelot, nat wythin the realme of Ingelonde.

Than cam Kynge Marke unto Sir Trystrams and sayde, "Fayre nevew, I am hevy of your hurtys."

"Gramercy, my lorde," seyde Sir Trystram.

Than Kynge Marke made hym to be put in an horse lytter in grete tokenynge of love and sayde, "Fayre cousyne, I shall be your leche myselff."

And so he rode forth wyth Sir Trystram and brought hym into a castell by daylyght. And than Kynge Marke made Sir Trystram to ete, and aftir that he gaff hym a drynke; and anone as he hadde drunke he felle on slepe. And whan hit was nyght he made hym to be caryed to another castell, and there he put hym in a stronge preson, and a man and a woman to gyff hym his mete and his drynke. So there he was a grete whyle.

Than was Sir Trystram myssed, and no creature wyst where he was becam. And whan La Beall Isode harde how he was myste, pryvayly she wente unto Sir Sadocke and prayde hym to aspye where was Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Sadocke knew how Sir Trystram was myste he sought and made spyes for hym. And than he aspyed that Kynge Marke had put the good knyght in preson by his owne assente and the traytoures of Magouns. Than Sir Sadocke toke with hym too of hys cousyns and he layde them and hymself anone in a bushemente faste by the castell of Tyntagyll in armys.

And as by fortune there cam rydyng Kynge Marke and foure of his nevewys and a sertayne of the traytoures of Magouns. So whan Sir Sadocke aspyed them he brake oute of bushemente and sette there uppon them. And whan that Kynge Marke aspyed Sir Sadocke he fledde as faste as he myght, and there Sir Sadocke slew all the foure nevewys of Kynge Marke, his cousyns. But thes traytoures of Magouns smote one of Sir Sadockes cousyns a grete wounde in the necke, but Sir Sadocke smote other twayne to the deth.

Than Sir Sadocke rode uppon his way unto the castell that was called Lyonas, and there he aspyde of the treson and felony of Kynge Marke. So they off that castell rode wyth Sir Sadocke tyll they cam to a castel that hyght Arbray, and there in the towne they founde Sir Dynas the Senesciall, that was a good knyght. But whan Sir Sadock had tolde Sir Dynas of all the treson of Kynge

Marke, than he defyed suche a kynge and seyde he wolde gyff up all his londis that he hylde of hym. And whan he seyde thes wordis, all maner knyghtes seyde as Sir Dynas sayde. Than by his advyse and of Sir Sadockes he let stuff all the townys and castels wythin the contrey of Lyones and assemble all that they cowde make.

Now turne we unto Kynge Marke, that whan he was ascaped frome Sir Sadocke he rode unto the Castell of Tyntagyll, and there he made a grete cry and noyse, and cryed unto harneyse all that myght bere armys.

Than they sought and founde where was dede foure cousyns of Kynge Marke, and the traytoure of Magouns. Than the kynge lette entyre them in a chapell.

Than Kynge Marke lette cry in all the contrey that hylde of hym to go unto armys, for he undirstood that to the warre he muste nedis.

So whan Kynge Marke harde and undirstood how Sir Dynas and Sir Sadok were arysyn in the contrey of Lyones, he remembird of treson and wyeles, and so thus he ded lete make and countirfete lettirs from the Pope, and dede make a straunge clarke to brynge tho lettyrs unto Kynge Marke, the whyche lettyrs specifyed that Kynge Marke sholde make hym redy, uppon payne of cursynge, wyth his oste to com to the Pope to helpe hym to go to Jerusalem for to make warre uppon the Saresyns.

So whan this clarke was com by the meane of the kynge, anone therewyth Kynge Marke sente that clarke unto Sir Trystram and bade hym sey thus, that and he wolde go warre uppon the myscreauntes he sholde go oute of preson and have all his power with hym.

Whan Sir Trystram undirstood this lettir, than he sayde thus to the clerke: "A, Kynge Marke, ever haste thou bene a traytoure and ever wolt be! But thou, clerke," seyde Sir Trystram, "sey thou thus unto Kynge Marke: syne the Appostle Pope hath sente for hym, bid hym go thidir hymselff. For telle hym, traytoure kynge as he is, I

woll nat go at his commaundemente, gete oute of preson as well as I may, for I se I am well rewarded for my trewe servyse."

Than the clarke returned agayne unto Kynge Marke and tolde hym of the answere of Sir Trystram.

"Well," seyde Kynge Marke, "yet shall he be begyled."

And anone he wente unto hys chambir and countirfeted lettyrs, and the lettyrs specifyed that the Pope desyred Sir Trystram to com hymself to make warre uppon the myscreauntes.

So whan the clerke cam agayne unto Sir Trystram and toke hym thes lettyrs, than Sir Trystram behelde thes lettirs, and anone he aspyed them they were of Kynge Markes countirfetynge and sayde, "A, Kynge Marke! False hast thou ever bene, and so wolt thou ende!"

Than the clarke departed frome Sir Trystram and cam unto Kynge Marke agayne. And so by than there was com foure wounded knyghtes within the castell of Tyntagyll, and one of them his necke was nyghe brokyn in twayne, and another had his arme nyghe strykyn away; the thirde was boren thorow with a speare; the fourthe had his thyghe stryken in twayne. And whan they cam afore Kynge Marke they cryed and sayde, "Kynge, why fleyste thou nat? For all this contrey ys clyerly arysen ayenste the."

Than was Kynge Marke wrothe oute of mesure.

And so in the meane whyle there cam into the contrey Sir Percivale de Galys to seke aftir Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Percivale harde that Sir Trystram was in preson, he made clerly the delyveraunce of hym by his knyghtly meanys. And whan he was so delyverde he made grete joy of Sir Percivale, and so ded ech one of other. Than Sir Trystram seyde unto Sir Percivale, "And ye wol abyde in this marchis, I woll ryde with you."

"Nay," seyde Sir Percivale, "in thes contreyes I may nat tary, for I muste nedis into Wales."

So Sir Percivale departed frome Sir Trystram and streyte he rode unto Kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had delyvered Sir Trystram. And also he tolde the kynge that he had done hymselff grete shame for to preson Sir Trystram so, "for he is now the

knyght of moste reverence in the worlde lyvynge, and wyte you well that the noblyste knyghtes of the worlde lovyth Sir Trystram. And yf he woll make warre uppon you, ye may nat abyde hit."

"That is trouthe," seyde Kynge Marke, "but I may nat love Sir Trystram bycause he lovyth my quene, La Beall Isode."

"A, fy for shame!" seyde Sir Percivale. "Sey ye never so more! For ar nat ye uncle unto Sir Trystram, and he youre neveaw? Ye sholde never thynke that so noble a knyght as Sir Trystram is, that he wolde do hymselff so grete vylany to holde his unclys wyff. Howbehit," seyde Sir Percivale, "he may love youre quene synles, because she is called one of the fayryst ladyes of the worlde."

Than Sir Percivale departed frome Kynge Marke. But yet he bethought hym of more treson, notwithstondynge he graunted unto Sir Percivale never by no maner of meanys to hurte Sir Trystram.

So anone Kynge Marke sente unto Sir Dynas the Senesciall that he sholde put downe all the people that he had raysed, for he sente hym an othe that he wolde go hymselff unto the Pope of Rome to warre uppon the myscreauntes, "and I trow that is fayrer warre than thus to areyse people agaynste youre kynge."

And anone as Sir Dynas undirstood that he wolde go uppon the myscreauntys, than Sir Dynas, in all the haste that myght be, he putte downe all his people. And whan the people were departed every man to his home, than Kynge Marke aspyed where was Sir Trystram wyth La Beall Isode, and there by treson Kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in preson, contrary to his promyse that he made unto Sir Percivale.

Whan Quene Isode undirstode that Sir Trystram was in preson agayne, she made grete sorow as ever made lady or jantyllwoman. Than Sir Trystram sente a lettir unto La Beall Isode and prayde hir to be his good lady and sayde, yf hit pleased her to make a vessell redy for her and hym, he wolde go wyth her unto the realme of Logrys, that is this londe. Whan La Beall Isode undirstood Sir Trystrams lettirs and his entente she sente hym another and bade hym be of good comforte, for she wolde do make the vessell redy and all maner of thynge to purpose. Than La Beall Isode sente unto

Sir Dynas and to Sir Sadok and prayde hem in ony wyse to take Kynge Marke and put hym in preson unto the tyme that she and Sir Trystram were departed unto the realme of Logrys.

Whan Sir Dynas the Senesciall undirstood the treson of Kynge Marke he promysed her to do her commaundemente, and sente her worde agayne that Kynge Marke sholde be put in preson. And so as they devysed hit was done, and than Sir Trystram was delyverde oute of preson. And anone in all haste Quene Isode and Sir Trystram wente and toke there counceyle, and so they toke wyth them what them lyste beste, and so they departed.

Than La Beall Isode and Sir Trystram toke theire vessell and cam by watir into this londe. And so they were nat foure dayes in this londe but there was made a crye of a justys and turnement that Kynge Arthure let make. Whan Sir Trystram harde tell of that turnement he disgysed hymselff and La Beall Isode and rode unto that turnemente. And whan he cam there he sawe many knyghtes juste and turney, and so Sir Trystram dressed hym to the raunge. And to make shorte conclusyon, he overthrewe fourtene knyghtes of the Rounde Table.

Whan Sir Launcelot saw thes knyghtes of the Rounde Table thus overthrowen he dressed hym to Sir Trystram, and that sawe La Beall Isode, how Sir Launcelot was commyn into the fylde. Than she sente unto Sir Launcelot a rynge to lat hym wete hit was Sir Trystram de Lyones. Whan Sir Launcelot undirstood that he was Sir Trystram he was full glad and wolde nat juste. And than Sir Launcelot aspyed whydir Syr Trystram yeode, and aftir hym he rode, and than aythir made grete joy of other.

And so Sir Launcelot brought Sir Trystram and La Beall Isode unto Joyous Garde that was his owne castell, and he had wonne hit with his owne hondis. And there Sir Launcelot put them in, to welde hit for theire owne. And wyte you well that castell was garnyshed and furnysshed for a kynge and a quene royall there to have suggeourned. And Sir Launcelot charged all his people to honoure them and love them as they wolde do hymselff.

So Sir Launcelot departed unto Kynge Arthure, and than he tolde Quene Gwenyvere how he that justed so well at the laste turnemente was Sir Trystram, and there he tolde her how that he had with hym La Beall Isode, magré Kynge Marke. And so Quene Gwenyvere tolde all this to Kynge Arthure, and whan Kynge Arthure wyste that Sir Trystram was ascaped and commyn from Kynge Marke and had brought La Beall Isode with hym, than was he passyng glad. So bycause of Sir Trystram Kynge Arthure let make a cry that on May Day shulde be a justis byfore the Castell of Lonezep, and that castell was faste by Joyous Garde. And thus Kyng Arthure devysed that all the knyghtes of this londe, of Cornwayle, and of North Walys, shulde juste ayenste all thes contreyis: Irelonde and Scotlonde and the remenaunte of Walys, and the contreyes of Goore and Surluse and of Lystenoyse, and they of Northumbirlonde, and all those that hylde londis of Kynge Arthurs a this halff the se.

So whan this crye was made many knyghtes were glad and many were sad.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot unto Kynge Arthure, "by this cry that ye have made ye woll put us that bene aboute you in grete jouparté, for there be many knyghtes that hath envy to us. Therefore whan we shall mete at the day of justis there woll be harde skyffte for us."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I care nat. There shall we preve who shall be beste of his hondis."

So whan Sir Launcelot undirstood wherefore Kynge Arthure made this justenynge, than he made suche purvyaunce that La Beall Isode sholde beholde the justis in a secrete place that was honeste for her astate.

Now turne we unto Sir Trystram and to La Beall Isode, how they made joy togydrys dayly with all maner of myrthis that they coude devyse.

And every day Sir Trystram wolde go ryde an-huntynge, for he was called that tyme the chyeff chacer of the worlde and the noblyst blower of an horne of all maner of mesures. For, as bookis reporte, of Sir Trystram cam all the good termys of venery and of huntynge,

and all the syses and mesures of all blowyng wyth an horne; and of hym we had fyrst all the termys of hawkynge, and whyche were bestis of chace and bestis of venery, and whyche were vermyns; and all the blastis that longed to all maner of game: fyrste to the uncoupelynge, to the sekynge, to the fyndynge, to the rechate, to the flyght, to the deth, and to the strake; and many other blastis and termys, that all maner jantylmen hath cause to the worldes ende to prayse Sir Trystram and to pray for his soule. Amen, sayde Sir Thomas Malleorré.

So on a day La Beall Isode seyde unto Sir Trystram, "I mervayle me muche that ye remembir nat youreselff how ye be here in a straunge contrey, and here be many perelous knyghtes, and well ye wote that Kynge Marke is full of treson. And that ye woll ryde thus to chace and to hunte unarmed, ye myght be sone destroyed."

"My fayre lady and my love, mercy! I woll no more do so."

So than Sir Trystram rode dayly an-huntynge armed, and his men berynge his shylde and his speare.

So on a day, a lytil afore the moneth o May, Sir Trystram chaced an harte passynge egirly, and so the harte passed by a fayre welle. And than Sir Trystram alyght and put of his helme to drynke of that burbely welle, and ryght so he harde and sawe the Questynge Beste commynge towarde the welle. So whan Sir Trystram saw that beste he put on his helme, for he demed he sholde hyre of Sir Palomydes, for that beste was hys queste. Ryght so Sir Trystram saw where cam a knyghte armed uppon a noble courser, and so he salewed hym.

So they spake of many thynges, and this knyghtes name was Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And so anone with that there cam unto them Sir Palomydes, and aythir salewed other and spake fayre to other.

"Now, fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité, "I can tell you tydynges."

"What is that?" seyde tho knyghtes.

"Sirris, wyte you well that Kynge Marke of Cornwayle is put in preson by his owne knyghtes, and all was for the love of Sir Trystram, for Kynge Marke had put Sir Trystram twyse in preson,

and onys Sir Percivale delyverde hym, and at the laste tyme La Beall Isode delyverde Sir Trystram and wente clyerly away wyth hym into this realme. And all this whyle Kynge Marke is in preson."

"Is this trouthe?" seyde Sir Palomydes. "Then shall we hastely hyre of Sir Trystram! And as for to say that I love La Beall Isode paramoures, I dare make good that I do, and that she hath my servyse abovyn all other ladyes, and shall have all the terme of my lyff."

And ryght so as they stoode thus talkynge, they sawe afore them where cam a knyght all armed on a grete horse, and his one man bare hys shylde and the othir his speare. And anone as that knyght aspyed hem he gate his shylde and his speare and dressed hym to juste.

"Now, fayre felowys," seyde Sir Trystram, "yondir ys a knyghte woll juste wyth us. Now lette us se whyche of us shall encountir wyth hym, for I se well he is of the courte of Kynge Arthur."

"Hit shall nat be longe ar he be mette wythall," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for I founde never no knyght in my queste of this glatissynge beste but, and he wolde juste, I never yet refused hym."

"Sir, as well may I," seyde Sir Brewnes Saunz Pité, "folow that beste as ye."

"Than shall ye do batayle wyth me," seyde Sir Palomydes.

So Sir Palomydes dressed hym unto that othir knyght, whyche hyght Sir Bleoberis, that was a noble knyght and nygh kynne unto Sir Launcelot. And so they mette so harde that Sir Palomydes felle to the erthe, horse and man. Than Sir Bleoberys cryed alowde and seyde thus: "Make redy, thou false traytoure knyght, Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité! For I woll have ado wyth the to the uttraunce for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou haste betrayde!"

Whan Sir Brewnys harde hym sey so, he toke his horse by the brydyll and fledde his way as faste as ever his horse myghte renne. Whan Sir Bleoberys saw hym fle he folowed faste after thorow thycke and thorow thynne. And by fortune, as Sir Brewnys fled, he saw evyn afore hym thre Knyghtes of the Table Rounde, that one hyght Sir Ector de Marys and the othir hyght Sir Percivale de

Galys, the thirde hyght Sir Harry le Fyze Lake, a good knyght and an hardy. And as for Sir Percivale, he was called that tyme as of his ayge one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the beste assured. So whan Sir Brewnys saw these knyghtes he rode strayte unto them and cryed and prayde them of rescowys.

"What nede have ye?" seyde Sir Ector.

"A, fayre knyghtes!" seyde Sir Brewnys, "here folowyth me the moste traytour knyght and the moste coward and moste of vylany, and his name is Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And if he may gete me he woll sle me wythoute mercy and pyté."

"Than abyde ye with us," seyde Sir Percivale, "and we shall warraunte yow."

And anone were they ware of Sir Bleoberys, whyche cam rydyng all that he myght. Than Sir Ector put hymselff fyrste forthe to juste afore them all. Than whan Sir Bleoberys saw that they were foure knyghtes and he but hymselff, he stoode in a dwere whethir he wolde turne other holde his way. Than he seyde to hymselff, "I am a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and rathir than I sholde shame myne othe and my bloode I woll holde my way whatsomever falle thereoff."

And than Sir Ector dressed his speare, and smote aythir other passyng sore, but Sir Ector felle to the erthe. That saw Sir Percivale, and he dressed his horse towarde hym all that he myght dryve. But Syr Percyvale had suche a stroke that horse and man felle bothe to the erthe.

Whan Sir Harry saw that they were bothe to the erthe, than he seyde to hymselff, "Never was Sir Brewnes of suche proues." So Sir Harry dressed his horse, and they mette togydyrs so strongly that bothe the horsys and the knyghtes felle to the erthe, but Sir Bleoberys horse began to recover agayne.

That saw Sir Brewnys and cam hurtelynge and smote hym over and over, and wolde have slayne hym as he lay on the grounde. Than Sir Harry arose lyghtly and toke the brydyll of Sir Brewnys horse and sayde, "Fy for shame! stryke never a knyght whan he is at the erthe! For this knyght may be called no shamefull knyght of

his dedis, for on this grounde he hath done worshypfully, and put to the warre passynge good knyghtes."

"Therefore woll I nat let," seyde Sir Brewnys.

"Thou shalt nat chose," seyde Sir Harry, "as at this tyme!"

So whan Sir Brewnys saw that he myght nat have hys wylle he spoke fayre. Than Sir Harry let hym go, and than anone he made his horse to renne over Sir Bleoberys and rosshed hym to the erthe lyke to have slayne hym. Whan Sir Harry saw hym do so vylaunsly he cryed and sayde, "Traytoure knyght, leve of, for shame!"

And as Sir Harry wolde have takyn his horse to fyght wyth Syr Brewnys, than Sir Brewnys, as he was halff uppon his horse, ranne upon hym and smote hym downe, horse and man, and had nere slayne Sir Harry, the good knyght. That saw Sir Percyvale, and than he cryde, "Traytoure knyght, what doste thou?"

And whan Sir Percyvale was uppon his horse, Sir Brewnys toke his horse and fledde all that ever he myght, and Sir Percyvale and Sir Harry folowed hym faste, but ever the lenger they chaced the farther were they behynde. Than they turned agayne and cam to Sir Ector de Marys and to Sir Bleoberys. Than sayde Sir Bleoberys, "Why have ye so succoured that false traytoure knyght?"

"Why," sayde Sir Harry, "what knyght is he? For well I wote hit is a false knyght," seyde Sir Harry, "and a cowarde and a felons knyght."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "he is the moste cowarde knyght, and a devowrer of ladyes, and also a distroyer of Kynge Arthurs knyghtes as grete as ony ys now lyvynge."

"Sir, what is youre name?" seyde Sir Ector.

"My name is," he seyde, "Sir Bleoberys de Ganys."

"Alas, fayre cousyn!" seyde Sir Ector, "forgyff me, for I am Sir Ector de Marys."

Than Sir Percyvale and Sir Harry made grete joy of Sir Bleoberys, but all they were hevy that Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité had ascaped them, whereof they made grete dole.

Ryght so as they stood there cam Sir Palomydes; and whan he saw the shylde of Sir Bleoberys ly on the erthe, than sayde Sir

Palomydes, "He that owyth that shylde lette hym dresse hym to me, for he smote me downe here faste by at a fountayne, and therefore I woll fyght wyth hym on foote."

"Sir, I am redy," seyde Sir Bleoberys, "here to answere the, for wyte thou well, sir knyght, hit was I, and my name ys Sir Bleoberys de Ganys."

"Well art thou mette," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and wyte thou well my name ys Sir Palomydes the Saresyn."

And aythir of them hated other to the dethe.

"Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Ector, "wyte thou well there is nother thou nothir no knyght that beryth the lyff that sleyth ony of oure bloode but he shall dye for hit. Therefore, and thou lyst to fyght go and syke Sir Launcelot othir ellys Sir Trystram, and there shalt thou fynde thy matche."

"Wyth them have I mette,"seyde Sir Palomydes, "but I had never no worshyp of them."

"Was there never no maner of knyght," seyde Sir Ector, "but they too that ever matched you?"

"Yes," seyde Sir Palomydes, "there was the thirde; as good a knyght as ony of them, and of his ayge he was the beste that ever I founde, for yet founde I never his pyere. For and he myght have lyved tyll he had bene more of ayge, an hardyer man there lyvith nat than he wolde have bene, and his name was Sir Lamorak de Galys. And as he had justed at a turnement, there he overthrewe me and thirty knyghtes mo, and there he wan the gre. And at his departynge there mette hym Sir Gawayne and his bretherne, and wyth grete payne they slewe hym felounsly, unto all good knyghtes grete damage!"

And anone as Sir Percyvale herde that his brothir was dede, Sir Lamerok, he felle over his horse mane sownynge, and there he made the grettyste dole and sorow that ever made any noble knyght. And whan Sir Percyvale arose he seyde, "Alas my good and noble brothir, Sir Lamorak now shall we never mete! And I trowe in all the wyde worlde may nat a man fynde suche a knyght as he was of his ayge. And hit is to muche to suffir the deth of

oure fadir Kynge Pellynor, and now the deth of oure good brothir Sir Lamorak!"

So in this meane whyle there cam a varlet frome the courte of Kynge Arthure and tolde hem of the grete turnemente that sholde be at Lonezep, and how this londe, Cornwayle and Northe Galys, shulde juste ayenst all that wolde com of other contreyes.

Now turne we unto Sir Trystram, that as he rode an-huntynge he mette wyth Sir Dynadan that was commyn into the contrey to seke Sir Trystram. And anone Sir Dynadan tolde Sir Trystram his name, but Sir Trystram wolde nat telle hym his name, wherefore Sir Dynadan was wrothe.

"For suche a folyshe knyght as ye ar," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I saw but late this day lyynge by a welle, and he fared as he slepte. And there he lay lyke a fole grennynge and wolde nat speke, and his shylde lay by hym, and his horse also stood by hym. And well I wote he was a lovear."

"A, fayre sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "ar nat ye a lovear?"

"Mary, fye on that crauffte!" seyde Sir Dynadan.

"Sir, that is yevell seyde," seyde Sir Trystram, "for a knyght may never be of proues but yf he be a lovear."

"Ye say well," seyde Sir Dynadan. "Now I pray you telle me youre name, syth ye be suche a lovear; othir ellys I shall do batayle with you."

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "hit is no reson to fyght wyth me but yf I telle you my name. And as for my name, ye shall nat wyte as at this tyme for me."

"Fye for shame! Ar ye a knyght and dare nat telle youre name to me? Therefore, sir, I woll fyght with you!"

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll be avysed, for I woll nat do batayle but yf me lyste. And yf I do batayle wyth you," seyde Sir Trystram, "ye ar nat able to withstonde me."

"Fye on the, cowarde!" seyde Sir Dynadan.

And thus as they hoved stylle they saw a knyght come rydynge agaynste them.

"Lo," seyde Sir Trystram, "se where commyth a knyght rydynge whyche woll juste wyth you."

Anone as Sir Dynadan behylde hym he seyde, "Be my fayth! That same is the doted knyght that I saw lye by the welle, nother slepynge nother wakynge."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "I know that knyght well, wyth the coverde shylde of assure, for he is the kynges sonne of Northumbirlonde. His name is Sir Epynogrys, and he is as grete a lover as I know, and he lovyth the kynges doughter of Walys, a full fayre lady. And now I suppose," seyde Sir Trystram, "and ye requyre hym, he woll juste wyth you, and than shall ye preve whether a lover be a bettir knyght or ye that woll nat love no lady."

"Well," seyde Sir Dynadan, "now shalt thou se what I shall do."

And therewythall Sir Dynadan spake on hyght and sayde, "Sir knyght, make the redy to juste wythe me, for juste ye muste nedis, for hit is the custom of knyghtes arraunte one to juste with other."

"Sir," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "ys that the rule and custom of you knyghtes arraunte, for to make a knyght to juste, woll he othir noll he?"

"As for that," seyde Sir Dynadan, "make the redy, for here is for me!"

And therewythall they spurred theire horsys and mette togydirs so harde that Sir Epynogrys smote downe Sir Dynadan. And anone Sir Trystram rode to Sir Dynadan and sayde, "How now? Mesemyth the lover hath well sped."

"Fye on the, cowarde!" seyde Sir Dynadan. "And yf thou be a good knyght, revenge me!"

"Nay," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll nat juste as at this tyme, but take youre horse and let us go hens."

"God defende me," seyde Sir Dynadan, "frome thy felyshyp, for I never spedde well syns I mette wyth the."

And so they departed.

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "peraventure I cowde tell you tydynges of Sir Trystram."

"God save me," seyde Sir Dynadan, "from thy felyshyp! For Sir Trystram were mykyll the warre and he were in thy company."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "yet hit may happyn that I may mete wyth yow in othir placis."

And they departed. So rode Sir Trystram unto Joyous Garde, and there he harde in that towne grete noyse and cry.

"What is this noyse?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir," seyde they, "here is a knyght of this castell that hath be longe amonge us, and ryght now he is slayne with too knyghtes, and for none other cause but that oure knyght seyde that Sir Launcelot was bettir knyght than Sir Gawayne."

"That was a symple cause," seyde Sir Trystram, "for to sle a good knyght for seyynge well by his maystir."

"That is lytyll remedy to us," seyde the men of the towne. "For and Sir Launcelot had bene hyre, sone we sholde have bene revenged uppon tho false knyghtes."

Whan Sir Trystram harde them sey so, he sente for his shylde and his speare. And lyghtly so wythin a whyle he had overtake them and bade them turne and amende that they had myssedone.

"What amendis woldiste thou have?" seyde the one knyght.

And therewyth they toke there course, and aythir mette other so harde that Sir Trystram smote downe that knyght over his horse tayle. Than the othir knyght dressed hym to Sir Trystram, and in the same wyse he served the othir knyght. And than they gate of theire horsis as well as they myght, and dressed theire swerdis and theire shyldis to do batayle to the utteraunce.

"Now, knyghtes," seyde Sir Trystram, "woll ye telle me of whens ye be and what is youre namys? For suche men ye myght be ye shulde harde ascape my hondis, and also ye myght be suche men and of such a cuntré that for all youre yevell dedis ye myght passe quyte."

"Wyte thou well, sir knyght," seyde they, "we feare nat muche to telle the oure namys, for my name is Sir Aggravayne, and my name is Sir Gaherys, brethirne unto the good knyght Sir Gawayne, and we be nevewys unto Kynge Arthure."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "for Kynge Arthurs sake I shall lette you passe as at this tyme. But hit is shame," seyde Sir Trystram, "that Sir Gawayne and ye be commyn of so grete blood, that ye foure bretherne be so named as ye be: for ye be called the grettyste distroyers and murtherars of good knyghtes that is now in the realme of Ingelonde. And as I have harde say, Sir Gawayne and ye his brethirne amonge you slew a bettir knyght than ever any of you was, whyche was called the noble knyght Sir Lamorak de Galys. And hit had pleased God," seyde Sir Trystram, "I wolde I had bene by hym at his deth day."

"Than shuldist thou have gone the same way," seyde Sir Gaherys.

"Now, fayre knyghtes, than muste there have bene many mo good knyghtes than ye of youre bloode."

And therewythall Sir Trystram departed frome them towarde Joyous Garde. And whan he was departed they toke there horsis, and the tone seyde to the tothir, "We woll overtake hym and be revenged uppon hym in the despyte of Sir Lamerok."

So whan they had overtakyn Sir Trystram, Sir Aggravayne bade hym, "Turne, traytoure knyght!"

"Ye sey well!" seyde Sir Trystram.

And therewythall he pulled oute his swerde and smote Sir Aggravayne suche a buffet uppon the helme that he tumbeled downe of his horse in a sowne, and he had a grevous wounde. And than he turned to Sir Gaherys, and Sir Trystram smote hys swerde and his helme togydir wyth suche a myght that Sir Gaherys felle oute of his sadyll.

And so Sir Trystram rode unto Joyous Garde, and there he alyght and unarmed hym. So Sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode of all this adventure as ye have harde toforne, and whan she harde hym tell of Sir Dynadan, "Sir," she seyde, "is nat that he that made the songe by Kynge Marke?"

"That same is he," seyde Sir Trystram, "for he is the beste bourder and japer that I know, and a noble knyght of his hondis, and the beste felawe that I know, and all good knyghtis lovyth his felyship."

"Alas, sir," seyde she, "why brought ye hym nat wyth you hydir?"

"Have ye no care," seyde Sir Trystram, "for he rydyth to seke me in this contrey, and therefore he woll nat away tyll he have mette wyth me."

And there Sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode how Sir Dynadan hylde ayenste all lovers.

Ryght so cam in a varlette and tolde Sir Trystram how there was com an arraunte knyght into the towne wyth suche a coloures uppon his shylde.

"Be my fayth, that is Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Trystram. "Therefore, madame, wote ye what ye shall do: sende ye for him, and I woll nat be seyne. And ye shall hyre the myrryeste knyght that ever ye spake wythall, and the maddyst talker. And I pray you hartely that ye make hym good chere."

So anone La Beall Isode sente unto the towne and prayde Sir Dynadan that he wolde com into the castell and repose hym there wyth a lady.

"Wyth a good wyll!" seyde Sir Dynadan.

And so he mownted uppon his horse and rode into the castell, and there he alyght and was unarmed and brought into the halle.

And anone La Beall Isode cam unto hym and aythir salewed other. Than she asked hym of whens that he was.

"Madame," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I am of the courte of Kynge Arthure, and a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name is Sir Dynadan."

"What do ye in this contrey?" seyde La Beall Isode.

"For sothe, madame, I seke after Sir Trystram the good knyght, for hit was tolde me that he was in this contrey."

"Hit may well be," seyde La Beall Isode, "but I am nat ware of hym."

"Madame," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I mervayle at Sir Trystram and mo other suche lovers. What aylyth them to be so madde and so asoted uppon women?"

"Why," seyde La Beall Isode, "ar ye a knyght and ar no lovear? For sothe, hit is grete shame to you, wherefore ye may nat be called a good knyght by reson but yf ye make a quarell for a lady."

"God deffende me!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "for the joy of love is to shorte, and the sorow thereof and what cometh thereof is duras over longe."

"A!" sayde La Beall Isode, "say ye nevermore so, for hyre faste by was the good knyght Sir Bleoberys de Ganys that fought wyth thre knyghtes at onys for a damesell, and he wan her afore the Kynge off Northumbirlonde. And that was worshypfully done," seyde La Beall Isode.

"For sothe, hit was so," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for I knowe hym well for a good knyght and a noble, and commyn he is of noble bloode, and all be noble knyghtes of the blood of Sir Launcelot de Lake."

"Now I pray you, for my love," seyde La Beall Isode, "wyll ye fyght for me wyth thre knyghtes that doth me grete wronge? And insomuche as ye bene a knyght of Kynge Arthurs, I requyre you to do batayle for me."

Than Sir Dynadan seyde, "I shall sey you ye be as fayre a lady as evir I sawe ony, and much fayrer than is my lady Quene Gwenyvere, but wyte you well, at one worde, I woll nat fyght for you wyth thre knyghtes, Jesu me defende!"

Than Isode lowghe, and had good game at hym. So he had all the chyre that she myght make hym, and there he lay all that nyght.

And on the morne early Sir Trystram armed hym, and La Beall Isode gaff hym a good helme, and than he promysed her that he wolde mete wyth Sir Dynadan. And so they too wolde ryde togedyrs unto Lonezep, where the turnemente sholde be, "and there shall I make redy for you, where ye shall se all the feyght."

So departed Sir Trystram wyth too squyers that bare his shylde and his speares that were grete and longe. So aftir that Sir Dynadan departed and rode his way a grete shake untyll he had overtakyn Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Dynadan had overtakyn hym he knew hym anone, and hated the felyshyp of hym above all othir knyghtes.

"A!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "arte thou that cowherd knyght that I mette wyth yestirday? Well, kepe the! for thou shalt juste wyth me, magré thyne hede!"

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "and I am passynge lothe to juste."

And so they lette there horsis renne, and Sir Trystram myste of hym a purpose, and Sir Dynadan brake his speare al to shyvyrs. And therewythall Sir Dynadan dressed hym to drawe oute his swerde.

"Not so, sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "why ar ye so wrothe? I am nat disposid to fyght at this tyme."

"Fye on the, cowarde!" seyde Sir Dynadan. "Thou shamyste all knyghtes!"

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "I care nat, for I woll wayte uppon you and be undyr youre proteccion, for cause ye ar so good a knyght that ye may save me."

"The devyll delyver me of the!" seyde Sir Dynadan. "For thou arte as goodly a man of armys and of thy persone as ever I sawe, and also the moste cowarde that ever I saw. What wolt thou do wyth grete spearys and suche wepen as thou caryeste with the?"

"Sir, I shall yeff them," seyde Sir Trystram, "to som good knyght whan I com to the turnemente; and yf I se that you do beste, sir, I shall gyff them to you."

So thus as they rode talkynge they saw where cam an arraunte knyght afore them that dressed hym to juste.

"Lo," seyde Sir Trystram, "yondir is one that woll juste. Now dresse you to hym."

"A, shame betyde the!" seyde Sir Dynadan.

"Nay, nat so," seyde Sir Trystram, "for that knyght semyth a shrewe."

"Than shall I," seyde Sir Dynadan.

And so they dressed there shyldis and there spearys, and there they mette togydirs so harde that the othir knyght smote downe Sir Dynadan frome his horse.

"Lo," seyde Sir Trystram, "hit had bene bettir ye had lefft."

"Fye on the, cowarde!" seyde Sir Dynadan.

And than he sterte up and gate his swerde in his honde and proffyrd to do batayle on foote.

"Whether in love other in wrathe?" seyde the other knyght.

"Sir, lat us do batayle in love," seyde Sir Dynadan.

"What is youre name?" seyde that knyght. "I pray you telle me."

"Sir, wyte you well my name is Sir Dynadan."

"A, Sir Dynadan," seyde that knyght, "and my name is Sir Gareth, yongyst brothir unto Sir Gawayne."

Than aythir made of other grete chere, for this Sir Gareth was the beste knyght of all the brethirne, and he preved a good knyght. Than they toke theire horsys and there they spoke of Sir Trystram, how suche a cowarde he was; and every worde Sir Trystram harde, and lowgh them to scorne. Than were they ware where cam a knyght afore them well horsed and well armed, and he made hym redy to juste.

"Now, fayre knyghtes," sayde Sir Trystram, "loke betwyxte you who shall juste wyth yondir knyght, for I warne you I woll nat have ado wyth hym."

"Than shall I," seyde Sir Gareth.

And so they encountyrd togydyrs, and there that knyght smote downe Sir Gareth over his horse croupe.

"How now?" seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Dynadan. "Now dresse you and revenge the good knyght Sir Gareth."

"That shall I nat," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for he hath strykyn downe a muche bygger knight than I am."

"A, Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Trystram, "now I se and fele well that youre harte faylyth you. And therefore now shall ye se what I shall do."

And than Sir Trystram hurtelyd unto that knyght and smote hym quyte frome his horse. And whan Sir Dynadan saw that he mervayled gretly, and than he demed that hit was Sir Trystram. And anone this knyght that was on foote pulled oute his swerde to do batayle.

"Sir, what is youre name?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Wyte you well," seyde that knyght, "my name is Sir Palomydes."

"A, sir knyght, whyche knyght hate ye moste in the worlde?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"For sothe," seyde he, "I hate Sir Trystram moste, to the deth, for and I may mete wyth hym the tone of us shall dye."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Trystram. "And now wyte you well that my name is Sir Trystram de Lyones, and now do your warste!"

Whan Sir Palomydes herde hym sey so he was astoned, and than he seyde thus: "I pray you, Sir Trystram, forgyff me all my evyll wyll! And yf I lyve I shall do you servyse afore all other knyghtes that bene lyvynge. And thereas I have owed you evyll wyll, me sore repentes. I wote nat what eylyth me, for mesemyth that ye ar a good knyght; and that ony other knyght that namyth hymselff a good knyght sholde hate you, me sore mervaylyth. And therefore I requyre you, Sir Trystram, take none displaysure at myne unkynde wordis."

"Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Trystram, "ye sey well, and well I wote ye ar a good knyght, for I have seyne you preved, and many grete entirpryses ye have done and well enchyeved them. Therefore," seyde Sir Trystrams, "and ye have ony yevyll wyll to me, now may ye ryght hit, for I am redy at youre hande."

"Nat so, my lorde Sir Trystram, for I woll do you knyghtly servyse in all thynge as ye woll commaunde me."

"Sir, ryght so I woll take you," seyde Sir Trystram.

And so they rode forthe on theire wayes talkynge of many thynges. Than seyde Sir Dynadan, "A, my lorde Sir Trystram! Fowle have ye mocked me, for God knowyth I cam into this contrey for youre sake and by the advyce of my lorde Sir Launcelot, and yet wolde he nat tell me the sertaynté of you where I sholde fynde you."

"Truly," seyde Sir Trystram, "Sir Launcelot wyste beste where I was, for I abyde in his owne castell."

And thus they rode untyll they were ware of the coste of Lonezep and than were they ware of foure hondred tentes and pavelouns, and mervaylous grete ordynaunce.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "yondir I se the grettyste ordynaunce that ever I sawe."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "mesemyth that there was as grete an ordynaunce at the Castell of Maydyns uppon the roche where ye wan the pryce, for I saw myself where ye forjusted thirty knyghtes."

"Sir,"seyde Sir Dynadan, "and in Surluse, at the turnemente that Sir Galahalte of the Longe Iles made, whyche there dured seven dayes; for there was as grete a gaderynge as is hyre, for there were many nacions."

"Syr, who was the beste there?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, hit was Sir Launcelot du Lake and the noble knyght Sir Lamerok de Galys, and Sir Launcelot wanne the degré."

"Be my fayth," sayde Sir Trystram, "and Sir Launcelot were there, I doute nat," seyde Sir Trystram, "but he wan the worshyp, so he had nat bene overmacched wyth many knyghtes. And of the deth of Sir Lamorak," seyde Sir Trystram, "hit was over grete pité, for I dare say he was the clennyst-myghted man and the beste-wynded of his ayge that was on lyve. For I knew hym that he was one of the best knyghtes that ever I mette wythall but yf hit were Sir Launcelot."

"Alas," seyde Sir Dynadan and Sir Trystram, "that full wo is us for his deth! And yf they were nat the cousyns of my lorde Kynge Arthure that slew hym, they sholde dye for hit, and all that were concentynge to his dethe."

"And for suche thynges," seyde Sir Trystrams, "I feare to drawe unto the courte of Kynge Arthure. Sir, I woll that ye wete hit," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Gareth.

"As for that, I blame you nat," seyde Sir Gareth, "for well I undirstonde the vengeaunce of my brethirne, Sir Gawayne, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys, and Sir Mordred. But as for me," seyde Sir Gareth, "I meddyll nat of theire maters, and therefore there is none of them that lovyth me. And for cause that I undirstonde they be murtherars of good knyghtes I lefte there company, and wolde God I had bene besyde Sir Gawayne whan that moste noble knyght Sir Lamorake was slayne!"

"Now, as Jesu be my helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "hit is passyngly well sayde of you, for I had lever," sayde Sir Trystrams, "than all the golde betwyxte this and Rome I had bene there."

"Iwysse," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and so wolde I I had bene there, and yet had I never the gre at no justis nothir turnemente and that noble knyght Sir Lamorak had be there, but other on horsebak othir ellys on foote he put me ever to the wars. And that day that Sir Lamorak was slayne he ded the moste dedis of armys that ever I saw knyght do in my lyeff and whan he was gyvyn the gre be my lorde Kynge Arthure, Sir Gawayne and his thre bretherne, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys and Sir Mordred, sette uppon Sir Lamorak in a pryvy place and there they slew his horse. And so they faught with hym on foote more than thre owrys bothe byfore hym and behynde hym, and so Sir Mordrede gaff hym his dethis wounde behynde hym at his bakke, and all to-hewe hym: for one of his squyers tolde me that sawe hit."

"Now fye uppon treson!" seyde Sir Trystram "for hit sleyth myne harte to hyre this tale."

"And so hit dothe myne," seyde Sir Gareth, "bretherne as they be myne."

"Now speke we of othir dedis," seyde Sir Palomydes "and let hym be, for his lyff ye may nat gete agayne."

"That is the more pité," seyde Sir Dynadan. "For Sir Gawayne and his bretherne, excepte you, Sir Gareth, hatyth all good knyghtes of the Rounde Table for the moste party. For well I wote, as they myght, prevayly they hate my lorde Sir Launcelot and all his kyn, and grete pryvay dispyte they have at hym. And sertaynly that is my lorde Sir Launcelot well ware of, and that causyth hym the more to have the good knyghtes of his kynne aboute hym."

"Now, sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "let us leve of this mater and let us se how we shall do at this turnemente. And, sir, by myne advyce, lat us foure holde togydyrs ayenst all that woll com."

"Nat be my counceyle," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I se by theire pavylouns there woll be foure hondred knyghtes. And doute ye

nat," seyde Sir Trystram, "but there woll be many good knyghtes, and be a man never so valyaunte nother so bygge but he may be overmatched. And so have I seyne knyghtes done many tymes, and whan they wente beste to have wonne worshyp they loste hit; for manhode is nat worthe but yf hit be medled with wysdome. And as for me," seyde Sir Trystram, "hit may happen I shall kepe myne owne hede as well as another."

So thus they rode untyll they cam to Humbir banke where they harde a crye and a doleful noyse. Than were they ware in the wynde where cam a ryche vessell heled over with rede sylke, and the vessell londed faste by them. Therewith Sir Trystram alyght and his knyghtes, and so Sir Trystram wente afore and entird into that vessell. And whan he cam in he saw a fayre bedde rychely coverde, and thereuppon lay a semely dede knyght all armed sauff the hede, and was all bloody wyth dedly woundys uppon hym, whych semed to be a passynge good knyght.

"Jesu, how may this be," seyde Sir Trystram, "that this knyght is thus slayne?"

And anone Sir Trystram was ware of a lettir in the dede knyghtes honde.

"Now, maystir marynars," seyde Sir Trystram, "what meanyth this lettir?"

"Sir," seyde they, "in that lettir shall ye hyre and knowe how he was slayne, and for what cause, and what was his name. But, sir," seyde the marynars, "wyte you well that no man shall take that lettir and rede hit but yf he be a good knyght, and that he woll faythfully promyse to revenge his dethe, and ellis shall there no knyght se that lettir opyn."

"And wyte you well," seyde Sir Trystram, "that som of us may revenge his dethe as well as another; and yf hit so be as ye marynars sey, that his dethe shall be revenged."

And therewythall Sir Trystram toke the lettir oute of the knyghtes honde, and than he opened hit and rad hit, and thus hit specifyed: "Harmaunce, kyng and lorde of the Rede Cité, I sende

to all knyghtes arraunte, recommaundynge me unto you, noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte. I beseche them all amonge them to fynde one knyght that woll fyght for my sake with too bretherne that I brought up off nought, and felounsly and traytourly they slewe me. Wherefore I beseche one good knyght to revenge my dethe, and he that revengyth my dethe I woll that he have my Rede Cité and all my castels."

"Sir," seyde the marynars, "wyte you well, this knyght and kynge that hyre lyeth was a full worshypfull man and of grete proues, and full well he loved all maner of knyghtes arraunte."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "here is a pyteuous case, and full fayne I wolde take this entirpryse uppon me, but I have made suche a promyse that nedis I muste be at this grete justys and turnement, othir ellys I am shamed. For well I wote for my sake in aspeciall my lorde Kynge Arthure made this justis and turnemente in this contrey, and well I wote that many worshypfull people woll be hyre at this turnemente for to se me; and therefore I feare to take this entirpryse uppon me, that I shall nat com agayne betyme to this justys."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I pray you gyff me this entirpryse, and ye shall se me enchyeve hit worshypfully, other ellys I shall dye in this quarell."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "and this entirpryse I gyff hit you, wyth this, that ye be with me at this turnemente whyche shall be as this day sevennyght."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I promyse you I shall be wyth you by that day, and I be unslayne and unmaymed."

So departed Sir Trystram, Sir Gareth, and Sir Dynadan, and so leffte Sir Palomydes in the vessell. And so Sir Trystram behylde the marynars how they sayled overlonge Humbir. And whan Sir Palomydes was oute of there syght they toke theire horsys and loked aboute them, and than were they ware of a knyght that cam rydynge agaynste them unarmed, and nothynge but a swerde aboute hym. And whan he cam nyghe, this knyght salewed them and they hym agayne.

"Now, fayre knyghtes," seyde that knyght, "I pray you, insomuche as ye be knyghtes arraunte, that ye woll com and se my castall and take suche as ye fynde there; I pray you hertely!"

"Wyth a good wyll," seyde Sir Trystram.

And so they rode with hym untyll his castell, and there they were brought into the halle whyche was well apparayled, and so they were there unarmed and sette at a borde. And whan this knyght sawe Sir Trystram, anone he knew hym and wexed passynge pale and wrothe at Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Trystram sawe his oste make suche chere he mervayled and sayde, "Sir, myne oste, what chere make you?"

"Wyte thou well," sayde he, "I fare muche the warre that I se the, for I know the for Sir Trystram de Lyones. For thou slewyste my brothir, and therefore I gyff the warnynge that I woll sle the and ever I may gete the at large!"

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Trystram, "I am never advysed that ever I slew ony brothir of yourys, and yf ye say that I ded hit I woll make amendys unto my power."

"I woll no mendys have," seyde the knyght, "but kepe the frome me!"

So whan he hadde dyned Sir Trystram asked his armys and departed. And so they rode on there wayes, and wythin a myle-way Sir Dynadan saw where cam a knyght well armed and well horsed, wyth a whyghte shylde.

"Sir Trystram," seyde Sir Dynadan, "take kepe to youreselff, for I dare undirtake yondir commyth your oste that woll have ado wyth you."

"Lat hym com," seyde Sir Trystram, "I shall abyde hym as I may."

And whan the knyght cam nyghe to Sir Trystram he cryed and bade hym abyde and kepe hym. And anone they hurteled togydyrs, but Sir Trystram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym over his horse croupen. Than the knyght arose lyghtly and toke his horse agayne and rode fyersly to Sir Trystram and smote hym twyse other thryse harde uppon the helme.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Trystram, "I pray you leve of and smyte me no more, for I wolde be lothe to deale with you and I myght chose, for I have of your mete and drynke in my body."

And for all that he wolde nat leve. Than Sir Trystram gaff hym suche a buffette uppon the helme that he felle up-so-downe from his horse that the bloode braste oute at the ventayle of his helme, and so he lay stylle, lykly to be dede.

Than Sir Trystram sayde, "Me repentys of this buffette that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dede."

And so they lefft hym and rode on theire wayes. So whan they had ryddyn awhyle they sawe com rydynge agayenst them too full lyckely knyghtes, well armed and well horsed, and goodly servauntes aboute them. And that one knyght hyght Sir Berraunt le Apres, and he was called the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and the other was Sir Segwarydes, that were renomed too noble knyghtes.

So as they cam aythir by other, the kynge loked uppon Sir Dynadan, and at that tyme Sir Dynadan had Sir Trystrams helme uppon his shuldir, whyche helme the kynge had seyne tofore with the Quene of Northe Galys, and that quene the kynge loved as paramour. And that helme the Quene of Northe Galys had gyven to La Beall Isode, and Quene La Beall Isode gaff hit to Sir Trystram.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Berraunte, "where had ye that helme?"

"What wolde ye?" seyde Sir Dynadan.

"For I woll have ado wyth you," seyde the kynge, "for the love of her that ought this helme. And therefore kepe you!"

So they departed and cam togydir wyth all there myghtes of theire horsis. And there the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe Sir Dynadan and his horse to the erthe, and than he commaunded his servaunte to take that helme of and kepe hit. So the varlet wente to unbuckyll his helme.

"What wolt thou do?" seyde Sir Trystrams. "Leve that helme!"

"To what entente," seyde the kynge, "wyll ye meddyll with that helme?"

"Wyte you well," seyde Sir Trystram, "that helme shall nat departe fro me tyll hit be derrer bought."

"Than make you redy!" seyde Sir Berraunte unto Sir Trystram.

So they hurteled togydyrs and there Sir Trystram smote hym downe over his horse tayle; and than the kynge arose lyghtly and gate his horse agayne, and than he strake fyersly at Sir Trystram many grate strokys. And than he gaff Sir Berraunte such a buffette uppon the helme that he felle downe over his horse sore astonyed.

"Lo!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "that helme is unhappy to us twayne, for I had a falle for hit, and now, sir kynge, have ye another falle."

Than Sir Segwarydes asked, "Who shall juste wyth me?"

"I pray you," seyde Sir Gareth unto Sir Dynadan, "let me have this justys."

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I pray you hertely take hit as for me!"

"That is no reson," seyde Sir Trystram, "for this justys shulde have bene youres."

"At a worde," seyde Sir Dynadan, "I woll nat thereof."

Than Sir Gareth dressed hym unto Sir Segwarydes, and there Sir Segwarydes smote Sir Gareth and his horse to the erthe.

"Now," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Dynadan, "juste ye with yondir knyght."

"I woll nat thereof," seyde Sir Dynadan.

"Than woll I," seyde Sir Trystram.

And than Sir Trystram ranne unto hym and gaff hym a falle, and so they leffte hem on foote.

And Sir Trystram rode unto Joyous Garde. And there Sir Gareth wolde nat of his curtesy have gone into his castell, but Sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym to departe, and so they alyght and unarmed them and had grete chere.

But whan Sir Dynadan cam afore La Beall Isode he cursed the tyme that ever he bare Sir Trystrams helme, and there he tolde her how Sir Trystram had mocked hym. Than there was lawghynge and japynge at Sir Dynadan, that they wyste nat what to do wyth hym.

THE RED CITY

NOW WOLL WE LEVE them myrry wythin Joyous Garde and speke we of Sir Palomydes, the whyche sayled evynlongis Humbir untyll that he cam unto the see costys, and thereby was a fayre castell, and at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge, afore day. Than the marynars wente unto Sir Palomydes, that slepte faste.

"Sir knyght," seyde the marynars, "ye muste aryse, for here is a castell that ye muste go into."

"I assente me," seyde Sir Palomydes.

And therewithall he aryved, and than he blew his horne that the marynars had yevyn hym. And whan they in the castell harde that horne they put oute many knyghtes; and there they stood uppon the wallys and sayde with one voyse, "Wellcom be ye to this castell!"

And than hit waxed clyere day, and Sir Palomydes entyrde into the castell. And within a whyle he was served with many dyverse metys. Than Sir Palomydes harde aboute hym muche wepyng and grete dole.

"What may this meane?" seyde Sir Palomydes. "For I love nat to hyre suche a sorowfull noyse, and therefore I wolde knowe what hit meaned."

Than there cam a knyght afore hym, his name was Sir Ebell, that seyde thus: "Wyte you well, sir knyght, this dole and sorow is made here every day, and for this cause. We had a kynge that hyght Harmaunce, and he was kynge of the Rede Cité, and this kynge that was oure lorde was a noble knyght, layrge and lyberall of his expence. And in all the worlde he loved nothynge so muche as he ded arraunte knyghtes of Kynge Arthurs courte, and all justynge, huntynge, and all maner of knyghtly gamys; for so good a kynge and knyght had never the rewle of poore peple. And bycause of his goodnes and jantyll demeanys we bemoone hym, and ever

shall. And all kyngis and astatys may beware by oure lorde: for he was destroyed in his owne defaute; for had he cheryshed his owne bloode, he had bene a lyvis kynge and lyved with grete ryches and reste; but all astatys may beware by owre kynge. But alas," seyde Sir Ebell, "that ever we sholde gyff all other warnynge by his dethe!"

"Telle me," seyde Sir Palomydes, "how and in what maner was your lorde slayne, and by whom."

"Sir," seyde Sir Ebell, "oure kynge brought up of chyldir too men that now ar perelous knyghtes, and thes too knyghtes oure kynge had them so in favour that he loved no man nother trusted no man of his owne bloode, nother none other that was aboute hym. And by thes too knyghtes oure kynge was governed, and so they ruled hym peasably and his londys, and never wolde they suffir none of his bloode to have no rule with oure kynge. And also he was so fre and so jeantyll, and they so false and so dysseyvable, that they ruled hym peasabely. And that aspyed the lordis of oure kynges bloode, and departed frome hym unto theire owne lyeffloode.

"And whan thes traytours undirstood that they had dryvyn all the lordis of his bloode frome hym, than were they nat pleased wyth suche rewle, but ever thought to have more. And as ever hit is an olde sawe, 'Gyeff a chorle rule and thereby he woll nat be suffysed,' for whatsomever he be that is rewled by a vylayne borne, and the lorde of the soyle be a jantylman born, that same vylayne shall destroy all the jeantylmen aboute hym. (Therefore, all the astatys and lordys, of what astate ye be, loke ye beware whom ye take aboute you.) And therefore, sir, and ye be a knyght of Kynge Arthurs courte, remembir this tale, for this is the ende and conclusyon. My lorde and kynge rode unto the foreyste hereby by the advyse of thes too traytoures, and there he chaced at the rede deare, armed at all peacis full lyke a good knyght. And so for labour he waxed drye, and than he alyght and dranke at a well. And whan he was alyght, by the assente of thes too traytoures, the tone whyche hyght Helyus he suddeynly smote oure kynge thorow the body wyth a speare.

"And so they leffte hym there, and whan they were departed, than by fortune I cam to the welle and founde my lorde and kynge wounded to the deth. And whan I harde his complaynte I lat brynge hym to the watirs syde, and in that same shyppe I put hym on lyve. And whan my lorde Kynge Harmaunce was in that vessell he requyred me for the trewe feythe I owed unto hym for to wryte a lettir in this maner: 'recommaunde me unto Kynge Arthure and to all his noble knyghtys arraunte, besechynge them all that, insomuche as I, Kynge Harmaunce, Kynge of the Rede Cité, thus am slayne by felony and treson thorow too knyghtes of myne owne, of myne owne bryngynge up and of myne owne makynge, that som worshypfull knyght wyll revenge my dethe, insomuch as I have bene ever to my power well-wyllynge unto Kynge Arthurs courte. And who that woll adventure his lyff for my sake to revenge my deth and sle thes too traytoures in one batayle, I, Kynge Harmaunce, Kynge of the Red Cité, frely gyff him all my londis and rentes that ever I welded in my lyeff.'

"And this lettir," seyde Sir Ebell, "I wrote be my lordis commaundemente, and than he resceayved his Creature. And whan he was dede, he commaunded me, or ever he were colde to put that lettir faste in his honde; and than he commaunded me to sende forthe that same vessell downe by Humbir streyme, and that I sholde gyeff thes marynars in commaundemente never to stynte tyll they cam unto Lonezep, where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme. 'And there shall som good knyght have pité of me and revenge my deathe, for there was never knyght nother lorde falselyar nothir traytourlyar slayne than I am, hyere wounded unto my dethe.' Thus was the complaynte of oure Kynge Harmaunce.

"Now," seyde Sir Ebell, "ye knowe all how oure lorde was betrayed. And therefore we requyre you for Goddis sake have pité uppon his dethe and worshypfully revenge his dethe, and than may ye welde all his londis. For we all wyte well, and ye may sle tho too traytours, the Rede Cité and all that be therein woll take you for theire kyndely lorde."

"Truly," seyde Sir Palomydes, "hit grevyth myne harte for to hyre you tell this dolefull tale, and to say the trouthe I saw that same lettir that ye speke of, and one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde rad that same lettir to me that ye speake of, and by his commaundemente I cam hydir to revenge your kynges deathe. And therefore have done and let me wyte where I shall fynde tho traytoures, for I shall never be at ease in my harte tyll I be in handis wyth them."

"Sir," seyde Ebell, "than take youre shyppe agayne, and that shyppe muste brynge you unto the Delectable Ile, faste by the Rede Cité. And we in this castell shall pray for you and abyde youre agayne-commynge. For this same castell, and ye sped well, muste nedis be youres. For oure Kynge Harmaunce lette make this castell for the love of tho too traytoures, and so we kepte hit with stronge honde, and therefore full sore ar we thretened."

"Wote ye what ye shall do," seyde Palomydes. "Whatsomevir com of me, loke ye kepe well thys castell, for and hit myssefortune me so to be slayne in this queste, I am sure there woll com one of the beste knyghtis of the worlde for to revenge my dethe, and that is Sir Trystram de Lyones, othir ellis Sir Launcelot de Lake."

Than Sir Palomydes departed frome that castell. And as he cam nyghe the cyté, there cam oute of a shyppe a goodly knyght armed ayenste hym wyth his shylde on his shuldir, and his honde uppon his swerde. And anone as he cam nyghe unto Sir Palomydes, he seyde, "Sir knyght, what seke you hyre? Leeve this queste, for hit is myne, and myne hit was or hit were youres, and therefore I woll have hit."

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Palomydes, "hit may well be that this queste was youres or hit was myne. But whan the lettir was takyn oute of the dede knyghtes honde, at that tyme by lyklyhode there was no knyght had undirtake to revenge the kynges dethe. And so at that tyme I promysed to avenge his dethe, and so I shall, other ellys I am shamed."

"Ye say well," seyde the knyght, "but wyte you well, than woll I fyght wyth you, and whether of us be bettir knyght lat hym take the batayle on honde."

"I assente me," seyde Sir Palomydes.

And than they dressed theire shyldis and pulled oute theire swerdis, and laysshed togydyrs many sad strokys as men of myght. And this fyghtynge lasted more than an owre. But at the laste Sir Palomydes waxed bygge and bettir-wynded, and than he smote that knyght suche a stroke that he kneled on his kneis. Than that knyght spake on hyght and sayde, "Jeantyll knyght, holde thy honde!"

And therewyth Sir Palomydes wythdrewe his honde. Than thys knyght seyde, "Sir, wyte you well ye ar bettir worthy to have this batayle than I, and I requyre you of knyghthode telle me youre name."

"Sir, my name is Sir Palomydes, a knyght of Kynge Arthurs and of the Table Rounde, whyche am com hydir to revenge thys same dede."

"Sir, well be ye founde," seyde the knyght to Sir Palomydes, "for of all knyghtes that bene on lyve, excepte thre, I had levyste have you. And the fyrste is Sir Launcelot du Lake, and the secunde ys Sir Trystram de Lyones, and the thyrde is my nyghe cousyn, the good knyght Sir Lamorak de Galys. And I am brothir unto Kynge Harmaunce that is dede, and my name is Sir Hermynde."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and ye shall se how I shall spyede; and yff I be there slayne go ye unto my lorde Sir Launcelot other ellys to my lorde Sir Trystram, and pray them to revenge my dethe. For as for Sir Lamorak, hym shall ye never se in this worlde."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Hermynde, "how may that be that he is slayne?"

"By Sir Gawayne and his bretherne," seyde Sir Palomydes.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Hermynde, "there was nat one for one that slew hym!"

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for they were foure daungerous knyghtes that slew hym, that was Sir Gawayne, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys and Sir Mordred. But Sir Gareth, the fyfth brothir, was awey, the beste knyght of them all."

And so Sir Palomydes tolde Sir Hermynde all the maner and how they slew Sir Lamorak all only by treson.

So Sir Palomydes toke his shyppe and drove up to the Delectable Ile. And in the meane whyle Sir Hermynde, the kynges brothir, he aryved up at the Rede Cité, and there he tolde them how there was com a knyght of Kynge Arthurs to avenge Kynge Harmaunce dethe: "and his name ys Sir Palomydes, the good knyght, that for the moste party he folowyth the Beste Glatyssaunte."

Than all the cité made grete joy, for muche had they harde of Sir Palomydes and of his noble prouesse. So they lette ordayne a messyngere and sente unto the too bretherne and bade them to make them redy, for there was a knyght com that wolde fyght wyth them bothe. So the messyngere wente unto them where they were at a castell there besyde, and there he tolde them how there was a knyght comyn of Kynge Arthurs courte to fyght with them bothe at onys.

"He is wellcom," seyde they, "but is hit Sir Launcelot other ony of his bloode?"

"Sir, he is none of that bloode," seyde the messyngere.

"Than we care the lesse," seyde the too brethirne, "for with none of the bloode of Sir Launcelot we kepe nat to have ado wythall."

"Sir, wyte you well," seyde the messyngere, "his name is Sir Palomydes, that yet is uncrystened, a noble knyght."

"Well," seyde they, "and he be now uncrystynde, he shall never be crystynde."

So they appoynted to be at the cité within too dayes. And whan Sir Palomydes was comyn to the cité they made passynge grete joy of hym. And than they behylde hym and thought he was well made and clenly and bygly, and unmaymed of his lymmys, and neyther to yonge nother to olde, and so all the people praysed hym.

And though he were nat crystynde, yet he belyved in the beste maner, and was full faythefull and trew of his promyse and well-condyssyonde; and bycause he made his avow that he wolde never be crystynde unto the tyme that he had enchyeved the Beste Glatysaunte, the whyche was a full wondirfull beyste and a grete

sygnyfycasion; for Merlyon prophesyed muche of that byeste. And also Sir Palomydes avowed never to take full Crystyndom untyll that he had done seven batayles within lystys.

So wythin the thirde day there cam to the cité thes too brethirne: the tone hyght Sir Helyus and the other hyght Helake, the whyche were men of grete prouesse; howbehit that they were falsse and full of treson and but poore men born, yet were they noble knyghtes of theire handys. And with them they brought fourty knyghtes, to that entente that they shulde be bygge inowghe for the Rede Cité. Thus cam the too bretherne wyth grete bobbaunce and pryde, for they had put the Rede Cité in grete feare and damage. Than they were brought to the lystes, and Sir Palomydes cam into the place and seyde thus: "Be ye the too brethirne, Helyus and Helake, that slew youre kynge and lorde Sir Harmaunce by felony and treson, for whom that I am comyn hydir to revenge his dethe?"

"Wyte thou well," seyde Sir Helyus and Sir Helake, "that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe Kynge Harmaunce. And wyte thou well, thou Sir Palomydes Sarezyn, that we shall so handyll the or that thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou haddyst be crystynde."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Palomydes, "but as yet I wolde nat dye or that I were full crystynde. And yette so aferde am I nat of you bothe but that I truste to God that I shall dye a bettir Crystyn man than any of you bothe. And doute ye nat," seyde Sir Palomydes, "ayther ye other I shall be leffte dede in this place."

So they departed in grete wratth; and the too bretherne cam ayenst Sir Palomydes, and he ayenste them, as faste as theire horsis myght ren. And by fortune Sir Palomydes smote Sir Helake thorow his shylde and thorow his breste more than a fadom.

All this whyle Sir Helyus hylde up his speare, and for pryde and orgule he wolde nat smyte Sir Palomydes wyth his speare. But whan he saw his brothir lye on the erthe and saw he myght nat helpe hymselff, than he seyde unto Sir Palomydes, "Kepe the!"

And therewyth he cam hurtelynge unto Sir Palomydes with his speare, and smote hym quyte frome his sadill. So Sir Helyus rode

over Sir Palomydes twyse or thryse; and therewyth Sir Palomydes was ashamed, and gate the horse of Sir Helyus by the brydyll, and therewithall the horse arered, and Sir Palomydes halpe aftir, and so they felle to the erthe. But anone Sir Helyus starte up lyghtly, and there he smote Sir Palomydes a grete stroke uppon the helme, that he kneled uppon his kne; and than they laysshed togydyrs many sad strokis and trased and traversed now bakwarde, now sydelynge, hurtelynge togydyrs lyke too borys, and that same tyme they felle bothe grovelynge to the erthe.

Thus they fought stylle withoute ony reposynge too owres and never brethid. And than Sir Palomydes wexed faynte and wery, and Sir Helyus waxed passynge stronge and doubeled his strokes and drove Sir Palomydes ovirtwarte and endelonge all the fylde.

Than whan they of the cité saw Sir Palomydes in this case they wepte and cryed and made grete dole, and the other party made as grete joy.

"Alas," seyde the men of the cité, "that this noble knyght shulde thus be slayne for oure kynges sake!"

And as they were thus wepynge and cryynge, Sir Palomydes, whyche had suffyrde an hondred strokes, and wondir hit was that he stoode on his fyete, so at the laste Sir Palomydes loked aboute as he myght waykely unto the comyn people how they wepte for hym and than he seyde to hymselff, "A, fye for shame, Sir Palomydes! Why hange ye youre hede so lowe?" And therewith he bare up his shylde and loked Sir Helyus in the vysoure and smote hym a grete stroke uppon the helme, and aftir that anothir and anothir, and than he smote Sir Helyus with suche a myght that he felde hym to the erthe grovelynge. And than he raced of hys helme frome his hede and so smote of his hede from the body.

And than were the people of the cité the myryest people that myght be. So they brought hym to his lodgynge with grete solempnyté, and there all the people becam his men. And than Sir Palomydes prayde them all to take kepe unto all the lordeship of Kyng Harmaunce: "For, fayre sirrys, wyte you well, I may nat as at this tyme abyde

with you, for I muste in all haste be wyth my lorde Kynge Arthure at the castel of Lonezep."

Than were the people full hevy at his departynge, for all the cité profyrd Sir Palomydes the thirde parte of theire goodis so that he wolde abyde wyth hem. But in no wyse as at that tyme he ne wolde abyde. And so Sir Palomydes departed, and cam unto the castell thereas Sir Ebell was lyefftenaunte. And whan they in the castell wyste how Sir Palomydes had sped, there was a joyfull mayné. And so Sir Palomydes departed and cam to the castell of Lonezep; and whan he knew that Sir Trystram was nat there he toke hys way over Humbir and cam unto Joyous Garde where was Sir Trystram and La Beall Isode.

So Sir Trystram had commaunded that what knyght arraunte cam within Joyous Garde, as in the towne, that they sholde warne Sir Trystram. So there cam a man of the towne and tolde Sir Trystram how there was a knyght in the towne, a passyng goodly man.

"What maner of man ys he?" seyde Sir Trystram, "and what sygne beryth he?"

And anone he tolde hym all the tokyns of hym.

"Be my fayth, that ys Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Dynadan.

"For sothe, hit may well be," seyde Sir Trystram. "Than go ye, Sir Dynadan, and fecche hym hydir."

Than Sir Dynadan wente unto Sir Palomydes, and there aythir made othir grete chere, and so they lay togydirs that nyght. And on the morne erly cam Sir Trystram and Sir Gareth, and toke them in theire beddis; and so they arose and brake theire faste.

And than Sir Trystram desyred Sir Palomydes to ryde unto the fyldis and woodis, and so they were accorded to repose them in the foreyste. And whan they had played them a grete whyle they rode unto a fayre well. And anone they were ware of an armed knyght cam rydynge agaynste them, and there ayther salewed other.

Than this armed knyght spake to Sir Trystram and asked what were those knyghtes that were lodged in Joyous Garde.

"I wote nat what they ar," seyde Sir Trystram.

"But what knyghtes be ye? For mesemyth ye be no knyghtes arraunte, because ye ryde unarmed."

"Sir, whethir we be knyghtes or nat, we lyste nat to telle the oure name."

"Wolt thou nat tell me thy name?" seyde that knyght. "Than kepe the, for thou shalt dye of myne hondis!"

And therewithall he gate his speare in his hondes and wolde have ronne Sir Trystram thorow. That saw Sir Palomydes, and smote his horse traverse in myddys the syde, that he smote horse and man spyteuously to the erthe. And therewyth Sir Palomydes alyght and pulled oute his swerde to have slayne hym.

"Lat be," seyde Sir Trystram, "sle hym nat, for the knyghte is but a foole and hit were shame to sle hym. But take away his speare," seyde Sir Trystram, "and lat hym take his horse and go where that he wyll."

So whan this knyght arose, he groned sore of the falle, and so he gate his horse, and whan he was up he turned his horse and requyred Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were.

"Now wyte thou well," seyde Sir Trystram, "my name is Sir Trystram de Lyones, and this knyghtes name is Sir Palomydes."

Whan he wyste what he hyght he toke his horse wyth the spurrys, bycause they shulde nat aske hym his name, and so he rode faste away thorow thicke and thorow thynne. Than cam there by them a knyght with a bended shylde of assure; his name was Sir Epynogrys, and he cam a grete walop towarde them.

"Whother ar ye away?" sayde Sir Trystram.

"My fayre lordis," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "I folow the falsiste knyght that beryth the lyeff, wherefore I requyre you telle me whethyr ye sye hym, for he beryth a shylde with a case of rede over hit."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "suche a knyght departed frome us nat a quarter of an owre agone, and therefore we pray you to telle us his name."

"Alas," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "why let ye hym ascape from you? And he is so grete a foo untyll all arraunte knyghtys, whos name is Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité."

"A, fy for shame!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "and alas that ever he ascapyd myne hondis, for he ys the man in the worlde whom I hate moste."

Than eviry knyght made grete sorow to othir, and so Sir Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace aftir hym. Than Sir Trystram and hys thre felowys rode towarde Joyous Garde, and there Sir Trystram talked unto Sir Palomydes of his batayle, and how that he had sped at the Rede Cité. And as ye have harde afore, so was hyt ended.

"Truly," seyde Sir Trystram, "I am glad ye have well sped, for ye have done worshypfully.

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "we muste forwarde as to-morne."

And than he devysed how hit shulde be; and there Sir Trystram devysed to sende his too pavelons to set hem faste by the well of Lonezep, "and therein shall be the quene La Beall Isode."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Dynadan.

But whan Sir Palomydes herde of that his harte was ravysshed oute of mesure, notwythstondynge he seyde but lytyll. So whan they cam to Joyous Garde Sir Palomydes wolde nat have gone into the castell, but as Sir Trystram lad hym by the honde into Joyous Garde. And whan Sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode he was so ravysshed that he myght unnethe speke. So they wente unto mete (but Sir Palomydes myght nat ete), and there was all the chire that myght be had.

THE TOURNAMENT AT LONEZEP

AND SO ON THE MORNE they were apparayled for to ryde towarde Lonezep. So Syr Trystram had thre squyars and La Beall Isode had thre jantyllwomen, and bothe the quene and they were rychely apparayled; and other people had they none with them but varlettes to beare theire shyldis and theire spearys. And thus they rode forthe; and as they rode they saw afore them a route of knyghtes, and that was Sir Galyhodyn with twenty knyghtes with hym.

"Now, fayre fealowys," seyde Sir Galyhodyn, "yondir comyth foure knyghtes, and a ryche and a well fayre lady; and I am in wyll to take that fayre lady from them."

"Sir, that is nat beste," seyde one of them, "but sende ye to them and a-wyte what they woll say."

And so they ded, and anone there cam a squyer unto Sir Trystram and asked them whether they wolde juste other ellys to lose that lady.

"Nat so," seyde Sir Trystram, "but telle your lorde I bydde hym com as many as we bene, and wynne her and take her."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and hit please you, lat me have this dede, and I shall undirtake them all foure."

"Sir, I woll that ye have hit," seyde Sir Trystram, "at youre pleasure. Now go and telle your lorde Sir Galyhodyn that this knyght woll encountir with hym and his felowys."

So this squyer departed and tolde Sir Galyhodyn.

Than he dressed his shylde and put forth a speare and Sir Palomydes another, and there Sir Palomydes smote Sir Galyhodyn so harde that horse and man bothe yode to the erthe, and there he had an horryble falle. And than cam another knyght, and the same wyse he served hym; and so he served the thirde and the fourthe, that he smote them over theire horse croupes. And allwayes Sir Palomydes speare was hole.

Than cam there six knyghtes mo of Sir Galyhodynes men and wolde have bene avenged uppon Sir Palomydes.

"Lat be," seyde Sir Galyhodyn, "nat so hardy! None of you all meddyll with this knyght, for he is a man of grete bounté and honoure, and yf he wolde do his uttermuste ye ar nat all able to deale wyth hym."

And ryght so they hylde them styll, and ever Sir Palomydes was redy to juste. And whan he sawe they wolde no more he rode unto Sir Trystram.

"A, Sir Palomydes! Ryght well have ye done and worshypfully, as a good knyght sholde."

So this Sir Galyhodyn was nyghe kyn unto Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and this Sir Galyhodyn was a kynge within the contrey of Surluse.

So as Sir Trystram with his thre felowys and La Beall Isode rode togydirs, they saw afore them foure knyghtes, and every knyght had his speare in his honde. The fyrst was Sir Gawayne, the secunde was Sir Uwayne, the thirde was Sir Sagramour le Desyrus, and the fourthe was Sir Dodynas le Saveage. And whan Sir Palomydes behylde them, that the foure knyghtes were redy to juste, he prayde Sir Trystram to gyff hym leve to have ado with them also longe as he myght holde hym on horsebak. "And yf that I be smyttyn downe, I pray you revenge me."

"Well," seyde Sir Trystram, "I wille as ye wille, and ye ar nat so fayne to have worship but I wolde as fayne encrease youre worshyp."

And therewythall Sir Gawayne put forthe his speare and Sir Palomydes another, and so they cam egirly togydyrs, that Sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that Sir Gawayne felle to the erthe, horse and all. And in the same wyse he served Sir Uwayne and Sir Dodynas and Sir Sagramour, and all thes foure knyghtes Sir Palomydes smote them downe with dyverse spearys.

And than Sir Trystram departed towarde Lonezep, and whan they were departed than cam thydir Sir Galyhodyn with his twenty knyghtes unto Sir Gawayne, and there he tolde hym all how he had sped.

"Be my trouthe," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I mervayle what knyghtes they ben that ar so arayed all in grene."

"And that knyght uppon the whyghte horse smote me downe," seyde Sir Galyhodyn, "and thre of my felowys."

"So ded he me," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and my thre felowys. And well I wote," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that other he uppon the whyghte horse ys Sir Trystram othir ellys Sir Palomydes, and that well-beseyne lady is Quene Isode."

Thus they talked of one thynge and of other. And in the meane whyle Sir Trystram passed on tyll that he cam to the welle where his too pavylyons were sette, and there they alyghted, and there they sawe many pavylons and grete aray.

Than Sir Trystram leffte there Sir Palomydes and Sir Gareth with La Beall Isode, and Sir Trystram and Sir Dynadan rode unto Lonezep to herkyn tydynges, and Sir Trystram rode uppon Sir Palomydes whyghte horse. And whan he cam into the castell Sir Trystram harde a grete horne blowe, and to the horne drewe many knyghtes.

Than Sir Trystrams asked a knyght, "What meanyth the blaste of that horne?"

"Sir," seyde that knyght, "hit is for all tho that shall holde ayenste Kynge Arthure at this turnemente: the fyrst ys the Kynge of Irelonde, and the Kynge of Surluse, and the Kynge of Lystenoyse, the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the kynge of the beste parte of Walys, with many other contreys, and all thes drawe them to a counceyle to undirstonde what governaunce they shall be of."

But the Kyng of Irelonde – his name was Sir Marhalte, that was fadir unto the good knyght Sir Marhalte that Sir Trystram slew – he had the speache, that Sir Trystram myght hyre: "Now, lordis and felowis, lat us loke to oureselff, for wyte you well Kynge Arthure ys sure of many good knyghtes, other ellys he wolde nat with feaw knyghtes have ado with us. Therefore, be my rede, lat every kynge have a standarde and a cognyssaunce by hymselff, that every knyght may draw to his naturall lorde. And than may every kynge and captayne helpe his knyght yf he have nede."

Whan Sir Trystram had harde all theire counceyle he rode unto Kynge Arthure for to hyre his counceyle. But Sir Trystram was nat so sone com unto the place but Sir Gawayne and Sir Galyhodyn wente unto Kynge Arthure and tolde hym that "that same grene knyght in the grene harneyse with the whyghte horse smote us too downe and six of oure felowys this same day."

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthure, and than he called Sir Trystram to hym and asked what was his name.

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "ye shall holde me excused: as at this tyme ye shall nat know my name."

And there Sir Trystram returned and rode his way.

"I have mervayle," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that yondir knyght woll nat tell me his name. But go ye, Sir Gryffflet, and pray hym to speke with me betwyxt us twayne."

Than Sir Gryffflet rode aftir hym and overtoke hym and seyde that Kynge Arthure prayde hym to speake with hym secretely aparte.

"Sir, uppon this covenaunte," seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll turne agayne, so that ye woll ensure me that the kynge woll nat desyre to hyre my name."

"I shall undirtake hit," seyde Sir Gryffflet, "that he woll nat gretly desyre hit of you."

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam to Kynge Arthure.

"Now, fayre sir," seyde Kynge Arthure, "what is the cause ye woll nat tell me your name?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "withoute a cause I wolde nat hyde my name."

"Well, uppon what party woll ye holde?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Truly, my lorde," seyde Sir Trystram, "I wote nat yet on what party I woll be on untyll I com to the fylde. And thereas my harte gyvyth me, there woll I holde me. But to-morow ye shall se and preve on what party I shall com."

And therewithall he returned and went to his pavelons. And uppon the morne they armed them all in grene and cam into the fylde. And there yonge knyghtys began to juste and ded many worshypfull dedis.

Than spake Sir Gareth unto Sir Trystram and prayde hym to gyff hym leve to breake his speare, for hym thought shame to beare his speare hole agayne. Whan Sir Trystram had harde hym sey so, he lowghe and sayde, "I pray you, do youre beste!"

Than Sir Gareth gate his speare and profirde to juste. And that sawe a knyght that was neveaw unto the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes; his name was Sir Selyses, a good knyght and a good man of armys. So this Selyses dressed hym unto Sir Gareth, and they too mette togydirs so harde that ayther smote other downe, horse and man, to the erthe. And so they were bothe hurte and brused, and there they lay tyll the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes halpe up Sir Selyses, and Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes halpe up Sir Gareth ayen, and so they rode with hym to theire pavylons. And than they pulled of his helme, and whan La Beall Isode sawe Sir Gareth brused so in the face she asked hym what ayled hym.

"Madame," sayde Sir Gareth, "I had a grete buffette, and I suppose I gaff anothir, but none of my fealowys, God thanke hem, wolde rescowe me."

"Perdeus," seyde Sir Palomydes, "hit longyth nat to none of us at this day to juste, for there hath nat this day justed no proved knyghtes, and nedely ye wolde juste, and whan the other party saw that ye profyrd yourself to juste, they sente a passyng good knyght unto you, for I know hym well: his name is Sir Selyses. And worshypfully ye mette with hym, and neyther of you ar dishonoured. And therefore refreyshe yourselff, that ye may be redy and hole to juste to-morne."

"As for that," seyde Sir Gareth, "I shall nat fayle you and I may bestryde myne horse."

"Now, sirs, uppon what party," seyde Sir Trystram, "is hyt beste to be withall to-morne?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "ye shall have myne advyse to be ayenst Kynge Arthure as to-morne, for on his party woll be Sir Launcelot and many good knyghtes of his blood with hym; and the mo men of worship that they be, the more worshyp shall we wynne."

"That is full knyghtly spokyn," seyde Sir Trystram, "and so shall hit be, ryght as ye counceyle me."

"In the name of God," seyde they all.

So that nyght they were reposed with the beste. And in the morne whan hit was day they were arayed all in grene – trapurs, bothe shyldis and spearys, and La Beall Isode in the same coloure, and her thre damesels. And ryght so thes foure knyghtes cam into the fylde endlynge and thorow, and so they lad La Beall Isode thidir as she sholde stande and beholde all the justes in a bay-wyndow; but allwayes she was wympled, that no man myght se her vysayge. And than thes foure knyghtes rode streyte unto the party of the Kynge of Scottis.

Whan Kynge Arthure had seyne hem do all this he asked Sir Launcelot what were this knyghtes and this quene.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I can nat tell you for no sertayne. But yf Sir Trystram be in this contrey or Sir Palomydes, sir, wyte you well hit be they in sertayne, and there is Quene La Beall Isode."

Than Kynge Arthure called unto hym Sir Kay and seyde, "Go ye lyghtly and wyte how many knyghtes there bene hyre lackynge of the Table Rounde, for by the segis ye may know."

So went Sir Kay and saw by the wrytynge in the syeges that there lacked ten knyghtes, and thes were hir namys: Sir Trystram, Sir Palomydes, Sir Percivall, Sir Gareth, Sir Gaherys, Sir Epynogrys, Sir Mordred, Sir Dynadan, Sir La Cote Male Tayle, and Sir Pelleas, the noble knyght.

"Well," seyde Kynge Arthur, "som of thes, I dare undirtake, ar here this day ayenste us."

Than cam therein too bretherne, cousyns unto Sir Gawayne: that one hyght Sir Edwarde and that other hyght Sir Sadok, the whyche were too good knyghtes. And they asked of Kynge Arthure that they myght have the fyrste justis, for they were of Orkeney.

"I am pleased," seyde Kynge Arthure.

Than Sir Edwarde encountirde with the Kynge of Scottis, in whos party was Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes; and this Sir Edwarde of

Orkeney smote the Kynge of Scottis quyte frome his horse, a grete falle. And Sir Sadoke smote the Kynge of Northe Walys downe and gaff hym a wondir grete falle, that there was a grete cry on Kynge Arthurs party. And that made Sir Palomydes passyngly wrothe, and so Sir Palomydes dressed his shylde and his speare, and wyth all hys myght he mette with Sir Edwarde of Orkeney and smote hym so harde that his horse had no myght to stonde on his fyete, and so he hurled downe to the erthe. And than with the same speare Sir Palomydes smote downe Sir Sadok over his horse croupe.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Kyng Arthure, "what knyght ys that arayed so all in grene? For he justyth myghtyly."

"Wyte you well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "he ys a good knyght, and yet shall ye se hym juste bettir or he departe. And yet shall ye se a more bygger knyght in the same colour than he is. For that same knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that smote downe ryght now my too cousyns, he smote me downe within thes too dayes, and seven felowys mo."

This meane whyle as they stood thus talkynge, there cam into the place Sir Trystram uppon a blacke horse; and or ever he stynte he smote downe with one speare foure good knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the kynne of Sir Gawayne. And Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan everyche of them smote downe a good knyght.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Arthure, "yondir knyght uppon the blacke horse dothe myghtyly and mervaylously well."

"Abyde you!" seyde Sir Gawayne, "that knyght on the blak horse began nat yet."

Than Sir Trystrams made to horse the too kynges agayne that Sir Edwarde and Sir Sadok had unhorsed at the begynnynge. And than Sir Trystram drew his swerde and rode unto the thyckyst prease ayenste them of Orkeney, and there he smote downe knyghtes and raced off helmys and pulled away theire shyldis and hurteled downe many of theire knyghtes. And so he fared that Kynge Arthure and all knyghtes had grete mervayle to se ony o knyght do so muche dedis of armys. And Sir Palomydes fayled nat uppon the other syde, that he so mervaylously ded and well that all men had wondir; for

Kynge Arthure lykened Sir Trystram, that was on the blak horse, unto a wood lyon; and he lykened Sir Palomydes, uppon the whyght horse, unto a wood lybarde, and Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan unto egir wolvis.

But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kyngys wolde helpe other, but all the felyshyp of every standarde to helpe other as they myght. But ever Sir Trystram ded so muche dedis of armys that they of Orkeney wexed wery of hym and so withdrew them unto Lonezep.

Than was the cry of herowdys and all maner of comyn people, "The grene knyght hathe done mervaylously and beatyn all them of Orkeney!"

And there the herowdis numbird that Sir Trystram, that was uppon the blacke horse, had smytten downe with spearys and swerdis thirty knyghtes, and Sir Palomydes had smyttyn downe twenty knyghtes; and the moste party of thes fyfty knyghtes were of the house of Kynge Arthure and proved knyghtes.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, "this is a grete shame to us to se foure knyghtes beate so many knyghtes of myne. And therefore make you redy, for we woll have ado with them!"

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyte you well that there ar too passynge good knyghtes, and grete worship were hit nat to us now to have ado with them, for they ar gretly travayled."

"As for that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I woll be avenged. And therefore take with you Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector de Marys, and I woll be the fourthe," seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Well, sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye shall fynde me redy, and my brothir Sir Ector and my cousyn Sir Bleoberys."

And so whan they were redy and on horsebacke, "Now chose," seyde Kynge Arthure unto Sir Launcelot, "whom that ye woll encountir wythall."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll countir wyth the grene knyght uppon the blacke horse." That was Sir Trystram. "And my cousyn Sir Bleoberys shall macche the grene knyght uppon the whyght

horse." That was Sir Palomydes. "And my brothir Sir Ector shall macche with the grene knyght uppon the dunne horse." That was Sir Gareth.

"Than muste I," seyde Kynge Arthur, "have ado with the grene knyght uppon the gresylde horse." And that was Sir Dynadan.

"Now every man take kepe to his felow!" seyde Sir Launcelot.

And so they trotted on togydyrs, and there encountirde Sir Launcelot ayenst Sir Trystram. So Sir Launcelot smote Sir Trystram so sore upon the shelde that he bare horse and man to the erthe. But Sir Launcelot wente that hit had be Sir Palomydes, and so he passed utter. And than Sir Bleoberys encountyrd wyth Sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde uppon the shylde that Sir Palomydes and his whyght horse rosteled to the erthe. Than Sir Ector smote Sir Gareth so harde that downe he felle frome his horse. And than the noble Kynge Arthure he encountyrd wyth Sir Dynadan, and Kynge Arthure smote hym quyte frome his horse. And than the noyse turned a whyle and seyde the grene knyghtes were felde downe.

Whan the Kyng of Northe Galys saw that Sir Trystram was on foote, than he remembyrd hym how grete dedis of armys Sir Trystram had done. Than he made redy many knyghtes. For the custom and the cry was suche that what knyght were smytten downe and myght nat be horsed agayne by his felowys othir by his owne strengthe, that as that day he sholde be presonere unto the party that smote hym downe. So there cam in the Kynge of Northe Galys, and he rode streyte unto Sir Trystram. And whan he cam nyghe hym he alyght delyvirly and toke Sir Trystram hys horse and seyde thus: "Noble knyght, I know the nat, nothir of what contrey ye be, but for the noble dedis that ye have done this day take there my horse and let me do as well as I may; for, as Jesu be my helpe, ye ar bettir worthy to have myne horse than myselff."

"Grauntemercy!" seyde Sir Trystram. "And yf I may, I shall quyte you. And loke that ye go nat far frome us, and as I suppose I shall wynne you sone another horse."

And therewythall Sir Trystram mounte uppon his horse, and anone he mette wyth Kynge Arthure and he gaff hym suche a buffet uppon the helme with his swerde that Kynge Arthure had no power to kepe his sadyll. And than Sir Trystram gaff the Kynge of Northe Galys Kynge Arthurs horse. Than was there grete prease aboute Kynge Arthure for to horse hym agayne, but Sir Palomydes wolde not suffir Kynge Arthur to be horsed agayne, but ever Sir Palomydes smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys myghtyly as a noble knyght.

And this meane whyle Sir Trystram rode thorow the thyckyste prece and smote downe knyghtes on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys, and so passed forthe unto his pavelouns and leffte Sir Palomydes on foote. And than Sir Trystram chonged his horse and disgysed hymselff all in rede, horse and harnes.

And whan Quene Isode saw Sir Trystram unhorsed and she wyst nat where he was becom, than she wepte hartely. But Sir Trystram, whan he was redy, cam daysshynge lyghtly into the fylde, and than La Beall lsode aspyed hym. And so he ded grete dedis of armys wyth one speare that was grete, for Sir Trystram smote downe fyve knyghtes or ever he stynted. Than Sir Launcelot aspyed hym redyly that hit was Sir Trystram, and than he repented hym that he had smyttyn hym downe. And so Sir Launcelot wente oute of the prees to repose hym, and lyghtly he cam agayne. And so whan Sir Trystram was com into the prees, thorow his grete forse he put Sir Palomydes uppon his horse, and Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan, and than they began to do mervaylously. But Sir Palomydes nothir none of his too felowys knew nat who had holpen them to horsebak. But ever Sir Trystram was nyghe them and knew them, and they knew nat hym because he had chonged into rede armour. And all this whyle Sir Launcelot was away.

So whan La Beall Isode aspyed Sir Trystram agayne uppon his horse bak she was passynge glad, and than she lowghe and made good chere. And as hit happened, Sir Palomydes loked up toward her where she lay in the wyndow, and Sir Palomydes aspyed how she lawghed. And therewyth he toke suche a rejoysynge that he

smote downe, what wyth his speare and wyth hys swerde, all that ever he mette, for thorow the syght of her he was so enamered in her love that he semed at that tyme that and bothe Sir Trystram and Sir Launcelot had bene bothe ayenste hym they sholde have wonne no worshyp of hym. And in his harte, as the booke saythe, Sir Palomydes wysshed that wyth his worshyp he myght have ado wyth Sir Trystram before all men, bycause of La Beall Isode.

Than Sir Palomydes began to double his strengthe, and he ded so mervaylously all men had wondir; and ever he kaste up his yee unto La Beall Isode. And whan he saw her make suche chere he fared lyke a lyon, that there myght no man wythstonde hym. And than Sir Trystram behylde hym how he styrred aboute, and seyde unto Sir Dynadan, "So God me helpe, Sir Palomydes ys a passynge good knyghte and a well endurynge, but suche dedis sawe I hym never do, nother never erste herde I tell that ever he ded so muche in one day."

"Sir, hit is his day," seyde Sir Dynadan. And he wolde sey no more unto Sir Trystram, but to hymself he seyde thus: "And Sir Trystram knew for whos love he doth all this dedys of armys, sone he wolde abate his corrage."

"Alas," seyde Sir Trystram, "that Sir Palomydes were nat crystynde!" So seyde Kynge Arthur, and so seyde all that behylde hym. Than all people gaff hym the pryse as for the beste knyght that day, and he passed Sir Launcelot othir ellys Sir Trystram.

"Well," seyde Sir Dynadan to hymselff, "all this worshyp that Sir Palomydes hath here thys day, he may thanke the quene Isode, for had she bene away this day, had nat Sir Palomydes gotyn the pryse."

Ryght so cam into the fylde Sir Launcelot du Lake, and sawe and harde the grete noyse and the grete worshyp that Sir Palomydes had. He dressed hym ayenst Sir Palomydes wyth a grete speare and a longe, and thought to have smyttyn hym downe. And whan Sir Palomydes saw Sir Launcelot com uppon hym so faste, he toke his horse wyth the spurrys and ran uppon hym as faste wyth his swerde. And as Sir Launcelot sholde have strykyn hym, he smote the speare

on syde and smote hit a-too wyth his swerde. And therewyth Sir Palomydes russhed unto Sir Launcelot and thought to have put hym to shame, and wyth his swerde he smote of his horse nek that Sir Launcelot rode uppon. And than Sir Launcelot felle to the erthe.

Than was the cry huge and grete, how "Sir Palomydes the Saresyn hath smyttyn downe Sir Launcelotes horse." Ryght so there were many knyghtes wrothe wyth Sir Palomydes bycause he had done that dede, and helde there ayenste hit, and seyde hyt was unknyghtly done in a turnemente to kylle an horse wylfully, othir ellys that hit had bene done in playne batayle lyff for lyff.

Whan Sir Ector de Marys saw Sir Launcelot his brothir have suche a dispyte and so sette on foote, than he gate a speare egirly and ran ayenst Sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde that he bare Sir Palomydes quyte frome his horse. That sawe Sir Trystram, that was in rede harneyse, and he smote downe Sir Ector de Marys quyte frome his horse. Than Sir Launcelot dressed his shylde uppon his shuldir, and wyth his swerde naked in his honde, and so he cam streyte uppon Sir Palomydes and seyde, "Wyte thou well thou haste done me this day the grettyste dispyte that ever ony worshipfull knyght ded me in turnemente othir in justys, and therefore I woll be avenged uppon the. And therefore take kepe to youreselff!"

"A, mercy, noble knyght," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and forgyff me myne unknyghtly dedis, for I have no power nothir myght to wythstonde you. And I have done so muche this day that well I wote I ded never so muche nothir never shall do so muche in my dayes. And therefore, moste noble knyght of the worlde, I requyre the spare me as this day, and I promyse you I shall ever be youre knyght whyle I lyve, for and yf ye put me from my worshyp now, ye put me from the grettyst worship that ever I had or ever shall have."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I se, for to say the sothe, ye have done mervaylously well this day, and I undirstonde a parte for whos love ye do hit, and well I wote that love is a grete maystry. And yf my lady were here, as she is nat, wyte you well, Sir Palomydes, ye shulde nat beare away the worshyp! But beware youre love be nat

discoverde, for and Sir Trystram may know hit, ye woll repente hit. And sytthyn my quarell is nat here, ye shall have this day the worshyp as for me; consyderynge the grete travayle and payne that ye have had this day, hit were no worship for me to put you frome hit."

And therewythall Sir Launcelot suffyrd Sir Palomydes to departe. Than Sir Launcelot by grete forse and myght gate his owne horse agayne magré twenty knyghtes.

So whan Sir Launcelot was horsed he ded many mervaylouse dedis of armys, and so ded Sir Trystram, and Sir Palomydes in lyke wyse. Than Sir Launcelot smote adowne wyth a speare Sir Dynadan, and the Kynge off Scotlonde, and the Kynge of Northe Walys, and the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the Kynge of Lystenoyse. So than Sir Launcelot and his felowys smote downe well-nye a fourty knyghtes.

Than cam the Kynge of Irelonde and the Kynge of the Streyte Marchis to rescowe Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes, and there began a grete medlé, and many knyghtys were smyttyn downe on bothe partyes. And allwayes Sir Launcelot spared Sir Trystram, and he spared hym, and Sir Palomydes wolde nat meddyll wyth Sir Launcelot. And so there was hurlynge here and there, and than Kynge Arthure sente oute many Knyghtes of the Table Rounde, and Sir Palomydes was ever in the formyste frunte; and Sir Trystram ded so strongly that the kynge and all othir had mervayle. And than the kynge let blowe to lodgynge, and bycause Sir Palomydes beganne fyrste, and never he wente nor rode oute of the fylde to repose hym, but ever he was doynge on horsebak othir on foote, and lengyst durynge, Kynge Arthure and all the kynges gaff Sir Palomydes the honoure and the gre as for that day.

Than Sir Trystram commaunded Sir Dynadan to fecche the quene La Beall Isode and brynge her to his too pavelons by the well. And so Sir Dynadan ded as he was commaunded, but whan Sir Palomydes undirstoode and knew that Sir Trystram was he that was in the rede armour and on the rede horse, wyte you well that he was glad, and so was Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan, for all they

wente that Sir Trystram had be takyn presonere. And than every knyght drew to his inne.

And than Kynge Arthure and every knyghte spake of tho knyghtes, but of all men they gaff Sir Palomydes the pryce, and all knyghtes that knew Sir Palomydes had wondir of his dedis.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot unto Kynge Arthure, "as for Sir Palomydes, and he be the grene knyght, I dare say as for this day he is beste worthy to have the gre, for he reposed hym never, nor never chaunged hys wedis, and he began fyrste and lengyste hylde on. And yet well I wote," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that there was a bettir knyght than he, and that ye shall preve or we departe fro them, uppon payne of my lyff."

Thus they talked on aythir party, and so Sir Dynadan rayled wyth Sir Trystram and sayde, "What the devyll ys uppon the this day? For Sir Palomydes strengthe fyeblede never this day, but ever he doubled hys strengthe. And thou, Sir Trystram, faryst alle this day as though thou haddest bene on slepe, and therefore I calle the cowarde."

"Well, Sir Dynadan," seyde Sir Trystram, "I was never called cowarde or now of earthely knyght in my lyff. And wyte thou well, Sir Dynadan, I calle myselff never the more cowarde though Sir Launcelot gaff me a falle, for I outecepte hym of all knyghtes. And doute ye nat, Sir Dynadan, and Sir Launcelot have a quarell good, he is to over-good for ony knyght that now ys lyvynge, and yet of his sufferaunce, larges, bounté, and curtesy I calle hym a knyght pyerles."

And so Sir Trystram was in maner wrothe wyth Sir Dynadan. But all this langayge Sir Dynadan sayde because he wolde angur Sir Trystram for to cause hym to wake hys speretes, for well knew Sir Dynadan that, and Sir Trystram were thorowly wrothe, Sir Palomydes shulde wynne no worship uppon the morne. And for thys entente Sir Dynadan seyde all this raylynge langage ayenste Sir Trystram.

"Truly," seyde Sir Palomydes, "as for Sir Launcelot, of noble knyghthode and of his curtesy, proues, and jantylnes I know nat his piere. For this day," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I ded full uncurteysly unto

Sir Launcelot, and ful unknyghtly. And full knyghtly and curteysly he ded to me agayne, for and he had bene so unjantyll to me as I was to hym, this day had I wonne no worshyp. And therefore," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I shall be Sir Launcelottis knyght whyles that I lyve."

And all this was talkynge off in all the howsis of the kynges, and all kynges and lordis and knyghtes seyde of clyere knyghthode and of pure strengthe and of bounté and of curtesy Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystram bare the pryce of all knyghtes that ever were in Kyng Arthurs dayes, and there were no knyghtes in Kynge Arthurs dayes that ded halff so many dedis of armys as they too ded. As the booke seyth, no ten knyghtes ded nat halff the dedis that they ded, and there was never knyght in there dayes that requyred Sir Launcelot othir ellys Sir Trystram of ony queste, so hit were nat to there shame, but they parformed there desyre.

So on the morne Sir Launcelot departed, and Sir Trystram was redy, and La Beall Isode wyth Sir Palomydes and Sir Gareth. And so they rode all in grene, full freysshely besayne, unto the foreyste. And Sir Trystram laffte Sir Dynadan slepynge in his bedde. And so as they rode it happened the kynge and Sir Launcelot stode in a wyndow and saw Sir Trystram ryde and La Beall Isode.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "yondir rydyth the fayreste lady of the worlde excepte youre quene Dame Gwenyvere."

"Who ys that?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Sir," seyde he, "hit is Quene Isode that, outetake my lady youre quene, she ys makeles."

"Take youre horse," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and aray you at all ryghtes as I woll do, and I promyse you," seyde the kynge, "I woll se her."

And anone they were armed and horsed, and aythir toke a speare and rode unto the foreyste.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit is nat good that ye go to nyghe them, for wyte you well there ar too as good knyghtes as ony now ar lyvynge. And therefore sir, I pray you, be nat to hasty; for peradventure there woll be som knyghtes that woll be displeased and we com suddeynly uppon them."

"As for that," seyde Kyng Arthure, "I woll se her, for I take no forse whom I gryeve."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye put youreselff in grete jupardé."

"As for that," seyde the kynge, "we woll take the adventure."

Ryght so anone the kynge rode evyn to her and salewed her and seyde, "God you save!"

"Sir," she seyde, "ye ar wellcom."

Than the kynge behylde her, and lyked her wondirly well. So wyth that cam Sir Palomydes unto Kynge Arthure and seyde, "Uncurteyse knyght, what sekyst thou here? For thou art uncurteyse to com uppon a lady thus suddeynly. Therefore wythdrawe the!"

But Kynge Arthure toke none hede of Sir Palomydes wordys, but ever he loked stylle uppon Quene Isode. Than was Sir Palomydes wrothe, and therewyth he toke a speare and cam hurtelynge uppon Kynge Arthure and smote hym downe with a speare, a grete falle.

Whan Sir Launcelot saw that despyte of Sir Palomydes, he seyde to hymselff, "I am lothe to have ado wyth yondir knyght, and nat for his owne sake, but for Sir Trystrams. And of one thynge I am sure of hym: yf I smyte downe Sir Palomydes I muste have ado wyth Sir Trystram, and that were to muche to macche them bothe for me alone, for they ar too noble knyghtes. Natwythstondynge, whethir I lyve or dye, nedys muste I revenge my lorde Arthure, and so I woll, whatsomever befalle me."

And therewyth Sir Launcelot cryed to Sir Palomydes, "Kepe the from me!" and therewythall Sir Launcelot and Sir Palomydes russhed togydyrs wyth too spearys strongly; but Sir Launcelot smote Sir Palomydes so harde that he wente quyte oute of his sadyll and had a grete falle.

Whan Sir Trystram saw Sir Palomydes have that falle, he seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Sir knyght, kepe the! For I muste juste with the."

"As for to juste wyth me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll nat fayle you for no drede that I have of you. But I am lothe to have ado wyth you and I myght chose, for I woll that ye wyte that I muste revenge my speciall lorde and my moste bedrad frynde that was unhorsed unwarely and unknyghtly. And therefore, sir, thoughe I

revenge that falle, take ye no displesure, for he is to me suche a frynde that I may nat se hym shamed."

Anone Sir Trystram undirstood by hys persone and by his knyghtly wordis hit was Sir Launcelot du Lake, and truly Sir Trystram demed that hit was Kynge Arthure that Sir Palomydes had smyttyn downe. And than Sir Trystram put hys speare frome hym and gate Sir Palomydes agayne on horse backe; and Sir Launcelot gate Kynge Arthure agayne to horsebacke, and so departed.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Palomydes, "ye ded nat worshypfully whan ye smote downe that knyght so suddeynly as ye ded. And wyte you well ye ded youreselff grete shame, for the knyghtes cam hyddir of there jantylnes to se a fayre lady, and that ys every good knyghtes parte to beholde a fayre lady, and ye had nat ado to play suche maystryes afore my lady. Wyte thou well, hit woll turne to angir, for he that ye smote downe was Kynge Arthure, and that othir was the good knyght Sir Launcelot.

"But I shall nat forgete," seyde Sir Trystram, "the wordys of Sir Launcelot whan that he called hym a man of grete worship, and thereby I wyste that hit was Kynge Arthure. And as for Sir Launcelot, and there had bene an hondred knyghtes in the medow he wolde nat a refused them, and yet he seyde he wolde refuse me. And by that agayne I knew that hit was Sir Launcelot, for ever he forberyth me in every place and shewyth me grete kyndenes. And of all knyghtes – I outetake none, say what men wyll say – he bearyth the floure. Assay hym whosomever wyll, and he be well angred and that hym lyst to do his utteraunce wythoute ony favoure, I know hym not on lyve but Sir Launcelot ys over hardé for hym, take hym bothe on horsebacke and on foote."

"Sir, I may never belyeve," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that Kynge Arthure woll ryde so pryvaly as a poure arraunte knyght."

"A!" sayd Sir Trystrams, "ye know nat my lorde Kynge Arthure, for all knyghtes may lerne to be a knyght of hym. And therefore ye may be sory," seyde Sir Trystram, "of youre unknyghtly dedys done to so noble a knyght."

"And a thynge, sir, be done, hit can not be undone," seyde Sir Palomydes.

Than Sir Trystram sente Quene Isode unto her lodgynge into the pryory, there to beholde all the turnemente.

Than there was a cry unto all knyghtes made, that whan they herde the horne blow they sholde make justes as they ded the fyrste day. And lyke as the brethirne Sir Edwarde and Sir Sadok began the justys the fyrste day, Sir Uwayne, the kyngis son Uryen, and Sir Lucan de Butlere began the justis the secunde day. And at the fyrste encountir Sir Uwayne smote downe the Kynge of Scottys, and Sir Lucan ran ayenste the Kynge of Walys, and they brake there spearys all to pecis, and they were so fyrse bothe that they hurteled there horsys togydir that bothe felle to the erthe. Than they off Orkeney horsed agayne Sir Lucan.

And than cam in Syr Trystram de Lyones and smote downe Sir Uwayne and Sir Lucan; and Sir Palomydes smote downe othir too knyghtes. And than cam Sir Gareth and smote downe othir too good knyghtes. Than seyde Kynge Arthure unto Sir Launcelot, "A! se yondir thre knyghtes do passyngly well, and namely the fyrste that justed."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that knyght began nat yet, but ye shall se hym do mervaylously."

And than cam into the place the knyghtes of Orkeney, and than they began to do many dedys of armys. Whan Sir Trystram saw them so begyn he seyde to Sir Palomydes: "How feele ye youreselff? May ye do this day as ye ded yestirday?"

"Nay," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I feele myselff so wery and so sore brused of the dedis of yestirday that I may nat endure as I ded."

"That me repentyth," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I shall lacke you this day."

"But helpe youreselff," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and truste nat to me, for I may nat do as I did."

And all thes wordis seyde Sir Palomydes but to begyle Sir Trystram. Than seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Gareth, "Than muste

I truste uppon you, wherefore I pray you be nat farre fro me to rescow me and nede be."

"Sir, I shall nat fayle you," seyde Sir Gareth, "in all that I may do."

Than Sir Palomydes rode by hymselff and than in despyte of Sir Trystram he put hymselff in the thyckyst prees amonges them of Orkeney. And there he ded so mervaylous dedis of armys that all men had wondir of hym, for there myght none stonde hym a stroke.

Whan Sir Trystram saw Sir Palomydes do suche dedys, he mervayled and sayde to hymselff, "Methynkyth he is wery of my company."

So Sir Trystram behylde hym a grete whyle and ded but lytyll ellys, for the noyse and cry was so grete that Sir Trystram mervayled frome whens cam the strengthe that Sir Palomydes had there.

"Sir," seyde Sir Gareth unto Sir Trystram, "remembir ye nat of the wordis that Sir Dynadan seyde to you yestirday, whan he called you cowarde? Pardé, sir, he seyde hit for none ylle, for ye ar the man in the worlde that he lovyth beste, and all that he seyde was for youre worshyp. And therefore," seyde Sir Gareth, "lat me know this day what ye be. And wondir ye not so uppon Sir Palomydes, for he forsyth hymselff to wynne all the honoure frome you."

"I may well beleve hit," seyde Sir Trystram, "and sytthyn I undirstonde his yevil wyll and hys envy, ye shall se, yf that I enforce myselff, that the noyse shall be leffte that is now uppon hym."

Than Sir Trystram rode into the thyckyst of the prees, and than he ded so mervaylously well and ded so grete dedis of armys that all men seyde that Sir Trystram ded dowble so muche dedys of armys as ded Sir Palomydes aforehande. And than the noyse wente clene frome Sir Palomydes, and all the people cryed uppon Sir Trystram and seyde, "A, Jesu, a! Se how Sir Trystram smytyth downe wyth hys speare so many knyghtes to the erthe! And se," seyde they all, "how many knyghtes he smytyth downe wyth his swerde, and how many knyghtes he racith of there helmys and there shyldys!"

And so he bete all of Orkeney afore hym.

"How now?" seyde Sir Launcelot unto Kynge Arthure. "I tolde you that thys day there wolde a knyght play his pageaunte. For yondir rydyth a knyght: ye may se he dothe all knyghtly, for he hath strengthe and wynde inowe."

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthure to Sir Launcelot, "ye sey sothe, for I sawe never a bettir knyght, for he passyth farre Sir Palomydes."

"Sir, wyte you well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit muste be so of ryght, for hit is hymselff that noble knyght Sir Trystram."

"I may ryght well belyeve hit," seyde Kynge Arthure.

But whan Sir Palomydes harde the noyse and the cry was turned frome hym, he rode oute on the tone syde and behylde Sir Trystram. And whan he saw hym do so mervaylously well he wepte passyngly sore for dispyte, for he wyst well than he sholde wyn no worshyp that day; for well knew Sir Palomydes, whan Sir Trystram wolde put forthe his strengthe and his manhode, that he sholde gete but lytyll worshyp that day.

Than cam Kynge Arthure and the Kynge of Northe Galys and Sir Launcelot du Lake; and Sir Bleoberys and Sir Bors de Ganys and Sir Ector de Marys, thes thre knyghtes cam into the fylde with Sir Launcelot. And so they foure ded so grete dedys of armys that all the noyse began uppon Sir Launcelot. And so they bete the Kynge of Walys and the Kynge of Scottys far abacke, and made them to voyde the fylde.

But Sir Trystram and Sir Gareth abode stylle in the fylde and endured all that ever there cam, that all men had wondir that ever ony knyght endured so many grete strokys. But ever Sir Launcelot and hys kynnesmen forbare Sir Trystram and Sir Gareth.

Than seyde Kynge Arthure, "Ys that Sir Palomydes that enduryth so well?"

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyte you well hit ys the good knyght Sir Trystram, for yondir ye may se Sir Palomydes beholdyth and hovyth and doth lytyll or naught. And sir, ye shall undirstonde that Sir Trystram wenyth this day to beate us all oute of the fylde.

And as for me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I shall nat mete hym, mete hym whoso wyll. But sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye may se how Sir Palomydes hovyth yondir as thoughe he were in a dreame, and wyte you well he ys full hevy that Sir Trystram doyth suche dedys of armys."

"Than ys he but a foole," seyde Kynge Arthure, "for never yet was Sir Palomydes suche a knyght, nor never shall be of suche proues. And yf he have envy at Sir Trystram," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and commyth in wyth hym uppon his syde, he ys a false knyght."

And as the kynge and Sir Launcelot thus spake, Sir Trystram rode pryvayly oute of the prees, that no man aspyed hym but La Beall Isode and Sir Palomydes, for they too wolde nat leve off there yghesyght of hym. And whan Sir Trystram cam to his pavylons he founde Sir Dynadan in hys bedde aslepe.

"Awake!" seyde Sir Trystram "for ye ought to be ashamed so to slepe whan knyghtes have ado in the fylde."

Than Sir Dynadan arose lyghtly and sayde, "Sir, what wyll ye that I shall do?"

"Make you redy," seyde Sir Trystram, "to ryde wyth me into the fylde."

So whan Sir Dynadan was armed he loked uppon Sir Trystrames helme and on hys shylde, and whan he saw so many strokys uppon his helme and uppon hys shylde he seyde, "In good tyme was I thus aslepe, for had I bene wyth you I muste nedys for shame have folowed you, more for shame than for any proues that ys in me, for I se well now be thy strokys that I sholde have bene truly beatyn as I was yestirday."

"Leve youre japys," seyde Sir Trystram, "and com of, that we were in the fylde agayne."

"What?" sayde Sir Dynadan, "ys youre harte up now? Yestirday ye fared as ye had dremed."

So than Sir Trystram was arayed all in blacke harneys.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Dynadan, "what ayleth you thys day? Mesemyth that ye be more wyldar than ye were yestirday."

Than smyled Sir Trystram and seyde to Sir Dynadan, "Awayte well uppon me yf ye se me ovirmacched, and loke that ever ye be byhynde me, and I shall make you redy way, by Goddys grace!"

So they toke there horsys.

And all thys aspyed Sir Palomydes, bothe the goynge and the comynge, and so ded La Beall Isode, for she knew Sir Trystram passynge well.

Than Sir Palomydes sawe that Sir Trystram was disgysed, and thought to shame hym. And so he rode unto a knyght that was sore wounded, that sate undir a thorne a good way frome the fylde.

"Syr knyght," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I pray you to lende me youre armour and youre shylde, for myne ys overwell knowyn in thys fylde, and that hath done me grete damayge. And ye shall have myne armour and my shylde that ys as sure as youres."

"I woll well," seyde the knyght, "that ye have myne armoure and also my shylde. Yf they may do you ony avayle, I am well pleased."

So Sir Palomydes armed hym hastely in that knyghtes armour and hys shylde, that shone lyke ony crystall or sylver, and so he cam rydynge into the fylde. And than there was nothir Sir Trystram nothir none of hys party nothir of Kynge Arthurs that knew Sir Palomydes. And as sone as he was com into the fylde Sir Trystram smote downe thre knyghtes, evyn in the syght of Sir Palomydes. And than he rode ayenste Sir Trystram, and aythir mette othir wyth grete spearys, that they all to-braste to there hondys. And than they daysshed togedir wyth swerdys egirly. Than Sir Trystram had mervayle what knyght he was that ded batayle so myghtyly wyth hym. Than was Sir Trystram wrothe, for he felte hym passynge stronge, and he demed that he cowde nat have ado wyth the remenaunte of the knyghtes bycause of the strengthe of Sir Palomydes.

So they laysshed togydyrs and gaff many sad strokys togydyrs, and many knyghtys mervayled what knyght he was that so encountred wyth the blak knyght, Sir Trystram. And full well knew La Beall Isode that hit was Sir Palomydes that faught wyth Sir Trystram, for she aspyed all in her wyndow where that she stood, how Sir

Palomydes chaunged hys harnes wyth the wounded knyght. And than she began to wepe so hertely for the dyspyte of Sir Palomydes that well-nyghe there she sowned.

Than cam in Sir Launcelot wyth the knyghtes of Orkeney; and whan the todir party had aspyed Sir Launcelot they cryed, "Returne, returne for here commyth Sir Launcelot!"

So there cam in a knyght unto Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Sir, ye muste nedis fyght wyth yondyr knyght in the blak harneyes" – whyche was Sir Trystram – "for he hath allmoste overcom that good knyghte that fyghtyth wyth hym wyth the sylver shylde" – whyche was Sir Palomydes. Than Sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them, and Sir Launcelot seyde unto Sir Palomydes, "Sir knyghte, let me have this batayle, for ye have nede to be reposed."

Sir Palomydes knew well Sir Launcelot, and so ded Sir Trystram, but bycause Sir Launcelot was farre hardyer knyght and bygger than Sir Palomydes, he was ryght glad to suffir Sir Launcelot to fyght wyth Sir Trystram. For well wyste he that Sir Launcelot knew nat Sir Trystram, and therefore he hoped that Sir Launcelot sholde beate other shame Sir Trystram, and thereof Sir Palomydes was full fayne. And so Sir Launcelot laysshed at Sir Trystram many sad strokys. But Sir Launcelot knew nat Sir Trystram, but Sir Trystram knew well Sir Launcelot. And thus they faught longe togydyrs, whyche made La Beall Isode well-nyghe oute of her mynde for sorow.

Than Sir Dynadan tolde Sir Gareth how that knyght in the blak harneys was there lorde Sir Trystram, "and that othir ys Sir Launcelot that fyghtyth wyth hym, that muste nedys have the bettyr of hym, for Sir Trystram hath had overmuche travayle this day."

"Than lat us smyte hym downe," seyde Sir Gareth.

"So hit is beste that we do," seyde Sir Dynadan, "rathir than Sir Trystrams sholde be shamed, for yondir hovyth the straunge knyghte wyth the sylver shylde to falle uppon Sir Trystram yf nede be."

And so furthwythall Sir Gareth russhed uppon Sir Launcelot and gaff hym a grete stroke uppon the helme, so harde that he was

astoned. And than cam in Sir Dynadan wyth hys speare, and he smote Sir Launcelot suche a buffet that horse and man yode to the erthe and had a grete falle.

"Now, fye for shame!" seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan, "why ded ye so to-smyte adowne so good a knyght as he ys, and namely whan I had ado wyth hym? A, Jesu! ye do youreselff grete shame and hym no disworshyp, for I hylde hym resonabely hote, though ye had nat holpyn me." Than cam Sir Palomydes whyche was disgysed, and smote downe Sir Dynadan frome hys horse. Than Sir Launcelot, bycause Sir Dynadan had smyttyn hym downe aforehonde, therefore he assayled Sir Dynadan passynge sore. And Sir Dynadan deffended hym myghtyly, but well undirstood Sir Trystram that Sir Dynadan myght nat endure ayenste Sir Launcelot, wherefore Sir Trystram was sory.

Than cam Sir Palomydes freysshe uppon Sir Trystram. And whan he saw Sir Palomydes com so freyshly he thought to delyver hym at onys, bycause that he wolde helpe Sir Dynadan that stoode in perell wyth Sir Launcelot. Than Sir Trystram hurteled unto Sir Palomydes and gaff hym a grete buffet, and than Sir Trystram gate Sir Palomydes and pulled hym downe undirnethe hym. And so felle Sir Trystram with hym, and than Sir Trystram lyghtly lepe up and leffte Sir Palomydes and wente betwyxte Sir Launcelot and Sir Dynadan, and than they began to do batayle togydyrs. And ryght so Sir Dynadan gate Sir Trystrams horse and seyde on hyght, that Sir Launcelot myght hyre: "My lorde Sir Trystram, take youre horse!"

And whan Sir Launcelot harde hym name Sir Trystram, "A, Jesu! what have I done?" seyde Sir Launcelot, "for now am I dishonoured;" and seyde, "A, my lorde Sir Trystram, why were ye now disgysed? Ye have put youreselff this day in grete perell. But I pray you to pardon me, for and I had knowyn you we had nat done this batayle."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystrams, "this is nat the fyrste kyndenes and goodnes that ye have shewed unto me."

And anone they were horsed bothe agayne. So all the people on that one syde gaff Sir Launcelot the honoure and the gre, and all

the people on the othir syde gaff Sir Trystram the honoure and the gre. But Sir Launcelot seyde nay thereto: "For I am nat worthy to have this honoure, for I woll reporte me to all knyghtes that Sir Trystram hath bene lenger in the fylde than I, and he hath smyttyn downe many mo knyghtes this day than I have done. And therefore I woll gyff Sir Trystram my voyse and my name, and so I pray all my lordys and felowys so to do."

Than there was the hole voyse of kyngys, deukes and erlys, barons and knyghtes that "Sir Trystram de Lyones thys day ys preved the beste knyght."

Than they blewe unto lodgynge. And Quene Isode was lad unto her pavelons, but wyte you well she was wrothe oute of mesure wyth Sir Palomydes, for she saw all his treson frome the begynnyne to the endynge. And all thys whyle neythir Sir Trystram, Sir Gareth, nothir Sir Dynadan knew nat of the treson of Sir Palomydes. But aftirward ye shall hyre how there befelle the grettyst debate betwyxte Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes that myght be.

So whan the turnemente was done, Sir Trystram, Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan rode wyth La Beall Isode to his pavelons and ever Sir Palomydes rode wyth them in there company, disgysed as he was. But whan Sir Trystram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyght wyth the shylde of sylver that hylde hym so hote that day, than seyde Sir Trystram, "Sir knyght, wyte you well here ys none that hath nede of youre felyshyp. And therefore I pray you departe frome us."

Than Sir Palomydes answered agayne, as though he had nat knowyn Sir Trystram, "Wyte you well, sir knyght, that frome this felyshyp woll I nat departe, for one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde commaunded me to be in this company, and tyll that he discharge me of my servyse I woll nat be discharged."

So by his langayge Sir Trystram knew that hit was Sir Palomydes, and seyde, "A, sir, ar ye such a knyght? Ye have be named wronge! For ye have ben called ever a jantyll knyght, and as this day ye have shewed me grete unjantylnes, for ye had allmoste brought me to my

dethe. But as for you, I suppose I sholde have done well inowghe, but Sir Launcelot with you was overmuche, for I know no knyght lyvynge but Sir Launcelot ys to over good for hym and he woll do hys utteryst."

"Alas," seyde Sir Palomydes, "ar ye my lorde Sir Trystram?"

"Yee, sir, and that know you well inow."

"Be my knyghthod," seyde Sir Palomydes, "untyll now I knew you nat, for I wente that ye had bene the Kynge off Irelonde, for well I wote that ye bare his armys."

"I bare his armys," seyde Sir Trystram, "and that woll I abyde by, for I wanne them onys in a fylde of a full noble knyght whos name was Sir Marhalte. And wyth grete payne I wan that knyght, for there was none othir recover. But Sir Marhalte dyed thorow false lechis, and yet was he never yoldyn to me."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I wente that ye had bene turned uppon Sir Launcelottys party, and that caused me to turne."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Trystram, "and so I take you and forgyff you."

So than they rode to there pavelons. And whan they were alyght they unarmed them and wysshe there facis and there hondys, and so yode unto mete and were set at there table.

But whan La Beall Isode saw Sir Palomydes she chaunged than her coloures, and for wrathe she myght nat speake. Anone Sir Trystram aspyed her countenaunce and seyde, "Madame, for what cause make ye us such chere? We have bene sore travayled all thys day."

"Myne owne lorde," seyde La Beall Isode, "for Goddys sake, be ye nat displeased wyth me, for I may none othirwyse do. I sawe thys day how ye were betrayed and nyghe brought unto youre dethe. Truly, sir, I sawe every dele, how and in what wyse. And therefore, sir, how sholde I suffir in youre presence suche a felonne and traytoure as ys Sir Palomydes? For I saw hym wyth myne yen, how he behylde you whan ye wente oute of the fylde. For ever he hoved stylle uppon his horse tyll that he saw you com agaynewarde; and than furthwythall I saw hym ryde to the hurte knyght, and

chaunged hys harneys with hym, and than streyte I sawe hym how he sought you all the fylde, and anone as he had founde you he encountred wyth you, and wylfully Sir Palomydes ded batayle wyth you. And as for hym, sir, I was nat gretly aferde, but I drad sore Sir Launcelot, whyche knew nat you."

"Madame," seyde Sir Palomydes, "ye may say what ye woll, I may nat contrary you, but, be my knyghthod, I knew nat my lorde Sir Trystram."

"No forse," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Palomydes, "I woll take youre exscuse, but well I wote ye spared me but a lytyll. But no forse! All ys pardoned as on my party."

Than La Beall Isode hylde downe her hede and seyde no more at that tyme.

And therewythall too knyghtes armed come unto the pavelon, and there they alyght bothe and cam in armed at all pecis.

"Fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Trystram, "ye ar to blame to com thus armed at all pecis uppon me whyle we ar at oure mete. And yf ye wolde onythynge wyth us, whan we were in the fylde, there myght ye have eased youre hertys."

"Not so, sir," seyde the tone of tho knyghtes, "we com nat for that entente, but wyte you well, Sir Trystram, we be com as youre frendys. And I am comyn hydir for to se you, and this knyght ys comyn for to se youre Quene Isode."

Than seyde Sir Trystram, "I requyre you do of your helmys, that I may se you."

"Sir, that woll we do at youre desyre," seyde the knyghtes.

And whan theire helmys were of, Sir Trystram thought that he sholde know them. Than spake Sir Dynadan prevayly unto Sir Trystram, "That is my lorde Kynge Arthure, and that other that spake to you fyrst ys my lorde Sir Launcelot."

"A, madame, I pray you aryse," seyde Sir Trystram, "for here ys my lorde Kynge Arthure."

Than the kynge and the quene kyssed, and Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystram enbraced aythir other in armys, and than there was joy wythoute mesure. And at the requeste of La Beall Isode the

kynge and Sir Launcelot were unarmed, and than there was myry talkynge.

"Madame," seyde Kynge Arthur, "hit is many a day ago sytthyn I desyred fyrst to se you, for ye have bene praysed so fayre a lady. And now I dare say ye ar the fayryste that ever I sawe, and Sir Trystram ys as fayre and as good a knyght as ony that I know. And therefore mesemyth ye ar well besett togydir."

"Sir, God thanke you!" seyde Sir Trystram and la Beall Isode, "of youre goodnes and of youre larges ye ar pyerles."

And thus they talked of many thyngys and of all the hole justes.

"But for what cause," seyde Kynge Arthure, "were ye, Sir Trystram, ayenst us? And ye ar a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and of ryght ye sholde have bene with us."

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "here ys Sir Dynadan and Sir Gareth, youre owne nevew, caused me to be ayenst you."

"My lorde Arthure," seyde Sir Gareth, "I may well beare the blame, for my bak ys brode inowghe. But for sothe, hit was Sir Trystrams awne dedis."

"Be God, that may I repente," seyde Sir Dynadan, "for thys unhappy Sir Trystram brought us to this turnemente, and many grete buffettys he hath caused us to have!"

Than the kynge and Sir Launcelot lowghe, that unnethe they myght sytte.

"But what knyght was that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that hylde you so shorte thus with the shelde of sylver?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Trystram, "here he syttyth at this table."

"What?" seyde Kynge Arthure, "was hit Sir Palomydes?"

"Sir, wyte you well that hit was he," seyde La Beall Isode.

"So God me helpe," seyde Kyng Arthure, "that was unknyghtly done of you as of so good a knyght, for I have harde many people calle you a curtayse knyght."

"Sir," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I knew nat Sir Trystram, for he was so disgysed."

"So God helpe me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit may well be, for I knew hym nat myselff."

"But I mervayle whye ye turned on oure party."

"Sir, hit was done for the same cause," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Syr, as for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "I have pardouned hym, and I wolde be ryght lothe to leve hys felyshyp, for I love ryght well hys company."

And so they leffte of and talked of other thynges. And in the evenynge Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot departed unto theire lodgyng. But wyte you well Sir Palomydes had grete envy hartely, for all that nyght he had never reste in his bed, but wayled and wepte oute of mesure.

So on the morne Sir Trystram, Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan arose early and went unto Sir Palomydes chambir, and there they founde hym faste aslepe, for he had all nyght wacched. And hit was sene uppon his chekes that he had wepte full sore.

"Say ye nothynge," seyde Sir Trystram, "for I am sure he hath takyn angir and sorow for the rebuke that I gaff hym and La Beall Isode."

Than Sir Trystram let calle Sir Palomydes and bade hym make redy, for hit was tyme to go to the fylde. And anon whan they were redy they armed them, and clothed them all in rede, bothe La Beall Isode and all the felyshyp, and so they lad her passynge freysshly thorow the fylde into the pryory where was hir lodgynge. And anone they harde thre blastes blowe, and every kynge and knyght dressed hym to the fylde.

And the fyrste that was redy to juste was Sir Palomydes and Sir Kaynes le Straunge, a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and so they too encountyrd togydyrs. But Sir Palomydes smote Sir Kaynes so harde that he bare hym quyte over his horse croupe. And furthewithall Sir Palomydes smote downe anothir knyght and brake his speare, and than pulled oute hys swerde and ded wondirly well. And than the noyse began gretly uppon Sir Palomydes.

"Lo," seyde Kynge Arthure, "yondir Sir Palomydes begynnyth to play his play. So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthur, "he is a passynge good knyght."

And ryght as they stood talkynge thus, in cam Sir Trystram as thundir, and he encountird wyth Sir Kay le Senesciall, and there he smote hym downe quyte frome his horse. And wyth that same speare he smote downe thre knyghtes more. And than he pulled oute his swerde and ded mervaylously. Than the noyse and the cry chonged fro Sir Palomydes and turned unto Sir Trystram. And than all the people cryed, "A Trystram! A Trystram!"

And than was Sir Palomydes clene forgotyn.

"How now?" seyde Sir Launcelot unto Kynge Arthure, "yondyr rydyth a knyght that playyth his pageauntes."

"So God me helpe," seyde Kynge Arthure, "ye shall se this day that yondir too knyghtes shall do here wondirs."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "the tone knyghte waytyth uppon the tother and enforsyth hymselff thorow envy to passe Sir Trystram, and he knowyth nat the prevy envy of Sir Palomydes. For, sir, all that Sir Trystram doth is thorow clene knyghthod."

And than Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan ded ryght well that day, that Kynge Arthure spake of them grete worshyp, and the kynges and knyghtes on Sir Trystrams syde ded passynge well and hylde them truly togydyrs.

Than Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot toke theire horsys and dressed them to the fylde amonge the thyckeste of the prees. And there Sir Trystram unknowyng smote downe Kynge Arthur, and than Sir Launcelot wolde have rescowed hym, but there were so many uppon Sir Launcelot that they pulled hym downe from his horse. And than the Kynge of Irelonde and the Kynge of Scottes with theire knyghtes ded theire payne to take Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot presoners. Whan Sir Launcelot harde them sey so, he fared as hit had bene an hungry lyon, for he fared so that no knyght durst nyghe hym.

Than cam Sir Ector de Marys, and he bare a speare ayenst Sir Palomydes and braste hit uppon hym all to shyvyrs. And than Sir Ector cam agayne and gaff Sir Palomydes suche a daysshe with a swerde that he stowped adowne uppon his sadyll-bowe. And forthwythall Sir Ector pulled downe Sir Palomydes undir his horse

fyete, and than Sir Ector de Marys gate Sir Launcelot du Lake an horse and brought hyt to hym and bade hym mounte uppon hym. But Sir Palomydes lepe before and gate the horse by the brydyll and lepe into the sadyll.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot "ye ar bettir worthy to have that horse than I."

Than Sir Ector brought Sir Launcelot another horse. "Grauntemercy," seyde Sir Launcelot unto his brothir.

And so, whan he was horsed agayne, with one speare he smote downe foure good knyghtes, and than Sir Launcelot brought to Kynge Arthure one of the beste of the foure horses. Than Kyng Arthure and Sir Launcelot wyth a feawe of his knyghtes of Sir Launcelottis kynne ded mervaylouse dedis of armys; for that tyme, as the booke recordyth, Sir Launcelot smote downe and pulled downe thirty knyghtes. Natwithstondynge, the other parté hylde them so faste togydir that Kynge Arthure and his knyghtes were over-macched. And whan Sir Trystram saw that, what laboure Kynge Arthure and his knyghtes dud, and in especiall the grete noble dedis that Sir Launcelot ded with hys owne hondis, he merveylled gretely.

Than Sir Trystram called unto hym Sir Palomydes, Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan, and seyde thus to them: "My fayre fealowys, wyte you well that I woll turne unto Kynge Arthures party, for I saw never so feawe men do so well. And hit woll be shame unto us that bene Knyghtes of the Rounde Table to se oure lorde Kynge Arthure and that noble knyght Sir Launcelot to be dishonoured."

"Sir, hit wyll be well do," seyde Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan.

"Sir, do your beste," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for I woll nat chaunge my party that I cam in wythall."

"That is for envy of me," seyde Sir Trystram, "but God spede you well in your journey!"

And so departed Sir Palomydes frome them.

Than Sir Trystram, Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan turned with Sir Launcelot. And than Sir Launcelot smote downe the Kynge of Irelonde quyte frome his horse, and he smote downe the Kyng of

Scottes and the Kynge of Walys. And than the kynge Arthure ran unto Sir Palomydes and smote hym quyte frome his horse. And than Sir Trystram bare downe all that ever he mette wythall, and Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan ded there as noble knyghtes. And anone all the todir party began to fle. "Alas," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that ever I sholde se this day! For now I have loste all the worshyp that I wan."

And than Sir Palomydes wente hys way waylynge, and so wythdrewe hym tylle he cam to a welle. And there he put his horse from hym and ded of his armoure and wayled and wepte lyke as he had bene a wood man.

Than many knyghtes gaff the pryce unto Sir Trystram, and there were many mo that gaff the pryce unto Sir Launcelot.

"Now, fayre lordys, I thanke you of youre honoure that ye wolde gyff me, but I pray you hartely that ye woll gyff youre voyce unto Sir Launcelot, for be my fayth I woll gyff Sir Launcelot my voyce," seyde Sir Trystram.

But Sir Launcelot wolde none of hit, and so the pryce was gyffyn betwyxte them bothe; and so every man rode to his lodgynge. And Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector rode wyth Sir Trystram and La Beall Isode unto her pavelons.

Than as Sir Palomydes was at the welle waylynge and wepynge, there cam fleynge the kynges of Walys and of Scotlonde, and they sawe Sir Palomydes in that rayge.

"Alas," seyde they, "that so noble a man as ye be sholde be in this aray!"

And than tho kynges gate Sir Palomydes horse agayne, and made hym to arme hym and mownte uppon his horse, and so he rode wyth them makyng grete dole.

So whan Sir Palomydes cam nygh Sir Trystram and La Beall Isode pavelons, than Sir Palomydes prayde the too kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake wyth Sir Trystram. And whan he cam to the porte of the pavelon Sir Palomydes seyde an hyghe, "Where art thou, Sir Trystram de Lyones?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Dynadan, "that ys Sir Palomydes."

"What, Sir Palomydes, woll ye nat com nere amonge us?"

"Fye on the, traytoure!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "for wyte thou well, and hit were daylyght as hit is nyght, I sholde sle the my nawne hondis. And yf ever I may gete the," seyde Sir Palomydes, "thou shalt dye for this dayes dede."

"Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Trystram, "ye wyte me wyth wronge, for, had ye done as I ded, ye sholde have had worshyp. But sytthyn ye gyff me so large warnynge, I shall be well ware of you."

"Fye on the, traytoure!" seyde Sir Palomydes, and therewythall he departed.

Than on the morne Sir Trystram, Sir Bleoberys, Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Gareth, and Sir Dynadan, what by londe and by watir, they brought La Beall Isode unto Joyous Garde, and there they reposed them a sevennyght and made all the myrthis and desportys that they cowde devyse. And Kynge Arthure and his knyghtes drew unto Camelot.

And Sir Palomydes rode wyth the too kynges, and ever he made the grettyst dole that ony man cowde thynke, for he was nat all only so dolorous for the departynge frome La Beall Isode, but he was as sorowful aparte to go frome the felyshyp of Sir Trystram. For he was so kynde and so jantyll that whan Sir Palomydes remembyrd hym thereof he myght never be myrry.

So at the sevennyghtes ende Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector departed frome Sir Trystram and frome the quene, and thes too knyghtes had grete gyfftys. And ever Sir Gareth and Sir Dynadan abode wyth Sir Trystram. And whan Sir Bleoberys and Sir Ector were comyn thereas Quene Gwenyvere was lodged, in a castell by the se syde (and thorow the grace of God the quene was recovirde of hir malady), than she asked the too knyghtes fro whens they cam. And they seyde they cam frome Sir Trystram and frome La Beall Isode.

"How doth Sir Trystram," seyde the quene, "and La Beall Isode?"

"Truly, madame," seyde tho knyghtes, "he doth as a noble knyght shulde do. And as for the quene, she is pyerles of all ladyes; for to

speake of her beauté, bounté, and myrthe, and of hir goodnes, we sawe never hir macche as far as we have ryddyn and gone."

"A, mercy Jesu!" seyde Quene Gwenyvir, "thus seyth all folkys that hath sene her and spokyn wyth her. God wolde," seyde she, "that I had parte of her condycions! And was now myssefortuned me of my syknesse whyle that turnemente endured, for as I suppose I shall never se in all my lyff such a semblé of noble knyghtes and fayre ladyes."

And than the knyghtes tolde the quene how Sir Palomydes wan the gre the fyrste day wyth grete nobles, and the secunde day Sir Trystram wan the gre, and the thirde day Sir Launcelot wan the gre.

"Well," seyde Quene Gwenyvir, "who ded beste all thre dayes?"

"So God me helpe," seyde thes knyghtes, "Sir Launcelot and Sir Trystram had there leste dishonour. And wyte you well Sir Palomydes ded passyngly well and myghtyly, but he turned ayenste the party that he cam in wythall, and that caused hym to loose a grete parte of his worshyp, for hit semed that Sir Palomydes ys passynge envyous."

"Than shall he never wynne worshyp," seyde the quene, "for and hyt happyn an envyous man onys to wynne worshyp he shall be dishonoured twyse therefore. And for this cause all men of worshyp hate an envyous man and woll shewe hym no favoure, and he that ys curteyse and kynde and jantil hath favoure in every place."

THE RETURN OF SIR LAUNCELOT

And thus as Sir Launcelot wandred here and there, he cam into a fayre medow where he founde a pavelon. And thereby uppon a tre hynge a whyght shylde, and too swerdys hynge thereby, and too spearys lened thereby to a tre. And whan Sir Launcelot saw the swerdys, anone he lepte to the tone swerde, and clyched that swerde in hys honde and drew hit oute. And than he laysshed at the shylde, that all the medow range of the dyntys, that he gaff such a noyse as ten knyghtes hadde fought togydyrs.

Than cam furth a dwarff, and lepe unto Sir Launcelot, and wolde have had the swerde oute of his honde. And than Sir Launcelot toke hym by the bothe shuldrys and threw him unto the grounde, that he felle uppon hys nek and had nygh brokyn hit. And therewythall the dwarff cryede helpe.

Than there com furth a lykly knyght and well apparaylede in scarlet furred with menyvere. And anone as he saw Sir Launcelot he demed that he shulde be oute of hys wytte, and than he seyde wyth fayre speche: "Good man, ley downe that swerde! For as mesemyth thou haddyst more nede of a slepe and of warme clothis than to welde that swerde."

"As for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "com nat to nyghe, for and thou do, wyte thou well I woll sle the!"

And whan the knyght of the pavylon saw that, he starte bakwarde into hys pavylon. And than the dwarffe armed hym lyghtly, and so the knyght thought by force and myght to have takyn the swerde fro Sir Launcelot. And so he cam steppynge uppon hym, and whan Sir Launcelot saw hym com so armed wyth hys swerde in hys honde, than Sir Launcelot flowghe to hym wyth suche a myght, and smote hym uppon the helme suche a buffet, that the stroke troubled his brayne, and therewythall the swerde brake in thre. And the knyght felle to the erthe and semed as he had bene dede, the bloode brastynge oute of his mowthe, nose, and eares. And than Sir Launcelot ran into the pavelon, and russhed evyn into the warme bedde. And there was a lady that lay in that bedde; and anone she gate her smokke, and ran oute of the pavylon and whan she sawe her lorde lye at the grounde lyke to be dede, than she

cryed and wepte as she had bene madde. And so wyth her noyse the knyght awaked oute of his sowghe, and loked up weykly wyth his yen.

And than he asked where was that madde man whyche had yevyn hym suche a buffette, "for suche a one had I never of mannes honde!"

"Sir," seyde the dwarff, "hit is nat youre worshyp to hurte hym, for he ys a man oute of his wytte; and doute ye nat he hath bene a man of grete worshyp, and for som hartely sorow that he hath takyn he ys fallyn madde. And mesemyth," seyde the dwarff, "that he resembelyth muche unto Sir Launcelot, for hym I sawe at the turnemente of Lonezep."

"Jesu defende," seyde that knyght, "that ever that noble knyght Sir Launcelot sholde be in suche a plyght! But whatsomever he be," seyde that knyght, "harme woll I none do hym."

And this knyghtes name was Sir Blyaunte, the whyche seyde unto the dwarff, "Go thou faste on horsebak unto my brothir Sir Selyvaunte, whyche ys in the Castell Blanke, and telle hym of myne adventure, and byd hym brynge wyth hym an horse-lytter. And than woll we beare thys knyght unto my castell."

So the dwarff rode faste, and he cam agayn and brought Sir Selyvaunte wyth hym, and six men wyth an horse-lytter. And so they toke up the fethir bedde wyth Sir Launcelot, and so caryed all away wyth hem unto the Castell Blanke, and he never awaked tylle he was wythin the castell. And than they bounde hys handys and hys feete, and gaff hym good metys and good drynkys, and brought hym agayne to hys strengthe and his fayrenesse. But in hys wytte they cowde nat brynge hym agayne, nother to know hymselff. And thus was Sir Launcelot there more than a yere and an halff, honestely arayed and fayre faryn wythall.

Than uppon a day thys lorde of that castell, Sir Blyaunte, toke hys armys on horsebak wyth a speare to seke adventures. And as he rode in a foreyste there mette hym to knyghtes adventures: that one was Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité, and hys brothir, Sir Bartelot. And thes too ran bothe at onys on Sir Bleaunte and brake theyre spearys

uppon hys body. And than they drewe oute there swerdys and made grete batayle, and foughte longe togydyrs. But at the laste Sir Blyaunte was sore wounded and felte hymselffe faynte, and anone he fledde on horsebak towarde hys castell.

And as they cam hurlyng undir the castell, wheras Sir Launcelot lay in a wyndow, and saw how too knyghtes layde uppon Sir Blyaunte wyth there swerdys. And whan Sir Launcelot saw that, yet as woode as he was he was sory for hys lorde Sir Blyaunte. And than in a brayde Sir Launcelot brake hys chaynes of hys leggys and of hys armys, and in the breakynge he hurte hys hondys sore; and so Sir Launcelot ran oute at a posterne, and there he mette wyth tho too knyghtes that chaced Syr Blyaunte. And there he pulled downe Sir Bartelot wyth his bare hondys frome hys horse, and therewythall he wrothe oute the swerde oute of hys honde, and so he lepe unto Sir Brewse and gaff hym suche a buffette upon the hede that he tumbeled bakwarde over hys horse croupe. And whan Sir Bartelot saw hys brothir have suche a buffet he gate a speare in hys honde, and wolde have renne Sir Launcelot thorow. And that saw Sir Blyaunte and strake of the hande of Sir Bartelot. And than Sir Brewse and Sir Bartelot gate there horsis and fledde away as faste as they myght.

So whan Sir Selyvaunte cam and saw what Sir Launcelot had done for hys brothir, than he thanked God, and so ded hys brothir, that ever they ded hym ony good. But whan Sir Blyaunte sawe that Sir Launcelot was hurte wyth the brekynge of hys irons, than was he hevy that ever he bounde hym.

"Bynde hym no more," seyde Sir Selyvaunte, "for he ys happy and gracyous."

Than they made grete joy of Sir Launcelot. And so he bode there an halff yere and more.

And so on a morne Sir Launcelot was ware where cam a grete bore wyth many houndys afftir hym, but the boore was so bygge ther myght no houndys tary hym. And so the hunters cam aftir, blowynge there hornys, bothe uppon horsebacke and som uppon foote, and than Sir Launcelot was ware where one alyght and

tyed hys horse tylle a tre and lened hys speare ayenst the tre. So there cam Syr Launcelot and founde the horse bounden tylle a tre, and a speare lenyng agaynste a tre, and a good swerde tyed to the sadyll-bowe, and anone Sir Launcelot lepe into the sadyll and gate that speare in hys honde, and than he rode faste aftir the boore.

And anone he was ware where he set his ars to a roche faste by an ermytayge. And than Sir Launcelot ran at the boore wyth hys speare and all to-shyvird his speare. And therewyth the boore turned hym lyghtly, and rove oute the longys and the harte of the horse, that Sir Launcelot felle to the erthe; and, or ever he myght gete frome hys horse, the bore rove hym on the brawne of the thyghe up unto the howghe-boone. And than Sir Launcelot was wrothe, and up he gate uppon hys feete, and drewe hys swerde and smote of the borys hede at one stroke.

And therewythall cam oute the ermyte and saw hym have suche a wounde. Anone he meaned hym, and wolde have had hym home unto his ermytage. But whan Sir Launcelot harde hym speake, he was so wrothe wyth hys wounde that he ran uppon the ermyte to have slayne hym. Than the ermyte ran away, and whan Sir Launcelot myght nat overgete hym he threw his swerde aftir hym, for he myght no farther for bledynge. Than the ermyte turned agayne and asked Sir Launcelot how he was hurte.

"A, my fealow," seyde Sir Launcelot, "this boore hath byttyn me sore!"

"Than com ye wyth me," seyde the ermyte, "and I shall heale you."

"Go thy way," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and deale nat wyth me!"

Than the ermyte ran his way, and there he mette wyth a goodly knyght wyth many men.

"Sir," seyde the ermyte, "here is faste by my place the goodlyest man that ever I sawe, and he ys sore wounded wyth a boore, and yet he hath slayne the bore. But well I wote," seyde the good man, "and he be nat holpyn, he shall dye of that wounde, and that were grete pité."

Than that knyght at the desyre of the ermyte gate a carte, and therein he put the boore and Sir Launcelot; for he was so fyeble that they myght ryght easyly deale with hym. And so Sir Launcelot was brought unto the ermytayge, and there the ermyte healed hym of hys wounde. But the ermyte myght nat fynde hym his sustenaunce, and so he empeyred and wexed fyeble bothe of body and of hys wytte: for defaute of sustenaunce he waxed more wooder than he was aforetyme.

And than uppon a day Sir Launcelot ran his way into the foreyste; and by adventure he com to the cité of Corbyn where Dame Elayne was, that bare Galahad, Sir Launcelottys sonne. And so whan he was entyrde into the towne he ran thorow the towne to the castell; and than all the yonge men of that cité ran aftir Sir Launcelot, and there they threwe turvis at hym and gaff hym many sad strokys. And ever as Sir Launcelot myght overreche ony of them, he threw them so that they wolde never com in hys hondes no more, for of som he brake the leggys and armys.

And so he fledde into the castell, and than cam oute knyghtes and squyars and rescowed Sir Launcelot. Whan they behylde hym and loked uppon hys persone, they thought they never sawe so goodly a man. And whan they sawe so many woundys uppon hym, they demed that he had bene a man of worshyp. And than they ordayned hym clothis to hys body, and straw and lytter undir the gate of the castell to lye in. And so every day they wolde throw hym mete and set hym drynke, but there was but feaw that wolde brynge hym mete to hys hondys.

So hit befelle that Kyng Pelles had a neveaw whos name was Caster; and so he desyred of the kynge to be made knyght, and at hys owne rekeyste the kynge made hym knyght at the feste of Candylmasse. And whan Sir Castor was made knyght, that same day he gaff many gownys. And than Sir Castor sente for the foole, whych was Sir Launcelot; and whan he was com afore Sir Castor he gaff Sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed unto hym. And whan Sir Launcelot was so arayed lyke a knyght he was the semelyeste man in all the courte, and none so well made.

So whan he sye hys tyme he wente into the gardyne and there he layde hym downe by a welle and slepte. And so at aftir none Dame Elayne and her maydyns cam into the gardyne to sporte them. And as they romed up and downe one of Dame Elaynes maydens aspyed where lay a goodly man by the welle slepynge, and anone shewed hym to Dame Elayne.

"Peas," seyde Dame Elayne "and sey no worde but shew me that man where he lyeth."

So anone she brought Dame Elayne where he lay. And whan that she behylde hym, anone she felle in remembraunce of hym and knew hym veryly for Sir Launcelot. And therewythall she felle on wepynge so hartely that she sanke evyn to the erthe. And whan she had thus wepte a grete whyle than she arose and called her maydyns and seyde she was syke. And so she yode oute of the gardyne, and she wente as streyte to her fadir as she cowde and there she toke hym by herselff aparte; and than she seyde, "A, my dere fadir! now I have nede of your helpe, and but yf that ye helpe me, now farewell my good dayes forever!"

"What ys that, doughter?" seyde Kynge Pelles.

"Sir," she seyde, "thus is hit: in youre gardyne I was to sporte me, and there by the welle I founde Sir Launcelot du Lake slepynge."

"I may nat byleve hit," seyde Kynge Pelles.

"Truly, sir, he ys there," she seyde, "and mesemyth he shulde be yet distracke oute of hys wytte."

"Than holde you stylle," seyde the kynge, "and lat me deale."

Than the kynge called unto hym suche as he moste trusted, a foure persones, and Dame Elayne, hys doughter, and Dame Brusen, her servaunte. And whan they cam to the welle and behylde Sir Launcelot, anone Dame Brusen seyde to the kynge, "We muste be wyse how we deale wyth hym, for thys knyght ys oute of hys mynde, and yf we awake hym rudely, what he woll do we all know nat. And therefore abyde ye a whyle, and I shall throw an inchauntemente uppon hym, that he shall nat awake of an owre."

And so she ded, and than the kynge commaunded that all people shulde avoyde, that none shulde be in that way thereas the kyng

wolde com. And so whan thys was done thes foure men and thes ladyes layde honde on Sir Launcelot, and so they bare hym into a towre, and so into a chambir where was the holy vessell of the Sankgreall. And byfore that holy vessell Sir Launcelot was layde. And there cam an holy man and unhylled that vessell, and so by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessell Sir Launcelot was heled and recoverde.

And as sone as he was awaked he groned and syghed, and complayned hym sore of hys woodnes and strokys that he had had. And as sone as Sir Launcelot saw Kynge Pelles and Dame Elayne, he waxed ashamed and seyde thus: "A, Lorde Jesu, how cam I hydir? For Goddys sake, my fayre lorde, lat me wyte how that I cam hydir."

"Sir," seyde Dame Elayne, "into thys contrey ye cam lyke a mased man, clene oute of youre wytte. And here have ye ben kepte as a foole, and no cryature here knew what ye were, untyll by fortune a mayden of myne brought me unto you whereas ye lay slepynge by a well. And anone as I veryly behylde you I knewe you. Than I tolde my fadir, and so were ye brought afore thys holy vessell, and by the vertu of hit thus were ye healed."

"A, Jesu, mercy!" seyde Sir Launcelot. "Yf this be sothe, how many be there that knowyth of my woodnes?"

"So God me helpe," seyde Dame Elayne, "no mo but my fadir, and I, and Dame Brusen."

"Now, for Crystes love," seyde Sir Launcelot, "kepe hit counceyle and lat no man knowe hit in the worlde! For I am sore ashamed that I have be myssefortuned, for I am banysshed the contrey of Logrys for ever" (that is for to sey the contrey of Inglonde). And so Sir Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyght or ever that he myght styrre for sorenes.

And than uppon a day he seyde unto Dame Elayne thes wordis: "Fayre lady Elayne, for youre sake I have had muche travayle, care and angwyshe, hit nedyth nat to reherse hit, ye know how. Natwythstondynge I know well I have done fowle to you whan that I drewe my swerde to you to have slayne you uppon the morne

aftir whan that I had layne wyth you. And all was for the cause that ye and Dame Brusen made me for to lye be you magry myne hede. And, as ye sey, that nyght Galahad your sonne was begotyn."

"That ys trouthe," seyde Dame Elayne.

"Than woll ye for my sake," seyde Sir Launcelot "go unto youre fadir and gete me a place of hym wherein I may dwelle? For in the courte of Kynge Arthure may I never com."

"Sir," seyde Dame Eleyne "I woll lyve and dye wyth you only for youre sake; and yf my lyff myght nat avayle you and my dethe myght avayle you, wyte you well I wolde dye for youre sake. And I woll to my fadir, and I am ryght sure there ys no thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shall have hit. And wher ye be, my lorde Sir Launcelot, doute ye nat but I woll be wyth you, wyth all the servyse that I may do."

So furthwythall she wente to her fadir and sayde, "Sir, my lorde Sir Launcelot desyreth to be hyre by you in som castell off youres."

"Well, doughter," seyde the kynge, "sytthyn hit is his desyre to abyde in this marchis, he shall be in the Castell of Blyaunte, and there shall ye be wyth hym, and twenty of the fayryste yonge ladyes that bene in thys contrey, and they shall be all of the grettyst blood in this contrey; and ye shall have ten knyghtes wyth you. For, doughter, I woll that ye wyte we all be honowred by the blood of Sir Launcelot."

Than wente Dame Elayne unto Sir Launcelot and tolde hym all how her fadir had devysed.

Than cam a knyght whyche was called Sir Castor, that was neveaw unto Kynge Pelles, and he cam unto Sir Launcelot and asked hym what was hys name.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "my name ys Le Shyvalere Ill Mafeete" (that is to sey the Knyght That Hath Trespassed).

"Sir," seyde Sir Castor, "hit may well be so, but ever mesemyth youre name shulde be Sir Launcelot du Lake, for or now I have seyne you."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye ar nat as a jantyll knyght, for I put a case that my name were Sir Launcelot and that hyt lyste me

nat to dyscover my name, what shulde hit greve you here to kepe my counsell and ye nat hurte thereby? But wyte you well, and ever hit lye in my power, I shall greve you, and ever I mete with you in my way!"

Than Sir Castor kneled adowne and besought Sir Launcelot of mercy, "for I shall never uttir what ye be whyle that ye ar in thys partyes."

Than Sir Launcelot pardowned hym. And so Kynge Pelles wyth ten knyghtes and Dame Elayne wyth her twenty ladyes rode unto the Castel of Blyaunte, that stood in an ilonde beclosed envyrowne wyth a fayre watir depe and layrge. And whan they were there Sir Launcelot lat calle hit the Joyous Ile; and there was he called none otherwyse but Le Shyvalere Mafete, "the Knyght That Hath Trespast."

Than Sir Launcelot lete make hym a shylde all of sable, and a quene crowned in the myddis all of sylver, and a knyght clene armed knelynge afore her. And every day onys, for ony myrthis that all the ladyes myght make hym, he wolde onys every day loke towarde the realme of Logrys, where Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvere was, and than wolde he falle uppon a wepyng as hys harte shulde to-braste.

So hit befelle that tyme Sir Launcelot harde of a justynge faste by his castell, wythin thre leagis. Than he called unto hym a dwarff, and he bade hym go unto that justynge, "And or ever the knyghtes departe, loke that thou make there a cry in hyrynge of all knyghtes, that there ys one knyght in Joyous Ile, whyche ys the Castell of Blyaunte, and sey that hys name ys Le Shyvalere Mafete, that woll juste ayenst knyghtes all that woll com. And who that puttyth that knyght to the wars, he shall have a fayre maydyn and a jarfawcon."

So whan this cry was cryed, unto Joyous Ile drew the numbir of fyve hondred knyghtes. And wyte you well there was never seyne in Kynge Arthurs dayes one knyght that ded so muche dedys of armys as Sir Launcelot ded tho thre dayes togydyrs. For, as the boke makyth truly mencyon, he had the bettir of all the fyve hondred knyghtes, and there was nat one slayne of them. And aftir that Sir Launcelot made them all a grete feste.

And in the meane whyle cam Sir Percyvale de Galys and Sir Ector de Marys undir that castell whyche was called the Joyous Ile. And as they behylde that gay castell they wolde have gone to that castell, but they myght nat for the brode watir, and brydge coude they fynde none. Than were they ware on the othir syde where stoode a lady wyth a sparhawke on her honde, and Sir Percyvale called unto her and asked that lady who was in that castell.

"Fayre knyghtes," she seyde, "here wythin thys castell ys the fayryste lady in thys londe, and her name is Dame Elayne. Also we have in thys castell one of the fayryste knyghtes and the myghtyest man that ys, I dare sey, lyvynge, and he callyth hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete."

"How cam he into thys marchys?" seyde Sir Percyvale.

"Truly," seyde the damesell, "he cam into thys contrey lyke a madde man, wyth doggys and boyes chasynge hym thorow the cyté of Corbyn, and by the holy vessell of the Sankgreall he was brought into hys wytte agayne. But he woll nat do batayle wyth no knyght but by undirne or noone. And yf ye lyste to com into the castell," seyde the lady, "ye muste ryde unto the farther syde of the castell, and there shall ye fynde a vessell that woll beare you and youre horse."

Than they departed and cam unto the vessell; and than Sir Percyvale alyght and sayde unto Sir Ector de Marys, "Ye shall abyde me hyre untyll that I wyte what maner a knyght he ys. For hit were shame unto us, inasmuche as he ys but one knyght, and we shulde bothe do batayle wyth hym."

"Do as ye lyste," seyde Syr Ector, "and here I shall abyde you untyll that I hyre off you."

Than passed Sir Percyvale the watir, and whan he cam to the castell gate he seyde unto the porter, "Go thou to the good knyght of this castell and telle hym hyre ys com an arraunte knyght to juste wyth hym."

Than the porter yode in and cam agayne and bade hym, "ryde into the comyn place thereas the justynge shall be, where lordys and ladyes may beholde you."

And so anone as Sir Launcelot had a warnynge he was sone redy, and there Sir Percyvale and Sir Launcelot were com bothe. They encountirde wyth suche a myght, and there spearys were so rude, that bothe the horsys and the knyghtys fell to the grounde. Than they avoyded there horsys, and flange oute there noble swerdys, and hew away many cantels of there shyldys, and so hurteled togydyrs with there shyldys lyke too borys. And aythir wounded othir passynge sore, and so at the laste Sir Percyvale spake fyrste, whan they had foughtyn there longe, more than too owres.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Percyvale, "I requyre you of youre knyghthode to telle me youre name, for I mette never wyth suche another knyght."

"Sir, as for my name," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll nat hyde hyt frome you, but my name is Le Shyvalere Mafete. Now telle me your name," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I requyre you, jantyl knyght."

"Truly," seyde Sir Percyvale, "my name ys Sir Percyvale de Galys, that was brothir unto the good knyght Sir Lamorak de Galys, and Kynge Pellynor was oure fadir, and Sir Agglovale ys my brothir."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "what have I done to fyght wyth you, whyche ar a Knyght of the Table Rounde! And somtyme I was youre felawe."

And therewythall Sir Launcelot kneled downe uppon hys kneys and threwe away hys shylde and hys swerde frome hym. Whan Sir Percyvale sawe hym do so he mervayled what he meaned, and than he seyde thus: "Sir knyght, whatsomever ye be, I requyre you uppon the hyghe order of knyghthode to telle me youre trewe name."

Than he answerde and seyde, "So God me helpe, my name ys Sir Launcelot du Lake, Kynge Bannys son of Benoy."

"Alas!" than seyde Sir Percyvale, "what have I now done? For I was sente by the quene for to seke you, and so I have sought you nygh thys too yere, and yondir ys Sir Ector de Marys youre brothir, whyche abydyth me on the yondir syde of the watyr. And therefore, for Goddys sake," seyde Sir Percyvale, "forgyffe me myne offencys that I have here done."

"Sir, hyt ys sone forgyvyn," seyde Sir Launcelot.

Than Sir Percyvale sente for Sir Ector de Marys, and whan Sir Launcelot had a syght of him he ran unto hym and toke hym in hys armys; and than Sir Ector kneled downe, and aythir wepte uppon othir, that all men had pité to beholde them.

Than cam forthe Dame Elayne. And she made them grete chere as myght be made and there she tolde Sir Ector and Sir Percyvale how and in what maner Sir Launcelot cam into that contrey and how he was heled. And there hyt was knowyn how longe Sir Launcelot was with Sir Blyaunte and wyth Sir Selyvaunte, and how he fyrste mette wyth them, and how he departed frome them bycause he was hurte wyth a boore, and how the ermyte healed hym off hys grete wounde, and how that he cam to the cité of Corbyn.

Now leve we Sir Launcelot in Joyous Ile wyth hys lady, Dame Elayne, and Sir Percyvayle and Sir Ector playynge wyth them, and now turne we unto Sir Bors de Ganys and unto Sir Lyonell that had sought Sir Launcelot longe, nye by the space of too yere, and never coude they hyre of hym. And as they thus rode, by adventure they cam to the house of Kynge Brandegorys, and there Sir Bors was well knowyn, for he had gotyn a chylde uppon the kynges doughtir fyftene yere tofore, and hys name was Elyne le Blanke. And whan Sir Bors sawe that chylde he lyked hym passynge well. And so thoo knyghtes had good chere of Kynge Brandegorys.

And on the morne Sir Bors cam afore Kynge Brandegorys and seyde, "Here ys my sonne Elyne le Blanke, and syth hyt ys so, I wyll that ye wyte I woll have hym wyth me unto the courte of Kynge Arthur."

"Sir," seyde the kynge, "ye may well take hym wyth you, but he ys as yet over tendir of ayge."

"As for that," seyde Sir Bors, "yet I woll have hym wythe me, and brynge hym to the howse of moste worshyp in the worlde."

So whan Sir Bors shulde departe there was made grete sorow for the departynge of Helyne le Blanke. But at the laste they departed, and wythin a whyle they cam unto Camelot whereas was Kynge

Arthure. And so whan Kynge Arthure undirstoode that Helyne le Blanke was Sir Bors son and neveaw unto Kynge Brandegorys, than Kynge Arthure let make hym Knyghte of the Rounde Table. And so he preved a good knyghte and an adventurus.

And now woll we to oure mater of Sir Launcelot. So hyt befelle on a day that Sir Ector and Sir Percyvale cam unto Sir Launcelot and asked of hym what he wolde do, and whethir he wolde go wyth them unto Kynge Arthure.

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that may I nat do by no meane, for I was so vengeabely deffended the courte that I caste me never to com there more."

"Sir," seyde Sir Ector, "I am youre brothir, and ye ar the man in the worlde that I love moste. And yf I undirstoode that hyt were youre dysworshyp, ye may undirstonde that I wolde never counceyle you thereto. But Kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtes, and in especiall Quene Gwenyvere, makyth suche dole and sorow for you that hyt ys mervayle to hyre and se. And ye muste remembir the grete worshyp and renowne that ye be off, how that ye have bene more spokyn of than ony othir knyght that ys now lyvynge; for there ys none that beryth the name now but ye and Sir Trystram. And therefore, brothir," seyde Sir Ector," make you redy to ryde to the courte wyth us. And I dare sey and make hyt good," seyde Sir Ector, "hyt hath coste my lady the quene twenty thousande pounde, the sekynge of you."

"Welle, brothir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll do aftir youre counceyle and ryde wyth you."

So than they toke theire horsis and made redy, and anone they toke there leve at Kynge Pelles and at Dame Elayne. And whan Sir Launcelot shulde departe Dame Elayne mad grete sorow.

"My lorde Sir Launcelot," seyde Dame Elayne, "thys same feste of Pentecoste shall youre sonne and myne, Galahad, be made knyght, for he ys now fully fyftene wynter olde."

"Madame, do as ye lyste," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and God gyff hym grace to preve a good knyght."

"As for that," seyde Dame Elayne, "I doute nat he shall preve the beste man of hys kynne excepte one."

"Than shall he be a good man inowghe," seyde Sir Launcelot.

So anone they departed, and wythin fyftene dayes journey they cam unto Camelot, that ys in Englyshe called Wynchester. And whan Sir Launcelot was com amonge them, the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete joy of hys homecommynge.

And there Sir Percyvale and Sir Ector de Marys began and tolde the hole adventures how Sir Launcelot had bene oute of hys mynde in the tyme of hys abcence; and how he called hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete, "the knyght that had trespast," and in thre dayes wythin Joyous Ile Sir Launcelot smote downe fyve hondred knyghtes. And ever as Sir Ector and Sir Percyvale tolde thes talys of Sir Launcelot, Quene Gwenyvere wepte as she shulde have dyed. Than the quene made hym grete chere.

"A Jesu!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "I mervayle for what cause ye, Sir Launcelot, wente oute of youre mynde. For I and many othir deme hyt was for the love of fayre Elayne, the doughtir of Kynge Pelles, by whom ye ar noysed that ye have gotyn a chylde and his name ys Galahad. And men sey that he shall do many mervaylouse thyngys."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "yf I ded ony foly I have that I sought."

And therewythall the kynge spake no more. But all Sir Launcelottys kynnesmen knew for whom he wente oute of hys mynde. And than there was made grete feystys, and grete joy was there amonge them. And all lordys and ladyes made grete joy whan they harde how Sir Launcelot was cam agayne unto the courte.

Now woll we leve of thys mater, and speke we off Sir Trystram and of Sir Palomydes that was the Sarazen uncrystynde.

SIR PALOMIDES

NOW LEVE WE of this mater and speke we of Sir Palomydes that rode and lodged hym wyth the too kynges all that nyght. And on the morne Sir Palomydes departed frome the too kynges, whereof they were hevy. Than the Kynge of Irelonde lente a man of his to Sir Palomydes and gaff hym a grete courser. And the Kynge of Scotlonde gaff hym grete gyfftes, and fayne they wolde have had hym abyde wyth them, but he wolde nat in no wyse. And so he departed and rode as adventures wolde gyde hym tyll hit was nyghe none. And than in a foreyste by a well Sir Palomydes saw where lay a fayre wounded knyght, and his horse bounden by hym. And that knyght made the grettyst dole that ever he herde man make, for ever he wepte and therewyth syghed as he wolde dye.

Than Sir Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldely and sayde, "Fayre knyght, why wayle you so? Lat me lye downe by you and wayle also, for dowte ye nat, I am muche more hevyar than ye ar. For I dare say," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that my sorow ys an hondred-folde more than youres ys. And therefore lat us complayne aythir to other."

"Fyrst," seyde the woundid knyght, "I requyre you telle me youre name. For and thou be none of the noble knyghtes, thou shalt never know my name, whatsomever com of me."

"Fayre knyght," seyde Sir Palomydes, "suche as I am, be hit bettir be hit worse, wyte thou well that my name ys Sir Palomydes, sunne and ayre unto Kynge Asclabor, and Sir Saphir and Sir Segwarydes ar my too brethirne. And wyte thou well, as for myselff, I was never crystynde, but my too brethirne ar truly crystynde."

"A, noble knyght!" seyde that woundid knyght, "well ys me that I have mette wyth you. And wyte you well that my name ys Sir Epynogrys, the kynges sonne of Northumbirlonde. Now sytte

ye downe," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "and let us aythir complayne to othir."

Than Sir Palomydes alyght and tyed his horse faste. And thus Sir Palomydes began hys complaynte and sayde, "Now shall I tell you what wo I endure: I love the fayryst quene and lady that ever bare lyff, and wyte you well her name ys La Beall Isode, Kynge Markes wyff of Cornwayle."

"That ys grete foly," seyde Sir Epynogrys "for to love Quene Isode. For one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde lovyth her, that ys Sir Trystram de Lyones."

"That is trouthe," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for no man knowyth that mater bettir than I do. For I have bene in Sir Trystrams felyshyp this moneth and more, and wyth La Beall Isode togydyrs. And alas!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "unhappy man that I am, now have I loste the felyshyp of Sir Trystram and the love of La Beall Isode for ever, and I am never lykly to se her more. And Sir Trystram and I bene aythir to othir mortall enemyes."

"Well," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "syth that ye loved La Beall Isode, loved she ever you agayne by onythynge that ye cowde wyte, othir ellys ded ye ever rejoyse her in ony plesure?"

"Nay be my knyghthode," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for I never aspyed that ever she loved me more than all the worlde ded, nor never had I pleasure wyth her, but the laste day she gaff me the grettyst rebuke that ever I had, whyche shall never go fro my harte. And yet I well deservyd that rebuke, for I ded nat knyghtly, and therefore I have loste the love of her and of Sir Trystram for ever. And I have many tymes enforsed myselff to do many dedis of armys for her sake, and ever she was the causer of my worship-wynnynge. And alas! now have I loste all the worshyp that ever I wanne, for never shall befalle me suche proues as I had in the felyshyp of Sir Trystram."

"Nay, nay," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "youre sorow ys but japys to my sorow; for I rejoysed my lady and wan her wyth myne hondis and loste her agayne – alas that day! And fyrst thus I wan her: my lady was an erlys doughtir, and as the erle and too knyghtes cam

home fro the turnement of Lonezep, for her sake I sette uppon this erle myselff and on his too knyghtes, and my lady there beynge presente. And so by fortune there I slew the erle and one of the knyghtes, and the othir knyght fledde. And so that nyght I had my lady.

"And on the morne, as she and I reposed us at this welle-syde, than cam there to me an arraunte knyght, his name was Sir Helyor le Prewse, an hardy knyght, and he chalenged me to fyght for my lady. And than we wente to batayle, fyrst uppon horsebacke and aftir uppon foote, but at the laste Sir Helyor wounded me so that he lefft me for dede, and so he toke my lady with hym. And thus my sorow ys more than youres, for I have rejoysed, and ye nevir rejoysed."

"That ys trouthe," seyde Sir Palomydes, "but syth I can nat recover myselff, I shall promyse you, yf I can mete with Sir Helyor, that I shall gete to you your lady agayne, other ellys he shall beate me."

Than Sir Palomydes made Sir Epynogrys to take his horse, and so they rode untyll an ermytage, and there Sir Epynogrys rested hym. And in the meane whyle Sir Palomydes walked prevayly oute to reste hym under the levis, and there besydes he sawe a knyght com rydynge wyth a shylde that he had sene Sir Ector de Marys beare aforehonde. And there cam aftir hym a ten knyghtes, and so thes knyghtes hoved undir the levys for hete. And anone aftir, there cam a knyght with a grene shylde and therein a whyght lyon, ledynge a lady uppon a palfrey. Than this knyght with the shylde that semed lyke unto Sir Ectors shylde semed to be maystir of the ten knyghtes, and he rode fyersly aftir Sir Helyor, for hit was he that hurte Sir Epynogrys. And whan he cam nygh Sir Helyor he bade him deffende his lady.

"I woll deffende her," seyde Sir Helyor, "unto my power!"

And so they ran togydirs so myghtyly that ayther smote other downe, horse and all to the erth. And than they wan up lyghtly and drewe swerdys and dressed theire shyldis, and laysshed togydyrs wondir fyersly more than an owre. And all this Sir Palomydes saw

and behylde. But ever at the laste the knyght with Sir Ectors shylde was far bigger, and at the laste he smote downe Sir Helyor. And than that knyght unlaced his helme to have strykyn off his hede. And than he cryed mercy and prayed hym to save his lyff and bade hym take his lady.

Than Sir Palomydes dressed hym up, bycause he wyste well that that same lady was Sir Epynogrys lady, and he had promysed hym to helpe hym. Than Sir Palomydes went streyte to that lady and toke her by the honde and asked her whether she knew a knyght whyche was called Sir Epynogrys.

"Alas," she seyde, "that evir I knew hym other he me! For I have for his sake loste my worshyp and also hys lyff; that greveth me moste of all."

"Nat so, fayre lady!" sayde Sir Palomydes. "Commyth on with me, for here ys Sir Epynogrys in this ermytage."

"A, well ys me," seyde that lady, "and he be on lyve!"

Than cam the tother knyght and seyde, "Whythir wolt thou with that lady?"

"I woll do wyth her what me lyste," seyde Sir Palomydes.

"Wyte thou well," seyde that knyght, "thou spekyst over large, thoughe thou semyst thou haste me at avauntayge, bycause thou sawyst me do batayle but late. Thou wenyst, sir knyght, to have that lady away fro me so lyghtly? Nay, thynke hit never, and thou were as good a knyght as ys Sir Launcelot or Sir Trystram other ellys Sir Palomydes; but thou shalt wyn her more derar than ever ded I."

And so they wente unto batayle uppon foote, and there they gaff many sad strokys togydir, and aythir wounded other wondirly sore. And thus they faught togydir styll more than an owre. Than Sir Palomydes had mervayle what knyght he myght be that was so stronge and so well-brethid durynge, and at the laste thus seyde Sir Palomydes: "Knyght, I requyre the, telle me thy name."

"Wyte thou well," seyde that knyght, "I dare telle the my name, so that thou wolt tell me thy name."

"I woll," seyde Sir Palomydes.

"Truly," seyde that knyght, "and my name ys Sir Saphir, sonne of Kynge Asclabor, and Sir Palomydes and Sir Segwarydes ar my bretherne."

"Now, and wyte thou well, my name ys Sir Palomydes!"

Than Sir Saphir kneled adowne uppon his kneis and prayde him of mercy, and than they unlaced theire helmys and aythir kyssed other wepynge. And the meane whyle Sir Epynogrys rose of his bedde and harde them by the strokys, and so he armed hym to helpe Sir Palomydes yf nede were. Than Sir Palomydes toke the lady by the honde and brought her to Sir Epynogrys, and there was grete joy betwyxte them, for aythir sowned for joy whan they were mette.

"Now, fayre knyght and lady," sayde Sir Saphir, "hit were pité to departe you too, and therefore Jesu sende you joy ayther of othir!"

"Grauntemercy, jantyll knyght," seyde Sir Epynogrys, "and muche more thanke to my lorde Sir Palomydes that thus hath thorow his proues made me to gete my lady."

Than Sir Epynogrys requyred Sir Palomydes and Sir Saffir his brothir to ryde with hym unto his castell for the sauffgarde of his persone.

"Syr," seyde Sir Palomydes, "we woll be redy to conduyte you, because that ye ar sore woundid."

And so was Sir Epynogrys and hys lady horsed uppon a soffte ambler, and than they rode unto his castell. And there they had grete chere and grete joy, as ever Sir Palomydes and Sir Saffir had in theire lyvys.

So on the morne Sir Saphir and Sir Palomydes departed and rode but as fortune lad them, and so they rode all that day untyll aftir noone. And at the laste they harde a grete wepyng and a grete noyse downe in a maner.

"Sir," seyde Sir Saffir, "lette us wyte what noyse this ys."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Palomydes.

And so they rode tyll that they com to a fayre gate of a maner, and there sate an olde man sayynge his prayers and beadis.

Than Sir Palomydes and Sir Saphir alyght and leffte theire horsis and wente within the gatys. And there they saw full many goodly men wepynge.

"Now, fayre sirrys," seyde Sir Palomydes, "wherefore wepe ye and make thys sorow?"

And anone one of tho knyghtes of the castel behylde Sir Palomydes and knew hym, and than he wente to his felowys and sayde, "Fayre fealowys, wyte you well all, we have within this castell the same knyght that slew oure lorde at Lonezep, for I know hym well for Sir Palomydes."

Than they wente unto harneys, all that myght beare harneys, som on horsebak and som uppon foote, to the numbir of thre score. And whan they were redy they cam freysshly uppon Sir Palomydes and uppon Sir Saphir wyth a grete noyse, and sayde thus: "Kepe the, Sir Palomydes, for thou arte knowyn! And be ryght thou muste be dede, for thou haste slayne oure lorde, and therefore wyte thou well we may do the none other favoure but sle the. And therefore defende the!"

Than Sir Palomydes and Sir Saphir, the tone sette his bak to the todir and gaff many sad strokes, and also toke many grete strokes. And thus they faught wyth twenty knyghtes and fourty jantyllmen and yomen nyghe a too owres. But at the laste, though they were never so lothe, Sir Palomydes and Sir Saphir were takyn and yoldyn and put in a stronge preson. And within thre dayes twelve knyghtes passed uppon hem, and they founde Sir Palomydes gylty and Sir Saphir nat gylty of theire lordis deth. And whan Sir Saphir shulde be delyverde there was grete dole betwyxte his brothir and hym. And many peteous complayntis that Sir Safyr made at his departicion, there ys no maker can reherse the tenthe parte.

"Now, fayre brothir, lat be youre doloure," seyde Sir Palomydes, "and youre sorow, for and I be ordeyned to dy a shamfull dethe, wellcom be hit. But and I had wyste of this deth that I am demed unto, I sholde never have bene yoldyn."

So departed Sir Saphir from his brothir with the grettyst sorow that ever made knyght.

And on the morne they of the castell ordayned twelve knyghtes for to ryde wyth Sir Palomydes unto the fadir of the same knyght that Sir Palomydes slew. And so they bounde his leggys undir an olde steedis bealy, and than they rode wyth Sir Palomydes unto a castell by the see syde that hyght Pylownes, and there Sir Palomydes shulde have his justyse: thus was theire ordynaunce.

And so they rode wyth Sir Palomydes faste by the castell of Joyous Garde, and as they passed by that castell there cam rydynge one of that castell by them that knew Sir Palomydes. And whan that knyght saw hym lad bounden uppon a croked courser, than the knyght asked Sir Palomydes for what cause he was so lad.

"A, my fayre felow and knyght," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I ryde now towarde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at the turnemente of Lonezep. And yf I had departed frome my lorde Sir Trystram as I ought to have done, now myght I have bene sure to have had my lyff saved. But I pray you, sir knyght, recommaunde me unto my lorde Sir Trystram and unto my lady Quene Isode, and sey to them, yf ever I trespast to them, I aske them forgyffnes. And also, I beseche you, recommaunde me unto my lorde Kynge Arthure and to all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table unto my power."

Than that knyght wepte for pité of Sir Palomydes, and therewyth he rode unto Joyous Garde as faste as his horse myght renne, and lyghtly that knyght descended downe of his horse and went unto Sir Trystram, and there he tolde hym all as ye have harde. And ever the knyght wepte as he were woode.

Whan Sir Trystram knew how Sir Palomydes wente to his dethward he was hevy to hyre thereof and sayde, "Howbeit that I am wrothe wyth hym, yet I woll nat suffir hym to dye so shamefull a dethe, for he ys a full noble knyght."

And anone Sir Trystram asked his armys, and whan he was armed he toke his horse and too squyars wyth hym and rode a grete pace thorow a foreyste aftir Sir Palomydes, the nexte way unto the castell Pelownes where Sir Palomydes was jowged to his dethe.

And as the twelve knyghtes lad hym byfore them, there was the noble knyght Sir Launcelot whyche was alyght by a welle and had

tyed hys horse tyll a tre, and had takyn of hys helme to drynke of that welle. And whan he sawe suche a route whyche semed knyghtes, Sir Launcelot put on hys helme and suffyrd them to passe by him. And anone he was ware of Sir Palomydes bounden and lad shamfully towarde his dethe.

"A, Jesu!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "what mysseadventure ys befallyn hym that he ys thus lad towarde hys dethe? Yet, perdeus," seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit were shame to me to suffir this noble knyght thus to dye and I myght helpe hym. And therefore I woll helpe hym whatsomever com of hit, other ellys I shall dye for hys sake!"

And than Sir Launcelot mounted on hys horse and gate hys speare in hys honde and rode aftyr the twelve knyghtes whyche lad Sir Palomydes.

"Fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Launcelot, "whother lede ye that knyght? For hit besemyth hym full evyll to ryde bounden."

Than thes twelve knyghtes returned suddeynly there horsis and seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Sir knyght, we counceyle you nat to medyll of this knyght for he hath deserved deth, and unto deth he is jouged."

"That me repentyth," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that I may nat borow hym wyth fayrenes, for he ys over good a knyght to dye such a shamefull dethe. And therefore, fayre knyghtes," seyde Sir Launcelot, "than kepe you as well as ye can! For I woll rescow that knyght othir ellys dye for hit."

Than they began to dresse there spearys, and Sir Launcelot smote the formyste downe, horse and man, and so he served thre mo wyth one spere. And than that speare braste and therewythall Sir Launcelot drewe his swerde, and than he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde. And so wythin a whyle he leffte none of tho knyghtes but he had leyde them to the erthe, and the moste party of them were sore wounded.

And than Sir Launcelot toke the beste horse that he founde, and lowsed Sir Palomydes and sette hym uppon that horse, and so they returned agayne unto Joyous Garde.

And than was Sir Palomydes ware of Sir Trystram how he cam rydynge. And whan Sir Launcelot sy hym he knew hym well; but

Sir Trystam knew nat hym, because he had on his shuldir a gylden shylde. So Sir Launcelot made hym redy to juste wyth Sir Trystram, because he sholde nat wene that he were Sir Launcelot. Than Sir Palomydes cryed on lowde to Sir Trystram and seyde, "A, my lorde! I requyre you, juste nat wyth this knyght, for he hath saved me frome my dethe."

Whan Sir Trystram harde hym sey so he cam a soffte trottynge pace towarde hym. And than Sir Palomydes seyde, "My lorde Sir Trystram, muche am I beholdynge unto you of youre grete goodnes, that wolde proffir youre noble body to rescow me undeserved, for I have greatly offended you. Natwythstondynge," seyde Sir Palomydes, "here mette we wyth this noble knyght that worshypfully and manly rescowed me frome twelve knyghtes, and smote them downe all and sore wounded hem."

"Fayre knyght," seyde Sir Trystram unto Sir Launcelot, "of whens be ye?"

"I am a knyght arraunte," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that rydyth to seke many dedis."

"Sir, what is your name?" seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, as at this tyme I woll nat telle you."

Than Sir Launcelot seyde unto Sir Trystram and to Sir Palomydes, "Now ar ye mette togydirs aythir wyth other, and now I woll departe frome you."

"Nat so," seyde Sir Trystram, "I pray you and requyre you of knyghthod to ryde wyth me unto my castell."

"Wyte you welle," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may nat ryde wyth you, for I have many dedis to do in other placys, that at this tyme I may nat abyde wyth you."

"A, mercy Jesu!" seyde Sir Trystram, "I requyre you, as ye be a trewe knyght to the order of knyghthode, play you wyth me this nyght."

Than Sir Trystram had a graunte of Sir Launcelot; howbehit, thoughe he had nat desyred hym, he wolde have rydden with hem, other sone a com aftir hem. For Sir Launcelot cam for none other cause into that contrey but for to se Sir Trystram.

And whan they were com wythin Joyous Garde they alyght, and there horsis were lad into a stable, and than they unarmed them. For Sir Launcelot, as sone as his helme was of, Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes knew hym. Than Sir Trystram toke Sir Launcelot in his armys, and so ded La Beall Isode, and Sir Palomydes kneled downe uppon his kneis and thanked Sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe Sir Palomydes knele, he lyghtly toke hym up and seyde thus: "Wyte thou well, Sir Palomydes, that I, and ony knyght in this londe of worshyp, muste of verry ryght succoure and rescow so noble a knyght as ye ar preved and renowmed thorougheoute all this realme, enlonge and overtwarte."

Than was there grete joy amonge them. And the ofter that Sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode, the hevyar he waxed day be day.

Than Sir Launcelot wythin thre or foure dayes departed, and wyth hym rode Sir Ector de Marys and Sir Dynadan, and Sir Palomydes was leffte there wyth Sir Trystram a too monethis and more. But ever Sir Palomydes faded and mourned, that all men had merveyle wherefore he faded so away.

So uppon a day, in the dawnynge, Sir Palomydes wente into the foreste by hymselff alone; and there he founde a welle, and anone he loked into the well and in the watir he sawe his owne vysayge, how he was discolowred and defaded, a-nothynge lyke as he was.

"Lorde Jesu, what may this meane?" seyde Sir Palomydes. And thus he seyde to hymselff: "A, Palomydes, Palomydes! Why arte thou thus defaded, and ever was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyghtes of the worlde? Forsothe, I woll no more lyve this lyff, for I love that I may never gete nor recover."

And therewythall he leyde hym downe by the welle, and so began to make a ryme of La Beall Isode and hym. And so in the meane whyle Sir Trystram was that same day ryddyn into the same foreyste to chace an harte of grece; but Sir Trystram wolde nat ryde an huntynge nevermore unarmed bycause of Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And so Sir Trystram rode into the foreyste up and downe, and

as he rode he harde one synge mervaylowsly lowde; and that was Sir Palomydes, whyche lay by the welle.

And than Sir Trystram rode sofftly thydir, for he demed that there was som knyght arraunte whyche was at the welle. And whan Sir Trystram cam nyghe hym he descended downe frome hys horse and tyed his horse faste tyll a tre. And so he cam nere on foote, and sone aftir he was ware where lay Sir Palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and myryly. And ever the complayntys were of La Beall Isode, whyche was mervaylously well seyde, and pyteuously and full dolefully made. And all the hole songe Sir Trystram harde worde by worde, and whan he had herde all Sir Palomydes complaynte, he was wrothe oute of mesure, and thought for to sle hym thereas he lay.

Than Sir Trystram remembyrde hymselff that Sir Palomydes was unarmed, and of so noble a name that Sir Palomydes had, and also the noble name that hymselff had. Than he made a restraynte of his angir, and so he wente unto Sir Palomydes a soffte pace and seyde, "Sir Palomydes, I have harde youre complaynte and of youre treson that ye have owed me longe, and wyte you well, therefore ye shall dye! And yf hit were nat for shame of knyghthode thou sholdyst nat ascape my hondys, for now I know well thou haste awayted me wyth treson. And therefore," seyde Sir Trystram, "tell me how thou wolt acquyte the."

"Sir, I shall acquyte me thus: as for Quene La Beall Isode, thou shalt wyte that I love her abovyn all other ladyes in this worlde, and well I wote hit shall befalle by me as for her love as befelle on the noble knyght Sir Kayhydyns, that dyed for the love of La Beall Isode. And now, Sir Trystram, I woll that ye wyte that I have loved La Beall Isode many a longe day, and she hath bene the causer of my worshyp, and ellys I had bene the moste symplyste knyght in the worlde. For by her, and bycause of her, I have wonne the worshyp that I have; for whan I remembred me of Quene Isode I wanne the worshyp wheresomever I cam, for the moste party. And yet I had never rewarde nother bounté of her dayes of my lyff, and yet I have bene her knyght longe gwardonles. And therefore, Sir Trystram, as for ony dethe I drede nat, for I had as lyeff dye as

lyve. And yf I were armed as thou arte, I shulde lyghtly do batayle with the."

"Sir, well have ye uttyrd youre treson," seyde Sir Trystram.

"Sir, I have done to you no treson," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for love is fre for all men, and thoughe I have loved your lady, she ys my lady as well as youres. Howbehyt, I have wronge if ony wronge be, for ye rejoyse her and have youre desyre of her; and so had I nevir, nor never am lyke to have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermuste dayes of my lyff as well as ye."

Than seyde Sir Trystram, "I woll fyght with you to the utteryste!"

"I graunte," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for in a bettir quarell kepe I never to fyght. For and I dye of youre hondis, of a bettir knyghtes hondys myght I never be slayne. And sytthyn I undirstonde that I shall never rejoyse La Beall Isode, I have as good wyll to dye as to lyve."

"Than sette ye a day," seyde Sir Trystram, "that we shall do batayle."

"Sir, this day fyftene dayes," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I woll mete with you hereby, in the medow undir Joyous Garde."

"Now fye for shame!" seyde Sir Trystram. "Woll ye sette so longe a day? Lat us fyght to-morne."

"Nat so," seyde Sir Palomydes, "for I am megir, and have bene longe syke for the love of La Beall Isode. And therefore I woll repose me tyll I have my strengthe agayne."

So than Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes promysed faythefully to mete at the welle that day fyftene dayes.

"But now I am remembred," seyde Sir Trystram to Sir Palomydes, "that ye brake me onys a promyse whan that I rescowed you frome Sir Brewnys Saunze Pité and nyne knyghtes. And than ye promysed to mete me at the perowne and the grave besydis Camelot, where as that tyme ye fayled of youre promyse."

"Wyte you well," seyde Sir Palomydes unto Sir Trystram, "I was at that day in preson, that I myght nat holde my promyse. But wyte you well," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I shall promyse you now and kepe hit."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "and ye had holden youre promyse this worke had nat bene here now at this tyme."

Ryght so departed Sir Trystram and Sir Palomydes. And so Sir Palomydes toke his horse and hys harneys, and so he rode unto Kynge Arthurs courte. And there he gate hym foure knyghtes and foure sargeauntes of armys, and so he returned agayne unto Joyous Garde. And so in the meane whyle Sir Trystram chaced and hunted at all maner of venery. And aboute thre dayes afore the batayle that shulde be, as Sir Trystram chaced an harte, there was an archer shotte at the harte, and by mysfortune he smote Sir Trystram in the thyk of the thyghe, and the same arrow slew Sir Trystrams horse undir hym.

Whan Sir Trystram was so hurte he was passynge hevy; and wyte you well he bled passynge sore. And than he toke another horse and rode unto Joyous Garde with grete hevynes, more for the promyse that he had made unto Sir Palomydes to do batayle with hym wythin thre dayes aftir than for ony hurte of his thyghe. Wherefore there was nother man nother woman that coude chere hym with onythynge that they coude make to hym, neyther Quene la Beall Isode, for ever he demed that Sir Palomydes had smytten hym so, because he sholde nat be able to do batayle with hym at the day appoynted. But in no wyse there was no knyght aboute Sir Trystram that wolde belyeve that Sir Palomydes wolde hurte hym, nother by his owne hondis nothir by none other consentynge.

And so whan the fyfteneth day was com Sir Palomydes cam to the welle wyth foure knyghtes wyth hym of Kynge Arthurs courte and thre sargeauntes of armys. And for this entente Sir Palomydes brought tho knyghtes with hym and the sargeauntes of armys, for they sholde beare recorde of the batayle betwyxt Sir Trystram and hym. And the one sargeaunte brought in his helme, and the tother his speare, and the thirde his swerde. So Sir Palomydes cam into the fylde and there he abode nyghe too owres, and than he sente a squyar unto Sir Trystram and desyred hym to com into the fylde to holde his promyse.

Whan the squyar was com unto Joyous Garde, anone as Sir Trystram harde of his commynge he lete commaunde that the squyar shulde com to his presence thereas he lay in his bedde.

"My lorde Sir Trystram," seyde Sir Palomydes squyar, "wyte you well, my lorde Sir Palomydes abydyth you in the fylde, and he wolde wyte whether ye wolde do batayle or nat."

"A, my fayre brothir," seyde Sir Trystram, "wyte thou well that I am ryght hevy for this tydyngis. But telle thy lorde Sir Palomydes, and I were well at ease I wolde nat lye here, nothir he sholde have had no nede to sende for me and I myght othir ryde or go. And for thou shalt se that I am no lyar" – Sir Trystram shewed hym his thyghe, and the depnes of the wounde was syx inchis depe – "and now thou haste sene my hurte, telle thy lorde that this is no fayned mater, and tell hym that I had levir than all the golde that Kynge Arthure hath that I were hole. And lat hym wyte that as for me, as sone as I may ryde I shall seke hym endelonge and overtwarte this londe; and that I promyse you as I am a trew knyght. And yf ever I may mete hym, telle youre lorde Sir Palomydes he shall have of me hys fylle of batayle."

And so the squyar departed. And whan Sir Palomydes knew that Sir Trystram was hurte, than he seyde thus: "Truly, I am glad of his hurte, and for this cause: for now I am sure I shall have no shame. For I wote well, and we had medled, I sholde have had harde handelynge of hym, and by lyklyhode I muste nedys have had the worse. For he is the hardyeste knyght in batayle that now ys lyvynge, excepte Sir Launcelot."

And than departed Sir Palomydes whereas fortune lad hym. And within a moneth Sir Trystram was hole of his hurte, and than he toke hys horse and rode frome contrey to contrey, and all straunge adventures he encheved wheresomever he rode. And allwayes he enquyred for Sir Palomydes, but off all that quarter of somer Sir Trystram coude never mete with Sir Palomydes.

But thus as Sir Trystram soughte and enquyred aftir Sir Palomydes, Sir Trystram enchevyd many grete batayles, wherethorow all the noyse and brewte felle to Sir Trystram, and the name ceased of

Sir Launcelot. And therefore Sir Launcelottis bretherne and his kynnysmen wolde have slayne Sir Trystram bycause of his fame. But whan Sir Launcelot wyste how hys kynnysmen were sette, he seyde to them opynly, "Wyte you well that, and ony of you all be so hardy to wayte my lorde Sir Trystram wyth ony hurte, shame, or vylany, as I am trew knyght, I shall sle the beste of you all myne owne hondis. Alas, fye for shame, sholde ye for his noble dedys awayte uppon hym to sle hym! Jesu defende," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever ony noble knyght as Sir Trystram ys sholde be destroyed wyth treson."

So of this noyse and fame sprange into Cornwayle and unto them of Lyones, whereof they were passynge glad and made grete joy. And than they of Lyones sente lettyrs unto Sir Trystram of recommendacion, and many greate gyfftys to mayntene Sir Trystrams astate. And ever betwene Sir Trystram resorted unto Joyous Garde whereas La Beall Isode was, that lovid hym ever.

THE CONVERSION OF SIR PALOMIDES

WHAN SIR TRYSTRAM was com home unto Joyous Garde frome hys adventures – and all thys whyle that Sir Launcelot was thus myste, too yere and more, Sir Trystram bare the brewte and renowne thorow all the realme of Logrys, and many straunge adventures befelle hym, and full well and worshypfully he brought hem to an ende – so whan he was com home La Beall Isode tolde hym off the grete feste that sholde be at Pentecoste nexte folowynge. And there she tolde hym how Sir Launcelot had bene myssed too yere, and all that whyle he had bene oute of hys mynde, and how he was holpyn by the holy vessell of the Sankgreall.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Trystram, "that caused som debate betwyxte hym and Quene Gwenyvere."

"Sir," seyde Dame Isode, "I knowe hyt all, for Quene Gwenyvere sente me a lettir all how hyt was done, for because I sholde requyre you to seke hym. And now, blessyd be God," seyde La Beall Isode, "he ys hole and sounde and comyn ayen to the courte."

"A Jesu, thereof am I fayne," seyde Sir Trystram. "And now shall ye and I make us redy, for bothe ye and I woll be at that feste."

"Sir," seyde Dame Isode, "and hyt please you, I woll nat be there, for thorow me ye bene marked of many good knyghtes, and that causyth you for to have muche more laboure for my sake than nedyth you to have."

"Than woll I nat be there," seyde Sir Trystram, "but yf ye be there."

"God deffende," seyde La Beall Isode, "for than shall I be spokyn of shame amonge all quenys and ladyes of astate; for ye that ar called one of the nobelyste knyghtys of the worlde and a Knyght of the Rounde Table, how may ye be myssed at that feste? For what shall be sayde of you amonge all knyghtes? 'A, se how Sir Trystram

huntyth and hawkyth, and cowryth wythin a castell wyth hys lady, and forsakyth us. Alas!' shall som sey, 'hyt ys pyté that ever he was made knyght, or that ever he shulde have the love of a lady.' Also, what shall quenys and ladyes say of me? Hyt ys pyté that I have my lyff, that I wolde holde so noble a knyght as ye ar frome hys worshyp."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram unto La Beall Isode, "hyt ys passyngly well seyde of you and nobely counceyled. And now I well undirstonde that ye love me. And lyke as ye have counceyled me I woll do a parte thereaftir, but there shall no man nor chylde ryde wyth me but myselff alone. And so I woll ryde on Tewysday next commynge, and no more harneyse of warre but my speare and my swerde."

And so whan the day come Sir Trystram toke hys leve at La Beall Isode, and she sente wyth hym foure knyghtys; and wythin halff a myle he sente them agayne. And within a myle-way aftir, Sir Trystram sawe afore hym where Sir Palomydes had stryken downe a knyght and allmoste wounded hym to the dethe. Than Sir Trystram repented hym that he was nat armed, and therewyth he hoved stylle. And anone as Sir Palomydes saw Sir Trystram he cryed on hyght, "Sir Trystram now be we mette, for or we departe we shall redresse all oure olde sorys!"

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "there was never yet no Crystyn man that ever myght make hys boste that ever I fledde from hym. And wyte thou well, Sir Palomydes, thou that arte a Sarezen shall never make thy boste that ever Sir Trystram de Lyones shall fle fro the!"

And therewyth Sir Trystram made hys horse to ren, and wyth all hys myght he cam streyte uppon Sir Palomydes and braste hys speare uppon hym at an hondred pecis. And furthwythall Sir Trystram drewe hys swerde, and than he turned hys horse and stroke togydyrs six grete strokys uppon hys helme. And than Sir Palomydes stode stylle and byhylde Sir Trystram and mervayled gretely at hys woodnes and of hys foly. And than Sir Palomydes seyde unto hymselff, "And thys Sir Trystram were armed, hyt were

harde to cese hym frome hys batayle, and yff I turne agayne and sle hym I am shamed wheresomevir I go."

Than Sir Trystram spake and seyde, "Thou cowarde knyght, what castyste thou to do? And why wolt thou nat do batayle wyth me? For have thou no doute I shall endure the and all thy malyce!"

"A, Sir Trystram!" seyde Sir Palomydes, "full well thou wotyste I may nat have ado wyth the for shame, for thou arte here naked and I am armede, and yf that I sle the, dyshonoure shall be myne. And well thou wotyste," seyde Sir Palomydes unto Sir Trystram, "I knowe thy strengthe and thy hardynes to endure ayenste a good knyght."

"That ys trouthe," seyde Sir Trystram, "I undirstonde thy valyauntenesse."

"Ye say well," seyde Sir Palomydes. "Now, I requyre you, telle me a questyon that I shall sey unto you."

"Than telle me what hyt ys," seyde Sir Trystram, "and I shall answere you of the trouthe, as God me helpe."

"Sir, I put a case," seyde Sir Palomydes, "that ye were armed at all ryghtes as well as I am, and I naked as ye be, what wolde ye do to me now, be youre trewe knyghthode?"

"A," seyde Sir Trystram, "now I undirstonde the well, Sir Palomydes, for now muste I sey myne owne jugemente! And, as God me blysse, that I shall sey shall nat be seyde for no feare that I have of the, Sir Palomydes. But thys ys all: wyte thou well, Sir Palomydes, as at thys tyme thou sholdyst departe from me, for I wolde nat have ado wyth the."

"No more woll I," seyde Sir Palomydes. "And therefore ryde furth on thy way."

"As for that," seyde Sir Trystram, "I may chose othir to ryde othir to go. But, Sir Palomydes," seyde Sir Trystram, "I mervayle greatly of one thynge, that thou that arte so good a knyght, that thou wolt nat be crystynde, and thy brothir, Sir Saffir, hath bene crystynde many a day."

"As for that," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I may nat yet be crystyned for a vowe that I have made many yerys agone. Howbehyt in my harte and in my soule I have had many a day a good beleve in Jesu

Cryste and hys mylde modir Mary, but I have but one batayle to do, and were that onys done I wolde be baptyzed."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Trystram, "as for one batayle, thou shalt nat seke hyt longe. For God deffende," seyde Sir Trystram, "that thorow my defaute thou sholdyste lengar lyve thus a Sarazyn. For yondyr ys a knyght that ye have hurte and smyttyn downe: now helpe me that I were armed in hys armoure, and I shall sone fullfyll thyne avowys."

"As ye wyll," seyde Sir Palomydes, "so shall hyt be."

So they rode bothe unto that knyght that sate uppon a banke, and than Sir Trystram salewed hym, and he waykely salewed hym agayne.

"Sir knyght," seyde Sir Trystram, "I requyre you telle me youre ryght name."

"Syr," he seyde, "my ryght name ys Sir Galleron off Galowey, a Knyght of the Table Rounde."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "I am ryght hevy of youre hurtys. But thys ys all: I muste pray you to leane me youre hole armoure, for ye se that I am unarmed, and I muste do batayle wyth thys knyght."

"Sir, ye shall have hyt wyth a good wyll. But ye muste beware, for I warne you that knyght ys an hardy knyght as ever I mette wythall. But sir," seyde Sir Galeron, "I pray you, telle me youre name, and what ys that knyghtes name that hath beatyn me?"

"Sir, as for my name, wyte you well hyt ys Sir Trystram de Lyones, and as for hym, hys name ys Sir Palomydes, brothir unto the good knyght Sir Sapher, and yet ys Sir Palomydes uncrystynde."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Galleron, "that ys grete pyté that so good a knyght and so noble a man off armys sholde be uncrystynde."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Trystram, "owthyr he shall sle me, othir I hym, but that he shall be crystynde or ever we departe in sundir."

"My lorde Sir Trystram," seyde Sir Galleron, "youre renowne and worshyp ys well knowyn thorow many realmys, and God save you thys day frome senshyp and shame!"

Than Sir Trystram unarmed Sir Galleron, the whyche was a noble knyght and had done many dedys of armys; and he was a large knyght of fleyshe and boone. And whan he was unarmed he stood on hys feete, for he was sore brused in the backe wyth a speare; yet as well as Sir Galleron myght he armed Sir Trystram.

And than Sir Trystram mounted uppon hys owne horse, and in hys honde he gate Sir Galleron hys speare; and therewythall Sir Palomydes was redy. And so they cam hurtelynge togydyrs, and aythir smote othir in myddys off there shyldys. And therewythall Sir Palomydes speare brake and Sir Trystram smote downe Sir Palomydes, horse and man, to the erthe. And than Sir Palomydes as sone as he myght avoyded hys horse, and dressed his shylde, and pulled oute hys swerde. That sawe Sir Trystram and therewythall he alyght and tyed hys horse to a tre. And than they cam togydyrs egirly as too wylde borys, and so they layshed togydyrs, trasynge and traversynge as noble men that offten had bene well proved in batayle. But ever Sir Palomydes dred passynge sore the myght of Sir Trystram, and therefore he suffyrd hym to breeth hym, and thus they faught more than too owrys. But oftyntymes Sir Trystram smote suche strokys at Sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele, and Sir Palomydes brake and kutte away many pecis of Sir Trystrams shylde, and than Sir Palomydes wounded Sir Trystram passynge sore, for he was a well-fyghtynge man.

Than Sir Trystram waxed wood wrothe oute off mesure, and russhed uppon Sir Palomydes wyth suche a myght that Sir Palomydes felle grovelynge to the erthe. And therewythall he lepe up lyghtly uppon hys feete, and than Sir Trystram wounded sore Sir Palomydes thorow the shuldir. And ever Sir Trystram fought stylle inlyke harde, and Sir Palomydes fayled hym nat but gaff hym many sad strokys agayne. And at the laste Sir Trystram doubeled hys strokys uppon hym, and by fortune Sir Trystram smote Sir Palomydes swerde oute of hys honde, and yf Sir Palomydes had stouped for hys swerde he had bene slayne. And than Sir Palomydes stood stylle and behylde hys swerde wyth a sorowfull harte.

"How now?" sayde Sir Trystram. "For now I have the at avauntayge," seyde Sir Trystram, "as thou haddist me thys day, but hyt shall never be seyde in no courte nor amonge no good knyghtes that Sir Trystram shall sle ony knyght that ys wepynles. And therefore take thou thy swerde, and lat us make an ende of thys batayle!"

"As for to do thys batayle," seyde Sir Palomydes, "I dare ryght well ende hyt. But I have no grete luste to fyght no more, and for thys cause," seyde Sir Palomydes: "myne offence ys to you nat so grete but that we may be fryendys, for all that I have offended ys and was for the love of La Beall Isode. And as for her, I dare say she ys pyerles of all othir ladyes and also I profyrd her never no maner of dyshonoure, and by her I have getyn the moste parte of my worshyp. And sytthyn I offended never as to her owne persone, and as for the offence that I have done, hyt was ayenste youre owne persone, and for that offence ye have gyvyn me thys day many sad strokys and som I have gyffyn you agayne, and now I dare sey I felte never man of youre myght nothir so well-brethed but yf hit were Sir Launcelot du Laake, wherefore I requyre you my lorde, forgyff me all that I have offended unto you. And thys same day have me to the nexte churche and fyrste lat me be clene conffessed, and aftir that se youreselff that I be truly baptysed. And than woll we all ryde togydyrs unto the courte of Kynge Arthure, that we may be there at the nexte hyghe feste folowynge."

"Than take youre horse," seyde Sir Trystram, "and as ye sey, so shall hyt be; and all my evyll wyll God forgyff hyt you, and I do. And hereby wythin thys myle ys the suffrygan of Carlehylle, whyche shall gyff you the sacramente of baptyme."

And anone they toke there horsys, and Sir Galleron rode wyth them, and whan they cam to the suffrygan Sir Trystram tolde hym there desyre. Than the suffrygan let fylle a grete vessell wyth watyr, and whan he had halowed hyt he than conffessed clene Sir Palomydes. And Sir Trystram and Sir Galleron were hys too godfadyrs.

And than sone afftyr they departed and rode towarde Camelot, where that Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvir was, and the moste

party of all the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table were there also. And so the kynge and all the courte were ryght glad that Sir Palomydes was crystynde.

And at that same feste in cam Sir Galahad that was son unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and sate in the Syge Perelous. And so therewythall they departed and dysceyvirde, all the Knyghtys of the Rounde Table. And than Sir Trystram returned unto Joyous Garde, and Sir Palomydes folowed aftir the Questynge Beste.

Here endyth the Secunde Boke off Syr Trystram de Lyones, whyche drawyn was oute of Freynshe by Sir Thomas Malleorré, knyght, as Jesu be hys helpe. Amen. But here ys no rehersall of the Thirde Booke.

But here folowyth the noble tale off the Sankegreall, whyche called ys the holy vessell and the sygnyfycacion of the Blyssed Bloode off Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, whyche was brought into thys londe by Joseph off Aramathye.

Therefore on all synfull, Blyssed Lorde, have on thy knyght mercy. Amen.

THE SANKGREAL

THE VIGIL OF PENTECOST

AT THE VIGYL OF PENTECOSTE, whan all the felyship of the Table Rownde were com unto Camelot and there harde hir servyse, so at the laste the tablys were sette redy to the meete. Ryght so entird into the halle a full fayre jantillwoman on horsebacke that had ryddyn full faste, for hir horse was all beswette. Than she there alyght and com before the kynge and salewed hym, and he seyde, "Damesell, God you blysse."

"Sir," seyde she, "for Goddis sake telle me where ys Sir Launcelot."

"He ys yondir, ye may se hym," seyde the kynge.

Than she wente unto Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Sir Launcelot I salew you on Kynge Pelles behalff, and I also requyre you to com with me hereby into a foreste."

Than Sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled.

"I dwelle," she seyde, "with Kynge Pelles."

"What woll ye with me?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Ye shall know," she seyde, "whan ye com thydir."

"Well," seyde he, "I woll gladly go with you."

So Sir Launcelot bade hys squyre sadyll hys horse and brynge hys armys in all haste. So he ded hys commandemente. Than com the quene unto Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Woll ye leve us now alone at thys hyghe feste?"

"Madam," seyde the jantyllwoman, "wyte you well he shall be with you to-morne by dyner tyme."

"If I wyste," seyde the quene, "that he sholde nat be here with us to-morne, he sholde nat go with you be my good wyll."

Ryght so departed Sir Launcelot with the jantyllwoman, and rode untyll that he com into a foreste and into a grete valey where they sye an abbey of nunnys. And there was a squyre redy, and opened the gatis, and so they entird and descended of theire horsys. And anone there cam a fayre felyship aboute Sir Launcelot and wellcomed hym, and than they ladde hym unto the abbas chambir and unarmed hym.

And ryght so he was ware uppon a bed lyynge of too of hys cosyns, Sir Bors and Sir Lyonell. And anone he waked them, and whan they syghe hym they made grete joy.

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors unto Sir Launcelot, "what adventure hath brought you hidir? For we wende to have founde you to-morne at Camelot."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "a jantillwoman brought me hydir, but I know nat the cause."

So in the meane whyle that they thus talked togydir, there com in twelve nunnes that brought with hem Galahad, the whych was passynge fayre and welle made, that unneth in the worlde men myght nat fynde hys macche. And all tho ladyes wepte.

"Sir," seyd they all, "we brynge you hyre thys chylde the whych we have norysshed, and we pray you to make hym knyght, for of a more worthyer mannes honde may he nat resceyve the order of knyghthode."

Sir Launcelot behylde thys yonge squyer and saw hym semely and demure as a dove, with all maner of good fetures, that he wende of hys ayge never to have seene so fayre a fourme of a man. Than seyde Sir Launcelot, "Commyth thys desyre of hymselff?"

He and all they seyde, "Yes."

"Than shall he," seyde Sir Launcelot, "resseyve the order of knyghthode as to-morne at the reverence of the hyghe feste."

So that nyght Sir Launcelot had passyng good chere. And on the morne at the howre of pryme at Galahaddis desyre he made hym knyght, and seyde, "God make you a good man, for of beauté faylith you none as ony that ys now lyvynge.

"Now, fayre sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "woll ye com with me

unto the courte of Kynge Arthure?"

"Nay," seyde he, "I woll nat go with you at thys tyme."

Than he departed frome them and toke hys too cosynes with hym, and so they com unto Camelot by the owre of undirne on Whytsonday. So by that tyme the kynge and the quene was gone to the mynster to here theire servyse. Than the kynge and the quene were passynge glad of Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors and Sir Lyonel, and so was all the felyshyp.

So whan the kynge and all the knyghtes were com frome servyse the barownes aspyed in the segys of the Rounde Table all aboute wretyn with golde lettirs: "Here ought to sitte he," and "He ought to sit hyre." And thus they wente so longe tylle that they com to the Sege Perelous, where they founde lettirs newly wrytten of golde, whych seyde: "Foure hondred wyntir and foure and fyffty acomplyvysshed aftir the Passion of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryst oughte thys syege to be fulfylled."

Than all they seyde, "Thys ys a mervaylous thynge and an adventures!"

"In the name of God!" seyde Sir Launcelot, and than accounted the terme of the wrytynge, frome the byrth of Oure Lorde untyll that day.

"Hit semyth me," seyd Sir Launcelot, "that thys syge oughte to be fulfylled thys same day, for thys ys the Pentecoste after the foure hondred and foure and fyffty yere. And if hit wolde please all partyes, I wolde none of thes lettirs were sene thys day tyll that he be com that ought to enchyve thys adventure."

Than made they to ordayne a cloth of sylke for to cover thes lettirs in the Syege Perelous. Than the kynge bade haste unto dyner.

"Sir," seyde Sir Kay the Stywarde, "if ye go now unto youre mete ye shall breke youre olde custom of youre courte, for ye have nat used on thys day to sytte at your mete or that ye have sene some adventure."

"Ye sey sothe," seyde the kynge, "but I had so grete joy of Sir

Launcelot and of hys cosynes whych bene com to the courte hole and sounde that I bethought me nat of none olde custom."

So as they stood spekynge, in com a squyre that seyde unto the kynge, "Sir, I brynge unto you mervaylous tydynges."

"What be they?" seyde the kynge.

"Sir, there ys here bynethe at the ryver a grete stone whych I saw fleete abovyn the watir, and therein I saw stykynge a swerde."

Than the kynge seyde, "I woll se that mervayle."

So all the knyghtes wente with hym. And whan they cam unto the ryver they founde there a stone fletynge, as hit were of rede marbyll, and therein stake a fayre ryche swerde, and the pomell thereof was of precious stonys wrought with lettirs of golde subtylé. Than the barownes redde the lettirs, whych seyde in thys wyse: "Never shall man take me hense but only he by whos syde I ought to honge, and he shall be the best knyght of the worlde."

So whan the kynge had sene the lettirs he seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "Fayre sir, thys swerde ought to be youres, for I am sure ye be the beste knyght of the worlde."

Than Sir Launcelot answerde full sobirly, "Sir, hit ys nat my swerde; also, I have no hardines to sette my honde thereto, for hit longith nat to hange be my syde. Also, who that assayth to take hit and faylith of that swerde, he shall resseyve a wounde by that swerde that he shall nat be hole longe afftir. And I woll that ye weyte that thys same day shall the adventure of the Sankgreall begynne, that ys called the holy vessell."

"Now, fayre nevew," seyde the kynge unto Sir Gawayne, "assay ye for my love."

"Sir," he seyde, "sauff youre good grace, I shall nat do that."

"Sir," seyde the kynge, "assay to take the swerde for my love and at my commaundemente."

"Sir, youre commaundemente I woll obey."

And therewith he toke the swerde by the handyls, but he myght nat stirre hit.

"I thanke you," seyde the kynge.

"My lorde Sir Gawayne," seyde Sir Launcelot, "now wete you

well thys swerde shall touche you so sore that ye wolde nat ye had sette youre honde thereto for the beste castell of thys realme."

"Sir," he seyde, "I myght nat withsey myne unclis wyll."

But whan the kynge herde thys he repented hit much and seyde unto Sir Percyvall, "Sir, woll ye assay for my love?"

And he assayed gladly for to beare Sir Gawayne felyship, and therewith he sette to hys honde on the swerde and drew at hit strongely, but he myght nat meve hytte. Than were there no mo that durste be so hardy to sette theire hondis thereto.

"Now may ye go to youre dyner," seyde Sir Kay unto the kynge, "for a mervalous adventure have ye sene."

So the kynge and all they wente unto the courte, and every knyght knew hys owne place and sette hym therein. And yonge men that were good knyghtes served them. So whan they were served and all syegis fulfylled sauff only the Syege Perelous, anone there befelle a mervaylous adventure, that all the doorys and wyndowes of the paleyse shutte by themselff: natforthan the halle was nat gretly durked. And therewith they abaysshed bothe one and other.

Than Kynge Arthure spake fyrste and seyde, "Be God, fayre felowis and lordis, we have sene this day mervayles! But or nyght I suppose we shall se gretter mervayles."

In the meane whyle com in a good olde man and an awnciente, clothed all in whyght, and there was no knyght knew from whens he com. And with hym he brought a yonge knyght, and bothe on foote, in rede armys, withoute swerde other shylde sauff a scawberd hangynge by hys syde. And thes wordys he seyde: "Pees be with you, fayre lordys!"

Than the olde man seyde unto Kynge Arthure, "Sir, I brynge you here a yonge knyght the whych ys of kynges lynage and of the kynrede of Joseph of Aramathy, whereby the mervayles of this courte and of straunge realmys shall be fully complevysshed."

The kynge was ryght glad of hys wordys and seyde unto the good man, "Sir, ye be ryght wellcom, and the yonge knyght with you."

Than the olde man made the yonge man to unarme hym. And

he was in a cote of rede sendell, and bare a mantell uppon hys sholder that was furred with ermyne, and put that uppon hym. And the olde knyght seyde unto the yonge knyght, "Sir, swith me."

And anone he lad hym to the Syege Perelous where besyde sate Sir Launcelot, and the good man lyffte up the clothe and founde there the lettirs that seyde thus: "Thys ys the syege of Sir Galahad the Hawte Prynce."

"Sir," seyde the olde knyght, "weyte you well that place ys youres."

And than he sette hym downe surely in that syge, and than he seyde unto the olde man, "Now may ye, sir, go youre way, for well have ye done in that that ye were commaunded. And recommaunde me unto my grauntesyre, Kynge Pelles, and unto my lorde Kynge Pecchere, and sey hem on my behalff I shall com and se hem as sone as ever y may."

So the good man departed. And there mette hym twenty noble squyers, and so toke theire horsys and wente theire wey.

Than all the knyghtes of the Table Rounde mervayled gretly of Sir Galahad that he durst sitte there in that Syege Perelous and was so tendir of ayge, and wyst nat frome whens he com but all only be God. All they seyde, "Thys ys he by whom the Sankgreall shall be encheved, for there sate never none but he there but he were myscheved."

Than Sir Lancelot behylde hys sonne and had grete joy of hym. Than Sir Bors tolde hys felowis, "Uppon payne of my lyff thys yonge knyght shall com to grete worship!"

So thys noyse was grete in all the courte, that hit cam unto the quene. And she had mervayle what knyght hit myght be that durste adventure hym to sytte in that Sege Perelous. Than som seyde he resembled much unto Sir Launcelot.

"I may well suppose," seyde the quene, "that Sir Launcelot begate hym on Kynge Pelles doughter, whych made hym to lye by her by enchauntemente, and hys name ys Galahad. I wolde fayne se hym," seyde the quene, "for he muste nedys be a noble man,

for so hys fadir ys that hym begate: I reporte me unto all the Table Rounde."

So whan the mete was done, that the kynge and all were rysen, the kyng yode to the Sege Perelous and lyfft up the clothe and founde there the name of Sir Galahad. And than he shewed hit unto Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Fayre nevew, now have we amonge us Sir Galahad, the good knyght that shall worship us all. And uppon payne of my lyff he shall encheve the Sankgreall, ryght as Sir Launcelot had done us to undirstonde."

Than cam Kynge Arthure unto Sir Galahad and seyde, "Sir, ye be ryght wellcom, for ye shall meve many good knyghtes to the queste of the Sankgreall, and ye shall enchyve that many other knyghtes myght never brynge to an ende."

Than the kynge toke hym by the honde and wente downe frome the paleyes to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone. Than the quene harde thereof and cam aftir with many ladyes, and shewed her the stone where hit hoved on the watir.

"Sir," seyde the kynge unto Sir Galahad, "here ys a grete mervayle as ever y sawe, and ryght good knyghtes have assayde and fayled."

"Sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "hit ys no mervayle, for thys adventure ys nat theyrs but myne. And for the sureté of thys swerde I brought none with me, but here by my syde hangith the scawberte."

And anone he leyde hys honde on the swerde, and lyghtly drew hit oute of the stone, and put hit in the sheethe, and seyde unto the kynge, "Now hit goth better than hit dyd aforehand."

"Sir," seyde the kynge, "a shylde God may sende you."

"Now have I the swerde that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyns le Saveaige, and he was a passynge good knyght of hys hondys; and with thys swerde he slew hys brothir Balan, and that was grete pité, for he was a good knyght. And eythir slew othir thorow a dolerous stroke that Balyn gaff unto my grauntefadir Kynge Pelleans, the whych ys nat yett hole, nor naught shall be tyll that I hele hym."

So therewith the kynge and all had aspyed com rydynge downe

the ryver a lady on a whyght palferey a grete paace towarde them. Than she salewed the kynge and the quene and asked if that Sir Launcelot were there, and than he answerd hymselff and seyde, "I am here, my fayre lady."

Than she seyde all with wepynge chere, "A, Sir Launcelot! How youre grete doynge ys chonged sytthyn thys day in the morne!"

"Damesell, why sey ye so?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir, I say you sothe," seyde the damesell, "for ye were thys day in the morne the best knyght of the worlde. But who sholde sey so now, he sholde be a lyer, for there ys now one bettir than ye be, and well hit ys preved by the adventure of the swerde whereto ye durst nat sette to your honde. And that ys the change of youre name and levynge. Wherefore I make unto you a remembraunce that ye shall nat wene frome hensforthe that ye be the best knyght of the worlde."

"As towchyng unto that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I know well I was never none of the beste."

"Yes," seyde the damesell, "that were ye, and ar yet, of ony synfull man of the worlde. And, sir kynge, Nacien the eremeyte sendeth the worde that the shall befalle the grettyst worship that ever befelle kynge in Bretayne, and I sey you wherefore: for thys day the Sankegreall appered in thy house and fedde the and all thy felyship of the Rounde Table."

So she departed and wente the same way that she cam.

"Now," seyde the kynge, "I am sure at this quest of the Sankegreall shall all ye of the Rownde Table departe, and nevyr shall I se you agayne holé togydirs. Therefore ones I woll se you all holé togydir in the medow of Camelot, to juste and to turney, that aftir youre dethe men may speke of hit that such good knyghtes were here, such a day, holé togydirs."

As unto that counceyle and at the kynges rekeyst they accorded all, and toke on the harneyse that longed unto joustenynge. But all thys mevynge of the kynge was for thys entente, for to se Galahad preved; for the kynge demed he sholde nat lyghtly com agayne unto the courte aftir thys departynge. So were they assembled in the

medowe, both more and lasse. Than Sir Galahad by the prayer of the kynge and the quene dud on a noble jesseraunte uppon hym, and also he dud on hys helme, but shylde wolde he take none for no prayer of the kynge. So than Sir Gawayne and othir knyghtes prayde hym to take a speare. Ryght so he dud. So the quene was in a towure with all hir ladyes for to beholde that turnement. Than Sir Galahad dressed hym in myddys of the medow and began to breke spearys mervaylously, that all men had wondir of hym, for he there surmownted all othir knyghtes. For within a whyle he had defowled many good knyghtes of the Table Rounde sauff all only tweyne, that was Sir Launcelot and Sir Persyvale.

Than the kynge at the quenys desyre made hym to alyght and to unlace hys helme, that the quene myght se hym in the vysayge. Whan she avysed hym she seyde, "I dare well sey sothely that Sir Launcelot begate hym, for never too men resembled more in lyknesse. Therefore hit ys no mervayle thoughe he be of grete proues."

So a lady that stood by the quene seyde, "Madam, for Goddis sake, ought he of ryght to be so good a knyght?"

"Ye, forsothe," seyde the quene, "for he ys of all partyes comyn of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and of the hyghest lynage: for Sir Launcelot ys com but of the eyghth degré frome Oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and thys Sir Galahad ys of the nyneth degré frome Oure Lorde Jesu Cryst. Therefore I dare sey they be the grettist jantillmen of the worlde."

And than the kynge and all the astatis wente home unto Camelot, and so wente unto evynsong to the grete monester. And so aftir uppon that to sowper, and every knyght sette in hys owne place as they were toforehonde. Than anone they harde crakynge and cryynge of thundir, that hem thought the palyse sholde all to-dryve. So in the myddys of the blast entyrde a sonnebeame, more clerer by seven tymys than ever they saw day, and all they were alyghted of the grace of the Holy Goste. Than began every knyght to beholde other, and eyther saw other, by theire semyng, fayrer than ever they were before. Natforthan there was no knyght that myght speke one

worde a grete whyle, and so they loked every man on other as they had bene doome. Than entird into the halle the Holy Grayle coverde with whyght samyte, but there was none that myght se hit nother whom that bare hit. And there was all the halle fulfylled with good odoures, and every knyght had such metis and drynkes as he beste loved in thys worlde. And whan the Holy Grayle had bene borne thorow the hall, than the holy vessell departed suddeynly, that they wyst nat where hit becam. Than had they all breth to speke, and than the kyng yelded thankynges to God of Hys good grace that He had sente them.

"Sertes," seyde the kynge, "we ought to thanke Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste gretly that he hath shewed us thys day at the reverence of thys hygh feste of Pentecost."

"Now," seyde Sir Gawayne, "we have bene servyd thys day of what metys and drynkes we thought on. But one thyng begyled us, that we myght nat se the Holy Grayle: hit was so preciously coverde. Wherefore I woll make here avow that to-morne, withoute longer abydynge, I shall laboure in the queste of the Sankgreall, and that I shall holde me oute a twelve-month and a day or more if nede be, and never shall I returne unto the courte agayne tylle I have sene hit more opynly than hit hath bene shewed here. And iff I may nat spede I shall returne agayne as he that may nat be ayenst the wylle of God."

So whan they of the Table Rounde harde Sir Gawayne sey so, they arose up the moste party and made such avowes as Sir Gawayne hadde made. Anone as Kynge Arthur harde thys he was gretly dysplesed, for he wyst well he myght nat agaynesey theire avowys.

"Alas!" seyde Kynge Arthure unto Sir Gawayne, "ye have nygh slayne me for the avow that ye have made, for thorow you ye have berauffte me the fayryst felyshyp and the trewyst of knyghthode that ever was sene togydir in ony oo realme of the worlde. For whan they departe frome hense I am sure they all shall never mete more togydir in thys worlde, for they shall dye many in the queste. And so hit forthynkith me nat a litill, for I have loved them as well as my lyff. Wherefore hit shall greve me ryght sore, the departicion

of thys felyship, for I have had an olde custom to have hem in my felyship."

And therewith the teerys felle in hys yen, and than he seyde, "Gawayne, Gawayne! Ye have sette me in grete sorow, for I have grete doute that my trew felyshyp shall never mete here more agayne."

"A, sir," sayde Sir Launcelot, "comforte youreself! For hit shall be unto us a grete honoure, and much more than yf we dyed in other placis, for of deth we be syker."

"A, Launcelot!" seyde the kynge, "the grete love that I have had unto you all the dayes of my lyff makith me to sey such dolefull wordis! For there was never Crysten kynge that ever had so many worthy men at hys table as I have had thys day at the Table Rounde. And that ys my grete sorow."

Whan the quene, ladyes, and jantillwomen knew of thys tydynges they had such sorow and hevynes that there myght no tunge telle hit, for tho knyghtes had holde them in honoure and charité. But aboven all othir Quene Gwenyvere made grete sorow. "I mervayle," seyde she, "that my lorde woll suffir hem to departe fro hym."

Thus was all the courte trowbled for the love of the departynge of these knyghtes, and many of tho ladyes that loved knyghtes wolde have gone with hir lovis. And so had they done, had nat an olde knyght com amonge them in relygious clothynge and spake all on hyght and seyde, "Fayre lordis whych have sworne in the queste of the Sankgreall, thus sendith you Nacien the eremyte worde, that none in thys queste lede lady nother jantillwoman with hym, for hit ys nat to do in so hyghe a servyse as they laboure in. For I warne you playne, he that ys nat clene of hys synnes he shall nat se the mysteryes of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste." And for thys cause they leffte thes ladyes and jantilwomen.

So aftir thys the quene com unto Sir Galahad and asked hym of whens he was and of what contrey. Than he tolde hir of whens he was. And sonne unto Sir Launcelot, she seyde he was. As to that he seyde nother yee nother nay.

"So God me helpe," seyde the quene, "of youre fadir ye darf

nat shame, for he ys the goodlyest knyght, and of the beste men of the worlde commyn, and of the strene, of all partyes, of kynges. Wherefore ye ought of ryght to be of youre dedys a passyng good man. And sertayne," she seyde, "ye resemble hym much."

Than Sir Galahad was a lityll ashamed and seyde, "Madame, sithyn ye know in sertayne, wherefore do ye aske hit me? For he that ys my fadir shall be knowyn opynly and all betymys."

And than they wente to reste them. And in honoure of the hyghnes of knyghthod of Sir Galahad he was ledde into Kynge Arthures chambir, and there rested in hys owne bedde. And as sone as hit was day the kynge arose, for he had no reste of all that nyght for sorow. Than he wente unto Sir Gawayne and unto Sir Launcelot that were arysen for to hyre masse, and than the kynge agayne seyde, "A, Gawayne, Gawayne! Ye have betrayed me, for never shall my courte be amended by you. But ye woll never be so sory for me as I am for you!"

And therewith the tearys began to renne downe by hys vysayge, and therewith the kynge seyde, "A, curteyse knyght Sir Launcelot! I requyre you that ye counceyle me, for I wolde that thys queste were at an ende and hit myght be."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye saw yestirday so many worthy knyghtes there were sworne that they may nat leve hit in no maner of wyse."

"That wote I well," seyde the kynge, "but hit shall so hevy me at theire departyng that I wote well there shall no maner of joy remedy me."

And than the kynge and the quene wente unto the mynster. So anone Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawayne commaunded hir men to brynge hir armys, an whan they all were armed sauff hir shyldys and her helmys, than they com to theire felyship, whych were all redy in the same wyse for to go to the monastery to hyre theire masse and servyse.

Than aftir servyse the kynge wolde wete how many had undirtake the queste of the Holy Grayle. Than founde they be tale an hondred and fyffty, and all tho were knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And

than they put on theire helmys and departed and recommaunded them all holé unto the kynge and quene. And there was wepyng and grete sorow.

Than the quene departed into the chambir and helde hir there, that no man sholde perceyve hir grete sorowys. Whan Sir Launcelot myssed the quene he wente tyll hir chambir, and whan she saw hym she cryed alowde and seyde, "A, Launcelot, Launcelot! Ye have betrayde me and putte me to the deth, for to leve thus my lorde!"

"A, madam, I pray you be nat displeased, for I shall com agayne as sone as I may with my worship."

"Alas," seyde she, "that ever I syghe you! But He that suffird dethe uppon the Crosse for all menkynde, He be unto you good conduyte and saufté, and all the hole felyshyp!"

Ryght so departed Sir Launcelot and founde hys felyship that abode hys commyng, and than they toke theire horsys and rode thorow the strete of Camelot. And there was wepyng of ryche and poore, and the kynge turned away and myght nat speke for wepyng.

So within a whyle they rode all togydirs tyll that they com to a cité and a castell that hyght Vagon. And so they entird into the castell, and the lorde thereof was an olde man that hyght Vagon, and he was a good man of hys lyvyng, and sette opyn the gatis and made hem all the chere that he myght. And so on the morne they were all accorded that they sholde departe everych from othir. And on the morne they departed with wepyng chere, and than every knyght toke the way that hym lyked beste.

THE DEPARTING OF THE ROUND TABLE

NOW RYDITH GALAHAD yet withouten shylde, and so rode foure dayes withoute ony adventure, and at the fourthe day aftir evynsonge he com to a whyght abbay. And there was he resceyved with grete reverence and lad untyll a chambir, and there was he unarmed. And than was he ware of too knyghtes of the Table Rounde, one was Sir Bagdemagus and the other Sir Uwayne, and whan they sy hym they wente to Sir Galahad and made hym grete solace. And so they wente unto supper.

"Sirs," seyde Sir Galahad, "what adventure brought you hydir?"

"Sir," they seyde, "hit ys tolde us that in thys place ys a shylde that no man may bere hit aboute his necke but he be myscheved other dede within thre dayes, other maymed for ever. But, sir," seyde Kynge Bagdemagus, "I shall beare hit to-morne for to assay thys adventure."

"In the name of God!" seyde Sir Galahad.

"Sir," seyde Bagdemagus, "and I may nat encheve the adventure of thys shylde ye shall take hit uppon you, for I am sure ye shall nat fayle."

"Sir, I ryght well agré me thereto, for I have no shylde."

So on the morne they arose and herde masse. Than Syr Bagdemagus asked where the adventures shylde was. Anone a munke ledde hym behynde an awter where the shylde hynge as whyght as ony snowe, but in the myddys was a rede crosse.

"Syrres," seyde the monke, "thys shylde oughte nat to be honged aboute the nek of no knyght but he be the worthyest knyght of the worlde. Therefore I counceyle you knyghtes to be well avysed."

"Well," seyde Sir Bagdemagus, "I wote well I am nat the beste knyght, but I shall assay to bere hit," and so bare hit oute of the

monaster. Than he seyde unto Sir Galahad, "And hit please you to abyde here styll tylle that ye wete how that I spede."

"Sir, I shall abyde you," seyde Sir Galahad.

Than Kynge Bagdemagus toke with hym a good squyre, to brynge tydynges unto Sir Galahad how he spedde. Than they rode too myle and com to a fayre valey before an ermytayge, and than they saw a knyght com frome that partyes in whyght armour, horse and all, and he com as faste as hys horse myght renne, and hys speare in hys reeste. Than Sir Bagdemagus dressed hys speare ayenste hym and brake hit uppon the whyght knyght, but the othir stroke hym so harde that he braste the mayles and threste hym thorow the ryght sholdir, for the shylde coverde hym nat as at that tyme. And so he bare hym frome hys horse, and therewith he alyght and toke hys whyght shylde frome hym, sayynge, "Knyght, thou hast done thyselff grete foly, for thys shylde ought nat to be borne but by hym that shall have no pere that lyvith."

And than he com to Bagdemagus squyre and bade hym, "Bere thys shylde to the good knyght Sir Galahad that thou leffte in the abbey, and grete hym well by me."

"Sir," seyde the squyre, "what ys youre name?"

"Take thou none hede of my name," seyde the knyghte, "for hit ys nat for the to know, nother none erthely man."

"Now, fayre sir," seyde the squyre, "at the reverence of Jesu Cryst, telle me be what cause thys shylde may nat be borne but if the berer thereof be myscheved."

"Now syn thou hast conjoured me so," seyde the knyght, "thys shelde behovith unto no man but unto Sir Galahad."

Than the squyre wente unto Bagdemagus and asked hym whethir he were sore wounded or none.

"Ye forsoth," seyde he, "I shall ascape harde frome the deth."

Than he fette hys horse and ledde hym with a grete payne tylle they cam unto the abbay. Than he was takyn downe sofftely and unarmed and leyde in hys bedde and loked there to hys woundys. And as the booke tellith, he lay there longe and ascaped hard with the lyff.

"Sir Galahad," seyde the squyre, "that knyght that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you gretyng, and bade that ye sholde bere thys shylde wherethorow grete adventures sholde befalle."

"Now blyssed be good fortune!" seyde Sir Galahad.

And than he asked hys armys and mownted uppon hys horse backe and hanged the whyght shylde aboute hys necke and commaunded hem unto God. So Sir Uwayne seyde he wolde beare hym felyshyp if hit pleased hym.

"Sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "that may ye nat, for I must go alone, save thys squyre shall bere me felyship."

And so departed Sir Uwayne. Than within a whyle cam Sir Galahad thereas the whyght knyght abode hym by the ermytayge, and everych salewed other curteysly.

"Sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "by thys shylde bene many mervayles fallen?"

"Syr," seyde the knyght, "hit befelle aftir the Passion of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste too and thirty yere that Joseph of Aramathy, that jantyll knyght the whych toke downe Oure Lorde of the Holy Crosse, at that tyme he departed frome Jerusalem with a grete party of hys kynrede with hym. And so he labourde tyll they com to a cité whych hyght Sarras. And that same owre that Joseph com to Sarras, there was a kynge that hyght Evelake that had grete warre ayenst the Sarezens, and in especiall ayenste one Sarezyn the whych was Kynge Evelakes cousyn, a ryche kynge and a myghty, whych marched nyghe hys londe, and hys name was called Tholomé la Feyntis. So on a day thes too mette to do batayle.

"Than Joseph, the sonne of Joseph of Aramathy, wente to Kyng Evelake and tolde hym he sholde be discomfite and slayne but he leffte hys beleve of the olde law and beleeve uppon the new law. And anone he shewed hym the ryght beleve of the Holy Trynyté, to the whyche he agreed unto with all hys herte.

"And there thys shylde was made for Kyng Evelake in the name of Hym that dyed on the Crosse. And than thorow hys goodly belyeve he had the bettir of Kynge Tholomé. For whan Kynge Evelake was in the batayle there was a clothe sette afore the shylde, and whan

he was in the grettist perell he lett put awey the cloth, and than hys enemyes saw a vigoure of a man on the crosse, wherethorow they all were discomfite.

"And so hit befelle that a man of Kynge Evelakes was smytten hys honde off, and bare that honde in hys other honde. And Joseph called that man unto hym and bade hym with good devocion touche the crosse. And as sone as that man had towched the crosse with hys honde, hit was as hole as ever hit was tofore.

"Than sone afftir there felle a grete mervayle, that the crosse of the shylde at one tyme vanysshed, that no man wyste where hit becam. And than Kynge Evelake was baptyzed, and the moste party of all the people of that cité.

"So sone aftir Joseph wolde departe, and Kynge Evelake wolde nedys go with hym whethir he wolde or nolde. And so by fortune they com into thys londe that at that tyme was called Grete Bretayne, and there they founde a grete felon paynym that put Joseph into preson. And so by fortune that tydynges com unto a worthy man that hyght Mondrames, and he assembled all hys people for the grete renowne he had herde of Joseph. And so he com into the londe of Grete Bretaygne and disheryted thys fellon paynym and confounded hym, and therewith delyverde Joseph oute of preson. And after that all the people withturned to the Crystyn feythe.

"So nat longe afftir Joseph was leyde in hys dedly bedde, and whan Kyng Evelake saw that, he had muche sorow, and seyde, 'For thy love I have leffte my contrey, and syth ye sholl departe frome me oute of thys worlde, leve me som tokyn that I may thynke on you.'

"Than Joseph seyde, 'That woll I do full gladly. Now brynge me youre shylde that I toke you whan ye wente into batayle ayenst Kyng Tholomé.'

"Than Joseph bledde sore at the nose, that he myght nat by no meane be staunched, and there uppon that shylde he made a crosse of hys owne bloode and seyde, 'Now may ye se a remembraunce that I love you, for ye shall never se thys shylde but ye shall thynke one me. And hit shall be allwayes as freysh as hit ys now, and

never shall no man beare thys shylde aboute hys necke but he shall repente hit, unto the tyme that Galahad, the good knyght, beare hit and, laste of my lynayge, have hit aboute hys necke, that shall do many mervaylous dedys.'

"'Now,' seyde Kyng Evelake, 'where shall I put thys shylde, that thys worthy knyght may have hit?'

"'Sir, ye shall leve hit thereas Nacien the ermyte shall put hit afftir hys dethe, for thydir shall that good knyght com the fyfteneth day afftir that he shall reseyve the order of knyghthode.'

"And so that day that they sette ys thys tyme that ye have hys shylde. And in the same abbay lyeth Nacien the eremyte."

And than the whyght knyght vanyshed.

Anone as the squyre had herde thes wordis he alyght of hys hakeney and kneled downe at Galahadys feete, and prayde hym that he myght go with hym tyll he had made hym knyght.

"If I wolde have ony felyshyp I wolde nat refuse you."

"Than woll ye make me a knyght?" seyde the squyre. "And that order, by the grace of God, shall be well besette in me."

So Sir Galahad graunted hym and turned ayen unto the abbay there they cam fro, and there men made grete joy of Sir Galahad. And anone as he was alyght there was a munke brought hym unto a tombe in a chircheyarde, "where ys such a noyse that who hyryth hit veryly shall nyghe be madde other lose hys strengthe. And, sir, we deme hit ys a fyende."

"Now lede me thydir," seyd Sir Galahad. And so they dud, all armed sauff hys helme.

"Now," seyde the good man, "go to the tombe and lyffte hit up."

And so he dud, and herde a grete noyse; and pyteuously he seyde, that all men myght hyre hit, "Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Cryst, com thou nat nyghe me, for thou shalt make me go agayne there where I have bene so longe."

But Sir Galahad was nothynge aferde, but heve up the stone. And there com oute a fowle smoke, and aftir that he saw the fowlyst vygoure lepe thereoute that ever he saw in the lyknes of a man. And

than he blyssed hym and wyst well hit was a fyende. Than herde he a voyce sey, "Sir Galahad, I se there envyrowne aboute the so many angels that my power may nat deare the!"

Ryght so Sir Galahad saw a body all armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a swerde.

"Now, fayre brothir," seyde Sir Galahad, "lette remeve thys body. For he ys nat worthy to lye within thys chyrcheyarde, for he was a false Crysten man."

And therewithall they departed and wente to the abbay. And anone as he was unarmed a good man cam and set hym downe by hym and seyd, "Sir, I shall telle you what betokenyth of that ye saw in the tombe. Sir, that that coverde the body, hit betokenyth the duras of the worlde, and the grete synne that Oure Lorde founde in the worlde. For there was suche wrecchydnesse that the fadir loved nat the sonne, nother the sonne loved nat the fadir. And that was one of the causys that Oure Lorde toke fleysh and bloode of a clene maydyn; for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that well-nyghe all was wyckednesse."

"Truly," seyde Sir Galahad, "I beleve you ryght well."

So Sir Galahad rested hym there that nyght, and uppon the morne he made the squyre a knyght, and asked hym hys name and of what kynred he was com.

"Sir," he seyde, "men calle me Melyas de Lyle, and I am the sonne of the Kynge of Denmarke."

"Now, fayre sir," seyde Galahad, "sitthyn that ye be com of kynges and quenys, now lokith that knyghthode be well sette in you, for ye ought to be a myrroure unto all chevalry."

"Sir," seyde Sir Melyas, "ye sey soth. But, sir, sytthyn ye have made me a knyght ye muste of ryght graunte me my first desyre that ys resonable."

"Ye say soth," seyde Sir Galahad, "I graunte hit you."

"Grauntmercy, myne owne lorde," seyde he, "and I requyre you that ye woll suffir me to ryde with you in thys queste of the Sankgreall tyll that som adventure departe us."

"I graunte you, sir."

Than men brought Sir Melias hys armour and his speare and hys horse. And so Sir Galahad and he rode forth all that wyke or ever they founde ony adventure. And than uppon a Munday in the mornynge, as they were departed frome an abbay, they com to a crosse whych departed too wayes, and in that crosse were letters wretyn that seyd thus: "Now ye knyghtes arraunte which goth to seke knyghtes adventurys, se here too wayes: that one way defendith the that thou ne go that way, for he shall nat go oute of the way agayne but if he be a good man and a worthy knyght. And if thou go on the lyffte honde thou shall nat there lyghtly wynne prouesse, for thou shalt in thys way be sone assayde."

"Sir," seyde Melyas unto Sir Galahad, "If hit lyke you to suffir me to take the way on the lyffte honde, lette me, for there I shall well preve my strength."

"Hit were bettir," seyde Sir Galahad, "ye rode nat that way, for I deme I sholde bettir ascape in that way, bettir than ye."

"Nay, my lorde, I pray you lette me have that adventure."

"Take hit in Goddys name," seyde Sir Galahad.

Now turnyth the tale unto Syr Melyas de Lyle. And than rode Sir Melyas into an olde foreyste, and therin he rode too dayes and more. And than he cam into a fayre medow, and there was a fayre lodge of bowys. And than he aspyed in that lodge a chayre wherein was a crowne of golde, ryche and subtyly wrought. Also there was clothys coverde uppon the erthe, and many delycious metis sette thereon.

So Sir Melyas behylde thys adventure and thought hit mervaylous, but he had no hungir. But of the crowne of golde he toke much kepe, and therewith he stowped downe and toke hit up, and rode hys way with hit. And anone he saw a knyght com rydyng aftir hym that seyde, "Knyght, sette downe that crowne whych ys nat youres, and therefore defende you!"

Than Sir Melyas blyssed hym and seyde, "Fayre Lorde of Hevyn, helpe and save Thy new-made knyght!"

And than they lette theire horses renne as faste as they myght, and so they smote togydirs. But the othir knyght smote Sir Melyas

thorow hawbirke and thorow the lyffte syde, that he felle to the erth nyghe dede, and than he toke hys crowne and yode hys way. And Sir Melyas lay stylle and had no power to styrre hym. So in the meane whyle by fortune com Sir Galahad and founde hym there in perell of dethe. And than he seyde, "Sir Melyas, who hath wounded you? Therefore hit had bene bettir to have ryddyn the other way."

And whan Sir Melyas herde hym speke, "Sir," he seyde, "for Goddys love, lat me nat dye in thys foreyst, but bere me to the abbey here besyde, that I may be confessed and have my ryghtes."

"Hit shall be done," seyde Sir Galahad. "But where ys he that hath wounded you?"

So with that Sir Galahad herde on amonge the levys cry on hyght, "Knyght, kepe the from me!"

"A, sir!" seyde Sir Melyas, "beware, for that ys he that hath slayne me."

Sir Galahad answerde and seyde, "Sir knyght, com on your perell!"

Than aythir dressed to other and com togydirs as fast as they myght dryve. And Sir Galahad smote hym so that hys speare wente thorow his shuldir, and smote hym downe of hys horse, and in the fallyng Sir Galahaddis speare brake. So with that com oute another knyght oute of the grene levys and brake a spere uppon Sir Galahad or ever he myght turne hym. Than Sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and smote the lyffte arme off, that hit felle to the erthe; and than he fledde and Sir Galahad sewed faste aftir hym. And than he turned agayne unto Sir Melyas, and there he alyght and dressed hym softely on hys horse tofore hym, for the truncheon of hys speare was in hys body. And Sir Galahad sterte up behynde hym and hylde hym in hys armys, and so brought hym to the abbay, and there unarmed hym and brought hym to hys chambir, and than he asked hys Saveoure. And whan he had reseyved Hym he seyde unto Sir Galahad, "Syr, latte dethe com whan hit pleasith hym."

And therewith he drew the truncheon of the speare oute of hys body, and than he sowned. Than com there an olde monke whych somtyme had bene a knyght, and behylde Sir Melyas. And anone

he ransaked hym, and than he seyde unto Sir Galahad, "I shall heale hym of hys play, by the grace of God, within the terme of seven wykes."

Than was Sir Galahad glad and unarmed hym and seyde he wolde abyde there stylle all that nyght.

Thus dwelled he there thre dayes, and than he asked Sir Melyas how hit stood with hym. Than he seyde he was turned into helpynge, God be thanked.

"Now woll I departe," Sir Galahad seyde, "for I have much on honde, for many good knyghtes be fulle bysy aboute hit. And thys knyght and I were in the same quest of the Sankgreal."

"Sir," seyde a good man, "for hys synne he was thus wounded. And I mervayle," seyde the good man, "how ye durste take uppon you so rych a thynge as the hyghe order of knyghthode ys withoute clene confession. That was the cause that ye were bittirly wounded, for the way on the ryght hande betokenyth the hygheway of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and the way of a good trew lyver. And the othir way betokenyth the way of synnars and of myssebelevers. And whan the devyll saw your pryde and youre presumpcion for to take you to the queste of the Sankgreal, that made you to be overthrowyn, for hit may nat be encheved but by vertuous lyvynge. Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a significacyon of hevynly dedys, and of knyghtly dedys in Goddys workys and no knyghtes dedys in worldly workis; and pryde ys hede of every synne: that caused thys knyght to departe frome Sir Galahad. And where thou toke the crowne of golde thou ded syn in covetyse and in theffte. All this was no knyghtly dedys.

"And so, Sir Galahad the holy knyght which fought with the too knyghtes, the too knyghtes signyfye the too dedly synnes whych were holy in thys knyght, Sir Melias; and they myght nat withstonde you, for ye ar withoute dedly synne."

So now departed Sir Galahad frome thens and betaughte hem all unto God. Than Sir Melias seyde, "My lorde Syr Galahad, as sone as I may ryde I shall seke you."

"God sende you helthe!" seyde Sir Galahad.

And so he toke hys horse and departed and rode many journeyes forewarde and bakwarde as adventure wold lede hym. And at the laste hit happened hym to departe frome a place that hyght Abblasowre and had harde no masse. Than Sir Galahad com to a mowntayne where he founde a chapell passyng olde, and founde therein nobody, for all was desolate. And there he kneled before the awter and besought God of good counceyle, and so as he prayde he harde a voyce that seyd, "Go thou now, thou adventurous knyght, to the Castell of Madyns, and there do thou away the wycked customes!"

Whan Sir Galahad harde thys he thanked God and toke hys horse, and he had nat ryddyn but a whyle but he saw in a valey before hym a stronge castell with depe dychys, and there ran besyde hyt a fayre ryver that hyght Sevarne. And there he mette with a man of grete ayge, and ayther salewed other, and Sir Galahad asked hym the castels name.

"Fayre sir," seyde he, "hit ys the Castell of Maydyns. That ys a cursed castell and all they that be conversaunte therein, for all pité ys oute thereoff, and all hardynes and myschyff ys therein. Therefore I counceyle you, sir knyght, to turne agayne."

"Sir," Sir Galahad seyde, "wete you welle that I shall nat turne agayne."

Than loked Sir Galahad on hys armys that nothyng fayled hym, and than he putte hys shylde before hym. And anone there mette hym seven fayre maydyns the whych seyde unto hym, "Sir knyght, ye ryde here in grete foly, for ye have the watir to passe over."

"Why sholde I nat passe the watir?" seyde Sir Galahad.

So rode he away frome hem and mette with a squyre that seyde, "Knyght, thoo knyghtes in the castel defyeth you and defendith you ye go no farther tyll that they wete what ye wolde."

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "I com for to destroy the wycked custom of thys castell."

"Sir, and ye woll abyde by that ye shall have inowghe to do."

"Go ye now," seyde Sir Galahad, "and hast my nedys."

Than the squyre entird into the castell, and anone aftir there com oute of the castell seven knyghtes, and all were brethirne. And

whan they saw Sir Galahad they cryed, "Knyght, kepe the! For we assure the nothyng but deth."

"Why," seyde Galahad, "woll ye all have ado with me at onys?"

"Yee," seyde they, "thereto mayste thou truste!"

Than Galahad put forth hys speare and smote the formyst to the erthe, that nerehonde he brake hys necke. And therewithall the other six smote hym on hys shylde grete strokes, that theire sperys brake. Than Sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and sette uppon hem so harde that hit was mervayle to see hit, and so thorow grete force he made hem for to forsake the fylde. And Sir Galahad chased hem tylle they entird into the castell and so passed thorow the castell at another gate. And anone there mette Sir Galahad an olde man clothyd in relygyous clothynge and seyde, "Syr, have here the kayes of thys castell."

Than Sir Galahad openyd the gatis and saw so muche people in the stretys that he myght nat numbir hem. And all they seyde, "Sir, ye be wellcom, for longe have we abydyn here oure delyveraunce!"

Than com to hym a jantillwoman and seyde, "Sir, thes knyghtes be fledde, but they woll com agayne thys nyght, and here to begyn agayne theire evyll custom."

"What woll ye that I do?" seyde Sir Galahad.

"Sir," seyde the jantilwoman, "that ye sende aftir all the knyghtes hydir that holde theire londys of thys castell, and make hem all to swere for to use the customs that were used here of olde tyme."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Galahad.

And there she brought hym an horne of ivery boundyn with golde rychely, and seyde, "Sir, blow thy horne, which woll be harde too myles aboute."

Whan Sir Galahad had blowyn the horne he sette hym downe uppon a bedde. Than com a pryste to Galahad and seyde, "Sir, hit ys past a seven yere agone that thes seven brethirne com into thys castell and herberowde with the lorde of this castell, that hyght the dyuke Lyanowre, and he was lorde of all this contrey. And whan they had aspyed the dyukes doughter, that was a full fayre woman,

than by there false covyn they made a bate betwyxte hemselff. And the deuke of hys goodnes wolde have departed them, and there they slew hym and hys eldyst sonne. And than they toke the maydyn and the tresoure of the castell, and so by grete force they helde all the knyghtes of this contrey undir grete servayge and trewayge, robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple.

"So on a day the deukes doughter seyde to them, 'Ye have done grete wronge to sle my fadir and my brothir and thus to holde oure londys. Natforthan,' she seyde, 'ye shall nat holde thys castell many yerys, for by one knyght ye shall all be overcom.' Thus she prophecyed seven yerys agone.

"'Well,' seyde the seven knyghtes, 'sytthyn ye sey so, there shall never lady nother knyght passe thys castell but they shall abyde magré theire hedys other dye therefore, tyll that knyght be com by whom we shall lose thys castell.' And therefore hit ys called the Maydyns Castell, for they have devoured many maydyns."

"Now," seyde Sir Galahad, "ys she here for whom thys castell was loste?"

"Nay, sir," seyde the pryste, "she was dede within thre nyghtes aftir that she was thus forsed, and sytthen have they kepte hir yonger syster, whych enduryth grete payne with mo other ladyes."

By thys were the knyghtes of the contrey com, and than he made hem to do omage and feawté to the dukes daughter, and sette them in grete ease of harte.

And in the morne there com one and tolde Sir Galahad how that Sir Gawayne, Sir Gareth, and Sir Uwayne had slayne the seven brethirne.

"I suppose well," seyde Sir Galahad, and toke hys armoure and hys horse, and commaunded hem unto God.

Here levith the tale of Sir Galahad and spekith of Sir Gawayne.

Now seyth the tale, aftir Sir Gawayne departed he rode many journeys both towarde and frowarde, and at the last he com to the abbey where Sir Galahad had the whyght shylde. And there Sir Gawayne lerned the way to sewe aftir Sir Galahad, and so he rode

to the abbey where Melyas lay syke. And there Sir Melyas tolde Sir Gawayne of the mervaylous adventures that Sir Galahad dud.

"Sertes," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I am nat happy that I toke nat the way that he wente. For and I may mete with hym I woll nat departe from hym lyghtly, for all mervaylous adventures Sir Galahad enchevith."

"Sir," seyde one of the munkes, "he woll nat of youre felyship."

"Why so?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"Sir," seyde he, "for ye be wycked and synfull, and he ys full blyssed."

So ryght as they thus talked there com in rydynge Sir Gareth, and than they made grete joy aythir of other. And on the morne they herde masse and so departed, and by the way they mette with Sir Uwayne le Avowtres. And there Sir Uwayne tolde Sir Gawayne that he had mette with none adventures syth he departed frome the courte.

"Nother yet we," seyd Sir Gawayne.

And so aythir promysed othir of tho thre knyghtes nat to departe whyle they were in that queste but if suddayne fortune caused hyt. So they departed and rode by fortune tyll that they cam by the Castell of Maydyns. And there the seven brethirn aspyed the thre knyghtes and seyde, "Sytthyn we be flemyd by one knyght from thys castell, we shall destroy all the knyghtes of Kyng Arthurs that we may overcom, for the love of Sir Galahad."

And therewith the seven knyghtes sette uppon hem thre knyghtes. And by fortune Sir Gawayne slew one of the brethren, and ech one of hys felowys slew anothir, and so slew all the remenaunte. And than they toke the wey undir the castell, and there they loste the way that Sir Galahad rode. And there everych of hem departed from other.

And Syr Gawayne rode tyll he com to an ermytayge, and there he founde the good man seyynge hys Evynsonge of Oure Lady. And there Sir Gawayne asked herberow for charité, and the good man graunted hym gladly. Than the good man asked hym what he was.

"Sir," he seyde, "I am a knyght of Kynge Arthures that am in the queste of the Sankgreall, and my name ys Sir Gawayne."

"Sir," seyde the good man, "I wolde wete how hit stondith betwyxte God and you."

"Sir," seyd Sir Gawayne, "I wyll with a good wyll shew you my lyff if hit please you." There he tolde the eremyte how "a monke of an abbay called me wycked knyght."

"He myght well sey hit," seyde the eremyte, "for whan ye were made first knyght ye sholde have takyn you to knyghtly dedys and vertuous lyvyng. And ye have done the contrary, for ye have lyved myschevously many wyntirs. And Sir Galahad ys a mayde and synned never, and that ys the cause he shall enchyve where he goth that ye nor none suche shall never attayne, nother none in youre felyship, for ye have used the moste untrewyst lyff that ever I herd knyght lyve.

"For sertes, had ye nat bene so wycked as ye ar, never had the seven brethirne be slayne by you and youre too felowys: for Sir Galahad hymself alone bete hem all seven the day toforne, but hys lyvyng ys such that he shall sle no man lyghtly.

"Also I may sey you that the Castell of Maydyns betokenyth the good soulys that were in preson before the Incarnacion of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. And the seven knyghtes betokenyth the seven dedly synnes that regned that tyme in the worlde. And I may lyckyn the good knyght Galahad unto the Sonne of the Hyghe Fadir that lyght within a maydyn and bought all the soules oute of thralle: so ded Sir Galahad delyver all the maydyns oute of the woofull castell.

"Now, Sir Gawayne," seyde the good man, "thou muste do penaunce for thy synne."

"Sir, what penaunce shall I do?"

"Such as I woll gyff the," seyde the good man.

"Nay," seyd Sir Gawayne, "I may do no penaunce, for we knyghtes adventures many tymes suffir grete woo and payne."

"Well," seyde the good man, and than he hylde hys pece.

And on the morne than Sir Gawayne departed frome the ermyte and bytaught hym unto God. And by adventure he mette wyth Sir

Agglovale and Sir Gryfflet, too knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and so they thre rode foure dayes withoute fyndynge of ony adventure. And at the fyfth day they departed and everych hylde hys waye as felle them by adventure.

Here levith the tale of Syr Gawayne and his felowys and spekith of Sir Galahad.

So whan Sir Galahad was departed frome the Castell of Maydyns he rode tyll he com to a waste forest, and there he mette with Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale, But they knew hym nat, for he was new dysgysed. Ryght so hys fadir, Sir Launcelot, dressed hys speare and brake hit uppon Sir Galahad, and Sir Galahad smote hym so agayne that he bare downe horse and man. And than he drew his swerde and dressed hym unto Sir Percyvall and smote hym so on the helme that hit rooff to the coyff of steele, and had nat the swerde swarved Sir Percvvale had be slayne. And with the stroke he felle oute of hys sadyll.

So thys justis was done tofore the ermytayge where a recluse dwelled. And whan she saw Sir Galahad ryde she seyde, "God be with the, beste knyght of the worlde! A, sertes," seyde she all alowde, that Sir Launcelot and Percyvall myght hyre, "and yondir too knyghtes had knowyn the as well as I do, they wolde nat have encountird with the."

Whan Sir Galahad herde hir sey so he was adrad to be knowyn, and therewith he smote hys horse with his sporys and rode a grete pace froward them. Than perceyved they bothe that he was Sir Galahad, and up they gate on theire horsys and rode faste aftir hym. But within a whyle he was oute of hir syght, and than they turned agayne wyth hevy chere.

"Lat us spyrre som tydynges," seyde Percyvale, "at yondir rekles."

"Do as ye lyst," seyde Sir Launcelot.

So whan Sir Percyvale com to the recluse she knew hym well ynoughe, and Sir Launcelot both.

But Syr Launcelot rode overthwarte and endelonge a wylde foreyst and hylde no patthe but as wylde adventure lad hym. And

at the last he com to a stony crosse whych departed too wayes in waste londe, and by the crosse was a stone that was a marble, but hit was so durke that Sir Launcelot myght nat wete what hyt was.

Than Sir Launcelot loked besyde hym and saw an olde chapell, and there he wente to have founde people. And anone Sir Launcelot fastenyd hys horse tylle a tre, and there he dud of hys shylde and hynge hyt uppon a tre, and than he wente to the chapell dore and founde hit waste and brokyn. And within he founde a fayre awter full rychely arayde with clothe of clene sylke, and there stoode a clene fayre candyllstykke whych bare six grete candyls therein, and the candilstyk was of sylver. And whan Sir Launcelot saw thys lyght he had grete wylle for to entir into the chapell, but he coude fynde no place where he myght entir. Than was he passyng hevy and dysmayed, and returned ayen and cam to hys horse, and dud of hys sadyll and brydyll and lette hym pasture hym, and unlaced hys helme and ungerde hys swerde and layde hym downe to slepe uppon hys shylde tofore the crosse.

And so he felle on slepe, and half wakyng and half slepynge he saw commyng by hym too palfreyes, all fayre and whyght, whych bare a lytter, and therein lyyng a syke knyght. And whan he was nyghe the crosse he there abode stylle. All thys Sir Launcelot sye and behylde hit, for he slepte nat veryly, and he herde hym sey, "A, sweete Lorde! Whan shall thys sorow leve me, and whan shall the holy vessell com by me wherethorow I shall be heled? For I have endured thus longe for litill trespasse!"

A full grete whyle thus complayned the knyght and allways Sir Launcelot harde hit. So with that Sir Launcelot sye the candyllstyk with the six tapirs cam before the crosse, and he saw nobody that brought hit. Also there cam a table of sylver, and the holy vessell of the Sankgreall which Sir Launcelot had sene toforetyme in Kynge Pescheours house. And therewith the syke knyght sette hym up, and hylde up both hys hondys, and seyde, "Fayre swete Lorde whych ys here within the holy vessell, take hede unto me, that I may be hole of thys malody!"

And therewith on hys hondys and kneys he wente so nyghe that he towched the holy vessell and kyst hit, and anone he was hole. And than he seyde, "Lorde God, I thanke The, for I am helyd of thys syknes!"

So whan the holy vessell had bene there a grete whyle hit went unto the chapell with the chaundeler and the lyght, so that Sir Launcelot wyst nat where hit was becom; for he was overtakyn with synne, that he had no power to ryse agayne the holy vessell. Wherefore aftir that many men seyde hym shame, but he toke repentaunce aftir that.

Than the syke knyght dressed hym up and kyssed the crosse. Anone hys squyre brought hym hys armys and asked hys lorde how he ded.

"Sertes," seyde he, "I thanke God, ryght well! Thorow the holy vessell I am heled. But I have mervayle of thys slepyng knyght, that he had no power to awake whan thys holy vessell was brought hydir."

"I dare well sey," seyde the squyre, "that he dwellith in som dedly synne whereof he was never confessed."

"Be my fayth," seyde the knyght, "whatsomever he be, he ys unhappy. For as I deme he ys of the felyship of the Rounde Table, whych ys entird in the queste of the Sankgreall."

"Sir," seyde the squyre, "here I have brought you all youre armys save youre helme and youre swerde, and therefore, be myne assente, now may ye take thys knyghtes helme and his swerde."

And so he dud. And whan he was clene armed he toke there Sir Launcelottis horse, for he was bettir than hys, and so departed they frome the crosse.

Than anone Sir Launcelot waked and sette hym up and bethought hym what he had sene there and whether hit were dremys or nat. Ryght so harde he a voyse that seyde, "Sir Launcelot, more harder than ys the stone, and more bitter than ys the woode, and more naked and barer than ys the lyeff of the fygge-tre! Therefore go thou from hens, and withdraw the from thys holy places!"

And whan Sir Launcelot herde thys he was passyng hevy and wyst nat what to do. And so departed sore wepynge and cursed the tyme

that he was bore, for than he demed never to have worship more. For tho wordis wente to hys herte, tylle that he knew wherefore he was called so.

Than Sir Launcelot wente to the crosse and founde hys helme, hys swerde, and hys horse away. And than he called hymselff a verry wrecch and moste unhappy of all knyghtes, and there he seyde, "My synne and my wyckednes hath brought me unto grete dishonoure. For whan I sought worldly adventures for worldely desyres I ever encheved them and had the bettir in every place, and never was I discomfite in no quarell, were hit ryght were hit wronge. And now I take uppon me the adventures to seke of holy thynges, now I se and undirstonde that myne olde synne hyndryth me and shamyth me, that I had no power to stirre nother speke whan the Holy Bloode appered before me."

So thus he sorowed tyll hit was day, and harde the fowlys synge; than somwhat he was comforted. But whan Sir Launcelot myssed his horse and hys harneyse, than he wyst well God was displesed with hym. And so he departed frome the crosse on foote into a fayre foreyste, and so by pryme he cam to an hyghe hylle and founde an ermytage and an ermyte therein whych was goyng unto masse. And than Sir Launcelot kneled downe and cryed on Oure Lorde mercy for hys wycked workys.

So whan masse was done Sir Launcelot called hym, and prayde hym for seynte charité for to hyre hys lyff.

"With a good wylle," seyde the good man, and asked hym whethir he was of Kyng Arthurs courte and of the felyship of the Table Rounde.

"Ye forsoth, sir, and my name ys Sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath bene ryght well seyde off. And now my good fortune ys chonged, for I am the moste wrecch of the worlde."

The ermyte behylde hym and had mervayle whye he was so abaysshed.

"Sir," seyde the ermyte, "ye ought to thanke God more than ony knyght lyvynge, for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than ony knyght that ys now lyvynge. And for youre

presumpcion to take uppon you in dedely synne for to be in Hys presence, where Hys fleyssh and Hys blood was, that caused you ye myght nat se hyt with youre worldely yen, for He woll nat appere where such synners bene but if hit be unto theire grete hurte other unto theire shame. And there is no knyght now lyvynge that ought to yelde God so grete thanke os ye, for He hath yevyn you beauté, bownté, semelynes, and grete strengthe over all other knyghtes. And therefore ye ar the more beholdyn unto God than ony other man to love Hym and drede Hym, for youre strengthe and your manhode woll litill avayle you and God be agaynste you."

Than Sir Launcelot wepte with hevy harte and seyde, "Now I know well ye sey me sothe."

"Sir," seyde the good man, "hyde none olde synne frome me."

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that were me full lothe to discover, for thys fourtene yere I never discoverde one thynge that I have used, and that may I now wyghte my shame and my disadventure."

And than he tolde there the good man all hys lyff, and how he had loved a quene unmesurabely and oute of mesure longe, "and all my grete dedis of armys that I have done for the moste party was for the quenys sake, and for hir sake wolde I do batayle were hit ryght other wronge. And never dud I batayle all only for Goddis sake, but for to wynne worship and to cause me the bettir to be beloved, and litill or nought I thanked never God of hit."

Than Sir Launcelot seyde, "Sir, I pray you counceyle me."

"Sir, I woll counceyle you," seyde the ermyte. "Ye shall ensure me by youre knyghthode ye shall no more com in that quenys felyship as much as ye may forbere."

And than Sir Launcelot promysed hym that he nolde, by the faythe of hys body.

"Sir, loke that your harte and youre mowth accorde," seyde the good man, "and I shall ensure you ye shall have the more worship than ever ye had."

"Holy fadir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I mervayle of the voyce that seyde to me mervayles wordes, as ye have herde toforehonde."

"Have ye no mervayle," seyde the good man, "thereoff, for hit semyth well God lovith you. For men may undirstonde a stone ys harde of kynde, and namely one more than another, and that ys to undirstonde by the, Sir Launcelot, for thou wolt nat leve thy synne for no goodnes that God hath sente the. Therefore thou arte more harder than ony stone, and woldyst never be made neyssh nother by watir nother by fyre, and that ys why the hete of the Holy Goste may nat entir in the.

"Now take hede, in all the worlde men shall nat fynde one knyght to whom Oure Lorde hath yevyn so much of grace as He hath lente the, for He hathe yeffyn the fayrenes with semelynes; also He hath yevyn the wytte and discression to know good frome ille. He hath also yevyn the prouesse and hardinesse, and gevyn the to worke so largely that thou hast had the bettir all thy dayes of thy lyff wheresomever thou cam. And now Oure Lorde wolde suffir the no lenger but that thou shalt know Hym whether thou wolt other nylt. And why the voyce called the bitterer than the woode, for wheresomever much synne dwellith there may be but lytyll swettnesse; wherefore thou art lykened to an olde rottyn tre.

"Now have I shewed the why thou art harder than the stone and bitterer than the tre; now shall I shew the why thou art more naked and barer than the fygge-tre. Hit befelle that Oure Lorde on Palme Sonday preched in Jerusalem, and there He founde in the people that all hardnes was herberowd in them, and there He founde in all the towne nat one that wolde herberow Hym. And than He wente oute of the towne and founde in myddis the way a fygge-tre which was ryght fayre and well garnysshed of levys, but fruyte had hit none. Than Oure Lorde cursed the tre that bare no fruyte; that betokenyth the fyg-tre unto Jerusalem that had levys and no fruyte. So thou, Sir Launcelot, whan the Holy Grayle was brought before the, He founde in the no fruyte, nother good thought nother good wylle, and defouled with lechory."

"Sertes," seyde Sir Launcelot, "all that ye have seyde ys trew, and frome hensforewarde I caste me, by the grace of God, never to

be so wycked as I have bene, but as to sew knyghthode and to do fetys of armys."

Than thys good man joyned Sir Launcelot suche penaunce as he myght do and to sew knyghthode, and so assoyled hym, and prayde hym to abyde with hym all that day.

"I woll well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for I have nother helme, horse, ne swerde."

"As for that," seyde the good man, "I shall helpe you or tomorne at evyn of an horse and all that longith unto you."

And than Sir Launcelot repented hym gretly of hys myssededys.

Here levith of the tale of Sir Launcelot and begynnyth of Sir Percyvale de Galis.

SIR PERCIVAL

NOW SEYTH THE TALE that whan Sir Launcelot was ryddyn aftir Sir Galahad, the whych had all thes adventures abovenseyd, Sir Percivale turned agayne unto the recluse where he demed to have tydynges of that knyght that Sir Launcelot folowed. And so he knocked at hir wyndow, and the recluse opened hit and asked Sir Percivale what he wolde.

"Madam," he seyde, "I am a knyght of King Arthurs courte and my name ys Sir Percivale de Galis."

Whan the recluse herde his name she had grete joy of hym, for mykyll she loved hym toforn, passyng ony other knyght; she ought so to do, for she was hys awnte. And than she commaunded the gatis to be opyn, and there he had grete chere, as grete as she myght make hym or ly in hir powere.

So on the morne Sir Percyvale wente to the recluse and asked her if she knew that knyght with the whyght shylde.

"Sir," seyde she, "why woll ye wete?"

"Truly, madam," seyde Sir Percyvale, "I shall never be well at ease tyll that I know of that knyghtes felyship and that I may fyght with hym, for I may nat leve hym so lyghtly, for I have the shame as yette."

"A, Sir Percyvale," seyde she, "wolde ye fyght with hym? I se well ye have grete wyll to be slayne, as youre fadir was thorow outerageousnes slayne."

"Madam, hit semyth by your wordis that ye know me."

"Yee," seyde she, "I well oughte to know you, for I am youre awnte, allthoughe I be in a poore place. For som men called me somtyme the Quene of the Wast Landis, and I was called the quene of moste rychesse in the worlde. And hit pleased me never so much my rychesse as doth my poverté."

Than Percyvale wepte for verry pité whan he knew hit was hys awnte.

"A, fayre nevew," seyde she, "whan herde you tydynges of youre modir?"

"Truly," seyde he, "I herde none of hir, but I dreme of hir muche in my slepe, and therefore I wote nat whethir she be dede other alyve."

"Sertes, fayre nevew, youre modir ys dede, for aftir youre departynge frome her she toke such a sorow that anone as she was confessed she dyed."

"Now God have mercy on hir soule!" seyde Sir Percyvale. "Hit sore forthynkith me; but all we muste change the lyff. Now, fayre awnte, what ys that knyght? I deme hit be he that bare the rede armys on Whytsonday."

"Wyte you well," seyde she, "that this ys he, for othirwyse ought he nat to do but to go in rede armys. And that same knyght hath no peere, for he worchith all by myracle, and he shall never be overcom of none erthly mannys hande.

"Also Merlyon made the Rounde Table in tokenyng of rowndnes of the worlde, for men sholde by the Rounde Table undirstonde the rowndenes of the worlde, for by the Rounde Table is the worlde signyfyed by ryght. For all the worlde, crystenyd and hethyn, repayryth unto the Rounde Table, and whan they ar chosyn to be of the felyshyp of the Rounde Table they thynke hemselff more blessed and more in worship than they had gotyn halff the worlde. And ye have sene that they have loste hir fadirs and hir modirs and all hir kynne, and hir wyves and hir chyldren, for to be of youre felyship. Hit ys well seyne be you, for synes ye departed from your modir ye wolde never se her, ye founde such felyship at the Table Rounde.

"Whan Merlyon had ordayned the Rounde Table he seyde, 'By them whych sholde be felowys of the Rounde Table the trouth of the Sankegreall sholde be well knowyn.' And men asked hym how they myght know them that sholde best do and to encheve the Sankgreall. Than he seyde there sholde be thre whyght bullis sholde encheve hit, and the too sholde be maydyns and the thirde sholde be chaste, and one of thos thre shold passe hys fadir as much as the lyon passith the lybarde, both of strength and of hardines.

"They that herde Merlion sey so seyde thus: 'Sitthyn there shall be such a knyght, thou sholdyst ordayne by thy craufftes a syge, that no man shold sytte in hit but he all only that shold passe all other knyghtes.' Than Merlyon answerde that he wold so do, and than he made the Syge Perelous in whych Galahad sate at hys mete on Whyttsonday last past."

"Now madam," seyde Sir Percyvale, "so much have I herde of you that be my good wyll I woll never have ado with Sir Galahad but by wey of goodnesse. And for Goddis love, fayre awnte, can ye teche me where I myght fynde hym? For much I wolde love the felyship of hym."

"Fayre nevew," seyde she, "ye muste ryde unto a castell the whych ys called Gooth, where he hath a cousyn jermayne, and there may ye be lodged thys nyght. And as he techith you, sewith afftir as faste as ye can; and if he can telle you no tydynges of hym, ryde streyte unto the castell of Carbonek where the Maymed Kyng ys lyyng, for there shall ye hyre trew tydynges of hym."

Than departed Sir Percivale frome hys awnte, aythir makyng grete sorow. And so he rode tyll aftir evynsonge, and than he herde a clock smyte. And anone he was ware of an house of religion closed well with wallys and depe dyches, and there he knocked at the gate. And anone he was lette in, and he alyght and was ledde unto a chamber and sone onarmed. And there he had ryght good chere all that nyght.

And on the morne he herde hys masse, and in the monestery he founde a preste redy at the awter, and on the ryght syde he saw a pew closed with iron, and behynde the awter he saw a ryche bedde and a fayre, as of cloth of sylke and golde. Than Sir Percivale aspyed that therein was a man or a woman, but he knew nat whych, for the visayge was coverde. Than he leffte of hys lokynge and herd hys servyse. And whan hit cam unto the sakarynge, he that lay within the perclose dressyd hym up and uncoverde hys hede, and than hym besemed a passyng olde man, and he had a crowne of golde uppon hys hede, and hys shuldirs were naked and unhylled unto hys navyll. And than Sir Percyvale aspyed hys body was full

of grete woundys, both on the shuldirs, armys, and vysayge. And ever he hylde up hys hondys agaynst Oure Lordis Body and cryed, "Fayre swete fadir Jesu Cryste, forgete nat me!"

And so he lay nat downe, but was allway in hys prayers and orysons, and hym semed to be of the ayge of thre hondred wynter. And whan the masse was done the pryste toke Oure Lordys Body and bare hit unto the syke kynge. And whan he had used hit he ded of hys crowne and commaunded the crowne to be sett on the awter.

Than Sir Percyvale asked one of the brethirn what he was.

"Sir," seyde the good man, "ye have herde much of Joseph of Aramathy; how he was sent by Jesu Cryst into thys londe for to teche and preche the holy Crysten faythe, and therefor he suffird many persecucions the whych the enemyes of Cryst ded unto hym. And in the cité of Sarras he converted a kynge whos name was Evelake, and so this kyng cam with Joseph into thys londe, and ever he was bysy to be thereas the Sankgreall was. And on a tyme he nyghed hit so nyghe that Oure Lorde was displeased with hym, but ever he folowed hit more and more tyll God stroke hym allmoste blynde. Than thys kynge cryed mercy and seyde, 'Fayre Lorde, lat me never dye tyll the good knyght of my blood of the nyneth degré be com, that I may se hym opynly that shall encheve the Sankgreall, and that I myght kysse hym.'

"Whan the kynge thus had made hys prayers he herde a voyce that seyde, 'Herde ys thy prayers, for thou shalt nat dye tylle he hath kyssed the. And whan that knyght shall com the clerenes of youre yen shall com agayne, and thou shalt se opynly, and thy woundes shall be heled, and arst shall they never close.' And thus befelle of Kynge Evelake, and thys same kynge hath lyved foure hondred yerys thys holy lyff, and men sey the knyght ys in thys contrey that shall heale hym. Sir," seyde the good man, "I pray you telle me what knyght that ye be, and if that ye be of Kyng Arthurs courte and of the Rownde Table."

"Yes, forsoth, and my name ys Sir Percyvale de Galis."

And whan the good man undirstood hys name he made grete joy of hym. And than Sir Percyvale departed and rode tylle the

owre of none, and he mette in a valey aboute twenty men of armys whych bare in a beere a knyght dedly slayne. And whan they saw Sir Percyvale they asked hym of whens he was, and he seyde, "Of the courte of Kynge Arthur."

Than they cryed all at onys, "Sle hym!"

Than Sir Percivale smote the firste to the erth and hys horse uppon hym, and than seven of the knyghtes smote uppon hys shylde at onys and the remenaunte slew hys horse, that he felle to the erth, and had slayne hym ore takyn hym, had nat the good knyght Sir Galahad with the rede armys com there by adventure into tho partys. And whan he saw all tho knyghtes uppon one knyght he cryde, "Save me that knyghtes lyve!"

And than he dressed hym towarde the twenty men of armys as faste as hys horse myght dryve, with hys speare in hys reaste, and smote the formyste horse and man to the erth. And whan his speare was brokyn he sette hys honde to hys swerde and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that hit was mervayle to se; and at every stroke he smote downe one or put hym to a rebuke, so that they wolde fyght no more, but fledde to a thyk foreyst, and Sir Galahad folowed them.

And whan Sir Percyvale saw hym chace them so, he made grete sorow that hys horse was away. And than he wyst well hit was Sir Galahad, and cryed alowde and seyde, "Fayre knyght, abyde and suffir me to do you thankynges, for much have ye done for me."

But ever Sir Galahad rode fast, that at the last he past oute of hys syght. And as fast as Sir Percyvale myght he wente aftir hym on foote, cryyng. And than he mette with a yoman rydyng uppon an hakeney, which lad in hys ryght honde a grete steede blacker than ony beare.

"A, fayre frende," seyde Sir Percivale, "as ever y may do for you, and to be youre knyght in the first place ye woll requyre me, that ye woll lende me that blacke steed, that I myght overtake a knyght which rydeth before me."

"Sir," seyde the yoman, "that may I nat do, for the horse is such a mannys horse that he wolde sle me."

"Alas," seyde Sir Percivale, "I had never so grete sorow as I have for losyng of yondir knyght."

"Sir," seyde the yoman, "I am ryght hevy for you, for a good horse wolde beseme you well, but I dare nat delyver you thys horse but if ye wolde take hym frome me."

"That woll I nat," seyde Sir Percivale.

And so they departed, and Sir Percivale sette hym downe under a tre and made sorow oute of mesure. And as he sate there, there cam a knyght rydynge on the horse that the yoman lad, and he was clene armyd. And anone the yoman com pryckyng aftir as fast as he myght and asked Sir Percivale if he saw ony knyght rydyng on hys bIacke steede.

"Ye, sir, forsothe. Why aske ye me, sir?"

"A, sir! that steede he hath benomme me with strengthe, wherefore my lorde woll sle me in what place somever he fyndith me."

"Well," seyde Sir Percyvale, "what woldist thou that I ded? Thou seest well that I am on foote. But and I had a good horse I sholde soone brynge hym agayne."

"Sir," seyde the yoman, "take my hakeney and do the beste ye can, and I shall sew you on foote to wete how that ye shall spede."

Than Sir Percivale bestrode the hakeney and rode as faste as he myght, and at the last he saw that knyght. And than he cryde, "Knyght, turne agayne!"

And he turned and set hys speare ayenst Sir Percivale, and he smote the hackeney in myddis the breste, that he felle downe dede to the erthe. And there he had a grete falle and the other rode hys way. And than Sir Percivale was wood wrothe and cryed, "Abyde, wycked knyght! Cowarde and false-harted knyght, turne ayen, and fyght with me on foote!"

But he answerd nat, but past on hys way. Whan Sir Percivale saw he wolde nat turne, he kest away shylde, helme and swerde, and seyde, "Now am I a verry wrecche, cursed and moste unhappy of all other knyghtes!"

So in thys sorow there he abode all that day tyll hit was nyght, and than he was faynte and leyde hym downe and slepte tyll hit

was mydnyght. And than he awaked and saw before hym a woman whych seyde unto hym ryght fyersely, "Sir Percivale, what dost thou here?"

"I do nother good nother grete ille."

"If thou wolt ensure me," seyde she, "that thou wolt fulfylle my wylle whan I somon the, I shall lende the myne owne horse whych shall bere the whother thou wolt."

Sir Percivale was glad of hir profer and ensured hir to fulfylle all hir desire.

"Than abydith me here, and I shall go fecche you an horse."

And so she cam sone agayne and brought an horse with her that was inly black. Whan Sir Percyvale behylde that horse he mervaylde that he was so grete and so well apparayled. And natforthan he was so hardy he lepte uppon hym and toke none hede off hymselff. And anone as he was uppon hym he threst to hym with hys spurres, and so rode by a foreste; and the moone shone clere, and within an owre and lasse he bare hym foure dayes journey thense untyll he com to a rowghe watir whych rored, and that horse wolde have borne hym into hit.

And whan Sir Percivale cam nye the brymme he saw the watir so boysteous he doutted to passe over hit, and than he made a sygne of the crosse in hys forehed. Whan the fende felte hym so charged he shooke of Sir Percivale, and he wente into the watir cryynge and romynge and makyng grete sorowe, and hit semed unto hym that the watir brente. Than Sir Percivale perceyved hit was a fynde, the whych wolde have broughte hym unto perdicion. Than he commended hymselff unto God, and prayde Oure Lorde to kepe hym frome all sucche temptacions.

And so he prayde all that nyght tylle on the morne that hit was day, and anone he saw he was in a wylde mounteyne whych was closed with the se nyghe all aboute, that he myght se no londe aboute hym whych myghte releve hym, but wylde bestes. And than he wente downe into a valey, and there he saw a serpente brynge a yonge lyon by the necke, and so he cam by Sir Percivale. So with that com a grete lyon cryynge and romyng aftir the serpente. And

as fast as Sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed hym thydir, but the lyon had overtake the serpente and began batayle with hym. And than Sir Percivale thought to helpe the lyon, for he was the more naturall beste of the too, and therewith he drew hys swerde and sette hys shylde afore hym, and there he gaff the serpente suche a buffett that he had a dedely wounde. Whan the lyon saw that, he made no sembelaunte to fyght with hym, but made hym all the chere that a beest myghte make a man.

Whan Sir Percivale perceyved hit he kyst downe his shylde, whych was brokyn, and than he dud of hys helme for to gadir wynde, for he was gretly chaffed with the serpente; and the lyon wente allwey aboute hym fawnynge as a spaynell, and than he stroked hym on the necke and on the sholdirs and thanked God of the felyship of that beste. And aboute noone the lyon toke hys lityll whelpe and trussed hym and bare hym there he com fro.

Than was Sir Percivale alone. And as the tale tellith, he was at that tyme one of the men of the worlde whych moste beleved in Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, for in tho dayes there was but fewe folkes at that tyme that beleved perfitely; for in tho dayes the sonne spared nat the fadir no more than a straunger. And so Sir Percivale comforted hymselff in Oure Lorde Jesu and besought Hym that no temptacion sholde brynge hym oute of Goddys servys, but to endure as His trew champyon.

Thus whan Sir Percyvale had preyde he saw the lyon com towarde hym and cowched downe at his feet. And so all that nyght the lyon and he slepte togydirs. And whan Sir Percivale slepte he dremed a mervaylous dreme; that too ladyes mette with hym, and that one sate uppon a lyon, and that other sate uppon a serpente; and that one of hem was yonge, and that other was olde, and the yongist, hym thought, seyde, "Sir Percyvale, my lorde salewith the and sendeth the worde thou aray the and make the redy, for to-morne thou muste fyght with the strongest champion of the worlde. And if thou be overcom thou shalt nat be quytte for losyng of ony of thy membrys, but thou shalt be shamed for ever to the worldis ende."

And than he asked her what was hir lorde, and she seyde, "The grettist lorde of the worlde." And so she departed suddeynly, that he wyst nat where.

Than com forth the tothir lady, that rode uppon the serpente, and she seyde, "Sir Percivale, I playne unto you of that ye have done unto me, and I have nat offended unto you."

"Sertes, madam," seyde he, "unto you nor no lady I never offended."

"Yes," seyde she, "I shall sey you why. I have norysshed in thys place a grete whyle a serpente whych pleased me much and whych served me a grete whyle. And yestirday ye slew hym as he gate hys pray. Sey me for what cause ye slew hym, for the lyon was nat youres."

"Madam, I know well the lyon was nat myne, but for the lyon ys more of jantiller nature than the serpente, therefore I slew hym, and mesemyth I dud nat amysse agaynst you. Madam," seyde he, "what wolde ye that I dud?"

"I wolde," seyde she, "for the amendis of my beste that ye becam my man."

And than he answerde and seyde, "That woll I nat graunte you."

"No?" seyde she. "Truly, ye were never my servaunte syn ye resseyved the omayge of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Therefore I you ensure, in what place that I may fynde you withoute kepyng, I shall take you as he that somtyme was my man."

And so she departed fro Sir Percivale and leffte hym slepynge, whych was sore travayled of hys avision. And on the morne he arose and blyssed hym, and he was passynge fyeble.

Than was Sir Percivale ware in the see where com a shippe saylyng toward hym, and Sir Percivale wente unto the ship and founde hit coverde within and withoute with whyght samyte. And at the bourde stoode an olde man clothed in a surplyse, in lyknes of a pryste.

"Sir," seyde Sir Percivale, "ye be wellcom."

"God kepe you," seyde the good man. "And of whense be ye?"

"Sir, I am of Kynge Arthurs courte and a knyght of the Rounde Table, whych am in the queste of the Sankgreall, and here I am in grete duras and never lyke to ascape oute of thys wyldernes."

"Doute ye nat," seyde the good man, "and ye be so trew a knyght as the order of shevalry requyrith, and of herte as ye ought to be, ye shold nat doute that none enemy sholde slay you."

"What ar ye?" seyde Sir Percyvale.

"Sir, I am of a strange contrey, and hydir I com to comforte you."

"Sir," seyde Sir Percivale, "what signifieth my dreme that I dremed thys nyght?" And there he tolde hym all togydir.

"She which rode uppon the lyon, hit betokenyth the new law of Holy Chirche, that is to undirstonde fayth, good hope, belyeve and baptyme. For she semed yonger than that othir hit ys grete reson, for she was borne in the Resurreccion and the Passion of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. And for grete love she cam to the to warne the of thy grete batayle that shall befalle the."

"With whom," seyde Sir Percivale, "shall I fyght?"

"With the moste douteful champion of the worlde, for, as the lady seyde, but if thou quyte the welle thou shalt nat be quytte by losyng of one membir, but thou shalt be shamed to the worldis ende. And she that rode on the serpente signifieth the olde law, and that serpente betokenyth a fynde. And why she blamed the that thou slewyst hir servaunte: hit betokenyth nothynge but the serpente thou slewyst, that betokenyth the devyll that thou rodist on to the roche. And whan thou madist a sygne of the crosse, there thou slewyst hym and put away hys power. And whan she asked the amendis and to becom hir man and thou saydist nay, that was to make the beleve on her and leve thy baptym."

So he commaunded Sir Percivale to departe, and so he lepte over the boorde, and the shippe and all wente away he wyste nat whydir. Than he wente up into the roche and founde the lyon whych allway bare hym felyship, and he stroked hym uppon the backe and had grete joy of hym.

Bi that Sir Percivale had byddyn there tyll mydday he saw a shippe com saylyng in the see as all the wynde of the worlde had dryven hit, and so hit londid undir that rocche. And whan Sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed hym thydir and founde the shippe coverde with sylke more blacker than ony beare, and therein was a jantillwoman of grete beauté, and she was clothed rychly, there myght be none bettir. And whan she saw Sir Percivale she asked hym who brought hym into thys wyldernesse, "where ye be never lyke to passe hense, for ye shall dye here for hunger and myscheff."

"Damesell," seyde Sir Percivale, "I serve the beste man of the worlde, and in Hys servyse He woll nat suffir me to dye, for who that knockith shall entir, and who that askyth shall have; and who that sekith Hym, He hydyth Hym not unto hys wordys."

But than she seyde, "Sir Percivale, wote ye what I am?"

"Who taught you my name?" now seyde Sir Percivale.

"I knowe you bettir than ye wene: I com but late oute of the Waste Foreyste where I founde the rede knyght with the whyghte shylde."

"A, fayre damesell," seyde he, "that knyght wolde I fayne mete withall."

"Sir knyght," seyde she, "and ye woll ensure me by the fayth that ye owghe unto knyghthode that ye shall do my wyll what tyme I somon you, I shall brynge you unto that knyght."

"Yes," he seyde, "I shall promyse you to fullfylle youre desyre."

"Well," seyde she, "now shall I telle you. I saw hym in the Waste Foreyste chasyng too knyghtes unto the watir whych ys called Mortayse, and they drove into that watir for drede of dethe. And the too knyghtes passed over, and the rede knyght passed aftir, and there hys horse was drowned, and he thorow grete strengthe ascaped unto the londe."

Thus she tolde hym, and Sir Percivale was passynge glad thereoff. Than she asked hym if he had ete ony mete late.

"Nay, madam, truly I yeete no mete nyghe thes thre dayes, but late here I spake with a good man that fedde me with hys good wordys and refreyshed me gretly."

"A, sir knyght, that same man," seyde she, "ys an inchaunter and a multiplier of wordis, for and ye belyve hym, ye shall be playnly shamed and dye in thys roche for pure hunger and be etyn with wylde bestis. And ye be a yonge man and a goodly knyght, and I shall helpe you and ye woll."

"What ar ye," seyde Sir Percivale, "that proferyth me thus so grete kyndenesse?"

"I am," seyde she, "a jantillwoman that am diseryte, whych was the rychest woman of the worlde."

"Damesell, seyde Sir Percivale, "who hath disheryte you? For I have grete pité of you."

"Sir," seyde she, "I dwelled with the grettist man of the worlde, and he made me so fayre and so clere that there was none lyke me. And of that grete beawté I had a litill pryde more than I oughte to have had. Also I sayde a worde that plesed hym nat, and than he wolde nat suffir me to be no lenger in his company. And so he drove me frome myne herytayge and disheryted me for ever, and he had never pité of me nother of none of my counceyle nother of my courte. And sitthyn, sir knyght, hit hath befallyn me to be so over-throwyn and all myne, yet I have benomme hym many of hys men and made hem to becom my men, for they aske never nothynge of me but I gyff hem that and much more. Thus I and my servauntes werre ayenste hym nyght and day, therefore I know no good knyght nor no good man but I gete hem on my syde and I may. And for that I know that ye ar a good knyght I beseche you to helpe me, and for ye be a felowe of the Rounde Table, wherefore ye ought nat to fayle no jantillwoman which ys disherite and she besought you of helpe."

Than Sir Percivale promysed her all the helpe that he myght, and than she thanked hym.

And at that tyme the wedir was hote. Than she called unto her a jantillwoman and bade hir brynge forth a pavilion. And so she ded and pyghte hit uppon the gravell.

"Sir," seyde she, "now may ye reste you in thys hete of thys day."

Than he thanked her, and she put of hys helme and hys shylde, and there he slepte a grete whyle. And so he awoke and asked her if she had ony mete, and she seyde, "Yee, ye shall have inowghe."

And anone there was leyde a table, and so muche meete was sette thereon that he had mervayle, for there was all maner of meetes that he cowde thynke on. Also he dranke there the strengyst wyne that ever he dranke, hym thought, and therewith he was chaffett a lityll more than he oughte to be. With that he behylde that jantilwoman, and hym thought she was the fayryst creature that ever he saw.

And than Sir Percivale profird hir love and prayde hir that she wolde be hys. Than she refused hym in a maner whan he requyred her, for cause he sholde be the more ardente on hir. And ever he sesed nat to pray hir of love. And whan she saw hym well enchaffed, than she seyde, "Sir Percivale, wyte you well I shall nat fulfylle youre wylle but if ye swere frome henseforthe ye shall be my trew servaunte, and to do nothynge but that I shall commaunde you. Woll ye ensure me thys as ye be a trew knyght?"

"Yee," seyde he, "fayre lady, by the feythe of my body!"

"Well," seyde she, "now shall ye do with me what ye wyll, and now, wyte you well, ye ar the knyght in the worlde that I have moste desyre to."

And than too squyres were commaunded to make a bedde in myddis of the pavelon, and anone she was unclothed and leyde therein. And than Sir Percivale layde hym downe by her naked. And by adventure and grace he saw hys swerde ly on the erthe naked, where in the pomell was a rede crosse and the sygne of the crucifixe therin, and bethought hym on hys knyghthode and hys promyse made unto the good man tofornehande, and than he made a sygne of the crosse in his forehede. And therewith the pavylon turned up-so-downe and than hit chonged unto a smooke and a blak clowde. And than he drad sore and cryed alowde, "Fayre swete lorde Jesu Cryste, ne lette me nat be shamed, which was nyghe loste had nat Thy good grace bene!"

And than he loked unto her shippe and saw her entir therein, which seyde, "Syr Percivale, ye have betrayde me."

And so she wente with the wynde, rorynge and yellynge, that hit semed all the water brente after her.

Than Sir Percivale made grete sorow and drew hys swerde unto hym and seyde, "Sitthyn my fleyssh woll be my mayster I shall punyssh hit."

And therewith he rooff hymselff thorow the thygh, that the blood sterte aboute hym, and seyde, "A, good Lorde, take thys in recompensacion of that I have myssedone ayenste The, Lorde!"

So than he clothed hym and armed hym and called hymself wrecche of all wrecchis: "How nyghe I was loste, and to have lost that I sholde never have gotyn agayne, that was my virginité, for that may never be recoverde aftir hit ys onys loste."

And than he stopped hys bledyng wound with a pece of hys sherte. Thus as he made hys mone he saw the same shippe com fro the oryente that the good man was in the day before. And thys noble knyght was sore ashamed of hymselff, and therewith he fylle in a sowne. And whan he awooke he wente unto hym waykely, and there he salewed the good man.

And than he asked Sir Percivale, "How haste thou done syth I departed?"

"Sir," seyde he, "here was a jantillwoman and ledde me into dedly synne."

And there he tolde hym all togidirs.

"Knew ye nat that mayde?" seyde the good man.

"Sir," seyde he, "nay, but well I wote the fynde sente hir hydir to shame me."

"A, good knyght," seyde he, "thou arte a foole, for that jantillwoman was the mayster fyende of helle, which hath pousté over all other devyllis. And that was the olde lady that thou saw in thyne avision rydyng on the serpente."

Than he tolde Sir Percivale how Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste bete hym oute of hevyn for hys synne, whych was the moste bryghtist angell of hevyn, and therefore he loste hys heritaige. "And that was

the champion that thou fought withall, whych had overcom the, had nat the grace of God bene. Now, Sir Percivale, beware and take this for an insample."

And than the good man vanysshed. Than Sir Percivale toke hys armys and entirde into the shippe, and so he departed from thens.

So levith thys tale and turnyth unto Sir Launcelot.

SIR LAUNCELOT

WHAN THE EREMYTE had kepte Sir Launcelot thre dayes, than the eremyte gate hym an horse, a helme and a swerde, and than he departed and rode untyll the owre of none. And than he saw a litill house, and whan he cam nere he saw a lityll chapell. And there besyde he sye an olde man which was clothed all in whyght full rychely. And than Sir Launcelot seyde, "Sir, God save you!"

"Sir, God kepe you," seyde the good man, "and make you a good knyght."

Than Sir Launcelot alyght and entird into the chapell, and there he saw an olde man dede and in a whyght sherte of passyng fyne clothe.

"Sir," seyde the good man, "this man ought nat to be in such clothynge as ye se hym in, for in that he brake the othe of hys order, for he hath bene more than an hondred wynter a man of a religion." And than the good man and Sir Launcelot wente into the chapell; and the good man toke a stole aboute hys neck and a booke, and than he conjoured on that booke. And with that they saw the fyende in an hydeous fygure, that there was no man so hardé-herted in the worlde but he sholde a bene aferde. Than seyde the fyende, "Thou haste travayled me gretly. Now telle me what thou wolte with me."

"I woll," seyde the good man, "that thou telle me how my felawe becam dede, and whether he be saved or dampned."

Than he seyde with an horrible voice, "He ys nat lost, but he ys saved!"

"How may that be?" seyde the good man. "Hit semyth me that he lyved nat well, for he brake hys order for to were a sherte where he ought to were none, and who that trespassith ayenst oure order doth nat well."

"Nat so," seyde the fyende. "Thys man that lyeth here was com of grete lynage, and there was a lorde that hyght the Erle de Vale that hylde grete warre ayenste thys mannes nevew, which hyght Aguaurs. And so thys Aguaurs saw the erle was bygger than he. Than he wente for to take counceyle of hys uncle which lyeth dede here as ye may se, and than he wente oute of hys ermytaige for to maynteyne his nevew ayenste the myghty erle. And so hit happed that thys man that lyeth dede ded so muche by hys wysedom and hardines that the erle was take and thre of hys lordys by force of thys dede man. Than was there pees betwyxte thys erle and thys Aguaurs, and grete sureté that the erle sholde never warre agaynste hym more.

"Than this dede man that here lyeth cam to thys ermytayge agayne. And than the erle made too of hys nevews for to be avenged uppon this man. So they com on a day and founde thys dede man at the sakerynge of hys masse. And they abode hym tyll he had seyde masse, and than they sette uppon hym and drew oute theire swerdys to have slayne hym, but there wolde no swerde byghte on hym more than uppon a gadde of steele, for the hyghe lorde which he served, He hym preserved. Than made they a grete fyre and dud of all hys clothys and the heyre of hys backe. And than thys dede man ermyte seyde unto them, 'Wene ye to bren me? Hit shall nat lyghe in youre power, nother to perish me as much as a threde, and there were ony on my body.'

"'No?' seyde one of them. 'Hit shall be assayde.'

"And than he dispoyled hym, and put uppon hym hys sherte, and kyste hym in a fyre. And there he lay all that day tyll hit was nyght in that fyre and was nat dede. And so in the morne than com I and founde hym dede, but I founde neyther threde nor skynne tamed. So toke they hym oute of the fyre with grete feare and leyde hym here as ye may se. And now may ye suffir me to go my way, for I have seyde you the sothe."

And than he departed with a grete tempest.

Than was the good man and Sir Launcelot more gladder than they were tofore. And than Sir Launcelot dwellid with that good man that nyght.

"Sir," seyde the good man, "be ye nat Sir Launcelot du Lake?"

"Ye, sir," seyde he.

"Sir, what seke you in thys contrey?"

"I go, sir, to seke the adventures of the Sankgreall."

"Well," seyde he, "seke ye hit ye may well, but thoughe hit were here ye shall have no power to se hit, no more than a blynde man that sholde se a bryght swerde. And that ys longe on youre synne, and ellys ye were more abeler than ony man lyvynge."

And than Sir Launcelot began to wepe. Than seyde the good man, "Were ye confessed synne ye entred into the queste of the Sankgreall?"

"Ye, sir," seyde Sir Launcelot.

Than uppon the morne whan the good man had songe hys masse, than they buryed the dede man.

"Now," seyde Sir Launcelot, "fadir, what shall I do?"

"Now," seyde the good man, "I requyre you take thys hayre that was thys holy mannes and put hit nexte thy skynne, and hit shall prevayle the gretly."

"Sir, than woll I do hit," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Also, sir, I charge you that ye ete no fleysshe as longe as ye be in the queste of Sankgreall, nother ye shall drynke no wyne, and that ye hyre masse dayly and ye may do hit."

So he toke the hayre and put hit uppon hym, and so departed at evynsonge tyme, and so rode into a foreyste. And there he mette with a jantillwoman rydyng uppon a whyght palferey, and than she asked hym, "Sir knyght, whother ryde ye?"

"Sertes, damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I wote nat whothir I ryde but as fortune ledith me."

"A, Sir Launcelot," seyde she, "I wote what adventure ye seke, for ye were beforetyme nerar than ye be now, and yet shall ye se hit more opynly than ever ye dud, and that shall ye undirstonde in shorte tyme."

Than Sir Launcelot asked her where he myght be harberowde that nyght.

"Ye shall none fynde thys day nor nyght, but to-morne ye shall

fynde herberow good, and ease of that ye bene in doute off."

And than he commended hir unto God, and so he rode tylle that he cam to a crosse and toke that for hys oste as for that nyght. And so he put hys horse to pasture and ded of hys helme and hys shylde and made hys prayers unto the crosse that he never falle in dedely synne agayne. And so he leyde hym downe to slepe. And anone as he was on slepe hit befylle hym there a vision; that there com a man afore hym all bycompast with sterris, and that man had a crowne of golde on hys hede. And that man lad in hys felyship seven kynges and too knyghtes, and all thes worshipt the crosse, knelyng uppon theire kneys, holdyng up theire hondys towarde the hevyn, and all they seyde: "Swete Fadir of Hevyn, com and visite us, and yelde unto everych of us as we have deserved."

Than loked Sir Launcelot up to the hevyn and hym semed the clowdis ded opyn, and an olde man com downe with a company of angels and alyghte amonge them and gaff unto everych hys blyssynge and called them hys servauntes and hys good and trew knyghtes. And whan thys olde man had seyde thus he com to one of the knyghtes and seyde, "I have loste all that I have besette in the, for thou hast ruled the ayenste me as a warryoure and used wronge warris with vayneglory for the pleasure of the worlde more than to please me, therefore thou shalt be confounded withoute thou yelde me my tresoure."

All thys avision saw Sir Launcelot at the crosse, and on the morne he toke hys horse and rode tylle mydday. And there by adventure he mette with the same knyght that toke hys horse, helme and hys swerde whan he slepte, whan the Sankgreall appered afore the crosse. So whan Sir Launcelot saw hym he salewede hym nat fayre, but cryed on hyght, "Knyght, kepe the, for thou deddist me grete unkyndnes."

And than they put afore them theire spearis, and Sir Launcelot com so fyersely that he smote hym and hys horse downe to the erthe, that he had nyghe brokyn hys neck. Than Sir Launcelot toke the knyghtes horse that was hys owne beforehonde, and descended frome the horse he sate uppon, and mownted uppon hys horse, and

tyed the knyghtes owne horse to a tre, that he myght fynde that horse whan he was rysen.

Than Sir Launcelot rode tylle nyght, and by adventure he mette an ermyte, and eche of hem salewd other. And there he reste with that good man all nyght and gaff hys horse suche as he myght gete. Than seyde the good man unto Sir Launcelot, "Of whens be ye?"

"Sir," seyde he, "I am of Arthurs courte, and my name ys Sir Launcelot de Lake, that am in the queste of the Sankegreall. And therefor, sir, I pray you counceile me of a vision that I saw thys nyght." And so he tolde hym all.

"Lo, Sir Launcelot," seyde the good man, "there myght thou undirstonde the hyghe lynayge that thou arte com off, that thyne avision betokenyth.

"Aftir the Passion of Jesu Cryste fourty yere, Joseph of Aramathy preched of the victory of Kynge Evelake, that he had in hys batayles the bettir of hys enemyes. And of the seven kynges and the too knyghtes, the firste of hem ys called Nappus, an holy man, and the secunde hyght Nacien in remembraunce of hys grauntesyre, and in hym dwelled Oure Lord Jesu Cryst. And the third was called Hellyas le Grose, and the fourthe hyght Lysays, and the fyfth hyght Jonas; he departed oute of hys contrey and wente into Walis and toke there the doughter of Manuell, whereby he had the londe of Gaule. And he com to dwelle in thys contrey, and of hym com Kynge Launcelot, thy grauntesyre, whych wedded the kynges doughter of Irelonde, and he was as worthy a man as thou arte. And of hym cam Kynge Ban, thy fadir, whych was the laste of the seven kynges. And by the, Sir Launcelot, hit signyfieth that the angels seyde thou were none of the seven felysship. And the last was the nyneth knyght, he was signyfyed to a lyon for he sholde passe all maner of erthely knyghtes: that ys Sir Galahad whych thou gate on Kynge Pelles doughter. And thou ought to thanke God more than ony othir man lyvyng, for of a synner erthely thou hast no pere as in knyghthode nother never shall have. But lytyll thanke hast thou yevyn to God for all the grete vertuys that God hath lente the."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye sey that good knyght ys my sonne?"

"That ought thou to know," seyde the good man, "for thou knew the doughter of Kyng Pelles fleyshly, and on her thou begatist Sir Galahad, and that was he that at the feste of Pentecoste sate in the Syge Perelous. And therefore make thou hit to be knowyn opynly that he ys of thy begetynge. And I counceyle the, in no place prees nat uppon hym to have ado with hym, for hit woll nat avayle no knyght to have ado with hym."

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "mesemyth that good knyght sholde pray for me unto the Hyghe Fadir, that I falle nat to synne agayne."

"Truste thou well," seyde the good man, "thou faryst muche the better for hys prayer. For the sonne shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the fadir, nor the fadir shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the sonne, but every man shall beare hys owne burdon, and therefore beseke thou only God, and He woll helpe the in all thy nedes."

And than Sir Launcelot and he wente to supere, and so leyde hem to reste, and the heyre prycked faste Sir Launcelots skynne and greved hym sore, but he toke hyt mekely and suffirde the payne. And so on the morne he harde hys masse and toke hys armys and so toke hys leve, and mownted uppon hys horse and rode into a foreyst and helde no hygheway.

And as he loked before hym he sye a fayre playne, and besyde that a fayre castell, and before the castell were many pavelons of sylke and of dyverse hew. And hym semed that he saw there fyve hondred knyghtes rydynge on horsebacke, and there was too partyes: they that were of the castell were all on black horsys and theire trappoures black, and they that were withoute were all on whyght horsis and trappers. So there began a grete turnemente, and everyche hurteled with other, that hit mervayled Sir Launcelot gretly. And at the laste hym thought they of the castell were putt to the wars.

Than thought Sir Launcelot for to helpe there the wayker party in incresyng of hys shevalry. And so Sir Launcelot threste in amonge

the party of the castell and smote downe a knyght, horse and man, to the erthe, and than he russhed here and there and ded many mervaylous dedis of armys. And than he drew oute hys swerde and strake many knyghtes to the erth, that all that saw hym mervayled that ever one knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys. But allwayes the whyght knyghtes hylde them nyghe aboute Sir Launcelot for to tire hym and wynde hym, and at the laste, as a man may nat ever endure, Sir Launcelot waxed so faynt of fyghtyng and travaillyng, and was so wery of hys grete dedis, that he myght nat lyffte up hys armys for to gyff one stroke, that he wente never to have borne armys. And than they all toke and ledde hym away into a foreyste and there made hym to alyght to reeste hym. And than all the felyship of the castell were overcom for the defaughte of hym. Than they seyd all unto Sir Launcelot, "Blessed be God that ye be now of oure felyship, for we shall holde you in oure preson."

And so they leffte hym with few wordys, and than Sir Launcelot made grete sorowe: "For never or now was I never at turnemente nor at justes but I had the beste. And now I am shamed, and am sure that I am more synfuller than ever I was."

Thus he rode sorowyng halff a day oute of dispayre, tyll that he cam into a depe valey. And whan Sir Launcelot sye he myght nat ryde up unto the mountayne, he there alyght undir an appyll-tre. And there he leffte hys helme and hys shylde, and put hys horse unto pasture. And than he leyde hym downe to slepe. And than hym thought there com an olde man afore hym whych seyde, "A, Launcelot, of evill wycked fayth and poore beleve! Wherefore ys thy wyll turned so lyghtly toward dedly synne?"

And whan he had seyde thus he vanysshed away, and Sir Launcelot wyst nat where he becom.

Than he toke hys horse and armed hym. And as he rode by the hygheway he saw a chapell where was a recluse, which had a wyndow, that she myght se up to the awter. And all aloude she called Sir Launcelot for that he semed a knyght arraunte. And than he cam, and she asked hym what he was, and of what place, and where aboute he wente to seke. And than he tolde hir alltogydir worde by

worde, and the trouth how hit befelle hym at the turnemente, and aftir that he tolde hir hys avision that he had had that nyght in hys slepe, and prayde her to telle hym what hit myght meane.

"A, Launcelot," seyde she, "as longe as ye were knyght of erthly knyghthode ye were the moste mervayloust man of the worlde, and moste adventurest. Now," seyde the lady, "sitthen ye be sette amonge the knyghtis of hevynly adventures, if aventure falle you contrary at that turnamente, yet have ye no mervayle; for that turnamente yestirday was but a tokenynge of Oure Lorde. And natforethan there was none enchauntemente, for they at the turnemente were erthely knyghtes. The turnamente was tokyn to se who sholde have moste knyghtes, other Eliazar, the sonne of Kynge Pelles, or Argustus, the sonne of Kynge Harlon. But Eliazar was all clothed in whyght, and Argustus was coverde in blacke. And what thys betokenyth I shall telle you.

"The day of Pentecoste, whan Kynge Arthure hylde courte, hit befelle that erthely kynges and erthely knyghtes toke a turnemente togydirs, that ys to sey the queste of the Sankgreall. Of thes the erthely knyghtes were they which were clothed all in blake, and the coveryng betokenyth the synnes whereof they be nat confessed. And they with the coverynge of whyght betokenyth virginité, and they that hath chosyn chastité. And thus was the queste begonne in them. Than thou behelde the synners and the good men, and whan thou saw the synners overcom thou enclyned to that party for bobbaunce and pryde of the worlde, and all that muste be leffte in that queste; for in thys queste thou shalt have many felowis and thy bettirs, for thou arte so feble of evyll truste and good beleve. Thys made hit whan thou were there where they toke the and ladde the into the foreyste.

"And anone there appered the Sankgreall unto the whyght knyghtes, but thou were so fyeble of good beleve and fayth that thou myght nat abyde hit for all the techyng of the good man before. But anone thou turned to the synners, and that caused thy mysseaventure, that thou sholde know good frome vayneglory of the worlde; hit ys nat worth a peare. And for grete pryde thou

madist grete sorow that thou haddist nat overcom all the whyght knyghtes. Therefore God was wrothe with you, for in thys queste God lovith no such dedis. And that made the avision to say to the that thou were of evyll faythe and of poore bylyeve, the which woll make the to falle into the depe pitte of helle, if thou kepe the nat the better.

"Now have I warned the of thy vayneglory and of thy pryde, that thou haste many tyme arred ayenste thy Maker. Beware of everlastynge payne, for of all erthly knyghtes I have moste pité of the, for I know well thou haste nat thy pere of ony erthly synfull man."

And so she commaunded Sir Launcelot to dyner.

And aftir dyner he toke hys horse and commaunde her to God, and so rode into a depe valey. And there he saw a ryver that hyght Mortays. And thorow the watir he muste nedis passe, the whych was hedyous. And than in the name of God he toke hit with good herte. And whan he com over he saw an armed knyght, horse and man all black as a beare. Withoute ony worde he smote Sir Launcelottis horse to the dethe. And so he paste on and wyst nat where he was becom. And than he toke hys helme and hys shylde, and thanked God of hys adventure.

Here levith the tale of Sir Launcelot and spekith of Sir Gawayne.

SIR GAWAYNE

WHAN SIR GAWAYNE was departed frome hys felyship he rode longe withoute ony adventure, for he founde nat the tenthe parte of aventures as they were wonte to have, for Sir Gawayne rode frome Whytsontyde tylle Mychaelmasse, and founde never adventure that pleased hym.

So on a day hit befelle that Gawayne mette with Sir Ector de Maris, and aythir made grete joy of othir. And so they tolde everyche othir, and complayned them gretely, that they coude fynde none adventure.

"Truly," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I am ny wery of thys queste, and lothe I am to folow further in straunge contreyes."

"One thynge mervaylith me muche," seyde Sir Ector. "I have mette with twenty knyghtes that be felowys of myne, and all they complayne as I do."

"I have mervayle," seyd Sir Gawayne, "where that Sir Launcelot, your brothir, ys."

"Truly," seyde Sir Ector, "I can nat hyre of hym, nother of Sir Galahad, Sir Percivale, and Sir Bors."

"Lette hem be," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for they foure have no peerys. And if one thynge were nat in Sir Launcelot he had none felow of an erthely man, but he ys as we be but if he take the more payne uppon hym. But and thes foure be mette togydyrs they woll be lothe that ony man mete with hem; for and they fayle of the Sankgreall, hit ys in waste of all the remenaunte to recover hit."

Thus Sir Ector and Sir Gawayne rode more than eyght dayes. And on a Satirday they founde an auncyant chapell which was wasted, that there semed no man nor woman thydir repayred. And there they alyght and sette theire sperys at the dore. And so they entirde into the chapell and there made theire orysons a grete whyle. And than they sette hem downe in the segys of the chapell, and as they

spake of one thynge and of othir, for hevynesse they felle on slepe. And there befelle hem bothe mervaylous adventures.

Sir Gawayne, hym semed he cam into a medow full of herbis and floures, and there he saw a rakke of bullis, an hundrith and fyffty, that were proude and black, save thre of hem was all whyght, and one had a blacke spotte. And the othir too were so fayre and so whyght that they myght be no whytter. And thes thre bullis which were so fayre were tyed with too stronge cordis. And the remnaunte of the bullis seyde amonge them, "Go we hens to seke bettir pasture!"

And so som wente and som com agayne, but they were so megir that they myght nat stonde upryght. And of the bullys that were so whyght, that one com agayne and no mo. But whan thys whyght bulle was com agayne and amonge thes other, there rose up a grete crye for lacke of vyande that fayled them. And so they departed, one here and anothir there.

Thys avision befelle Sir Gawayne that nyght.

But to Sir Ector de Mares befelle another avision, the contrary. For hit semed hym that hys brothir Sir Launcelot and he alyght oute of a chayre and lepte uppon too horsis. And the one seyde to the othir, "Go we to seke that we shall nat fynde."

And hym thought thatt a man bete Sir Launcelot and dispoyled hym, and clothed hym in another aray whych was all fulle of knottis, and sette hym uppon an asse. And so he rode tylle that he cam unto the fayryst welle that ever he saw. And there Sir Launcelot alyght and wolde have dronke of that welle; and whan he stowped to drynke of that watir the watir sanke frome hym. And whan Sir Launcelot saw that, he turned and wente thidir as he had com fro. And in the meane whyle he trowed that hymself, Sir Ector, rode tylle that he com to a ryche mannes house where there was a weddynge. And there he saw a kynge whych seyde, "Sir knyght, here ys no place for you." And than he turned agayne unto the chayre that he cam fro.

And so within a whyle both Sir Gawayne and Sir Ector awaked, and ayther tolde other of theire avision, whych mervayled hem gretly.

"Truly," seyde Sir Ector, "I shall never be myrry tyll I hyre tydynges of my brothyr Sir Launcelot."

So as they sate thus talkynge they saw an honde shewynge unto the elbow, and was coverde with rede samyte, and uppon that hynge a brydill nat ryght ryche, that hylde within the fyste a grete candill whych brenned ryght clere; and so passed before them and entird into the chapell, and than vanyshed away they wyste nat whydir. And anone com downe a voice which seyde, "Knyghtes full of evyll fayth and of poore beleve, thes thre thynges have fayled you, and therefore ye may nat com to the aventures of the Sankgreall!"

Than first spake Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Sir Ector, have ye herde thes wordys?"

"Ye truly," seyde Sir Ector, "I herde all. Now go we," seyde Sir Ector, "unto som ermyte that woll telle us of oure avision, for hit semyth me we laboure all in waste."

And so they departe and rode into a valey, and there they mette with a squyre which rode on an hakeney, and anone they salewed hym fayre.

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "can thou teche us to ony ermyte?"

"Sir, here ys one in a litill mowntayne, but hit ys so rowghe there may no horse go thydir, and therefore ye muste go on foote. And there ye shall fynde a poore house, and therein ys Nacien the ermyte, whych ys the holyeste man in thys contrey."

And so they departed eythir frome othir. And than in a valey they mette with a knyght all armed which profirde hem to juste as far as he saw them.

"In the name of God," seyde Gawayne, "for sitthyn I departed frome Camelot there was none that profirde me to juste but onys, and now."

"Sir," seyde Sir Ector, "lat me juste with hym."

"Nay, ye shall nat, but if I be betyn. Hit shall nat than forthynke me if ye go to hym after me."

And than aythir enbraced other to juste, and so they cam togydirs as faste as theire horses myght renne, that they braste theire shyldis and mayles, and that one more than the tother. But Sir Gawayne

was wounded in the lyffte syde, and thys other knyght was smytten thorow the breste, that the speare com oute on that other syde. And so they felle bothe oute of theire sadyls, and in the fallynge they brake both theire spearys. And anone Sir Gawayne arose and sette hys honde to hys swerde and caste hys shylde before hym. But all for naught was hit, for the knyght had no power to aryse agayne hym.

Than seyde Sir Gawayne, "Ye muste yelde you as an overcom man, other ellis I muste sle you."

"A, sir knyght," he seyde, "I am but dede! Therefore, for Goddys sake and of youre jantilnes, lede me here unto an abbay, that I may resceyve my Creature."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I know no house of religion here nyghe."

"Sir, sette me on an horse tofore you, and I shall teche you."

So Sir Gawayne sette hym up in the sadyll, and he lepe up behynde hym to sustayne hym. And so they cam to the abbay, and there were well resceyved. And anone he was unarmed and resceyved hys Creature.

Than he prayde Sir Gawayne to drawe oute the truncheon of the speare oute of hys body. Than Sir Gawayne asked hym what he was.

"Sir," he seyde, "I am of Kynge Arthurs courte, and was a felow of the Rounde Table, and we were bretherne sworne togydir, and now, Sir Gawayne, thou hast slayne me. And my name ys Sir Uwayne, that somtyme was sone unto Kynge Uryen, and I was in the queste of the Sankgreall. And now forgyff the God, for hit shall be ever rehersed that the tone sworne brother hath slayne the other."

"Alas," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that ever thys mysadventure befelle me!"

"No force," seyde Sir Uwayne, "sytthyn I shall dye this deth, of a much more worshipfuller mannes hande myght I nat dye. But whan ye com to the courte recommaunde me unto my lorde Arthur, and to all them that be leffte on lyve. And for olde brothirhode thynke on me."

Than began Sir Gawayne to wepe, and also Sir Ector. And than Sir Uwayne bade hym draw oute the truncheon of the speare, and than Sir Gawayne drew hit oute, and anone departed the soule frome the body. Than Sir Gawayne and Sir Ector buryed hym as them ought to bury a kynges sonne and made hit be wrytyn uppon hys tombe what was hys name and by whom he was slayne.

Than departed Sir Gawayne and Sir Ector as hevy as they myght be for theire mysseadventure. And so rode tylle that they com to the rowghe mountayne, and there they tyed theire horsis and wente on foote to the ermytayge. And whan they were com up they saw a poore house, and besyde the chapell a litill courtelayge where Nacien the ermyte gadred wortis to hys mete, as he whych had tasted none other mete of a grete whyle. And whan he saw the arraunte knyghtes he cam to them and salewed them and they hym agayne.

"Fayre lordis," seyde he, "what adventure brought you hydir?"

Than seyde Sir Gawayne, "To speke with you for to be confessed."

"Sir," seyde the ermyte, "I am redy."

Than they tolde hym so muche that he wyste welle what they ware, and than he thought to counceyle them if he myght.

Than began Sir Gawayne and tolde hym of hys avision that he had in the chapell. And Ector tolde hym all as hit ys before reherced.

"Sir," seyde the ermyte unto Sir Gawayne, "the fayre medow: by the rak therein ought to be undirstonde the Rounde Table, and by the medow oughte to be undirstonde humilité and paciens; tho be the thynges which bene allwey grene and quyk. For that men mowe no tyme overcom humilité and pacience, therefore was the Rounde Table founden, and the shevalry hath ben at all tymes so hyghe by the fraternité which was there that she myght nat be overcom, for men seyde she was founded in paciens and in humilité. At the rack ete an hondred and fyffty bullys, but they ete nat in the medowe, for if they had, theire hartes sholde have bene sette in humilité and paciens; and the bullis were proude and blacke, sauff only thre.

"And by the bullys ys to undirstonde the felyshyp of the Rounde Table, whych for theire synne and theire wyckednesse bene blacke;

blackenes ys as much to sey withoute good vertues or workes. And the thre bulles whych were whyght, sauff only one had bene spotted? The too whyght betokenythe Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale, for they be maydyns and clene withoute spotte, and the thirde, that had a spotte, signifieth Sir Bors de Gaynes, which trespassed but onys in hys virginité. But sithyn he kepyth hymselff so well in chastité that all ys forgyffyn hym and hys myssededys. And why tho thre were tyed by the neckes, they be thre knyghtes in virginité and chastité, and there ys no pryde smytten in them.

"And the blacke bullis whych seyde 'go we hens', they were tho whych at Pentecoste at the hyghe feste toke uppon hem to go in the queste of the Sankgreall withoute confession: they myght nat entir in the medow of humilité and paciens. And therefore they turned into waste contreyes: that signifieth dethe, for there shall dye many off them. For everych of them shall sle othir for synne, and they that shall ascape shall be so megir that hit shall be mervayle to se them. And of the thre bullis withoute spotte, the one shall com agayne and the other too never."

Than spake Nacien unto Sir Ector: "Soth hit ys that Sir Launcelot and ye com downe of one chayre; the chayer betokenyth maystership and lordeship which ye too cam downe fro. But ye too knyghtes," sayde the ermyte, "ye go to seke that ye shall never fynde, that ys the Sankgreall, for hit ys the secrete thynges of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But what ys to meane that Sir Launcelot felle doune of hys horse? He hath leffte pryde and takyn hym to humilité, for he hath cryed mercy lowde for hys synne and sore repented hym, and Oure Lorde hath clothed hym in Hys clothynge whych ys full of knottes, that ys the hayre that he werith dayly. And the asse that he rode uppon ys a beest of humilité (for God wolde nat ryde upon no styede nother uppon no palferey, in an exemple that an asse betokenyth mekenes), that thou saw Sir Launcelot ryde on in thy slepe.

"And the welle whereat the watir sanke frome hym whan he sholde have takyn thereoff? (And whan he saw he myght nat have hit he returned from whens he cam.) For the welle betokenyth the

hyghe grace of God; for the more men desyre hit to take hit, the more shall be theire desire. So whan he cam nyghe the Sankgreall he meked hym so that he hylde hym nat the man worthy to be so nyghe the holy vessell, for he had be so defoyled in dedly synne by the space of many yere; yett whan he kneled downe to drynke of the welle, there he sawe grete prevydence of the Sankgreall. And for he hath served so longe the devyll he shall have vengeaunce foure and twenty dayes, for that he hath bene the devillis servaunte foure and twenty yerys. And than sone aftir he shall returne to Camelot oute of thys contrey, and he shall sey a party such thyngis as he hath founde.

"Now woll I telle you what betokenyth the hande with the candill and the brydyll: that ys to undirstonde the Holy Goste, where charité ys ever; and the brydyll signifieth abstinens, for whan she ys brydeled in a Crysten mannes herte she holdith hym so shorte that he fallith nat in dedly synne. And the candyll which shewith clernesse and lyght signyfieth the ryght way of Jesu Cryste. And whan He wente, He seyde, 'Knyghtes of pore fayth and of wycked beleve, thes thre thynges fayled: charité, abstinaunce, and trouthe.' Therefore ye may nat attayne thys adventure of the Sankgreall."

"Sertes," seyde Sir Gawayne, "full sothly have ye seyde, that I se hit opynly. Now I pray you telle me why we mette nat with so many adventures as we were wonte to do?"

"I shall telle you gladly," seyde the good man. "The adventures of the Sankgreall whych be in shewynge now ye fynde not, for hit apperith nat to no synners (wherefore mervayle ye nat though ye fayle thereoff and many othir, for ye bene an untrew knyght and a grete murtherar), and to good men signifieth othir thynges than murthir. For I dare sey, as synfull as ever Sir Launcelot hath byn, sith that he wente into the queste of the Sankgreal he slew never man nother nought shall, tylle that he com to Camelot agayne; for he hath takyn uppon hym to forsake synne. And ne were that he ys nat stable, but by hys thoughte he ys lyckly to turne agayne, he sholde be nexte to encheve hit sauff Sir Galahad, hys sonne; but God knowith hys thought and hys unstablenesse. And yett shall

he dye ryght an holy man, and no doute he hath no felow of none erthly synfull man lyvyng."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "hit semyth me by youre wordis that for oure synnes hit woll nat avayle us to travayle in thys queste."

"Truly," seyde the good man, "there bene an hondred such as ye bene that shall never prevayle but to have shame."

And whan they had herde thes wordis they commaunded hym unto God.

Than the good man called Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Hit ys longe tyme passed sith that ye were made knyght and never synnes servyd thou thy Maker, and now thou arte so olde a tre that in the ys neythir leeff nor fruyte. Wherefore bethynke the that thou yelde to Oure Lorde the bare rynde, sith the fende hath the levis and the fruyte."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and I had leyser I wolde speke with you, but my felow Sir Ector ys gone and abith me yondir bynethe the hylle."

"Well," seyde the good man, "thou were better to be counceyled."

Than departed Sir Gawayne and cam to sir Ector, and so toke theire horsis and rode tylle that they com to a fosters house, which herberowde them ryght welle. And on the morne departed frome hir oste and rode longe or they cowthe fynde ony adventure.

Now turnyth thys tale unto Syr Bors de Ganys.

SIR BORS

WHAN SIR BORS was departed frome Camelot he mette with a religious man rydynge on an asse, and anone Sir Bors salewed hym. And anone the good man knew that he was one of the knyghtes arraunte that was in the queste of the Sankgreall.

"What ar ye?" seyde the good man.

"Sir," seyde he, "I am a knyght that fayne wolde be counceyled, that ys entirde into the queste of the Sankgreall, for he shall have much erthly worship that may bryng hit to an ende."

"Sertes," seyde the good man, "that ys sothe withoute fayle, for he shall be the beste knyght of the worlde and the fayryst of the felyship. But wyte you welle there shall none attayne hit but by clennes, that ys pure confession."

So rode they togydir tyll that they com unto a litill ermytayge, and there he prayde Sir Bors to dwelle all that nyght with hym. And so he alyghte and put of hys armoure and prayde hym that he myght be confessed, and so they wente into the chapell and there he was clene confessed. And so they ete brede and dranke watir togydir.

"Now," seyde the good man, "I pray the that thou ete none other tyll that thou sitte at the table where the Sankgreall shall be."

"Sir," seyde he, "I agré me thereto. But how know ye that I shall sytte there?"

"Yes," seyde the good man, "that know I well, but there shall be but fewe of youre felowis with you."

"All ys wellcomme," seyde Sir Bors, "that God sendith me."

"Also," seyde the good man, "insteede of a shurte, and in sygne of chastisemente, ye shall were a garmente. Therefore I pray you do of all your clothys and youre shurte."

And so he dud. And than he toke hym a scarlet cote so that sholde be hys instede of hys sherte tylle he had fulfilled the queste

of the Sankegreall. And thys good man founde hym in so mervales a lyffe and so stable that he felte he was never gretly corrupte in fleysshly lustes but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le Blanke.

Than he armyd hym and toke hys leve, and so departed. And so a litill frome thens he loked up into a tre and there he saw a passynge grete birde uppon that olde tre. And hit was passyng drye, withoute leyffe; so she sate above and had birdis which were dede for hungir. So at the laste he smote hymselffe with hys beke which was grete and sherpe, and so the grete birde bledde so faste that he dyed amonge hys birdys. And the yonge birdys toke lyff by the bloode of the grete birde.

Whan Sir Bors saw thys he wyste well hit was a grete tokenynge; for whan he saw the grete birde arose nat, than he toke hys horse and yode hys way.

And so by aventure, by evynsonge tyme, he cam to a stronge towre and an hyghe, and there was he herberowde gladly. And whan he was unarmed they lad hym into an hyghe towre where was a lady, yonge, lusty and fayre, and she resceyved hym with grete joy and made hym to sitte downe by her. And anone he was sette to supper with fleyssh and many deyntees. But whan Sir Bors saw that, he bethought hym on hys penaunce and bade a squyre to brynge hym watir. And so he brought hym, and he made soppis therein and ete them.

"A," seyde the lady, "I trow ye lyke nat youre mete."

"Yes, truly," seyde Sir Bors, "God thanke you, madam, but I may nat ete none other mete today."

Than she spake no more as at that tyme, for she was lothe to displease hym. Than aftir supper they spake of one thynge and of othir. So with that there cam a squyre and seyde, "Madam, ye muste purvey you to-morne for a champion, for ellis youre syster woll have thys castell and also youre londys, excepte ye can fynde a knyght that woll fyght to-morne in youre quarell ayenste Sir Prydam le Noyre."

Than she made grete sorow and seyde, "A, lorde God! wherefore graunted ye me to holde my londe whereof I sholde now be disherited withoute reson and ryght?"

And whan Sir Bors herde hir sey thus he seyde, "I shall comforte you."

"Sir," seyde she, "I shall telle you: there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyawse whych hylde all thys londe in hys kepynge. So hit myssehapped he loved a jantillwoman a grete dele elder than I. And so he toke her all this londe to hir kepynge and all hys men to governe, and she brought up many evyll custums whereby she put to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen. And whan he saw that, he lete chace her oute of this londe and bytoke hit me, and all thys londe in my demenys. But anone as that worthy kynge was dede thys other lady began to warre uppon me, and hath destroyed many of my men and turned hem ayenste me, that I have well-nyghe no man leffte me, and I have naught ellis but thys hyghe towre that she leffte me. And yet she hath promysed me to have thys towre withoute I can fynde a knyght to fyght with her champion."

"Now telle me," seyde Sir Bors, "what ys that Prydam le Noyre?"

"Sir, he ys the moste douted man of thys londe."

"Than may ye sende hir worde that ye have founde a knyght that shall fyght with that Prydam le Noyre in Goddis quarelle and youres."

So that lady was than not a lytyll glad and sente her worde that she was purveyde. And so that nyght Sir Bors had passyng good chere, but in no bedde he wolde com but leyde hym on the floore, nor never wolde do otherwyse tyll that he had mette with the queste of the Sankegreall. And anone as he was aslepe hym befelle a vision: that there cam to hym too birdis, that one whyght as a swanne and that other was merveylous blacke; but he was nat so grete as was that other, but in the lyknes of a raven. Than the whyght birde cam to hym and seyde, "And thou woldist gyff me mete and serve me, I sholde gyff the all the ryches of the worlde, and I shall make the as fayre and as whyght as I am."

So the whyght birde departed. And than cam the blacke birde to hym and seyde, "And thou wolt serve me to-morow, have me in no

dispite, thoughe I be blacke. For wyte thou well that more avaylith my blaknesse than the odirs whyghtnesse." And than he departed.

Than he had anothir vision: hym thoughte that he cam to a grete place which semed a chapell, and there he founde a chayre sette, on the lyffte syde which was a worme-etyn and fyeble tre besyde hit, and on the ryght honde were too floures lyke a lylye, and that one wolde a benomme the tother hir whyghtnes. But a good man departed them, that the one towched not the othir, and than oute of eche floure com oute many floures and fruyte grete plenté. Than hym thought the good man seyde, "Sholde nat he do grete foly that wolde lette thes too floures perishe for to succoure the rottyn tre, that hyt felle nat to the erthe?"

"Sir," seyde he, "hit semyth me that thys wood myght nat avayle."

"Now kepe the," seyde the good man, "that thou never se such adventure befalle the."

Than he awaked and made a sygne of the crosse in myddys of the forhede, and so he arose and clothed hym. And anone there cam the lady of the place, and she salewed hym and he her agayne, and so wente to a chapell and herd theire servyse. And anone there cam a company of knyghtes that the lady had sente for, to lede Sir Bors unto the batayle. Than asked he his armys, and whan he was armed she prayde hym to take a lytyll morsell to dyne.

"Nay, madam," seyde he, "that shall I nat do tylle I have done my batayle, by the grace of God."

And so he lepe uppon hys horse and departed, and all the knyghtes and men with hym.

And as sone as thes too ladyes mette togydir, she which Sir Bors sholde fyght for, she playned hir and seyde, "Madam, ye have done grete wronge to beryve me my landis that Kyng Anyaws gaff me, and full lothe I am there sholde be ony batayle."

"Ye shall nat chose," seyde the other, "othir ellis lat your knyght withdraw hym."

Than there was the cry made, which party had the bettir of tho too knyghtes, that hys lady sholde rejoyse all the londys.

Than departed the one knyght here and the other there. Than they cam togydirs with such raundom that they perced theire shyldes and theire habergeons, and theire spearis flye in pecis, and they sore wounded eythir othir. Than hurteled they togydyrs so that they beete eche other to the erthe, and theire horsis betwene theire leggis. And anone they arose and sette handis to theire swerdys and smote eche one other uppon theire hedys, that they made grete woundis and depe, that the blode wente oute of hyre bodyes. For there founde Sir Bors gretter deffence in that knyght more than he wente; for thys Sir Prydam was a passyng good knyght and wounded Sir Bors full evyll, and he hym agayne, but ever Sir Pridam hylde the stowre inlyche harde. That perceyved Sir Bors and suffird hym tylle he was nyghe ataynte, and than he ranne uppon hym more and more, and the other wente backe for drede of dethe.

So in hys withdrawyng he felle upryght, and Sir Bors drew hys helme so strongely that he rente hit frome hys hede, and gaff hym many sadde strokes with the flatte of hys swerde uppon the visayge and bade hym yelde hym or he sholde sle hym. Than he cryed hym mercy and seyde, "Fayre knyght, for Goddis love, sle me nat, and I shall ensure the never to warre ayenste thy lady, but be allway towarde hir."

Than Sir Bors lette hym be, and anone the olde lady fledde with all hir knyghtes. So than com Sir Bors to all tho that hylde landis of hys lady, and seyde he sholde destroy them but if they dud such servyse unto her as longed to theire londys. So they dud her omayge, and they that wolde nat were chaced oute of theire londis, that hit befelle that the yonge lady com to her astate agayne be the myghty prouesse of Sir Bors de Ganys.

So whan all the contrey was well sette in pease, than Sir Bors toke hys leve and departed, and she thanked hym gretly and wolde have gyffyn hym grete rychesse, but he refused hit.

Than he rode all that day tylle nyght, and so he cam to an herberow to a lady which knew hym well inowghe and made of hym grete joy. So on the morne as sone as the day appered, Sir Bors departed from thens, and so rode into a foreyste unto the owre of

mydday. And there befelle hym a mervaylous aventure. So he mette at the departynge of the too wayes too knyghtes that lad Sir Lyonell hys brothir all naked, bowndyn uppon a stronge hakeney, and his hondis bounden tofore hys breste; and everych of them helde in theyre hondis thornys wherewith they wente betynge hym so sore that the bloode trayled downe more than in an hondred placis of hys body, so that he was all bloodé tofore and behynde. But he seyde never a worde, as he whych was grete of herte. He suffird all that they ded to hym as thoughe he had felte none angwysh.

And anone Sir Bors dressed hym to rescow hym that was his brothir. And so he loked uppon the other syde of hym and sawe a knyght which brought a fayre jantillwoman, and wolde a sette her in the thyckest place of the foreyste for to have be the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought her. And she, whyche was nothynge assured, cryde with an hyghe voice, "Seynte Mary, succour youre mayde!"

And anone as she syghe Sir Bors she demed hym a Knyght of the Rounde Table. Than she conjoured hym, by the faythe that he ought unto Hym "in whos servyse thou arte entred, and for Kynge Arthures sake, which I suppose made the knyght, that thou helpe me and suffir me nat to be shamed of this knyght."

Whan Sir Bors herde hir say thus, he had so much sorow that he wyst nat what to do: "For if I latte my brothir be in adventure he muste be slayne, and that wold I nat for all the erthe; and if I helpe nat the mayde she ys shamed, and shall lose hir virginité which she shall never gete agayne."

Than lyffte he up hys yghen and seyde wepynge, "Fayre swete lorde Jesu Cryst, whos lyege man I am, kepe me Sir Lyonell, my brothir, that thes knyghtes sle hym nat, and for pité of You and for mylde Maryes sake, I shall succour thys mayde."

Than dressed he hym unto the knyght which had the jantillwoman, and than he cryed, "Sir knyght, let youre honde of that maydyn, or ye be but dede!"

And than he sette downe the mayden, and was armed at all pycis sauff he lacked his speare. Than he dressed hys shylde and drew

oute his swerde. And Sir Bors smote hym so harde that hit wente thorow hys shylde and habirgeon on the lyffte sholdir, and thorow grete strengthe he bete hym downe to the erthe. And at the pullyng oute of Sir Bors spere he there sowned. Than cam Sir Bors to the mayde and seyde, "How semyth hit you? Of thys knyght be ye delyverde at thys tyme?"

"Now, sir," seyde she, "I pray you lede me thereas this knyght had me."

"So shall I do gladly."

And toke the horse of the wounded knyght and sette the jantilwoman uppon hym, and so brought hir as she desired.

"Sir knyght," seyde she, "ye have bettir spedde than ye wente, for and I had loste my maydynhode fyve hondred men sholde have dyed therefore."

"What knyght was he that had you in the foreyst?"

"Be my fayth, he ys my cosyne. So wote I never with what engyne the fynde enchaffed hym, for yestirday he toke me fro my fadir privayly, for I nother none of my fadirs men myssetrusted hym nat. And iff he had had my maydynhode he had dyed for the synne, and hys body shamed, and I dishonoured for ever."

Thus as she stood talkyng with hym there cam twelve knyghtes sekyng aftir hir. And anone she tolde hem all how Sir Bors had delyverde hir. Than they made grete joy and besought hym to com to her fadir, a grete lorde, and he sholde be ryght wellcom.

"Truly," seyde Sir Bors, "that may nat be at thys tyme, for I have a grete aventure to do in this contrey."

So he commaunde hem to God, and departed. Than Sir Bors rode after Sir Lyonell, hys brothir, by the trace of theire horsis.

Thus he rode sekyng a grete whyle, and anone he overtoke a man clothed in a religious wede, and rode on a stronge blacke horse, blacker than a byry, and seyde, "Sir knyght, what seke you?"

"Sir," seyde he, "I seke my brother that I saw erewhyle betyn with too knyghtes."

"A, Sir Bors, discomforte you nat, nor falle nat into no wanhope, for I shall telle you tydyngis such as they be, for truly he ys dede."

Than shewed he hym a new-slayne body lyyng in a buyssh, and hit semed hym well that hyt was the body of Sir Lyonell, hys brothir. And than he made suche sorow that he felle to the erthe in a sowne, and so lay a grete whyle there. And whan he cam to hymselff he seyde, "Fayre brother, sytthe the company of you and me ar departed, shall I never have joy in my herte. And now He whych I have takyn unto my mayster, He be my helpe."

And whan he had seyde thus he toke the body lyghtly in hys armys and put hit upon the harson of hys sadyll, and than he seyde to the man, "Can ye shew me ony chapell nyghe where that I may bury thys body?"

"Com one," seyde he, "here ys one faste bye."

And so longe they rode tylle they saw a fayre towre, and afore hit there semed an olde fyeble chapell; and than they alyght bothe and put hym in a tombe of marble.

"Now leve we hym here," seyde the good man, "and go we to oure herberow tylle to-morow we com hyre agayne to do hym servyse."

"Sir," seyd Sir Bors, "be ye a pryest?"

"Ye forsothe," seyde he.

"Than I pray you telle me a dreme that befelle me the laste nyght."

"Say on," seyde he. So he begon so much to telle hym of the grete birde in the foreyste, and aftir tolde hym of hys birdys, one whyght and another blacke, and of the rottyn tre and of the whyght floures.

"Sir, I shall telle you a parte now, and the othir dele to-morow. The whyght fowle betokenyth a jantillwoman fayre and ryche whych loved the paramours and hath loved the longe. And if that thou warne hir love she shall dy anone, if thou have no pité on her. That signifieth the blacke birde which shall make the to warne hir.

"Now for no feare that thou haste ne for no drede that thou hast of God, thou shalt nat warne hir; but thou woldist nat do hit for to be holdyn chaste, for to conquere the loose of the vayne-glory of the worlde; for that shall befalle the now, and thou warne hir,

that Sir Launcelot, the good knyght thy cousyn, shall dye. And than shall men sey that thou arte a man-sleer, both of thy brothir Sir Lyonell and of thy cousyn Sir Launcelot, whych thou myght have rescowed easyly, but thou wentist to rescow a mayde which perteyned nothynge to the. Now loke thou whether hit had bene gretter harme of thy brothers dethe, other ellis to have suffirde her to have loste hir maydynhode."

Than seyde he, "Now hast thou harde the tokyns of thy dreme."

"Ye," seyd Sir Bors.

"Than," seyde the man in this blacke clothynge, "ys hit in thy defaughte if Sir Launcelot thy cousyn dye."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "that were me lothe, for there ys nothynge in the worlde but I had levir do hit than to se my lorde Sir Launcelot dye in my defaught."

"Chose ye now the tone or that other."

Than he ladde hym into the hygh towre, and there he founde knyghtes and ladyes that seyde he was welcom. And so they unarmed hym, and whan he was in his dublette they brought hym a mantell furred with ermyne and put hit aboute hym. So they made hym such chere that he had forgotyn hys sorow. And anone cam oute of a chambir unto hym the fayryst lady that ever he saw, and more rycher beseyne than ever was Quene Guenyvere or ony other astate.

"Lo," seyde they, "Sir Bors, here ys the lady unto whom we owghe all oure servyse, and I trow she be the rychyst lady and the fayryste of the worlde, whych lovith you beste aboven all other knyghtes, for she woll have no knyght but you."

And whan he undirstood that langayge he was abaysshed. Notforthan she salewed hym and he her; and than they sate downe togydirs and spake of many thyngis, insomuch that she besought hym to be hir love, for she had loved hym aboven all erthly men and she sholde make hym rycher than evyr was man of hys ayge.

Whan Sir Bors undirstood hir wordis he was ryght evyll at ease, but in no wyse he wolde breke his chastité, and so he wyst nat how to answere her.

"Alas, Sir Bors!" seyde she, "woll ye nat do my wylle?"

"Madam," seyde he, "there ys no lady in thys worlde whos wylle I wolde fullfylle as of thys thynge. She ought nat to desire hit, for my brothir lyeth dede, which was slayne ryght late."

"A, Sir Bors," seyde she, "I have loved you longe for the grete beauté I have sene in you and the grete hardynesse that I have herde of you, that nedys ye muste lye be me to-nyght, therefore I pray you graunte hit me."

"Truly," seyde he, "I shall nat do hit in no maner wyse."

Than anone she made hym such sorow as thoughe she wolde have dyed.

"Well, Sir Bors," seyde she, "unto thys have ye brought me, nyghe to myne ende." And therewith she toke hym by the hande and bade hym beholde her, "and ye shall se how I shall dye for youre love."

And he seyd than, "I shall hit never se."

Than she departed and wente up into an hyghe batilment and lad with her twelve jantilwomen, and whan they were above one of the jantillwomen cryed, "A, Sir Bors, jantill knyght! Have mercy on us all, and suffir my lady to have hir wyll; and if ye do nat, we muste suffir dethe with oure lady for to falle downe of this hyghe towre. And if ye suffir us thus to dye for so litill a thynge, all ladyes and jantillwomen woll sey you dishonoure."

Than loked he upwarde and saw they semed all ladyes of grete astate, and rychely and well beseyne. Than had he of hem grete pité; natforthan he was nat uncounceyled in hymselff that levir he had they all had loste theire soules than he hys soule. And with that they felle adowne all at onys unto the erthe, and whan he saw that, he was all abaysshed and had thereof grete mervayle. And with that he blyssed hys body and hys vysayge. And anone he harde a grete noyse and a grete cry as all the fyndys of helle had bene aboute hym. And therewith he sawe nother towre, lady, ne jantillwomen, nother no chapell where he brought hys brothir to. Than hylde he up both hys hondis to the hevyn and seyde, "Fayre swete lorde, Fadir and God in hevyn, I am grevously ascaped!"

And than he toke hys armys and hys horse and set hym on hys way. And anone he herde a clocke smyte on hys ryght honde, and thydir he cam to an abbay which was closed with hyghe wallis, and there was he lette in. And anone they supposed that he was one of the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table that was in the queste of the Sankgreall, so they led hym into a chambir and unarmed hym.

"Sirs," seyde Sir Bors, "if there be ony holy man in thys house, I pray you lette me speke with hym."

Than one of hem lad hym unto the abbotte, which was in a chapell. And than Sir Bors salewed hym and he hym agayne.

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "I am a knyght arraunte," and tolde hym all the adventures whych he had sene.

"Sir knyght," seyde the abbotte, "I wote nat what ye be, for I went that a knyght of youre ayge myght nat have be so stronge in the grace of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Natforthan ye shall go unto youre reste, for I woll nat counceyle you thys day, hit ys to late. And to-morow I shall counceyle you as I can."

And that nyght was Sir Bors served rychely. And on the morne erly he harde masse, and than the abbot cam to hym and bade hym good-morow, and Sir Bors to hym agayne. And than he tolde hym he was a felow of the queste of the Sangreall, and how he had charge of the holy man to ete brede and watir.

"Than Oure Lorde shewed Hym unto you in the lyknesse of a fowle, that suffirde grete anguysshe for us whan He was putte uppon the Crosse, and bledde hys herte blood for mankynde; there was the tokyn and the lyknesse of the Sankgreall that appered afore you, for the blood that the grete fowle bledde reysyd the chykyns frome dethe to lyff. And by the bare tre is betokened the worlde, whych ys naked and nedy, withoute fruyte but if hit com of Oure Lorde.

"Also, the lady for whom ye fought for: Kyng Anyaws, whych was lorde thereto, betokenyth Jesu Cryste, which ys kyng of the worlde. And that ye fought with the champion for the lady, thus hit betokenyth: whan ye toke the batayle for the lady, by her shall ye undirstonde the newe law of Oure Lord Jesu Cryst and Holy

Churche, and by the othir lady ye shall undirstonde the olde lawe and the fynde which all day warryth ayenst Holy Chirch; therefore ye dud youre batayle with ryght, for ye be Jesu Crystes knyghtes, therefore ye oughte to be defenders of Holy Chirche. And by the blak birde myght ye understande Holy Chirche whych seyth, 'I am blacke,' but he ys fayre. And by the whyght birde may men undirstonde the fynde, and I shall telle you how the swan ys whyght withoutefurth and blacke within: hit ys ipocresye, which ys withoute yalew or pale, and semyth withouteforth the servauntis of Jesu Cryste, but they be withinfurthe so horrible of fylth and synne, and begyle the worlde so evyll.

"Also, whan the fynde apperith to the in lyknesse of a man of religion and blamed the that thou lefft thy brothir for a lady, and he lede the where thou semed thy brothir was slayne – but he ys yette on lyve – all was for to putte the in erroure, and to brynge the into wanhope and lechery, for he knew thou were tendir-herted, and all was for thou sholdist nat fynde the aventure of the Sankgreall. And the thirde fowle betokenyth the stronge batayle ayenste the fayre ladyes, whych were all devyls.

"Also, the dry tre and the whyght lylyes: the sere tre betokenyth thy brothir Sir Lyonell, whych ys dry withoute vertu, and therefore men oughte to calle hym the rotyn tre, and the worme-etyn tre, for he ys a murtherer and doth contrary to the order off knyghthode. And the too whyght floures signifieth too maydyns; the one ys a knyght which ye wounded the other day, and the other is the jantillwoman whych ye rescowed. And why the one floure drew nye the tother, that was the knyght which wolde have defowled her and hymselff bothe. And, Sir Bors, ye had bene a grete foole and in grete perell for to have sene tho too flowris perish for to succoure the rottyn tre, for and they had synned togydir, they had be dampned; and for ye rescowed them bothe, men myght calle you a verry knyght and the servaunte of Jesu Cryste."

Than wente Sir Bors frome thens and commaunded the abbotte to God. And than he rode all that day, and herberowde with an olde lady.

And on the morne he rode to a castell in a valey, and there he mette with a yoman goyng a grete pace toward a foreyste.

"Sey me," seyde Sir Bors, "canst thou telle me of ony adventure?"

"Sir," seyde he, "here shall be undir thys castell a grete and a mervaylous turnemente."

"Of what folkys shall hit be?" seyde Sir Bors.

"The Erle of Playns shall be on the tone party, and the ladyes nevew off Hervyn on the todir party."

Than Sir Bors thought to be there, to assay iff he myght mete with hys brothir Sir Lyonell, or ony other of hys felyship whych were in the queste of the Sankgreall, than he turned to an ermytayge that was in the entré of the foreyst. And whan he was com thydir he founde there Sir Lyonell his brother, which sate all unarmed at the entré of the chapell dore for to abyde there herberow tylle on the morne that the turnement sholde be. And whan Sir Bors saw hym he had grete joy of hym, that no man cowde telle of gretter joy. And than he alyght of his horse and seyde, "Fayre swete brothir, whan cam ye hydir?"

And as Sir Lyonell saw hym he seyde, "A, Sir Bors, ye may nat make none avaunte, but as for you I myght have bene slayne. Whan ye saw too knyghtes lede me away beatynge me, ye leffte me to succour a jantillwoman, and suffird me to be in perell of deth. For never arste ne ded no brothir to another so grete an untrouthe. And for that myssedede I ensure you now but dethe, for well have ye deserved hit. Therefor kepe you frome me frome hens forewarde! And that shall ye fynde as sone as I am armed."

Whan Sir Bors undirstode his brothirs wratth he kneled downe tofore hym to the erthe, and cryed hym mercy, holdyng up both hys hondis, and prayde hym to forgyff hym hys evyll wylle.

"Nay, nay," seyde Sir Lyonell, "that shall never be and I may have the hygher hande, that I make myne avow to God. Thou shalt have dethe, for hit were pité ye lyved any lenger."

Ryght so he wente in and toke hys harneyse, and lyghte uppon his horse and cam tofore hym and seyde, "Sir Bors, kepe the fro me,

for I shall do to the as I wolde do to a felon other a traytoure. For ye be the untrewyst knyght that ever cam oute of so worthy an house as was Kyng Bors de Ganys, which was oure fadir. Therefore sterte uppon thy horse, and so shalt thou be moste at thyne avauntayge. And but if thou wylt, I woll renne uppon the thereas thou arte on foote; and so the shame shall be myne and the harme youres, but of that shame recke I nought."

Whan Sir Bors sye that he must fyght with his brothir othir ellis to dye, he wyst nat what to do; so hys herte counceyled hym nat thereto, inasmuch as Sir Lyonell was hys elder brothir, wherefore he oughte to bere hym reverence. Yette kneled he adowne agayne tofore Sir Lyonelles horse feete and seyde, "Fayre swete brothir, have mercy uppon me and sle me nat, and have in remembraunce the grete love which oughte to be betwene us too."

So whatsomever Sir Bors seyde to Sir Lyonell he rought nat, for the fynde had brought hym in suche a wylle that he sholde sle hym. So whan Sir Lyonell saw he wolde none other do nor wolde nat ryse to gyff hym batayle he russhed over hym so that he smote Sir Bors with his horse feete upwarde to the erthe, and hurte hym so sore that he sowned for distresse which he felte in hymselff to have dyed withoute confession. So whan Sir Lyonell saw thys he alyght of hys horse to have smytten of hys hede, and so he toke hym by the helme and wolde have rente hit frome hys hede. Therewith cam the ermyte rennynge unto hym, which was a good man and of grete ayge, and well had herde all the wordis that were betwene them.

He lepe betwene them, and so felle downe upon Sir Bors, and seyde unto sir Lyonell, "A, jantyll knyght! have mercy uppon me and uppon thy brothir, for if thou sle hym thou shalt be dede of that synne, and that were grete sorow, for he ys one of the worthyest knyghtes of the worlde and of beste condicions."

"So God me helpe, sir pryste, but if ye fle from hym I shall sle you, and he shall never the sunner be quytte."

"Sertes," seyde the good man, "I had levir ye sle me than hym, for as for my dethe shall nat be grete harme, nat halff so much as for his woll be."

"Well," seyd Sir Leonell, "I am agreed," and sette his honde to his swerde, and smote hym so harde that hys hede yode off bacwarde. And natforthan he restrayned hym nat of hys evyll wyll, but toke hys brothir by the helme and unlaced hit to have smytten off hys hede, and had slayne hym had nat a felowe of hys of the Rounde Table com whos name was called Sir Collegrevaunce, that com thydyr as Oure Lordis wyll wolde.

And whan he saw the good man slayne he mervayled much what hit myght be; and than he behylde Sir Lyonell that wolde have slayne hys brothir, and knewe Sir Bors, which he loved ryght well. Than sterte he adowne and toke Sir Lyonell by the shuldirs, and drew hym strongely abacke frome Sir Bors, and seyde to Sir Lyonell, "Woll ye sle youre brothir, the worthyest knyght one of the worlde? That sholde no good man suffir."

"Why so," seyde Sir Lyonell, "woll ye lette me thereoff? For if ye entirmete thereoff, I shall sle you to, and hym thereafftir!"

"Why," seyde Sir Colgrevaunce, "ys thys sothe that ye woll sle hym?"

"Yee, sle hym woll I, whoso seyth the contrary! For he hath done so muche ayenst me that he hath well deserved hit."

And so ran uppon hym, and wolde have smytten hym thorow the hede. And so Sir Colgrevaunce ran betwixte them and seyde, "And ye be so hardy to do so more, we too shall meddyll togidirs!"

So whan Sir Lyonell undirstood his wordis he toke his shylde tofore hym and asked hym what that he was.

"Sir, my name ys Sir Collgrevaunce, one of his felowis."

Than Sir Lyonell defyed hym, and so he sterte uppon hym and gaff hym a grete stroke thorow the helme. Than he drew his swerde, for he was a passyng good knyght, and defended hym ryght manfully. And so longe dured there the batayle that Sir Bors sate up all angwyshlye and behylde Sir Collegrevaunce, the good knyght, that fought with his brother for his quarell. Thereof he was full hevy, and thought if Sir Collgrevaunce slew hys brothir that he sholde never have joy; also, and if hys brothir slew Sir Collgrevaunce, "the shame sholde ever be myne."

Than wolde he have rysen to have departed them, but he had nat so much myght to stonde one foote. And so he abode so longe that Sir Collgrevaunce had the werse, for thys Sir Lyonell was of grete chevalry and passyng hardy; for he had perced the hawbirke and the helme so sore that he abode but deth; for he had lost much blood that hit was mervayle that he myght stonde upryght. Than behylde he Sir Bors whych sate dressyng hymselff upward, and seyde, "A, Sir Bors! Why cam ye nat to rescowe me oute of perell of dethe wherein I have putte me to succour you, which were ryght now nyghe dethe?"

"Sertes," seyde Sir Lyonell, "that shall nat avayle you, for none of you shall be othirs warraunte, but ye shall dye both of my honde!"

Whan Sir Bors herde that he seyde so muche, he arose and put on hys helme. And than he perceyved first the ermyte-pryste whych was slayne; than made he a mervaylous sorow uppon hym. Than Sir Collgrevaunce cryed offtyn uppon Sir Bors and seyde, "Why, woll ye lat me dye here for your sake? No forse, sir! If hit please you that I shall dy, the deth shall please me the bettir, for to save a worthyer man myght I never ressayve the dethe."

With that worde Sir Lyonell smote of the helme frome hys hede; and whan Sir Collgrevaunce saw that he myght nat ascape, than he seyde, "Fayre swete Jesu Cryste, that I have myssedo, have mercy uppon my soule! For such sorow that my harte suffirthe for goodnes and for almes-dede that I wolde have done here, be to me alyegemente of penaunce unto my sowle helthe!"

And so at thes wordis Sir Lyonell smote hym so sore that he bare hym dede to the erthe. And whan he had slayne Sir Collgrevaunce he ran uppon hys brothir as a fyndely man, and gaff hym such a stroke that he made hym stoupe. And he, as he that was full of humilité, prayde hym for Goddis love to leve this batayle, "for if hit befelle, fayre brothir, if that I sle you other ye me, we both shall dye for that synne."

"Never God me helpe if I have on the mercy, and I may have the bettir honde."

"Well," seyde Sir Bors, and drew hys swerde, all wepyng, and seyde, "fayre brother, God knowith myne entente, for ye have done full evyll thys day to sle an holy pryste which never trespasced. Also ye have slayne a jantill knyght, and one of oure felowis. And well wote ye that I am nat aferde of you gretely, but I drede the wratthe of God; and thys ys an unkyndely werre. Therefore God shew His myracle uppon us bothe, and God have mercy uppon me, thoughe I defende my lyff ayenst my brothir."

And so with that Sir Bors lyffte up hys honde and wolde have smyttyn hys brothir. And with that he harde a voice whych seyde, "Fle, Sir Bors, and towche hym nat, othir ellis thou shalt sle hym!"

Ryght so alyght a clowde betwyxte them in lykenes of a fayre and a mervaylous flame, that bothe hir too shyldis brente. Than were they sore aferde that they felle both to the erthe and lay there a grete whyle in a sowne. And whan they cam to themselff Sir Bors saw that hys brothir had none harme. Than he hylde up both his hondys, for he drad last God had takyn vengeaunce uppon hym. So with that he harde a voyce that seyde, "Sir Bors, go hens and beare thy brothir no lenger felyship, but take thy way anone ryght to the see, for Sir Percivale abydith the there."

Than he seyde to his brother, "For Goddis love, fayre swete brothir, forgyff me my trespasse!"

Than he answerd and seyde, "God forgyff you, and I do gladly."

So Sir Bors departed frome hym, and rode the next way to the se. And at the last, by fortune, he cam to an abbay which was nyghe the see, and that nyght he rested hym there. And as he slepte, there cam a voyse to hym and bade hym go to the see. Than he sterte up and made a signe of the crosse in the myddes of his forhede, and toke hym to hys harnes, and made redy hys horse, and mounted upon hym. And at a brokyn wall he rode oute, and rode so long tyll that he cam to the see. And uppon the see stronde he founde a shyppe that was coverde all with whyght samyte.

Than he alyghte and betoke hym to Jesu Cryste. And as sone as he was entird into the shippe, the shippe departed into the see, and wente so fast that hym semed the shyp wente fleyng, but hit was sone durked, that he myght know no man. Than he layde hym downe and slept tyll hit was day. And whan he was waked he sawe in myddis of the shippe a knyght lye all armed sauff hys helme, and anone he was ware hit was Sir Percivale de Galys. And than he made of hym ryght grete joy, but Sir Percivale was abaysshed of hym and asked what he was.

"A, fayre sir," seyde Sir Bors, "know ye me nat?"

"Sertes," seyde he, "I mervayle how ye cam hydir but if Oure Lorde brought you hydir Hymselff."

Than Sir Bors smyled, and ded off hys helme, and anone Sir Percyvale knew hym, and ayther made grete joy of othir, that hit was mervayle to hyre. Than Sir Bors tolde hym how he cam into the ship, and by whos amonyshment. And aythir told other of theire temptacions, as ye have herde toforehonde.

So wente they downeward in the see, one whyle backwarde, another while forewarde, and every man comforted other, and ever they were in theyre prayers. Than seyde Sir Percivale, "We lak nothynge but Sir Galahad, the good knyght."

Now turnyth the tale unto Sir Galahad.

SIR GALAHAD

NOW SEYTH THE TALE, whan Sir Galahad had rescowed Sir Percyvale frome the twenty knyghtes he rode tho into a waste foreyste wherein he dud many journeyes and founde many adventures which he brought all to an ende, whereof the tale makith here no mencion.

Than he toke hys way to the see; and on a day, as hit befelle, as he passed by a castell there was a wondir turnemente. But they withoute had done so much that they within were put to the worse, and yet were they within good knyghtes inow.

So whan Sir Galahad saw tho within were at so grete myschyff that men slew hem at the entré of the castell, than he thought to helpe them, and put a speare furthe, and smote the firste, that he flowe to the erthe and the speare yode in pecis. Than he drew hys swerde and smote thereas they were thyckyst; and so he dud wondirfull dedys of armys, that all they mervayled. And so hyt happynde that Sir Gawayne and Sir Ector de Marys were with the knyghtes withoute. But than they aspyed the whyght shylde with the rede crosse, and anone that one seyde to that othir, "Yondir ys the good knyght Sir Galahad the Haute Prynce. Now forsothe, methynkith he shall be a grete foole that shall mete with hym to fyght."

But at the last by aventure he cam by Sir Gawayne and smote hym so sore that he clave hys helme and the coyff of iron unto the hede, that Sir Gawayne felle to the erthe; but the stroke was so grete that hit slented downe and kutte the horse sholdir in too. So whan Sir Ector saw Sir Gawayne downe, he drew hym asyde and thought hit no wysedom for to abyde hym, and also for naturall love, for because he was hys uncle.

Thus thorow hys hardynesse he bete abacke all the knyghtes withoute, and than they within cam oute and chaced them all aboute.

But whan Sir Galahad saw there wolde none turne agayne, he stale away prevayly, so that no man wyste where he was becom.

"Now, be my hede," seyde Sir Gawayne unto Sir Ector, "now ar the wondirs trew that was seyd of Sir Launcelot, that the swerde which stake in the stone shulde gyff me such a buffette that I wold nat have hit for the beste castell in the worlde. And sothely now hit ys preved trew, for never ar had I such a stroke of mannys honde."

"Sir," seyde Sir Ector, "mesemyth youre queste ys done."

"And youres ys not done," seyde Gawayne, "but myn ys done. I shall seke no farther."

Than was Sir Gawayne borne into the castell, and unarmed hym and leyde hym in a rych bedde, and a leche was founde that he myght lyve, and to be hole within a moneth. Thus Gawayne and Ector abode togydirs, for Sir Ector wolde not away tyll Gawayne were nyghe hole.

And so this good knyght Sir Galahad rode so faste that he cam that nyght to leagis fro the castell of Carbonecke. And so hit befelle hym that he was benyghted and cam unto an armytayge. So the good man was fayne whan he saw he was a knyght arraunte.

So whan they were at reste, there befelle a jantillwoman com and cnokkede at the dore and called Sir Galahad. And so the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wolde. Than she called the ermyte Sir Ulphyne and seyde, "I am a jantillwoman that wolde fayne speke with the knyght which ys within you."

Than the good man awaked Sir Galahad and bade hym aryse and "speke with a jantyllwoman that semyth she hath grete nede of you." Than Sir Galahad wente to hir and asked hir what she wolde.

"Sir Galahad," seyde she, "I woll that ye arme you and mownte uppon youre horse and sew me, for I shall shew you within thys thre dayes the hyghest adventure that ever ony knyght saw."

So anone Sir Galahad armed hym and toke hys horse, and commended the ermyte to God. And so he bade the jantillwoman to ryde, and he wolde folow thereas she lyked. So she rode as faste as

hir palferey myght bere her, tyll that she cam to the see whych was called Collybye. And by nyght they com unto a castell in a valey, closed with a rennyng watir, whych had stronge wallis and hyghe. And so she entird into the castell with Sir Galahad, and there had he grete chere, for the lady of that castell was the damesels lady. So was he unarmed. Than seyde the damesell, "Madame, shall we abyde here all thys day?"

"Nay," seyde she, "but tylle he hath dyned and slepte a litill."

And so he ete and slepte a whyle, and this mayde than called hym and armed hym by torchelyght. And whan the mayden was horsed and he bothe, the lady toke Sir Galahad a fayre shylde and ryche, and so they departed frome the castell and rode tylle they cam to the see-syde. And there they founde the shippe that Sir Bors and Sir Percivale was in, whych seyde on the shipbourde, "Sir Galahad, ye be wellcom, for we have abydyn you longe!"

And whan he herde them he asked them what they were.

"Sir," seyde she, "leve youre horse hyre, and I shall leve myne also;" and toke hir sadils and hir brydyls with them, and made a crosse on them, and so entird into the ship. And the too knyghtes resceyved them bothe with grete joy, and everych knew other.

And so the wynde arose and drove hem thorow the see into a mervayles place, and within a whyle hit dawed. Than dud Sir Galahad of hys helme and hys swerde, and asked of hys felowis from whens com that fayre shippe.

"Trewly," seyde they, "ye wote as well as we, but hit com of Goddis grace."

And than they tolde everych to othir of all theyre harde aventures, and of her grete temptacions.

"Truly," seyd Sir Galahad, "ye ar much bounden to God, for ye have escaped ryght grete adventures. Sertes, had nat this jantillwoman bene, I had nat come hydir at thys tyme. For as for you too, I wente never to have founde you in thys straunge contreys."

"A, Sir Galahad," seyde Sir Bors, "if Sir Launcelot your fadir were here, than were we well at ease, for than mesemed we fayled nothynge."

"That may nat be," seyd Sir Galahad, "but if hit pleased Our Lorde."

By than the shipp had renne frome the londe of Logrys many myles. So by adventure hit aryved up bytwyxte too rocchis, passynge grete and mervaylous, but there they myght nat londe, for there was a swalowe of the see, save there was another shippe, and uppon hit they myght go withoute daungere.

"Now go we thydir," seyde the jantillwoman, "and there shall we se adventures, for so ys Oure Lordys wylle."

And whan they com thyder they founde the shippe ryche inowghe, but they founde nother man nor woman therein. But they founde in the ende of the shippe too fayre lettirs wrytten, which seyde a dredefull worde and a mervaylous: "Thou man which shalt entir into thys shippe, beware that thou be in stedefaste beleve, for I am Faythe. And therefore beware how thou entirst but if thou be stedfaste, for and thou fayle thereof I shall nat helpe the."

And than seyde the jantillwoman: "Sir Percivale," seyde she, "wote ye what I am?"

"Sertes," seyde he, "nay. Unto my wytynge I saw you never arst."

"Wyte ye well," seyde she, "I am thy syster, whych was doughter unto Kynge Pellynor, and therefore wete you welle ye ar the man that I moste love. And if ye be nat in perfite belyve of Jesu Cryste, entir nat in no maner of wyse, for than sholde ye perish in the shippe; for he ys so perfite he woll suffir no synner within hym."

So whan Sir Percyvale undirstode she was hys verry syster he was inwardly glad, and seyde, "Fayre sister, I shall entir in, for if I be a myssecreature other an untrew knyght, there shall I perische."

So in the meanwhyle Sir Galahad blyssed hym and entirde thereinne, and so nexte the jantillwoman, and than Sir Bors, and than Sir Percyvale. And whan they were in, hit was so mervaylous fayre and ryche that they mervayled. And amyddis the shippe was a fayre bedde. And anone Sir Galahad wente thereto and founde thereon a crowne of sylke. And at the feete was a swerde, rych and fayre, and hit was drawyn oute of the sheeth halff a foote and more.

And the swerde was of dyverse fassions; and the pomell was of stoone, and there was in hym all maner of coloures that ony man myght fynde, and every of the coloures had dyverse vertues; and the scalis of the hauffte were of too rybbis of too dyverse bestis. That one was a serpente whych ys conversaunte in Calydone and ys called there the Serpente of the Fynde, and the boone of hym ys of such vertu that there ys no hande that handelith hym shall never be wery nother hurte; and the other bone ys of a fyssh whych ys nat ryght grete, and hauntith the floode of Eufrate, and that fyssh ys called Ertanax, and the bonys be of such maner of kynde that who that handelyth hem shall have so muche wyll that he shall never be wery, and he shall nat thynke on joy nother sorow that he hath had, but only that thynge that he beholdith before hym.

"And as for thys swerde, there shall never man begrype hem, that ys to sey, the handils, but one; and he shall passe all othir."

"In the name of God," seyde Sir Percivale, "I shall assay to handyll hit."

So he sette hys honde to the swerde, but he myght nat begrype hit. "Be my faythe," seyde he, "now have I fayled."

Than Sir Bors sette to hys hande and fayled.

Than Sir Galahad behylde the swerde, and saw lettirs lyke bloode that seyde: "Lat se who dare draw me oute of my sheethe, but if he be more hardyer than ony other, for who that otherwyse drawith me oute, wete you welle he shall never fayle of shame of hys body or to be wounded to the dethe."

"Perfay," seyde Sir Galahad, "I wolde draw thys swerde oute of the sheethe, but the offendynge ys so grete that I shall nat sette my hande thereto."

"Now, sirs," seyde the jantillwoman, "wete ye well that the drawynge of thys swerde ys warned to all sauff all only to you. Also thys shippe aryved in the realme of Logrys, and that tyme was dedly warre betwene Kyng Labor, which was fadir unto the Maymed Kynge, and Kynge Hurlaine, whych was a Saresyn. But than was he newly crystened, so that aftirwarde men hylde hym one of the worthyest men of the worlde.

"And so uppon a day hit befelle that Kynge Labor and Kynge Hurlaine had assembeled theire folke uppon the see, where thys shippe was aryved. And there Kynge Hurlaine was discomfite, and hys men slayne. And he was aferde to be dede, and fledde to thys shippe and there founde this swerde, and drew hit and cam oute and founde Kynge Labor, the man of the worlde of all Crystyn in whom there was the grettist faythe. And whan Kynge Hurlaine saw Kynge Labor he dressid this swerde and smote hym uppon the helme so harde that he clave hym and hys horse to the erthe with the firste stroke of hys swerde. And hit was in the realme of Logris, and so befelle there grete pestilence, and grete harme to bothe reallmys; for sythen encresed nother corne, ne grasse, nother well-nye no fruyte, ne in the watir was founde no fyssh. Therefore men calle hit – the londys of the too marchys – the Waste Londe, for that dolerous stroke.

"And whan Kynge Hurleine saw thys swerde so kervynge, he turned agayne to fecch the scawberd. And so cam into thys shippe and entird, and put up the swerde in the sheethe, and as sone as he had done hit he felle downe dede afore the bedde. Thus was the swerde preved that never man drew hit but he were dede or maymed. So lay he here tyll a maydyn cam into the shippe and caste hym oute, for there was no man so hardy in the worlde to entir in that shippe for the defens."

And than behylde they the scawberte, hit besemyd to be of a serpentis skynne, and thereon were lettirs of golde and sylver. And the gurdyll was but porely to com to, and nat able to susteyne such a ryche swerde. And the lettirs seyde: "he whych shall welde me ought to be more hardy than ony other, if he beare me as truly as me oughte to be borne. For the body of hym which I ought to hange by, he shall nat be shamed in no place whyle he ys gurde with the gurdyll. Nother never none be so hardy to do away thys gurdyll, for hit ought nat to be done away but by the hondis of a mayde, and that she be a kyngis doughter and a quenys. And she must be a mayde all the dayes of hir lyff, both in wyll and in worke; and if she breke hir virginité she shall dy the moste vylaynes deth that ever dud ony woman."

"Sir," seyde Sir Percivale, "turne thys swerde that we may se what ys on the other syde."

And hit was rede os bloode, with blacke lettirs as ony cole that seyde: "He that shall prayse me moste, moste shall he fynde me to blame at a grete nede. And to whom I sholde be moste debonayre shall I be most felon. And that shall be at one tyme only."

"Fayre brother," seyde she to Sir Percyvale, "hit befelle afftir a fourty yere aftir the Passion of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, that Nacien, the brothir-in-law of Kyng Mordrayns, was borne in a clowde more than fourtene dayes journey frome his contray, by the commaundemente of Oure Lorde, into an yle in the partyes of the Weste that men clepith the Ile of Turnaunce. So befelle hit, he founde thys shippe at the entré of a roche, and he founde the bedde and the swerde, as we have herde now. Natforthan he had nat so much hardynesse to draw hit. And there he dwelled an eyght dayes, and at the nynyth day there felle a grete wynde whych departed hym oute of the ile, and brought hym to another ile by a roche. And there he founde the grettist gyaunte that ever man myght see. And therewith cam that horrible gyaunte to sle hym, and than he loked aboute hym, and myght nat fle, also he had nothyng wherewith to defende hym. But at the laste he ran to the swerde, and whan he saw hit naked he praysed hit muche, and than he shooke hit, and therewith hit brake in the myddys.

"'A,' seyde Nacien, 'the thynge that I moste praysed ought I now moste to blame!'

"And therewith he threw the pecis of this swerde over this bedde, and aftir that he lepe over the bourde to fyght with the gyaunte, and slew hym. And anone he entirde into the shyppe agayne, and the wynde arose and drove hym thorow the see, that by adventure he cam to another shippe where Kynge Mordrayns was, whych had bene tempted full evyll with the fynde, in the Porte of Perelous Roche. And whan that one saw that other they made grete joy aythir of othir. And so they tolde eche other of theire adventure, and how the swerde fayled hym at hys moste nede. So whan Mordrayns saw the swerde he praysed hit muche, 'but the

brekyng was not to do but by the wyckednesse of thyselffward, for thou arte in som synne.'

"And there he toke the swerde and sette the pecis togydirs, and they were as fayre isowdred as ever they were tofore. And than he put the swerde in the sheeth ayen, and leyde hit downe on the bedde. Than herde they a voyce that seyde, 'Go ye oute of thys shippe a litill whyle and entir into that othir for drede ye falle in dedly synne. For and ye be founde in dedely synne ye may nat ascape but perishe!'

"And so they wente into the othir shippe. And as Nacyen wente over the bourde he was smytten with a swerde on the ryght foote, that he felle downe noselynge to the shippebourde. And therewith he seyde, 'A God, how am I hurte!'

"Than there cam a voice that seyde, 'Take thou that for thy forfette that thou dyddist in drawynge of this swerde! Therefore thou hast ressayved a wounde, for thou were never worthy to handyll hit: the wrytynge makith mencion.'"

"In the name of God!" seyde Sir Galahad, "ye ar ryght wyse of thes wordes."

"Sir," seyde she, "there was a kynge that hyght Pelleans, which men called the Maymed Kynge, and whyle he myght ryde he supported much Crystyndom and Holy Chyrche. So uppon a day he hunted in a woode of hys owne whych lasted unto the see, so at the laste he loste hys howndys and hys knyghtes sauff only one. And so he and his knyght wente tyll that they cam toward Irelonde, and there he founde the shippe. And whan he saw the lettirs and undirstood them, yet he entird, for he was ryght perfite of lyff. But hys knyght had no hardynes to entir. And there founde he thys swerde, and drew hit oute as much as ye may se. So therewith entirde a spere wherewith he was smytten thorow both thyghes. And never sith myght he be heled, ne nought shall tofore we com to hym. Thus," seyde she, "was Kyng Pelleans, youre grauntesyre, maymed for hys hardynes."

"In the name of God, damesell!" seyde Sir Galahad.

So they wente towarde the bedde to beholde all aboute hit. And abovyn the hede there hynge too swerdys, also there were spyndelys

whych were whyght as snowe, and othir that were rede as bloode, and othir abovyn grene as ony emerawde. Of thes thre colowres were thes spyndyls, and of naturall coloure within and withoute, withoute ony payntynge.

"The maner of thes spyndyls," seyde the damesell, "was: whan synfull Eve cam to gadir fruyte, for which Adam and she were put oute of Paradyse, she toke with her the bowgh whych the appyll hynge on. Than perseyved she that the braunche was freysh and grene, and she remembird her of the losse which cam of the tre. Than she thought to kepe the braunche as longe as she myght, and for she had no coffir to kepe hit in, she put hit in the erthe. So by the wylle of Oure Lorde the braunche grew to a grete tre within a litill whyle, and was as whyght as ony snowe, braunchis, bowis, and levys: that was a tokyn that a maydyn planted hit. But affter that God com to Adam and bade hym know hys wyff fleyshly, as nature requyred, so lay Adam with hys wyff undir the same tre, and anone the tre which was whyght felle to grene os ony grasse, and all that com oute of hit. And in the same tyme that they medled togydirs Abell was begotyn.

"Thus was the tre longe of grene coloure. And so hit befelle many dayes aftir, undir the same tre, Cayme slew Abell, whereof befelle grete mervayle, for anone as Abell had ressayved dethe undir the grene tre, he loste the grene colour and becam rede; and that was in tokenyng of blood. And anone all the plantis dyed thereoff, but the tre grewe and waxed mervaylusly fayre, and hit was the moste fayryst tre and the most delectable that ony man myght beholde and se; and so ded the plantes that grewe oute of hit tofore that Abell was slayne undir hit.

"And so longe dured the tre tyll that Salamon, Kynge Davythys sonne, regned and hylde the londe aftir his fadir. So thys Salamon was wyse, and knew all the vertues of stonys and treys; also he knew the course of the stirres, and of many other dyvers thynges. So this Salamon had an evyll wyff, wherethorow he wente there had be no good woman borne, and therefore he dispysed them in hys bookis. So there answerde a voice that seyde to hym thus:

‘Salamon, if hevynesse com to a man by a woman, ne rek thou never, for yet shall there com a woman whereof there shall com gretter joy to man an hondred tymes than thys hevynesse gyvith sorow, And that woman shall be borne of thy lynayge.’

“So whan Salamon harde thes wordis, he hylde hymself but a foole. Than perceyved he by olde bookis the trouthe. Also the Holy Goste shewed hym the commynge of the glorius Virgyne Mary. Than asked he the voyce if hit sholde be in the yarde of hys lynayge. ‘Nay,’ seyde the voyce, ‘but there shall com a man which shall be a mayde, and laste of youre bloode, and he shall be as good a knyght as Deuke Josue, thy brother-in-law. Now have I sertefyed the of that thou stondist in doute.’

“Than was Salamon gladde that there shulde com ony suche of hys lynayge, but ever he mervayled and studyed who that sholde be, and what hys name myght be. So hys wyff perceyved that he studyed, and thought she wolde know at som season. And so she wayted hir tyme and cam to hym and asked hym the cause of his studyynge. And there he tolde her all togydir how the voice had tolde hym.

“‘Well,’ seyde she, ‘I shall lette make a shippe of the beste wood and moste durable that ony man may fynde.’

“So Salamon sente for carpenters, of all the londe the beste. And whan they had made the shippe the lady seyde to Salamon, ‘Sir, syn hit ys so that thys knyght oughte to passe all knyghtes of chevalry whych hath bene tofore hym and shall com afftir hym, moreover I shall lerne you,’ seyde she, ‘ye shall go into Oure Lordis temple where ys Kyng Davith his swerde, youre fadir, whych ys the mervaylouste and the sherpyste that ever was takyn in ony knyghtes hondys. Therefore take ye that, and take off the pomelle, and thereto make ye a pomell of precious stonys; late hit be so suttelly made that no man perceyve hit but that they beth all one; and aftir make there an hylte so mervaylously that no man may know hit, and aftir that make a mervaylous sheethe. And whan ye have made all thys I shall lette make a gurdyll thereto, such one as shall please me.’

"So all thys Kyng Salamon ded lat make as she devised, bothe the shippe and all the remenaunte. And whan the shippe was redy in the see to sayle, the lady lete make a grete bedde and mervaylous ryche, and sette hir the kyngis crowne uppon the beddis hede coverde with sylke, and leyde the swerde at the feete. And the gurdyls were of hempe. And therewith the kynge was ryght angry.

"'Sir, wyte you welle that I have none so hyghe a thynge whych were worthy to susteyne soo hyghe a swerde. And a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes thereto, but I wote not whan hit shall be ne what tyme.'

"And there she lete make a coverynge to the shippe of clothe of sylke, that sholde never rotte for no manner of wedir. Than thys lady wente and made a carpynter to com to the tre whych Abelle was slayne undir.

"'Now,' seyde she, 'carve me oute of thys tre as much woode as woll make me a spyndill.'

"'A, madam,' seyde he, 'thys ys the tre which oure firste modir planted.'

"'Do hit,' sayd she, 'other ellis I shall destroy the.'

"Anone as he began to worke, there com oute droppis of blood; and than wolde he a leffte, but she wolde nat suffir hym. And so he toke away as muche woode as myght make a spyndyll, and so she made hym to take as muche of the grene tre, and so of the whyght tre. And whan thes thre spyndyls were shapyn she made hem to be fastened uppon the syler of the bedde. So whan Salamon saw thys he seyde to hys wyff, 'Ye have done mervaylously, for thoughe all the worlde were here ryght now, they cowde nat devise wherefore all thys was made, but Oure Lorde Hymselff. And thou that haste done hit wote nat what hit shall betokyn.'

"'Now lat hyt be,' seyde she, 'for ye shall hyre peraventure tydynges sonner than ye wene.'

"Now that nyght lay Salamon before the shippe with litill felyship. And whan he was on slepe hym thought there com from hevyn a grete company of angels, and alyght into the shippe, and

toke water whych was brought by an angell in a vessell of sylver, and besprente all the shippe.

"And aftir he cam to the swerde and drew lettirs on the hylte. And aftir wente to the shippebourde and wrote there other lettirs whych seyde: 'Thou man that wolte entir within me, beware that thou be fulle in the faythe, for I ne am but fayth and belyve.'

"Whan Salamon aspyed thos lettirs he was so abaysshed that he dirst nat entir, and so he drew hym abacke, and the shippe was anone shovyn in the see. He wente so faste that he had loste the syght of hym within a litill whyle. And than a voyce seyde, 'Salamon, the laste knyght of thy lynayge shall reste in thys bedde.'

"Than wente Salamon and awaked hys wyff, and tolde her the adventures of thys shipp."

Now seyth the tale that a grete whyle the thre felowis behylde the bed and the thre spyndyls. Than they were at a sertayne that they were of naturall coloures withoute ony payntynge. Than they lyfft up a cloth which was above the grounde, and there founde a rych purse be semyng. And Sir Percivale toke hit and founde therein a wrytte, and so he rad hit, and devysed the maner of the spyndils and of the ship, whens hit cam, and by whom hit was made.

"Now," seyde Sir Galahad, "where shall we fynde the jantill-woman that shall make new gurdyls to the swerde?"

"Fayre sirres," seyde Percivallis syster, "dismay you nat. For, by the leve of God, I shall lette make a gurdyll to the swerde, such one as sholde longe thereto."

And than opynde she a boxe and toke oute gurdils which were semely wrought with goldyn thredys, and uppon that were sette full precious stonys, and a ryche buckyll of golde.

"Lo, lordys," she seyde, "here ys a gurdill that ought to be sette aboute the swerde. And wete you well the grettist parte of thys gurdyll was made of my hayre, whych somme tyme I loved well, whyle that I was woman of the worlde. But as sone as I wyste that thys adventure was ordayned me, I clipped off my heyre and made thys gurdyll."

"In the name of God, ye be well ifounde!" seyde Sir Bors. "For serteyse ye have put us oute off grete payne, wherein we sholde have entirde ne had your tydyngis ben."

Than wente the jantillwoman and sette hit on the gurdyll of the swerde.

"Now," seyde the felyship, "what ys the name of the swerde, and what shall we calle hit?"

"Truly," seyde she, "the name of the swerde ys the Swerde with the Straunge Gurdyls, and the sheeth, Mevear of Blood. For no man that hath blood in hym ne shall never see that one party of the sheth whych was made of the Tree of Lyff."

Than they seyde, "Sir Galahad, in the name of Jesu Cryste, we pray you to gurde you with thys swerde which hath bene desyred so much in the realme of Logrys."

"Now latte me begynne," seyde Galahad, "to grype thys swerde for to gyff you corrayge. But wete you well hit longith no more to me than hit doth to you."

And than he gryped aboute hit with his fyngirs a grete dele, and than she gurte hym aboute the myddyll with the swerde.

"Now recke I nat though I dye, for now I holde me one of the beste blyssed maydyns of the worlde, whych hath made the worthyest knyght of the worlde."

"Damesell," seyde Sir Galahad, "ye have done so muche that I shall be your knyght all the dayes of my lyff."

Than they wente frome that ship and wente to the other. And anone the wynde droff hem into the see a grete pace, but they had no vytayle. So hit befelle that they cam on the morne to a castell that men calle Carteloyse that was in the marchys of Scotlonde. And whan they had passed the porte the jantillwoman seyde, "Lordys, here be men aryven that, and they wyst that ye were of Kynge Arthurs courte, ye shulde be assayled anone."

"Well, damesell, dismay you nat," seyde Sir Galahad, "for He that cast us oute of the rocche shall delyver us frome hem."

So hit befelle, as they talked thus togydir, there cam a squyre by them and asked what they were.

"Sir, we ar of Kyng Arthurs howse."

"Ys that sothe?" seyde he. "Now, be my hede," seyd he, "ye be evyll arayde."

And than turned agayne unto the chyff fortresse, and within a whyle they harde an horne blow.

Than a jantillwoman cam to hem and asked them of whens they were. Anone they tolde her. "Now, fayre lordys," she seyde, "for Goddys love, turnyth agayne if ye may, for ye be com to youre dethe."

"Nay, forsoth," they seyde, "we woll nat turne agayne, for He shulde helpe us into whos servyse we ben entred in."

So as they stoode talkynge there cam ten knyghtes well armed, and bade hem yelde othir ellis dye.

"That yeldyng," seyde they, "shall be noyous unto you."

And therewith they lete theire horsis renne, and Sir Percivale smote the firste, that he bare hym to the erth, and toke hys horse and bestrode hym. And the same wyse dud Sir Galahad, and also Sir Bors served another so; for they had no horse in that contrey, for they lefft theire horsys whan they toke theire shippe. And so, whan they were horsed, than began they to sette uppon them, and they of the castell fledde into the stronge fortresse, and thes thre knyghtes aftir them into the castell; and so alyght on foote, and with theire swerdis slew them downe, and gate into the halle.

Than whan they behelde the grete multitude of the people that they had slayne, they helde themself grete synners.

"Sertes," seyde Sir Bors, "I wene, and God had loved them, that we sholde nat have had power to have slayne hem thus. But they have done so muche agayne Oure Lorde that He wolde nat suffir hem to regne no lenger."

"Say ye nat so," seyde Galahad, "for if they mysseded ayenst God, the vengeaunce ys nat owris, but to Hym which hath power thereoff."

So cam there oute of a chambir a good man which was a preste and bare Goddis body in a cuppe. And whan he saw hem whych lay dede in the halle he was alle abaysshed. Anone Sir Galahad ded of hys helme and kneled adowne, and so dud hys too felowis.

"Sir," seyde they, "have ye no drede of us, for we bene of Kynge Arthurs courte."

Than asked the good man how they were slayne so suddaynly, and they tolde hym.

"Truly," seyde the good man, "and ye myght lyve as longe as the worlde myght endure, ne myght ye have done so grete an almysdede as this."

"Sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "I repente me gretely inasmuch as they were crystynde."

"Nay, repente you nat," seyde he, "for they were nat crystynde. And I shall telle you how that I know of thys castell. Here was a lorde erle whos name was Hernox, nat but one yere. And he had thre sonnys, good knyghtes of armys, and a doughter, the fayrist jantillwoman that men knew. So tho thre knyghtes loved theire syster so sore that they brente in love. And so they lay by her, magré hir hede. And for she cryed to hir fadir, they slew her and toke theire fadir and put hym in preson and wounded hym nye to the deth. But a cosyn of hers rescowed hym.

"And than ded they grete untrouthe, for they slew clerkis and prestis, and made bete downe chapellis that Oure Lordys servyse myght nat be seyde. And thys same day her fadir sente unto me for to be confessed and howseled. But such shame had never man as I had thys same day with the thre bretherne; but the olde erle bade me to suffir, for he seyde they sholde nat longe endure, for thre servauntes of Oure Lorde sholde destroy them. And now hit ys brought to an ende, and by thys may you wete that Oure Lorde ys nat displesed with youre dedis."

"Sertes," seyde Sir Galahad, "and hit had nat pleased Oure Lorde, never sholde we have slayne so many men in so litill a whyle."

And they brought the erle Hernox oute of preson into the myddis of the hall, the which knew well Sir Galahad, and yet he sye hym never before but by revelacion of Oure Lorde. Than began he to wepe ryght tendirly, and seyde, "Longe have I abyddyn youre commynge! But for Goddis love, holdith me in youre armys, that my soule may departe oute of my body in so good a mannys armys as ye be."

"Full gladly," seyde Sir Galahad.

And than he seyde on hyght, that all folke harde, "Sir Galahad, well hast thou ben avenged on Goddis enemyes. Now behovith the to go to the Maymed Kynge as sone as thou mayste, for he shall ressayve by the helth whych he hath abyddyn so longe."

And therewith the soule departed frome the body. And Sir Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be.

Ryght so departed the thre knyghtes, and Sir Percivallis syster with them. And so they cam into a waste foreyst, and there they saw afore them a whyght herte which foure lyons lad. Than they toke hem to assente for to folow aftir to know whydir they repayred. And so they rode aftir a grete pase tyll that they cam to a valey. And thereby was an ermytayge where a good man dwelled, and the herte and the lyons entirde also.

Whan they saw all thys they turned to the chapell and saw the good man in a relygious wede and in the armour of Oure Lorde, for he wolde synge a masse of the Holy Goste. And so they entird in and herde masse, and at the secretis of the masse they thre saw the herte becom a man, which mervayled hem, and sette hym uppon the awter in a ryche sege, and saw the foure lyons were chaunged: one to the fourme of man, and another to the fourme of a lyon, and the thirde to an egle, and the fourthe was changed to an oxe.

Than toke they her sege where the harte sate, and wente out thorow a glasse wyndow; and there was nothynge perisshed nother brokyn. And they harde a voyce say: "In such maner entred the Sonne of God into the wombe of Maydyn Mary, whos virginité ne was perisshed ne hurte."

And whan they harde thes wordis, they felle downe to the erthe and were astoned. And therewith was a grete clerenesse. And whan they were com to theirselff agayne, they wente to the good man and prayde hym that he wolde sey them the trouthe of that vision.

"Why, what thynge have ye sene?"

Anone they tolde hym all.

"A, lordys," seyde he, "ye be wellcom, for now wote I well ye beth the good knyghtes whych shall brynge the Sankgreall to an

ende; for ye bene they unto whom Oure Lorde shall shew grete secretis. And well ought Oure Lorde be signifyed to an harte. For the harte, whan he ys olde, he waxith yonge agayne in his whyght skynne. Ryght so commyth agayne Oure Lorde frome deth to lyff, for He lost erthely fleysshe, that was the dedly fleyssh whych He had takyn in the wombe of the Blyssed Virgyne Mary. And for that cause appered Oure Lorde as a whyght harte withoute spot.

"And the foure that were with hym ys to undirstonde the foure evaungelistis which sette in wrytynge a parte of Jesu Crystes dedys, that He dud somtyme whan He was amonge you an erthely man. For wete you welle never arst ne myght no knyght knowe the trouthe; for oftyntymes or thys hath Oure Lorde shewed Hym unto good men and to good knyghtes in lyknesse of an herte, but I suppose frome henseforthe ye shall se hit no more."

And than they joyed much, and dwelled there all day. And uppon the morne, whan they had herde masse, they departed and commended the good man to God. And so they cam to a castell, and passed by. So there cam a knyght armed aftir them and seyde, "Lordys, thys jantillwoman that ye lede with you, ys she a mayde?"

"Ye, sir," seyde she, "a mayde I am."

Than he toke hir by the brydyll and seyde, "By the Holy Crosse, ye shall nat ascape me tofore ye have yolden the custum of thys castell."

"Lat her go!" seyde Sir Percivale. "Ye be nat wyse, for a mayde, in what place she commythe, ys fre."

So in the meane whyle there cam oute a ten or twelve knyghtes armed oute of the castell, and with hem cam jantillwomen the which hylde a dyssh of sylver. And than they seyde, "Thys jantillwoman muste yelde us the custom of thys castell."

"Why," seyde Sir Galahad, "what ys the custom of thys castell?"

"Sir," seyde a knyght, "what mayde passith hereby, sholde hylde thys dyshe full of bloode of hir ryght arme."

"Blame have he," seyde Galahad, "that brought up such customs! And so God save me, also sure mow ye be that of this jantillwoman shall ye fayle whyle that I have hele."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Percivale, "I had lever be slayne."

"And I also," seyde Sir Bors.

"Be my fayth," seyde the knyght, "than shall ye dye, for ye mow nat endure ayenste us, thoughe ye were the beste knyghtes of the worlde."

Than lette they ren ech horse to other, and thes thre felowis bete the ten knyghtes, and than set theire hondis to theire swerdis and slewe them downe. Than there cam oute of the castell a sixty knyghtes armed.

"Now, fayre lordis," seyde thes thre felowis, "have mercy on youreselff, and have nat ado with us."

"Nay, fayre lordes," seyde the knyghtes of the castell, "we counceyle you to withdrawe you, for ye ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and therefore do no more, for ye have done inow. We woll lat you go with thys harme, but we muste nedys have the custum."

"Sertes," seyde Sir Galahad, "for noughte speke ye."

"Well," seyde they, "woll ye dye?"

"Sir, we be nat yet com thereto," seyde Sir Galahad.

Than began they to meddyll togydirs. And Sir Galahad drew his swerde with the straunge gurdyls and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and slew whom that ever abode hym, and dud so mervaylously that there was none that sawe hym but that they wende he had ben none erthely man, but a monster. And hys too felowis holpe hym passyngly well, and so they helde theire journey everych inlycke harde tyll hit was nyghe nyght. Than muste they nedis departe.

So there cam a good knyght and seyde to thes thre felowis, "If ye woll com in to-nyght and take such herberow as here ys, ye shall be ryght wellcom. And we shall ensure you by the fayth of oure bodyes and as we be trew knyghtes to leve you in such astate to-morow as here we fynde you, withoute ony falsehode. And

as sone as ye know of the custom, we dare sey ye woll accorde therefore."

"For Goddis love," seyde the jantyllwoman, "go we thydir, and spare nat for me."

"Well, go we!" seyde Sir Galahad.

And so they entird into the castell, and whan they were alyght they made grete joy of hem. So within a whyle the thre knyghtes asked the custom of the castell, and wherefore hit was used.

"Sir, what hit ys we woll sey you the sothe. There ys in this castell a jantillwoman, whych both we and thys castell ys hers, and many other. So hit befelle many yerys agone, there happened on her a malodye, and whan she had lyene a grete whyle she felle unto a mesell. And no leche cowde remedye her, but at the laste an olde man sayde, and she myght have a dysshfulle of bloode of a maydyn, and a clene virgyne in wylle and in worke, and a kynges doughter, that bloode sholde be her helth for to anoynte her withall. And for thys thynge was thys custom made."

"Now," seyde Sir Percivallis sister, "fayre knyghtes, I se well that this jantillwoman ys but dede withoute helpe, and therefore lette me blede."

"Sertes," seyde Sir Galahad, "and ye blede so muche ye mon dye."

"Truly," seyde she, "and I dye for the helth of her I shall gete me grete worship and soule helthe, and worship to my lynayge; and better ys one harme than twayne. And therefore there shall no more batayle be, but to-morne I shall yelde you youre custom of this castell."

And than there was made grete joy over there, more than there was tofore, for ellis had there bene mortall warre uppon the morne; natwithstondynge she wolde none other, whether they wolde or nolde. So that nyght were thes thre felowis eased with the beste, and on the morne they harde masse. And Sir Percivalis sister bade them brynge forth the syke lady. So she was brought forth, whych was full evyll at ease. Than seyde she, "Who shall lette me bloode?"

So one cam furthe and lette her bloode. And she bled so muche that the dyssh was fulle. Than she lyfft up her honde and blyssed

her, and seyde to thys lady, "Madame, I am com to my dethe for to hele you. Therefore, for Goddis love, prayeth for me!"

And with that she felle in a sowne. Than Sir Galahad and his too felows sterte up to her, and lyffte hir up, and staunched hir blood, but she had bled so muche that she myght nat lyve.

So whan she was awaked she seyde, "Fayre brothir Sir Percivale, I dye for the helynge of this lady. And whan I am dede, I requyre you that ye burye me nat in thys contrey, but as sone as I am dede putte me in a boote at the nexte haven, and lat me go as aventure woll lede me. And as sone as ye thre com to the cité of Sarras, there to enchyeve the Holy Grayle, ye shall fynde me undir a towre aryved. And there bury me in the spirituall palyse. For I shall telle you for trouthe, there Sir Galahad shall be buryed and ye bothe, in the same place."

Whan Sir Percivale undirstoode thes wordis he graunted hir all wepyngly. And than seyde a voice unto them, "Lordis and felowis, to-morow at the owre of pryme ye thre shall departe everych frome other, tylle the aventure brynge you unto the Maymed Kynge."

Than asked she her Saveoure, and as sone as she had reseyved Hym the soule departed frome the body. So the same day was the lady heled whan she was anoynted with hir bloode. Than Sir Percivale made a lettir of all that she had holpe them as in strange aventures, and put hit in hir ryght honde. And so leyde hir in a barge, and coverde hit with blacke sylke. And so the wynde arose and droff the barge frome the londe, and all maner of knyghtes behylde hit tyll hit was oute of ther syght.

Than they drew all to the castell, and furthewith there fylle a suddeyne tempeste of thundir and lyghtnynge and rayne, as all the erthe wolde a brokyn. So halff the castell turned up-so-downe. So hyt passyd evynsonge or the tempest were seased. Than they saw tofore hem a knyght armed and wounded harde in the body and in the hede, whych seyde, "A, Good Lorde, succour me, for now hit ys nede!"

So after thys knyght there cam another knyght and a dwarff which cryed to hym afarre, "Stonde, ye may nat ascape!"

Than the wounded knyght hylde up hys hondys, and prayde God he myght nat dye in suche tribulacion.

"Truly," seyde Sir Galahad, "I shall succour hym, for His sake that he callith on."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "I shall do hit, for hit ys nat for you, for he ys but one knyght."

"Sir," seyde he, "I graunte you."

So Sir Bors toke hys horse and commaunded hym to God, and rode after to rescow the wounded knyght.

Now turne we to the too felowis.

Now saith the tale that Sir Galahad and Sir Percivall were in a chapell all nyght in hir prayers, for to save hem Sir Bors. So on the morow they dressed them in theire harneys toward the castell, to wete what was fallyn of them therein. And whan they cam there, they founde nother man nother woman that he ne was dede by the vengeaunce of Oure Lorde. So with that they harde a voice that seyde, "Thys vengeaunce ys for bloode-shedynge of maydyns!"

Also they founde at the ende of the chapell a chircheyarde, and therein they myght se a sixti fayre tumbis. And that place was so fayre and so delectable that hit semed hem there had bene no tempeste. And there lay the bodyes of all the good maydyns which were martirde for the syke ladyes sake. Also they founde there namys of ech lady, and of what bloode they were com off. And all were of kyngys bloode, and twelve of them were kynges doughtirs.

Than departed they and wente into a foreyste.

"Now," seyde Sir Percivale unto Sir Galahad, "we muste departe, and therefore pray we Oure Lorde that we may mete togydirs in shorte tyme."

Than they ded of theire helmys and kyssed togydir and sore wepte at theyre departynge.

Now turnyth thys tale unto Sir Launcelot.

THE CASTLE OF CORBENIC

NOW SEYTH THE TALE that whan Sir Launcelot was com to the watir of Mortays, as hit ys reherced before, he was in grete perell. And so he leyde hym downe and slepte, and toke the aventure that God wolde sende hym. So whan he was aslepe there cam a vision unto hym that seyde, "Sir Launcelot, aryse up and take thyne armour, and entir into the firste shippe that thou shalt fynde!"

And whan he herde thes wordys he sterte up and saw grete clerenesse aboute hym, and than he lyffte up hys honde and blyssed hym, and so toke hys armys and made hym redy. And at the laste he cam by a stronde and founde a shippe withoute sayle other ore. And as sone as he was within the shippe, there he felte the moste swettnes that ever he felte, and he was fulfylled with all thynge that he thought on other desyred.

Than he seyde, "Fayre swete Fadir, Jesu Cryste! I wote nat what joy I am in, for thys passith all erthely joyes that ever I was in."

And so in thys joy he leyde hym downe to the shippebourde and slepte tyll day. And whan he awooke he founde there a fayre bed, and therein lyynge a jantillwoman dede, which was Sir Percivalles sister. And as Sir Launcelot avised her, he aspyed in hir ryght honde a wrytte whych he rad, that tolde hym all the aventures that ye have herde before, and of what lynayge she was com. So with thys jantillwoman Sir Launcelot was a moneth and more. If ye wold aske how he lyved, for He that fedde the peple of Israel with manna in deserte, so was he fedde; for every day, whan he had seyde hys prayers, he was susteyned with the grace of the Holy Goste.

And so on a nyght he wente to play hym by the watirs syde, for he was somwhat wery of the shippe. And than he lystened and herde an hors com and one rydyng uppon hym, and whan he cam nyghe hym semed a knyght, and so he late hym passe and wente

thereas the ship was. And there he alyght and toke the sadyll and the brydill, and put the horse frome hym, and so wente into the shyppe. And than Sir Launcelot dressed hym unto the shippe and seyde, "Sir, ye be wellcom!"

And he answerd, and salewed hym agayne and seyde, "Sir, what ys youre name? For much my herte gevith unto you."

"Truly," seyde he, "my name ys Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Sir," seyde he, "than be ye wellcom! For ye were the begynner of me in thys worlde."

"A, sir, ar ye Sir Galahad?"

"Ye, forsothe."

And so he kneled downe and askyd hym hys blyssynge. And aftir that toke of hys helme and kyssed hym, and there was grete joy betwyxte them, for no tunge can telle the joye that they made eyther of other. And there every of them tolde othir the aventures that had befalle them syth that they departed frome the courte.

And anone as Sir Galahad saw the jantillwoman dede in the bedde he knew her well, and seyde grete worship of hir, that she was one of the beste maydyns lyvyng and hit was grete pité of hir dethe. But whan Sir Launcelot herde how the mervayles swerde was gotyn and who made hit, and all the mervayles rehersed afore, than he prayd Sir Galahad that he wolde shew hym the swerde. And so he brought hit forth and kyssed the pomell and the hiltis and the scawberde.

"Truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "never arste knew I of so hyghe adventures done, and so mervalous stronge."

So dwelled Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad within that shippe halff a yere, and served God dayly and nyghtly with all theire power. And often they aryved in yles farre frome folke, where there repayred none but wylde bestes, and there they founde many straunge adventures and perelous which they brought to an end. But for tho adventures were with wylde bestes and nat in the queste of the Sankgreall, therfor the tale makith here no mencion therof; for hit wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho adventures that befelle them.

So aftir, on a Mondaye, hit befelle that they aryved in the edge of a foreyste tofore a crosse. And than sawe they a knyght armed all in whyte, and was rychely horsed, and ledde in his ryght honde a whyte horse. And so he cam to the shyppe and salewed the too knyghtes in the Hyghe Lordis behalff, and seyde unto Sir Galahad, "Sir, ye have bene longe inowe with youre fadir. Therefor com oute of the shippe, and sterte uppon thys horse, and go where the aventures shall lede you in the queste of the Sankgreall."

Than he wente to hys fadir and kyste hym swetely and seyde, "Fayre swete fadir, I wote nat whan I shall se you more tyll I se the body of Jesu Cryste."

"Now, for Goddis love," seyde Sir Launcelot, "pray to the Hyghe Fadir that He holde me stylle in Hys servyse."

And so he toke hys horse, and there they harde a voyce that seyde, "Every of you thynke for to do welle, for nevermore shall one se the other off you before the dredefull Day of Doome."

"Now, my sonne Sir Galahad," seyde Sir Launcelot, "sith we shall departe and nother of us se other more, I pray to that Hyghe Fadir to conserve me and you bothe."

"Sir," seyde Sir Galahad, "no prayer avaylith so much as youres."

And therewith Sir Galahad entird into the foreyste. And the wynde arose and drove Sir Launcelot more than a moneth thorow the se, where he sleped but litill, but prayde to God that he myght se som tydynges of the Sankgreall.

So hit befelle on a nyght, at mydnyght, he aryved before a castell which was rych and fayre, and on the backe syde there was a posterne opened towarde the see, and was opyn withoute ony kepynge, save too lyons kepte the entré; and the moone shone ryght clere. Anone Sir Launcelot herde a voyce that seyde, "Launcelot, go oute of this shyppe, and entir into the castel where thou shalte see a grete parte of thy desyre."

Than he ran to hys armys and so armed hym, and so wente to the gate and saw the lyons. Than sette he honde to his swerde and drew hit. So there cam a dwarff suddeynly and smote hym on the

arme so sore that the swerde felle oute of his honde. Than herde he a voice say, "O man of evylle fayth and poore beleve! Wherefore trustist thou more on thy harneyse than in thy Maker? For He myght more avayle the than thyne armour, in what servyse that thou arte sette in."

Than seyde Sir Launcelot, "Fayre Fader, Jesu Cryste! I thanke The of Thy grete mercy that Thou reprevyst me of my myssededе. Now se I that Thou holdiste me for one of Thy servauntes."

Than toke he hys swerde agayne and put hit up in hys sheethe, and made a crosse in hys forehede, and cam to the lyons. And they made sembelaunte to do hym harme. Natwithstondynge he passed by them withoute hurte, and entird into the castell to the chyeff fortresse. And there were they all at reste.

Than Sir Launcelot entred so armed, for he founde no gate nor doore but hit was opyn. And at the laste he founde a chambir whereof the doore was shutte, and he sette hys honde thereto to have opened hit, but he myght nat. Than he enforced hym myckyll to undo the doore. Than he lystened and herde a voice whych sange so swetly that hit semede none erthely thynge, and hym thought the voice seyde, "Joy and honoure be to the Fadir of Hevyn."

Than Sir Launcelot kneled adowne tofore the chambir dore, for well wyst he that there was the Sankgreall within that chambir. Than seyde he, "Fayre swete fadir, Jesu Cryste! If ever I dud thynge that plesed The, Lorde, for Thy pité ne have me nat in dispite for my synnes done byforetyme, and that Thou shew me somthynge of that I seke."

And with that he saw the chambir dore opyn, and there cam oute a grete clerenesse, that the house was as bryght as all the tourcheis of the worlde had bene there. So cam he to the chambir doore and wolde have entird. And anone a voice seyde unto hym, "Sir Launcelot, flee and entir nat, for thou ought nat to do hit! For and if thou entir thou shalt forthynke hit."

Than he withdrew hym aback ryght hevy.

Than loked he up into the myddis of the chambir and saw a table of sylver, and the holy vessell coverde with rede samyte, and many

angels aboute hit, whereof one hylde a candyll of wexe brennynge and the other hylde a crosse and the ornementis of an awter. And before the holy vessell he saw a good man clothed as a pryste, and hit semed that he was at the sakerynge of the masse. And hit semed to Sir Launcelot that above the prystis hondys were thre men, whereof the too put the yongyste by lyknes betwene the prystes hondis; and so he lyffte hym up ryght hyghe, and hit semed to shew so to the peple.

And than Sir Launcelot mervayled nat a litill, for hym thought the pryste was so gretly charged of the vygoure that hym semed that he sholde falle to the erth. And whan he saw none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym, than cam he to the dore a grete pace and seyde, "Fayre Fadir, Jesu Cryste, ne take hit for no synne if I helpe the good man whych hath grete nede of helpe."

Ryght so entird he into the chambir and cam toward the table of sylver, and whan he cam nyghe hit he felte a breeth that hym thought hit was entromedled with fyre, which smote hym so sore in the vysayge that hym thought hit brente hys vysayge. And therewith he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse, as he that was so araged that he had loste the power of hys body and hys hyrynge and syght. Than felte he many hondys whych toke hym up and bare hym oute of the chambir doore and leffte hym there semynge dede to all people.

So uppon the morow, whan hit was fayre day, they within were rysen and founde Sir Launcelot lyynge before the chambir doore. All they mervayled how that he com in. And so they loked uppon hym, and felte hys powse to wete whethir were ony lyff in hym. And so they founde lyff in hym, but he myght nat stonde nother stirre no membir that he had. And so they toke hym by every parte of the body and bare hym into a chambir and leyde hym in a rych bedde farre frome alle folke. And so he lay foure dayes.

Than one seyde he was on lyve, and another seyde nay, he was dede.

"In the name of God," seyde an olde man, "I do you veryly to wete he ys nat dede, but he ys as fulle of lyff as the strengyst of us

all. Therefore I rede you all that he be well kepte tylle God sende lyff in hym agayne."

So in such maner they kepte Sir Launcelot foure and twenty dayes and also many nyghtis, that ever he lay stylle as a dede man. And at the fyve-and-twentythe day befylle hym aftir mydday that he opened hys yen, and whan he saw folke he made grete sorow and seyde, "Why have ye awaked me? For I was more at ease than I am now. A, Jesu Cryste, who myght be so blyssed that myght se opynly Thy grete mervayles of secretnesse there where no synner may be?"

"What have ye sene?" seyde they aboute hym.

"I have sene," seyde he, "grete mervayles that no tunge may telle, and more than ony herte can thynke. And had nat my synne bene beforetyme, ellis I had sene muche more."

Than they tolde hym how he had layne there foure and twenty dayes and nyghtes. Than hym thought hit was ponyshemente for the foure and twenty yere that he had bene a synner, wherefore Oure Lorde put hym in penaunce the foure and twenty dayes and nyghtes. Than loked Launcelot tofore hym and saw the hayre whych he had borne nyghe a yere; for that he forthoughte hym ryght muche that he had brokyn his promyse unto the ermyte whych he had avowed to do.

Than they asked how hit stood with hym.

"Forsothe," seyde he, "I am hole of body, thanked be Oure Lorde. Therefore, for Goddis love, telle me where I am."

Than seyde they all that he was in the castell of Carbonek.

Therewith com a jantillwoman and brought hym a shirte of small lynen clothe; but he chaunged nat there, but toke the hayre to hym agayne.

"Sir," seyde they, "the queste of the Sankgreall ys encheved now ryght in you, and never shall ye se of the Sankgreall more than ye have sene."

"Now I thanke God," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for Hys grete mercy of that I have sene, for hit suffisith me, for, as I suppose, no man in thys worlde excepte he have lyved bettir than I have done to enchyeve that I have done."

And therewith he toke the hayre and clothed hym in hit, and aboven that he put a lynen sherte, and aftir that a roobe of scarlet, freyssh and new. And whan he was so arayed they mervayled all, for they knew hym well that he was Sir Launcelot, the good knyght. And than they seyde all, "A, my lorde Sir Launcelot, be ye he?"

And he seyde, "Yee, truly I am he."

Than cam worde to the kynge Pelles that the knyght that had layne so longe dede was the noble knyght Sir Launcelot. Than was the kynge ryght glad and wente to se hym, and whan Sir Launcelot saw hym com he dressed hym ayenste hym, and than made the kynge grete joy of hym.

And there the kynge tolde hym tydynges how his fayre doughter was dede. Than Sir Launcelot was ryght hevy of hit and seyde, "Me forthynkith of the deth of youre doughter, for she was a full fayre lady, freyshe and yonge. And well I wote she bare the beste knyght that ys now on erthe, or that ever was syn God was borne."

So the kynge hylde hym there foure dayes, and on the morow he toke hys leve at Kynge Pelles and at all the felyship, and thanked them of ther grete laboure.

Ryght so as they sate at her dyner in the chyff sale, hit befylle that the Sangreall had fulfylled the tables with all maner of metis that ony harte myghte thynke. And as they sate they saw all the doorys and the wyndowes of the paleyse shutte withoute mannys honde. So were they all abaysshed. So a knyght whych was all armed cam to the chyeff dore, and knocked and cryed, "Undo!"

But they wolde nat, and ever he cryed, "Undo!"

So hit noyed hem so much that the kynge hymselff arose and cam to a wyndow there where the knyght called. Than he seyde, "Sir knyght, ye shall nat enter at thys tyme, whyle the Sankgreall ys hyre. And therefore go ye into anothir fortresse, for certes ye be none of the knyghtes of the Quest, but one of them whych have servyd the fyende, and haste leffte the servyse of Oure Lorde."

Than was he passynge wroth at the kynges wordis.

"Sir knyght," seyde the kynge, "syn ye wolde so fayne entir, telle me of what contrey ye be."

"Sir," he seyde, "I am of the realme of Logrys, and my name ys Sir Ector de Marys, brother unto my lorde Sir Launcelot."

"In the name of God," seyde the kynge, "me forthynkis sore of that I have seyde, for youre brother ys hereinne."

Whan Sir Ector undirstood that hys brother was there, for he was the man in the worlde that he moste drad and loved, than he seyde, "A, good lorde, now dowblith my sorow and shame! Full truly seyde the good man of the hylle unto Sir Gawayne and to me of oure dremys."

Than wente he oute of the courte as faste as hys horse myght dryve, and so thorowoute the castell.

Than Kyng Pelles cam to Sir Launcelot and tolde hym tydynges of hys brothir. Anone he was so sory therefore that he wyst nat what to do.

So Sir Launcelot departed and toke hys armys and seyde he wold go se the realme of Logris whych he had nat sene afore in a yere, and therewith commaunded the kynge to God. And so rode thorow many realmys, and at the laste he com to a whyght abbay, and there they made hym that nyght grete chere. And on the morne he arose and harde masse, and afore an awter he founde a ryche tombe which was newly made. And than he toke hede and saw the sydys wryten with golde which seyde, "Here lyeth Kyng Bagdemagus of Gore, which Kynge Arthurs nevew slew," and named hym Sir Gawayne. Than was he nat a litill sory, for Sir Launcelot loved hym muche more than ony other (and had hit bene ony other than Sir Gawayne he sholde nat ascape frome the deth), and seyde to hymselff, "A, lorde God! Thys ys a grete hurte unto Kynge Arthurs courte, the losse of suche a man!"

And than he departed and cam to the abbey where Sir Galahad dud the aventure of the tombis and wan the whyght shylde with the rede crosse. And there had he grete chere all that nyght, and on the morne he turned to Camelot, where he founde Kynge Arthure and the quene. But many of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table were slayne and destroyed, more than halff; and so thre of them were com home, Sir Ector, Gawayne, and Lyonell, and many other that

nedith nat now to reherce. And all the courte were passyng glad of Sir Launcelot, and the kynge asked hym many tydyngis of hys sonne Sir Galahad.

And there Sir Launcelot tolde the kynge of hys aventures that befelle hym syne he departed. And also he tolde hym of the aventures of Sir Galahad, Sir Percivale, and Sir Bors, whych that he knew by the lettir of the dede mayden and also as Sir Galahad had tolde hym.

"Now God wolde," seyde the kynge, "that they were all thre here!"

"That shall never be," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for too of hem shall ye never se. But one of them shall com home agayne."

Now levith thys tale and spekith of Sir Galahad.

THE KINGDOM OF SARRAS

NOW SEYTH THE TALE that Sir Galahad rode many journeys in vayne, and at the last he com to the abbay where Kynge Mordrayns was. And whan he harde that, he thoughte he wolde abyde to se hym. And so uppon the morne, whan he had herd masse, Sir Galahad com unto Kynge Mordrayns.And anone the kyng saw hym, whych had layne blynde of longe tyme, and than he dressed hym ayenste hym and seyde, "Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Cryste and verry knyght, whos commynge I have abyddyn longe, now enbrace me and lette me reste on thy breste, so that I may reste betwene thyne armys! For thou arte a clene virgyne above all knyghtes, as the floure of the lyly in whom virginité is signified. And thou arte the rose, which ys the floure of all good vertu and in colour of fyre. For the fyre of the Holy Goste ys takyn so in the that my fleyssh, whych was all dede of oldenes, ys becom agayne yonge."

Whan Sir Galahad harde thes wordys, than he enbraced hym and all hys body. Than seyde he, "Fayre lorde Jesu Cryste, now I have my wylle! Now I requyre The, in thys poynte that I am in, that Thou com and visite me."

And anone Oure Lorde herde his prayere, and therewith the soule departed frome the body. And than Sir Galahad put hym in the erthe as a kynge oughte to be, and so departed, and cam into a perelous foreyste where he founde the welle which boyled with grete wawis, as the tale tellith tofore. And as sone as Sir Galahad sette hys honde thereto hit seased, so that hit brente no more, and anone the hete departed away. And cause why that hit brente, hit was a sygne of lechory that was that tyme muche used. But that hete myght nat abyde hys pure virginité. And so thys was takyn in the contrey for a miracle, and so ever afftir was hit called Galahaddis Welle.

So by aventure he com unto the contrey of Gore, and into the abbey where Sir Launcelot had bene toforehonde and founde the tombe of Kynge Bagdemagus. But he was fownder thereoff, for there was the tombe of Joseph of Aramathyys son and the tombe of Symyan, where Sir Launcelot had fayled. Than he loked into a croufte undir the mynstir, and there he sawe a tombe which brente full mervaylously.

Than asked he the brethirne what hit was.

"Sir," seyde they, "a mervalous aventure that may nat be brought to an ende but by hym that passith of bounté and of knyghthode all them of the Rounde Table."

"I wolde," seyde Sir Galahad, "that ye wolde brynge me thereto."

"Gladly," seyde they, and so ledde hym tyll a cave. And so he wente downe uppon grecis and cam nyghe unto the tombe. And so the flamyng fayled and the fyre staunched, which many a day had bene grete.

Than cam there a voice whych seyde, "Much ar ye beholde to thanke God which hath gyven you a good owre, that ye may draw oute the soulis of erthely payne and to putte them into the joyes of Paradyse. Sir, I am of youre kynred, which hath dwelled in thys hete thys thre hondred wyntir and foure-and-fyfty to be purged of the synne that I ded ayenste Joseph of Aramathy."

Than Sir Galahad toke the body in his armys and bare hit into the mynster. And that nyght lay Sir Galahad in the abbay; and on the morne he gaff hym hys servyse and put hym in the erthe byfore the hyghe awter. So departed he frome thens, and commended the brethirn to God.

And so he rode fyve dayes tylle that he cam to the Maymed Kynge. And ever folowed Sir Percivale the fyve dayes askynge where he had bene, and so one tolde hym how the aventures of Logrus were encheved. So on a day hit befelle that they cam oute of a grete foreyste, and there mette they at travers with Sir Bors, which rode alone. Hit ys no rede to aske if they were glad! And so he salewed them, and they yelded to hym honoure and good aventure, and

everych tolde other how they had spedde. Than seyde Sir Bors, "Hit ys more than a yere and a halff that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled, but in wylde forestis and in mownteaynes. But God was ever my comforte."

Than rode they a grete whyle tylle they cam to the castell of Carbonek. And whan they were entirde within, Kynge Pelles knew hem. So there was grete joy, for they wyste well by her commynge that they had fulfylled the queste of the Sankgreall. Than Elyazar, Kynge Pelles sonne, brought tofore them the brokyn swerde wherewith Joseph was stryken thorow the thyghe. Than Sir Bors sette his honde thereto to say if he myght have sowded hit agayne, but hit wolde nat be. Than he toke hit to Sir Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he.

"Now have ye hit agayne," seyde Sir Percivale unto Sir Galahad, "for and hit be ever encheved by ony bodily man, ye muste do hit."

And than he toke the pecis and set hem togydirs, and hem semed as hit had never be brokyn, and as well as hit was firste forged. And whan they within aspyed that the aventure of the swerde was encheved, than they gaff the swerde to Sir Bors, for hit myght no bettir be sette, for he was so good a knyght and a worthy man.

And a litill before evyn the wynde arose, grete and mervaylous, and was full of grete hete, that many men felle for drede. And anone alyghte a voyce amonge them and seyde, "They that ought nat to sitte at the table of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, avoyde hens! For now there shall verry knyghtes be fedde."

So they wente thense, all sauf Kyng Pelles and Elyazar, hys sonne, which were holy men, and a mayde whych was hys nyce. And so there abode thes thre felowis and thes thre; ellis were there no mo. And anone they saw knyghtes all armed that cam in at the halle dore, and ded of theire helmys and armys, and seyde unto Sir Galahad, "Sir, we have hyghed ryght muche for to be with you at thys table where the holy mete shall be departed."

Than seyde he, "Ye be wellcom! But of whens be ye?"

So thre of them seyde they were of Gaule, and other thre seyde they

were of Irelonde, and other thre seyde they were of Danemarke.

And so as they sate thus, there cam oute a bedde of tre of a chambir, which foure jantillwomen broughte; and in the bedde lay a good man syke, and had a crowne of golde uppon his hede. And there in the myddis of the paleyse they sette hym downe, and wente agayne. Than he lyffte up hys hede and seyde, "Sir Galahad, good knyght, ye be ryght wellcom, for much have y desyred your commyng! For in such payne and in such angwysh as I have suffird, no man ellis myght have suffird longe. But now I truste to God the terme ys com that my payne shall be alayed, that I shall passe oute of thys worlde, so as hit was promysed me longe ago."

And therewith a voice seyde, "There be too amonge you that be nat in the queste of the Sankgreall, and therefore departith!"

Than Kynge Pelles and hys sunne departed. And therewithall besemed them that there cam an olde man and foure angelis frome hevyn, clothed in lyknesse of a byshop, and had a crosse in hys honde; and thes foure angels bare hym up in a chayre and sette hym downe before the table of sylver whereuppon the Sankgreall was. And hit semed that he had in myddis of hys forehede lettirs which seyde, "Se you here Joseph, the firste bysshop of Crystendom, the same which Oure Lorde succoured in the cité of Sarras, in the spirituall paleys."

Than the knyghtes mervayled, for that bysshop was dede more than thre hondred yere tofore.

"A, knyghtes," seyde he, "mervayle nat, for I was som tyme an erthely man."

So with that they harde the chambir dore opyn, and there they saw angels; and too bare candils of wexe, and the thirde bare a towell, and the fourthe a speare which bled mervaylously, that the droppis felle within a boxe which he hylde with hys othir hande. And anone they sette the candyls uppon the table, and the thirde the towell uppon the vessell, and the fourthe the holy speare evyn upryght uppon the vessell.

And than the bysshop made sembelaunte as thoughe he wolde have gone to the sakeryng of the masse, and than he toke an obley

which was made in lyknesse of brede. And at the lyftyng up there cam a vigoure in lyknesse of a chylde, and the vysayge was as rede and as bryght os ony fyre, and smote hymselff into the brede, that all they saw hit that the brede was fourmed of a fleyshely man. And than he put hit into the holy vessell agayne, and than he ded that longed to a preste to do to a masse.

And than he wente to Sir Galahad and kyssed hym, and bade hym go and kysse hys felowis. And so he ded anone.

"Now," seyde he, "the servauntes of Jesu Cryste, ye shull be fedde afore thys table with swete metis that never knyghtes yet tasted."

And whan he had seyde he vanysshed away. And they sette hem at the table in grete drede and made theire prayers. Than loked they and saw a man com oute of the holy vessell that had all the sygnes of the Passion of Jesu Cryste bledynge all opynly, and seyde, "My knyghtes and my servauntes and my trew chyldren which bene com oute of dedly lyff into the spirituall lyff, I woll no lenger cover me frome you, but ye shall se now a parte of my secretes and of my hydde thynges. Now holdith and resseyvith the hyghe mete whych ye have so much desired."

Than toke He Hymselff the holy vessell and cam to Sir Galahad. And he kneled adowne and resseyved hys Saveoure. And aftir hym so ressayved all hys felowis, and they thought hit so sweete that hit was mervaylous to telle. Than seyde He to Sir Galahad, "Sonne, wotyst thou what I holde betwyxte my hondis?"

"Nay," seyde he, "but if Ye telle me."

"Thys ys," seyde He, "the holy dysshe wherein I ete the lambe on Estir Day. And now hast thou sene that thou moste desired to se, but yet hast thou nat sene hit so opynly as thou shalt se hit in the cité of Sarras, in the spirituall paleyse. Therefore thou must go hense and beare with the thys holy vessell, for this nyght hit shall departe frome the realme of Logrus, and hit shall nevermore be sene here. And knowyst thou wherefore? For he ys nat served nother worshipped to hys ryght by hem of thys londe, for they be turned to evyll lyvyng, and therefore I shall disherite them of

the honoure whych I have done them. And therefore go ye thre to-morow unto the see, where ye shall fynde youre shippe redy, and with you take the swerde with the straunge gurdils, and no mo with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I woll that ye take with you off the bloode of thys speare for to anoynte the Maymed Kynge, both his legges and hys body, and he shall have hys heale."

"Sir," seyde Galahad, "why shall nat thys other felowis go with us?"

"For thys cause: for ryght as I departe my postels one here and anothir there, so I woll that ye departe. And too of you shall dy in my servyse, and one of you shall com agayne and telle tydynges."

Than gaff He hem Hys blyssynge and vanysshed away.

And Sir Galahad wente anone to the speare which lay uppon the table, and towched the bloode with hys fyngirs, and cam aftir to the Maymed Kynge and anoynted his legges and hys body. And therewith he clothed hym anone, and sterte uppon hys feete oute of hys bedde as an hole man, and thanked Oure Lorde that He had heled hym; and that was not to the worlde ward, for anone he yelded hymselffe to a place of religion of whyght monkes, and was a full holy man.

And that same nyght aboute mydnyght cam a voyce amonge them which seyde, "My sunnes and nat my chyeff sunnes, my frendis and nat my werryours, go ye hens where ye hope beste to do, and as I bade you do."

"A, thanked be Thou, Lorde, that Thou wolt whyghtsauff to calle us Thy sunnes! Now may we well preve that we have nat loste oure paynes."

And anone in all haste they toke theire harneyse and departed (but the thre knyghtes of Gaule, one of hem hyght Claudyne, Kynge Claudas sonne, and the other too were grete jantillmen). Than prayde Sir Galahad to every of them, that and they com to Kynge Arthurs courte, "to salew my lorde Sir Launcelot my fadir, and all of hem of the Rounde Table," and they promysed, if they com on that party, nat to forgete hit.

Ryght so departed Sir Galahad, and Sir Percivale and Sir Bors with hym, and so they rode thre dayes. And than they com to a ryvage and founde the shippe whereof the tale spekith of tofore. And whan they com to the bourde they founde in the myddys of the bedde the table of sylver, whych they had lefft with the Maymed Kynge, and the Sankgreall, whych was coverde with rede samyte. Than were they glad to have such thyngis in theire felyship. And so they entred and made grete reverence thereto, and Sir Galahad felle on hys kneys and prayde longe tyme to Oure Lorde, that at what tyme that he asked, he myght passe oute of this worlde. And so longe he prayde tyll a voice seyde, "Sir Galahad, thou shalt have thy requeste, and whan thou askyst the deth of thy body thou shalt have hit, and than shalt thou have the lyff of thy soule."

Than Sir Percivale harde hym a litill, and prayde hym of felyship that was betwene them to telle hym wherefore he asked such thynges.

"Sir, that shall I telle you," seyde Sir Galahad. "Thys othir day, whan we sawe a parte of the adventures of the Sangreall, I was in such joy of herte that I trow never man was that was erthely. And therefore I wote well, whan my body ys dede, my soule shall be in grete joy to se the Blyssed Trinité every day and the majesté of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryste."

And so longe were they in the shippe that they seyde to Sir Galahad, "Sir, in thys bedde ye oughte to lyghe, for so seyth the lettirs."

And so he layde hym downe, and slepte a grete whyle. And whan he awaked he loked tofore hym and saw the cité of Sarras. And as they wolde have londed they saw the shyp wherein Sir Percivall had putte hys syster in.

"Truly," seyde Sir Percivall, "in the name of God, well hath my syster holden us covenaunte."

Than toke they oute of the shyppe the table of sylver; and he toke hit to Sir Percivale and to Sir Bors to go tofore, and Sir Galahad com behynde, and ryght so they wente into the cité. And at the gate

of the cité they saw an olde man croked, and anone Sir Galahad called hym and bade hym "helpe to bere thys hevy thynge."

"Truly," seyde the olde man, "hit ys ten yere ago that I myght nat go but with crucchis."

"Care thou nat," seyde Sir Galahad, "aryse up and shew thy good wyll!"

And so he assayde, and founde hymselff as hole as ever he was. Than ran he to the table and toke one parte ayenst Sir Galahad.

Anone rose there a grete noyse in the cité that a crypple was made hole by knyghtes merveylous that entird into the cité. Than anone aftir the thre knyghtes wente to the watir and brought up into the paleyse Sir Percivallis syster, and buryed her as rychely as them oughte a kynges doughter.

And whan the kynge of that cité knew that and saw that felyship (whos name was Escoranse), he asked them of whens they were, and what thynge hit was that they had brought uppon the table of sylver. And they told hym the trouth of the Sankgreall, and the power whych God hath sette there. Than thys kynge was a grete tirraunte, and was com of the lyne of paynymes, and toke hem and put hem in preson in a depe hole. But as sone as they were there Our Lorde sente them the Sankgreall, thorow whos grace they were allwey fullfylled whyle they were in preson.

So at the yerys ende hit befelle that thys kynge lay syke and felte that he sholde dye. Than he sente for the thre knyghtes, and they cam afore hym, and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them; and they forgave hym goodly, and he dyed anone.

Whan the kynge was dede all the cité stoode dyssemayde and wyst nat who myght be her kynge. Ryght so as they were in counceyle, there com a voice downe amonge them and bade hem chose the yongyst knyght of them thre to be her kynge, "for he shall well maynteyne you and all youris."

So they made Sir Galahad kynge by all the assente of the hole cité, and ellys they wolde have slayne hym. And whan he was com to holde hys londe he lete make abovyn the table of sylver a cheste of golde and of precious stonys that coverde the holy vessell, and

every day erly thes thre felowis wolde com before hit and make theire prayers.

Now at the yerys ende, and the selff Sonday aftir that Sir Galahad had borne the crowne of golde, he arose up erly and hys felowis, and cam to the paleyse, and saw tofore hem the holy vessell, and a man knelyng on his kneys in lyknesse of a bysshop that had aboute hym a grete felyship of angels, as hit had bene Jesu Cryste hymselff. And than he arose and began a masse of Oure Lady, and so he cam to the sakerynge, and anone made an ende. He called Sir Galahad unto hym and seyde, "Com forthe the servaunte of Jesu Cryste, and thou shalt se that thou hast much desired to se."

And than he began to tremble ryght harde whan the dedly fleysh began to beholde the spirituall thynges. Than he hylde up his hondis towarde hevyn and seyde, "Lorde, I thanke The, for now I se that that hath be my desire many a day. Now, my blyssed lorde, I wold nat lyve in this wrecched worlde no lenger, if hit myght please The, Lorde."

And therewith the good man toke Oure Lordes Body betwyxte hys hondis and profird hit to Sir Galahad, and he resseyved hit ryght gladly and mekely.

"Now wotist thou what I am?" seyde the good man.

"Nay, sir," seyde Sir Galahad.

"I am Joseph, the sonne of Joseph of Aramathy, which Oure Lorde hath sente to the to bere the felyship. And wotyst thou wherefore He hathe sente me more than ony other? For thou hast resembled me in to thynges, in that thou hast sene the merveyles of the Sankgreall, and in that thou hast bene a clene mayde as I have be and am."

And whan he had seyde thes wordis Sir Galahad wente to Sir Percivale and kyssed hym and commended hym to God. And so he wente to Sir Bors and kyssed hym and commended hym to God and seyde, "My fayre lorde, salew me unto my lorde Sir Launcelot, my fadir, and as sone as ye se hym bydde hym remembir of this worlde unstable."

And therewith he kneled downe tofore the table and made hys prayers. And so suddeynly departed hys soule to Jesu Cryste, and a grete multitude of angels bare hit up to hevyn evyn in the syght of hys too felowis.

Also thes too felowis saw com frome hevyn an hande, but they sy nat the body, and so hit cam ryght to the vessell and toke hit, and the speare, and so bare hit up into hevyn. And sythen was there never man so hardy to sey that he hadde seyne the Sankgreal.

So whan Sir Percivale and Sir Bors saw Sir Galahad dede they made as much sorow as ever ded men. And if they had nat bene good men, they myght lyghtly have falle in dispayre. And so the people of the contrey and cité, they were ryght hevy. But so he was buryed, and as sone as he was buryed Sir Percivale yelded hym to an ermytayge oute of the cité, and toke religious clothyng. And Sir Bors was allwey with hym, but he chonged never hys seculer clothyng, for that he purposed hym to go agayne into the realme of Logrus.

Thus a yere and too monethis lyved Sir Percivale in the ermytayge a full holy lyff, and than passed oute of the worlde. Than Sir Bors let bury hym by hys syster and by Sir Galahad in the spiritualités.

So whan Sir Bors saw that he was in so farre contreyes as in the partis of Babilonye, he departed frome the cité of Sarras and armed hym and cam to the see, and entird into a shippe. And so hit befelle hym by good adventure he cam unto the realme of Logrus, and so he rode a pace tylle he com to Camelot where the kynge was.

And than was there made grete joy of hym in all the courte, for they wente he had bene loste forasmuch as he had bene so longe oute of the contrey. And whan they had etyn the kynge made grete clerkes to com before hym, for cause they shulde cronycle of the hyghe adventures of the good knyghtes. So whan Sir Bors had tolde hym of the hyghe aventures of the Sankgreall such as had befalle hym and his thre felowes, which were Sir Launcelot, Sir Percivale, and Sir Galahad and hymselff, than Sir Launcelot tolde the adventures of the Sangreall that he had sene. And all thys was made in grete bookes and put up in almeryes at Salysbury.

And anone Sir Bors seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Sir Galahad, youre owne sonne, salewed you by me, and aftir you my lorde Kynge Arthure and all the hole courte, and so ded Sir Percivale. For I buryed them both myne owne hondis in the cité of Sarras. Also, Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad prayde you to remembir of thys unsyker worlde, as ye behyght hym whan ye were togydirs more than halffe a yere."

"Thys ys trew," seyde Sir Launcelot, "now I truste to God hys prayer shall avayle me."

Than Sir Launcelot toke Sir Bors in hys armys and seyde, "Cousyn, ye ar ryght wellcom to me, for ye and I shall never departe in sundir whylis oure lyvys may laste."

"Sir," seyde he, "as ye woll, so woll I."

Thus endith the Tale of the Sankgreal, that was breffly drawyn oute of Freynshe into Englysshe – which ys a tale cronycled for one of the trewyst and of the holyest that ys in this worlde – by Sir Thomas Maleorré, knight.

O Blessed Jesu, helpe hym thorow hys myght! Amen.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUENIVERE

SIR MADOR DE LA PORTE

SO AFTIR THE QUEST of the Sankgreall was fulfylled and all knyghtes that were leffte on lyve were com home agayne unto the Table Rownde, as *The Booke of the Sankgreall* makith mencion, than was there grete joy in the courte, and en especiall Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvere made grete joy of the remenaunte that were com home. And passyng gladde was the kynge and the quene of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors, for they had bene passynge longe away in the queste of the Sankgreall.

Than, as the booke seyth, Sir Launcelot began to resorte unto Quene Gwenyvere agayne, and forgate the promyse and the perfeccion that he made in the queste; for, as the booke seyth, had nat Sir Launcelot bene in his prevy thoughtes and in hys myndis so sette inwardly to the quene as he was in semynge outewarde to God, there had no knyght passed hym in the queste of the Sankgreall. But ever his thoughtis prevyly were on the quene, and so they loved togydirs more hotter than they dud toforehonde, and had many such prevy draughtis togydir that many in the courte spake of hit, and in especiall Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gawaynes brothir, for he was ever opynne-mowthed.

So hit befelle that Sir Launcelot had many resortis of ladyes and damesels which dayly resorted unto hym, that besoughte hym to be theire champion. In all such maters of ryght Sir Launcelot applyed hym dayly for to do for the plesure of Oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and ever as much as he myght he withdrew hym fro the company of Quene Gwenyvere, for to eschew the sclawndir and noyse. Wherefore the quene waxed wrothe with Sir Launcelot.

So on a day she called hym to hir chambir and seyd thus: "Sir Launcelot, I se and fele dayly that youre love begynnyth to slake, for ye have no joy to be in my presence, but ever ye ar oute of thys courte, and quarels and maters ye have nowadayes for ladyes, madyns, and jantillwomen, more than ever ye were wonte to have beforehande."

"A, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "in thys ye must holde me excused for dyvers causis: one ys, I was but late in the quest of the Sankgreall, and I thanke God, of Hys grete mercy and never of my deservynge, that I saw in that my queste as much as ever saw ony synfull man lyvynge, and so was hit tolde me. And if that I had nat had my prevy thoughtis to returne to youre love agayne as I do, I had sene as grete mysteryes as ever saw my sonne Sir Galahad, other Percivale, other Sir Bors. And therefore, madam, I was but late in that queste, and wyte you well, madam, hit may nat be yet lyghtly forgotyn, the hyghe servyse in whom I dud my dyligente laboure.

"Also, madame, wyte you well that there be many men spekith of oure love in thys courte, and have you and me gretely in awayte, as thes Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred. And, madam, wyte you well I drede them more for youre sake than for ony feare I have of them myselffe, for I may happyn to ascape and ryde myselff in a grete nede where, madame, ye muste abyde all that woll be seyde unto you. And than, if that ye falle in ony distresse thorowoute wyllfull foly, than ys there none other helpe but by me and my bloode.

"And wyte you well, madam, the boldnesse of you and me woll brynge us to shame and sclaundir, and that were me lothe to se you dishonoured. And that is the cause I take uppon me more for to do for damesels and maydyns than ever y ded toforne, that men sholde undirstonde my joy and my delite ys my plesure to have ado for damesels and maydyns."

All thys whyle the quene stoode stylle and lete Sir Launcelot sey what he wolde; and whan he had all seyde she braste oute on wepynge, and so she sobbed and awepte a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she seyde, "Sir Launcelot, now I well understonde that thou arte a false recrayed knyght and a comon lechourere, and lovyste and holdiste othir ladyes, and of me thou haste dysdayne

and scorne. For wyte thou well, now I undirstonde thy falsehede I shall never love the more, and loke thou be never so hardy to com in my syght. And ryght here I dyscharge the thys courte that thou never com within hit, and I forfende the my felyship, and uppon payne of thy hede that thou se me nevermore!"

Ryght so Sir Launcelot departed with grete hevynes, that unneth he myght susteyne hymselff for grete dole-makynge. Than he called Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lyonell, and tolde hem how the quene had forfende hym the courte, and so he was in wyll to departe into hys owne contrey.

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Bors de Ganys, "ye shall not departe oute of thys londe by myne advyce, for ye muste remembir you what ye ar, and renomed the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde, and many grete maters ye have in honde. And women in theire hastynesse woll do oftyntymes that aftir hem sore repentith. And therefore, be myne advyce, ye shall take youre horse and ryde to the good ermyte at the ermytage here besyde Wyndesore, that somtyme was a good knyght, hys name ys Sir Brascias. And there shall ye abyde tyll that I sende you worde of bettir tydynges."

"Brother," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyte you well I am full loth to departe oute of thys reallme, but the quene hath defended me so hyghly that mesemyth she woll never be my good lady as she hath bene."

"Sey ye never so," seyde Sir Bors, "for many tymys or this she hath bene wroth with you, and aftir that she was the firste that repented hit."

"Ye sey well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for now woll I do by your counceyle, and take myne horse and myne harneyse and ryde to the ermyte Sir Brascias, and there woll I repose me tylle I hyre som maner of tydynges frome you. But, fayre brothir, in that ye can, gete me the love of my lady Quene Gwenyvere."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "ye nede nat to meve me of such maters, for well ye wote, I woll do what I may to please you."

And than Sir Launcelot departed suddeynly, and no creature wyst where he was becom but Sir Bors. So whan Sir Launcelot

was departed, the quene outewarde made no maner of sorow in shewyng to none of his bloode nor to none other, but wyte ye well, inwardely, as the booke seythe, she toke grete thought; but she bare hit oute with a proude countenaunce, as thoughe she felte no thynge nor thought no daungere.

So the quene lete make a pryvy dyner in London unto the Knyghtes of the Rownde Table, and all was for to shew outwarde that she had as grete joy in all other knyghtes of the Rounde Table as she had in Sir Launcelot. So there was all only at that dyner Sir Gawayne and his brethern, that ys for to sey, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys, Sir Gareth, and Sir Mordred. Also there was Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Blamour de Ganys, Sir Bleoberis de Ganys, Sir Galihud, Sir Galyhodyn, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lyonell, Sir Palamydes, Sir Safyr his brothir, Sir La Cote Male Tayle, Sir Persaunte, Sir Ironsyde, Sir Braundeles, Sir Kay le Senysciall, Sir Madore de la Porte, Sir Patrise (a knyght of Irelonde), Sir Alyduke, Sir Ascamoure, and Sir Pynell le Saveayge, whych was cosyne to Sir Lameroke de Galis, the good knyght that Sir Gawayne and hys brethirn slew by treson. And so thes foure and twenty knyghtes sholde dyne with the quene in a prevy place by themselff, and there was made a grete feste of all maner of deyntees.

But Sir Gawayne had a custom that he used dayly at mete and at supper: that he loved well all maner of fruyte, and in especiall appyls and pearys. And therefore whosomever dyned other fested Sir Gawayne wolde comonly purvey for good fruyte for hym; and so ded the quene: for to please Sir Gawayne she lette purvey for hym all maner of fruyte. For Sir Gawayne was a passyng hote knyght of nature, and thys Sir Pyonell hated Sir Gawayne bycause of hys kynnesman Sir Lamorakes dethe; and therefore, for pure envy and hate, Sir Pyonell enpoysonde sertayn appylls for to enpoysen Sir Gawayne.

So thys was well yet unto the ende of mete, and so hit befylle by myssefortune a good knyght, Sir Patryse, which was cosyn unto Sir Mador de la Porte, toke an appyll, for he was enchaffed with hete of wyne. And hit myssehapped hym to take a poysonde apple.

And whan he had etyn hit he swall sore tylle he braste, and there Sir Patryse felle downe suddeynly dede amonge hem. Than every knyght lepe frome the bourde ashamed and araged for wratthe nyghe oute of hir wittis, for they wyst nat what to sey; considerynge Queen Gwenyvere made the feste and dyner they had all suspeccion unto hir.

"My lady the quene!" seyde Sir Gawayne, "madam, wyte you well that thys dyner was made for me and my felowis, for all folkes that knowith my condicion undirstonde that I love well fruyte. And now I se well I had nere be slayne. Therefore, madam, I drede me leste ye woll be shamed."

Than the quene stood stylle and was so sore abaysshed that she wyst nat what to sey.

"Thys shall nat so be ended," seyde Sir Mador de la Porte, "for here have I loste a full noble knyght of my bloode, and therefore uppon thys shame and dispite I woll be revenged to the utteraunce!"

And there opynly Sir Mador appeled the quene of the deth of hys cousyn Sir Patryse. Than stood they all stylle, that none wolde speke a worde ayenste hym, for they all had grete suspeccion unto the quene bycause she lete make that dyner. And the quene was so abaysshed that she cowde none otherwayes do but wepte so hartely that she felle on a swowghe. So with thys noyse and crye cam to them Kynge Arthure, and whan he wyste of the trowble he was a passyng hevy man. And ever Sir Madore stood stylle before the kynge and appeled the quene of treson (for the custom was such at that tyme that all maner of shamefull deth was called treson).

"Fayre lordys," seyd Kynge Arthure, "me repentith of thys trouble, but the case ys so I may nat have ado in thys mater, for I muste be a ryghtfull juge. And that repentith me that I may nat do batayle for my wyff, for, as I deme, thys dede com never by her. And therefor I suppose she shall nat be all distayned, but that somme good knyght shall put hys body in jouparté for my quene rather than she sholde be brente in a wronge quarell. And therefore, Sir Madore, be nat so hasty; for pardé, hit may happyn she shall nat be all frendeles. And therefore desyre thou thy day of batayle, and she

shall purvey hir of som good knyght that shall answere you, other ellis hit were to me grete shame, and to all my courte."

"My gracious lorde," seyde Sir Madore, "ye muste holde me excused, for thoughe ye be oure kynge, in that degré ye ar but a knyght as we ar, and ye ar sworne unto knyghthode als welle as we be. And therefore I beseche you that ye be nat displeased, for there ys none of all thes foure and twenty knyghtes that were bodyn to thys dyner but all they have grete suspeccion unto the quene.

"What sey ye all, my lordys?" seyde Sir Madore.

Than they answerde by and by, and seyde that they coude nat excuse the quene for why she made the dyner, and other hit muste com by her other by her servauntis.

"Alas," seyde the quene, "I made thys dyner for a good entente and never for none evyll, so Allmyghty Jesu helpe me in my ryght as I was never purposed to do such evyll dedes, and that I reporte me unto God."

"My lorde the kynge," seyde Sir Madore, "I requyre you, as ye beth a ryghteuous kynge, gyffe me my day that I may have justyse."

"Well," seyde the kynge, "thys day fyftene dayes, loke thou be redy armed on horsebak in the medow besydes Wynchestir. And if hit so falle that there be ony knyght to encountir ayenste you, there may you do youre beste, and God spede the ryght. And if so befalle that there be no knyght redy at that day, than muste my quene be brente, and there she shall be redy to have hir jugemente."

"I am answerde," seyde Sir Mador.

And every knyght yode where hym lyked. So whan the kyng and the quene were togidirs the kynge asked the quene how this case befelle. Than the quene seyde, "Sir, as Jesu be my helpe!" she wyst nat how, nother in what manere.

"Where ys Sir Launcelot?" seyde Kynge Arthure. "And he were here he wolde nat grucche to do batayle for you."

"Sir," seyde the quene, "I wote nat where he ys, but hys brothir and hys kynnesmen deme that he be nat within thys realme."

"That me repentith," seyde Kyng Arthure, "for and he were here, he wolde sone stynte thys stryffe. Well, than I woll counceyle you,"

seyde the kyng, "that ye go unto Sir Bors and pray hym for to do batayle for you for Sir Launcelottis sake, and uppon my lyff he woll nat refuse you. For well I se," seyde the kynge, "that none of the foure and twenty knyghtes that were at your dyner where Sir Patryse was slayne woll do batayle for you, nother none of hem woll sey well of you, and that shall be grete sclaundir to you in thys courte."

"Allas," seyde the quene, "and I may not do withalle, but now I mysse Sir Launcelot, for and he were here he wolde sone putte me in my hartis ease."

"What aylith you," seyde the kynge, "that ye can nat kepe Sir Launcelot uppon youre syde? For wyte you well," seyde the kynge, "who that hath Sir Launcelot uppon his party hath the moste man of worship in thys worlde uppon hys syde. Now go youre way," seyde the kynge unto the quene, "and requyre Sir Bors to do batayle for you for Sir Launcelottis sake."

So the quene departed frome the kynge and sente for Sir Bors into her chambir, and whan he cam she besought hym of succour.

"Madam," seyde he, "what wolde ye that I ded? For I may nat with my worship have ado in thys mater, because I was at the same dyner, for drede that ony of tho knyghtes wolde have me in suspeccion.

"Also, madam," seyde Sir Bors, "now mysse ye Sir Launcelot, for he wolde nat a fayled you in youre ryght nother in youre wronge, as ye have wel preved, for whan ye have bene in ryght grete daungers he hath succoured you; and now ye have drevyn hym oute of thys contrey by whom ye and all we were dayly worshipped by. Therefore, madame, I mervayle how ye dare for shame to requyre me to do onythynge for you, insomuche ye have enchaced hym oute of your courte by whom we were up borne and honoured."

"Alas, fayre knyght," seyde the quene, "I put me holé in youre grace, and all that ys done amysse I woll amende as ye woll counceyle me."

And therewith she kneled downe uppon both hir kneys and besought Sir Bors to have mercy uppon her, "other ellis I shall have a shamefull dethe, and thereto I never offended."

Ryght so cam Kynge Arthure and founde the quene knelynge afore Sir Bors. And than Sir Bors toke hir up and seyde, "Madam, ye do me grete dishonoure."

"A, jantill knyght," seyde the kynge, "have mercy uppon my quene, curteyse knyght, for I am now in sertayne she ys untruly defamed. And therefore, curteyse knyght," seyde the kynge, "promyse her to do batayle for her, I requyre you, for the love ye owghe unto Sir Launcelot."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Bors, "ye requyre me the grettist thynge that ony man may requyre me. And wyte you well, if I graunte to do batayle for the quene I shall wretth many of my felyship of the Table Rounde. But as for that," seyde Sir Bors, "I woll graunte for my lorde Sir Launcelottis sake and for youre sake: I woll at that day be the quenys champyon, onles that there com by adventures a bettir knyght than I am to do batayle for her."

"Woll ye promyse me this," seyde the kynge, "by youre fayth?"

"Yee, sir," seyd Sir Bors, "of that I shall nat fayle you nother her, but if there com a bettir knyght than I am: than shall he have the batayle."

Than was the kynge and the quene passynge gladde, and so departed and thanked hym hertely.

Than Sir Bors departed secretly uppon a day and rode unto Sir Launcelot thereas he was with the ermyte Sir Brascias, and tolde hym of all thys adventure.

"A, Jesu," Sir Launcelot seyde, "thys ys com happely as I wolde have hit. And therefore I pray you make you redy to do batayle, but loke that ye tarry tylle ye se me com as longe as ye may. For I am sure Sir Madore ys an hote knyght whan he ys inchaffed, for the more ye suffyr hym the hastyer woll he be to batayle."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "latte me deale with hym. Doute ye nat ye shall have all youre wylle."

So departed Sir Bors frome hym and cam to the courte agayne.

Than was hit noysed in all the courte that Sir Bors sholde do batayle for the quene, wherefore many knyghtes were displeased with hym that he wolde take uppon hym to do batayle in the

quenys quarell; for there were but fewe knyghtes in all the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge and that she had done that treson. So Sir Bors answered thus to hys felowys of the Table Rounde: "Wete you well, my fayre lordis, hit were shame to us all and we suffird to se the moste noble quene of the worlde to be shamed opynly, consyderyng her lorde and oure lorde ys the man of moste worship crystynde, and he hath ever worshipped us all in all placis."

Many answerd hym agayne: "As for oure moste noble Kynge Arthure, we love hym and honoure hym as well as ye do; but as for Quene Guenyvere, we love hir nat, because she ys a destroyer of good knyghtes."

"Fayre lordis," seyde Sir Bors, "mesemyth ye sey nat as ye sholde sey, for never yet in my dayes knew I never ne harde sey that ever she was a destroyer of good knyghtes, but at all tymes, as far as ever I coude know, she was a maynteyner of good knyghtes; and ever she hath bene large and fre of hir goodis to all good knyghtes, and the moste bownteuous lady of hir gyfftis and her good grace that ever I saw other harde speke off. And therefore hit were shame to us all and to oure moste noble kynges wyff whom we serve, and we suffred her to be shamefully slayne. And wete you well," seyde Sir Bors, "I woll nat suffir hit, for I dare sey so much: the quene ys nat gylty of Sir Patryseys dethe, for she ought hym never none evyll wyll nother none of the foure and twenty knyghtes that were at that dyner, for I dare sey for good love she bade us to dyner and nat for no male engyne. And that, I doute nat, shall be preved hereafftir, for howsomever the game goth, there was treson amonge us."

Than some seyde to Sir Bors, "We may well belyve youre wordys." And so somme were well pleased and some were nat.

So the day com on faste untyll the evyn that the batayle sholde be. Than the quene sente for Sir Bors and asked hym how he was disposed. "Truly, madame," seyde he, "I am disposed in lyke wyse as I promysed you, that ys to sey I shall nat fayle you onles there by aventure com a bettir knyght than I am to do batayle for you. Than, madam, I am of you discharged of my promyse."

"Woll ye," seyde the quene, "that I telle my lorde the kyng thus?"

"Doth as hit pleasith you, madam."

Than the quene yode unto the kyng and tolde hym the answere of Sir Bors.

"Well, have ye no doute," seyde the kynge, "of Sir Bors, for I calle hym now one of the nobelyst knyghtes of the worlde that ys lyvynge, and moste perfitist man."

And thus hit paste on tylle the morne, and so the kynge and the quene and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme drewe them unto the medow bysydys Wynchester where the batayle sholde be. And so whan the kynge was com with the quene and many Knyghtes of the Table Rounde, so the quene was than put in the Conestablis awarde and a grete fyre made aboute an iron stake, that an Sir Madore de la Porte had the bettir, she sholde there be brente. For such custom was used in tho dayes, that for favoure, love, nother affinité there sholde be none other but ryghtuous jugemente, as well uppon a kynge as uppon a knyght, and as well uppon a quene as uppon another poure lady.

So thys meane whyle cam in Sir Madore de la Porte and toke hys othe before the kynge, how that the quene ded thys treson untill hys cosyn Sir Patryse, "and unto myne othe I woll preve hit with my body, honde for hande, who that woll sey the contrary."

Ryght so cam in Sir Bors de Ganys and seyde that "as for Quene Gwenyvere, she ys in the ryght, and that woll I make good with my hondes that she ys nat culpable of thys treson that is put uppon her."

"Than make the redy," seyde Sir Madore, "and we shall preve whethir thou be in the ryght or I!"

"Sir Madore," seyde Sir Bors, "wete you well, I know you for a good knyght. Natforthan I shall nat feare you so gretly but I truste to God I shall be able to withstonde youre malyce. But thus much have I promised my lorde Arthure and my lady the quene, that I shall do batayle for her in thys cause to the utteryste, onles that there com a bettir knyght than I am and discharge me."

"Is that all?" seyde Sir Madore, "othir com thou off and do batayle with me, other ellis sey nay."

"Take youre horse," seyde Sir Bors, "and, as I suppose, ye shall nat tarry longe but ye shall be answerde."

Than ayther departed to theire tentis and made hem redy to horsebacke as they thought beste. And anone Sir Madore cam into the fylde with hys shylde on hys shulder and hys speare in hys honde, and so rode aboute the place cryyng unto Kyng Arthure, "Byd youre champyon com forthe, and he dare!"

Than was Sir Bors ashamed, and toke hys horse and cam to the lystis ende. And than was he ware where cam frome a woode there fast by a knyght all armed uppon a whyght horse, with a straunge shylde of straunge armys, and he cam dryvyng all that hys horse myght renne. And so he cam to Sir Bors and seyd thus: "Fayre knyght, I pray you be nat displesed, for here muste a bettir knyght than ye ar have thys batayle. Therefore I pray you withdraw you, for wyte you well I have had thys day a right grete journey and thys batayle ought to be myne. And so I promysed you whan I spake with you laste, and with all my herte I thanke you of youre good wylle."

Than Sir Bors rode unto Kynge Arthure and tolde hym how there was a knyght com that wolde have the batayle to fyght for the quene.

"What knyght ys he?" seyde the kyng.

"I wote nat," seyde Sir Bors, "but suche covenaunte he made with me to be here thys day. Now, my lorde," seyde Sir Bors, "here I am discharged."

Than the kynge called to that knyght and asked hym if he wolde fyght for the quene. Than he answerd and seyde to the kynge, "Sir, therefore com I hyddir. And therefore, sir kynge, tarry me no lenger, for I may not tarry, for anone as I have fynysshed thys batayle I muste departe hens, for I have to do many batayles elswhere. For wyte you well," seyde that knyght, "thys ys dishonoure to you and to all Knyghtes of the Rounde Table to se and know so noble a lady and so curteyse a quene as Quene Gwenyvere ys thus to be rebuked and shamed amongyst you."

Than they all mervayled what knyght that myght be that so toke the batayle uppon hym, for there was nat one that knew hym but if hit were Sir Bors. Than seyde Sir Madore de la Porte unto the kynge, "Now lat me wete with whom I shall have ado."

And than they rode to the lystes ende, and there they cowched theire spearis and ran togydirs with all theire myghtes. And anone Sir Madors speare brake all to pecis, but the othirs speare hylde and bare Sir Madors horse and all backwarde to the erthe a grete falle. But myghtyly and delyverly he avoyded his horse from hym, and put hys shylde before hym and drew hys swerde and bade the othir knyght alyght and do batayle with hym on foote.

Than that knyght descended downe frome hys horse, and put hys shylde before hym and drew hys swerde; and so they cam egirly unto batayle, and aythir gaff othir many sadde strokes, trasyng and traversyng, racyng and foynying, and hurtlyng togydir with theire swerdis as hit were wylde boorys. Thus were they fyghtyng nyghe an owre, for thys Sir Mador was a stronge knyght and myghtyly proved in many strange batayles. But at the laste thys knyght smote Sir Madore grovelynge uppon the erthe, and the knyghte stepte nere hym to have pulde Sir Madore flatlynge uppon the grounde. And therewith suddeynly Sir Madore arose, and in hys rysyng he smote that knyght thorow the thyk of the thyghes, that the bloode braste oute fyersly.

And whan he felte hymself so wounded and saw hys bloode, he lete hym aryse uppon hys feete; and than he gaff hym such a buffette uppon the helme that he felle to the erthe flatlyng, and therewith he strode to hym to have pulled of hys helme of hys hede. And so Sir Madore prayde that knyght to save hys lyff; and so he yeldyd hym as overcom, and releaced the quene of hys quarell.

"I woll nat graunte the thy lyff," seyde that knyght, "only that thou frely release the quene for ever, and that no mencion be made uppon Sir Patryseys tombe that ever Quene Gwenyvere consented to that treson."

"All thys shall be done," seyde Sir Madore. "I clerely discharge my quarell for ever."

Than the knyghtes parters of the lystis toke up Sir Madore and led hym tylle hys tente, and the othir knyght wente strayte to the stayre-foote where sate Kynge Arthure. And by that tyme was the quene com to the kyng and aythir kyssed othir hartely. And whan the kynge saw that knyght he stowped downe to hym and thanked hym, and in lyke wyse ded the quene; and the kynge prayde hym to put of his helmet and to repose hym and to take a soppe of wyne. And than he putte of hys helmette to drynke, and than every knyght knew hym, that hit was Sir Launcelot. And anone as the kyng wyst that, he toke the quene in hys honde and yode unto Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Sir, grauntemercy of youre grete travayle that ye have had this day for me and for my quyene."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wytte you well y ought of ryght ever to be in youre quarell and in my ladyes the quenys quarell to do batayle, for ye ar the man that gaff me the hygh order of knyghthode, and that day my lady youre quene ded me worshyp, and ellis had I bene shamed. For that same day that ye made me knyght, thorow my hastynes I loste my swerde, and my lady youre quene founde hit, and lapped hit in her trayne, and gave me my swerde whan I had nede thereto; and ells had I bene shamed amonge all knyghtes. And therefore, my lorde Arthure, I promysed her at that day ever to be her knyght in ryght othir in wronge."

"Grauntemercy," seyde the kynge, "for this journey. And wete you well," seyde the kynge, "I shall acquyte youre goodnesse."

And evermore the quene behylde Sir Launcelot, and wepte so tendirly that she sanke allmoste to the grownde, for sorow that he had done to her so grete kyndenes where she shewed hym grete unkyndenesse.

Than the knyghtes of hys bloode drew unto hym, and there aythir of them made grete joy of othir. And so cam all the Knyghtes of the Table Rounde that were there at that tyme and wellcommed hym. And than Sir Madore was had to lechecrauffte, and Sir Launcelot was heled of hys play. And so there was made grete joy, and many merthys there was made in that courte.

And so hit befelle that the Damesell of the Lake that hyght Nynive, whych wedded the good knyght Sir Pelleas, so she cam to the courte, for ever she ded grete goodnes unto Kynge Arthure and to all hys knyghtes thorow her sorsery and enchauntementes. And so whan she herde how the quene was greved for the dethe of Sir Patryse, than she tolde hit opynly that she was never gylty; and there she disclosed by whom hit was done, and named hym Sir Pynel; and for what cause he ded hit, there hit was opynly knowyn and disclosed. And so the quene was excused, and thys knyght Sir Pynell fledde unto hys contrey, and was opynly knowyn that he enpoysynde the appyls at that feste to that entente to have destroyed Sir Gawayne, bycause Sir Gawayne and hys brethirne destroyed Sir Lamerok de Galys which Sir Pynell was cosyn unto.

Than was Sir Patryse buryed in the chirche of Westemynster in a towmbe, and thereuppon was wrytten: "Here lyeth Sir Patryse of Irelonde, slayne by Sir Pynell le Saveaige, that enpoysynde appelis to have slayne Sir Gawayne, and by myssefortune Sir Patryse ete one of tho applis, and than suddeynly he braste."

Also there was wrytyn uppon the tombe that Quene Gwenyvere was appeled of treson of the deth of Sir Patryse by Sir Madore de la Porte, and there was made mencion how Sir Launcelot fought with hym for Quene Gwenyvere and overcom hym in playne batayle. All thys was wretyn uppon the tombe of Sir Patryse in excusyng of the quene.

And than Sir Madore sewed dayly and longe to have the quenys good grace, and so by the meanys of Sir Launcelot he caused hym to stonde in the quenys good grace, and all was forgyffyn.

THE FAIR MAIDEN OF ASCOLAT

THUS HIT PASSED untyll Oure Lady Day of the Assumpcion. Within a fyftene dayes of that feste the kynge lete crye a grete justys and a turnement that sholde be at that day at Camelott, that is otherwyse callyd Wynchester; and the kyng lete cry that he and the Kynge of Scottes wolde juste ayenst all the worlde. And whan thys cry was made, thydir cam many good knyghtes, that ys to sey the Kynge of North Galis, and Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and Syr Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and many other noble deukes and erlis of other dyverse contreyes.

So Kynge Arthure made hym redy to departe to thys justis, and wolde have had the quene with hym, but at that tyme she wolde nat, she seyde, for she was syke and myght nat ryde.

"That me repentith," seyde the kynge, "for thys seven yere ye saw nat such a noble felyship togydirs excepte the Whytsontyde whan Sir Galahad departed frome the courte."

"Truly," seyde the quene, "ye muste holde me excused. Y may nat be there."

And many demed the quene wolde nat be there because of Sir Launcelot, for he wolde nat ryde with the kynge, for he seyde he was nat hole of the play of Sir Madore. Wherefore the kynge was hevy and passynge wroth, and so he departed towarde Wynchestir with hys felyship. And so by the way the kynge lodged at a towne that was called Ascolot, that ys now in Englysh callyd Gylforde, and there the kynge lay in the castell.

So whan the kynge was departed the quene called Sir Launcelot unto her and seyde thus: "Sir, ye ar gretly to blame thus to holde you behynde my lorde. What woll youre enemyes and myne sey and deme? 'Se how Sir Launcelot holdith hym ever behynde the kynge, and so the quene doth also, for that they wolde have theire

plesure togydirs.' And thus woll they sey," seyde the quene, "have ye no doute."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I alow youre witte. Hit ys of late com syn ye were woxen so wyse! And therefore, madam, at thys tyme I woll be ruled by youre counceyle, and thys nyght I woll take my reste, and tomorow betyme I woll take my way towarde Wynchestir. But wytte you well," seyde Sir Launcelot unto the quene, "at that justys I woll be ayenste the kynge and ayenst all hys felyship."

"Sir, ye may there do as ye lyste," seyde the quene, "but be my counceyle ye shall nat be ayenst youre kynge and your felyshyp, for there bene full many hardé knyghtes of youre bloode."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I shall take the adventure that God woll gyff me."

And so uppon the morne erly he harde masse and dyned, and so he toke hys leve of the quene and departed. And than he rode so muche unto the tyme he cam to Ascolott, and there hit happynd hym that in the evenyng-tyde he com to an olde barownes place that hyght Sir Barnarde of Ascolot. And as Sir Launcelot entird into hys lodgynge, Kynge Arthure aspyed hym as he dud walke in a gardeyne besyde the castell: he knew hym welle inow.

"Well, sirs," seyde Kynge Arthure unto hys knyghtes that were by hym besyde the castell, "I have now aspyed one knyght," he seyde, "that woll play hys play at the justys, I undirtake."

"Who ys that?" seyde the knyghtes.

"At thys tyme ye shall nat wyte for me!" seyde the kynge, and smyled and wente to hys lodgynge.

So whan Sir Launcelot was in hys lodgyng and unarmed in hys chambir, the olde barowne Sir Barnarde com to hym and wellcomed hym in the beste maner, but he knew nat Sir Launcelot.

"Fayre sir," seyde Sir Launcelot tylle hys oste, "I wolde pray you to lende me a shylde that were nat opynly knowyn, for myne ys well knowyn."

"Sir," seyde hys oste, "ye shall have youre desire, for mesemyth ye bene one of the lyklyest knyghtes that ever y sawe, and therefore,

sir, I shall shew you freynship." And seyde, "Sir, wyte you well I have too sunnes that were but late made knyghtes, and the eldist hyght Sir Tirry, and he was hurte that same day he was made knyght and he may nat ryde; and hys shylde ye shalle have, for that ys nat knowyn, I dare sey, but here, in no place. And my yongest sonne hyght Sir Lavayne, and if hit please you he shall ryde with you unto that justis, for he ys of hys ayge stronge and wyght. For much my herte gyvith unto you, that ye sholde be a noble knyght. And therefore I praye you to telle me youre name," seyde Sir Barnarde.

"As for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye muste holde me excused as at thys tyme, and if God gyff me grace to spede well at the justis I shall com agayne and telle you my name. But I pray you in ony wyse lete me have your sonne, Sir Lavayne, with me, and that I may have hys brothirs shylde."

"Sir, all thys shall be done," seyde Sir Barnarde.

So thys olde barowne had a doughtir that was called that tyme the Fayre Maydyn off Ascolot, and ever she behylde Sir Launcelot wondirfully. And, as the booke sayth, she keste such a love unto Sir Launcelot that she cowde never withdraw hir loove, wherefore she dyed; and her name was Elayne le Blanke. So thus as she cam to and fro, she was so hote in love that she besought Sir Launcelot to were uppon hym at the justis a tokyn of hers.

"Damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and if I graunte you that, ye may sey that I do more for youre love than ever y ded for lady or jantillwoman."

Than he remembird hymselff that he wolde go to the justis disgysed, and because he had never aforne borne no maner of tokyn of no damesell, he bethought hym to bere a tokyn of hers, that none of hys bloode thereby myght know hym. And than he seyde, "Fayre maydyn, I woll graunte you to were a tokyn of youres uppon myne helmet. And therefore what ys hit? Shewe ye hit me."

"Sir," she seyde, "hit ys a rede sleve of myne, of scarlet, well embrowdred with grete perelles."

And so she brought hit hym. So Sir Launcelot resseyved hit and seyde, "Never dud I erste so much for no damesell." Than

Sir Launcelot betoke the fayre mayden hys shylde in kepynge, and prayde her to kepe hit untill tyme that he com agayne. And so that nyght he had myrry reste and grete chere, for thys damesell Elayne was ever aboute Sir Launcelot all the whyle she myght be suffirde.

So uppon a day, on the morne, Kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtis departed, for there the kyng had tarryed thre dayes to abyde hys noble knyghtes. And so whan the kynge was rydden, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne made them redy to ryde, and aythir of them had whyght shyldis, and the rede sleve Sir Launcelot lete cary with hym. And so they toke theire leve at Sir Barnarde the olde barowne, and at hys doughtir the fayre mayden, and than they rode so longe tylle that they cam to Camelot, that tyme called Wynchester, and there was grete pres of kyngis, deukes, erlis, and barownes, and many noble knyghtes. But there Sir Launcelot was lodged pryvaly by the meanys of Sir Lavayne with a ryche burgeyse, that no man in that towne was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there tyll Oure Lady Day of the Assumpcion that the grete justes sholde be.

So than trumpettis blew unto the fylde and Kynge Arthur was sette on hyght uppon a chafflet to beholde who ded beste, but, as the Freynshe booke seyth, the kynge wold nat suffir Sir Gawayne to go frome hym, for never had Sir Gawayne the bettir and Sir Launcelot were in the fylde, and many tymes was Sir Gawayne rebuked so whan Sir Launcelot was in the fylde in ony justis dysgysed. Than som of the kyngis, as Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde and the Kynge of Scottis, were that tyme turned to be uppon the syde of Kynge Arthur. And than on the othir party was the Kynge of North Galis, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtis, and the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde, and Sir Galahalte the Halte Prynce. But thes thre kyngis and thys duke was passynge wayke to holde ayenste Kynge Arthurs party, for with hym were the nobelyst knyghtes of the worlde. So than they withdrew them, aythir party frome othir, and every man made hym redy in his beste maner to do what he myght.

Than Sir Launcelot made hym redy and put the rede slyeve uppon hys helmette and fastened hit faste. And so Sir Launcelot

and Sir Lavayne departed oute of Wynchestir pryvayly and rode untyll a litill leved woode behynde the party that hylde ayenste Kynge Arthurs party, and there they hylde hem stylle tylle the partyes smote togydirs. And than cam in the Kynge of Scottis and the Kynge of Irelonde on Kynge Arthurs party, and ayenste them cam in the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes.

And there began a grete medlé, and there the Kynge of Scottis smote downe the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde. Than Sir Palamydes, that was one Arthurs party, he encountird with Sir Galahalte, and ayther of hem smote downe othir, and aythir party halpe theire lordys on horseback agayne. So there began a stronge assayle on bothe partyes.

And than com in Sir Braundyles, Sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, Sir Dodynas le Saveayge, Sir Kay le Senesciall, Sir Gryffelet le Fyze de Du, Sir Lucan de Butlere, Sir Bedwere, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys, Sir Mordred, Sir Melyot de Logrys, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Saphyr, Sir Epynogrys, Sir Gallerowne of Galeway. Alle thes fyftene knyghtes, that were Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, so thes with mo other cam in togydir and bete abacke the Kynge off Northumbirlonde and the Kynge of North Walys.

Whan Sir Launcelot saw thys, as he hoved in the lytyll leved wood, than he seyde unto Sir Lavayne, "Se yondir ys a company of good knyghtes, and they holde them togydirs as borys that were chaffed with doggis."

"That ys trouth," seyde Sir Lavayne.

"Now," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and ye woll helpe a lityll, ye shall se the yondir felyship that chacith now thes men on oure syde, that they shall go as faste backwarde as they wente forewarde."

"Sir, spare ye nat for my parte," seyde Sir Lavayne, "for I shall do what I may."

Than Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne cam in at the thyckyst of the prees, and there Sir Launcelot smote downe Sir Brandeles, Sir Sagramour, Sir Dodynas, Sir Kay, Sir Gryfflet, and all thys he ded

with one speare; and Sir Lavayne smote downe Sir Lucan de Butlere and Sir Bedwere. And than Sir Launcelot gate another grete speare, and there he smote downe Sir Aggravayne and Sir Gaherys, Sir Mordred, Sir Melyot de Logrys; and Sir Lavayne smote downe Sir Ozanna Le Cure Hardy. And than Sir Lancelot drew hys swerde, and there he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and by grete forse he unhorsed Sir Safir, Sir Epynogrys, and Sir Galleron. And than the Knyghtes of the Table Rounde withdrew them abacke aftir they had gotyn theire horsys as well as they myght.

"A, mercy Jesu!" seyde Sir Gawayne. "What knyght ys yondir that doth so mervaylous dedys of armys in that fylde?"

"I wote what he ys," seyde the kyng, "but as at thys tyme I woll nat name hym."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I wolde sey hit were Sir Launcelot by hys rydynge and hys buffettis that I se hym deale. But ever mesemyth hit sholde nat be he, for that he beryth the rede slyve uppon hys helmet; for I wyst hym never beare tokyn at no justys of lady ne jantillwoman."

"Lat hym be," seyde Kynge Arthure, "for he woll be bettir knowyn and do more or ever he departe."

Than the party that was ayenst Kynge Arthur were well comforted, and than they hylde hem togydirs that befornhande were sore rebuked. Than Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Marys and Sir Lyonell, they called unto them the knyghtes of theire blood, as Sir Blamour de Ganys, Sir Bleoberys, Sir Alyduke, Sir Galyhud, Sir Galyhodyn, Sir Bellyngere le Bewse. So thes nyne knyghtes of Sir Launcelottis kynne threst in myghtyly; for they were all noble knyghtes, and they of grete hate and despite thought to rebuke Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne, for they knew hem nat. And so they cam hurlyng togydirs and smote downe many knyghtes of North Walys and of Northumbirlonde. And whan Sir Launcelot saw them fare so, he gate a grete speare in hys honde; and there encountird with hym all at onys, Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lyonell. And alle they thre smote hym at onys with theire spearys, and with fors of themselff they smote Sir Launcelottis horse revers to the erthe. And by myssefortune Sir Bors smote Sir

Launcelot thorow the shylde into the syde, and the speare brake and the hede leffte stylle in the syde.

Whan Sir Lavayne saw hys mayster lye on the grounde he ran to the Kynge of Scottis and smote hym to the erthe; and by grete forse he toke hys horse and brought hym to Sir Launcelot, and magré them all he made hym to mownte uppon that horse. And than Sir Launcelot gate a speare in hys honde, and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the erthe; and in the same wyse he served Sir Ector and Sir Lyonell; and Sir Lavayne smote downe Sir Blamour de Gaynys. And than Sir Launcelot drew hys swerde, for he felte hymselff so sore hurte that he wente there to have had hys deth. And than he smote Sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helmet that he felle downe to the erthe in a sowne, and in the same wyse he served Sir Alyduke and Sir Galyhud; and Sir Lavayne smote downe Sir Bellyngere, that was sone to Alysaunder le Orphelyn.

And by thys was done was Sir Bors horsed agayne and in cam with Sir Ector and Sir Lyonell, and all they thre smote with theire swerdis uppon Sir Launcelottis helmet. And whan he felte theire buffettis, and with that hys wounde greved hym grevously, than he thought to do what he myght whyle he cowde endure. And than he gaff Sir Bors such a buffette that he made hym bowghe hys hede passynge lowe; and therewithall he raced of hys helme, and myght have slayne hym, and so pulde hym downe. And in the same wyse he served Sir Ector and Sir Lyonell; for, as the booke seyth, he myght have slayne them, but whan he saw theire visages hys herte myght nat serve hym thereto, but leffte hem there. And than afterward he hurled into the thyckest prees of them alle, and dyd there the merveyloust dedes of armes that ever man sawe, and ever Sir Lavayne with hym. And there Sir Launcelot with hys swerde smote downe and pulled downe, as the Freynsh booke seyth, mo than thirty knyghtes, and the moste party were of the Table Rounde. And there Sir Lavayne dud full well that day, for he smote downe ten knyghtes of the Table Rounde.

"Mercy Jesu," seyde Sir Gawayne unto Kynge Arthur, "I mervayle what knyght that he ys with the rede sleve."

"Sir," seyde Kyng Arthure, "he woll be knowyn or ever he departe."

And than the kynge blew unto lodgynge, and the pryce was gyvyn by herowdis unto the knyght with the whyght shylde that bare the rede slyve. Than cam the Kynge of North Galys, and the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and Sir Galahalte the Haute Prince, and seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "Fayre knyght, God you blysse, for muche have ye done for us thys day. And therefore we pray you that ye woll com with us, that ye may resceyve the honour and the pryce as ye have worshypfully deserved hit."

"Fayre lordys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wete you well, gyff I have deserved thanke I have sore bought hit, and that me repentith, for I am never lyke to ascape with the lyff. Therefore, my fayre lordys, I pray you that ye woll suffir me to departe where me lykith, for I am sore hurte. And I take no forse of none honoure, for I had levir repose me than to be lorde of all the worlde."

And therewithall he groned pyteuously and rode a grete walop awaywarde from them untyll he cam undir a woodys evyse. And whan he saw that he was frome the fylde nyghe a myle, that he was sure he myght nat be seyne, than he seyde with an hyghe voyce and with a grete grone, "A, jantill knyght, Sir Lavayne! Helpe me that thys truncheoune were oute of my syde, for hit stykith so sore that hit nyghe sleyth me."

"A, myne owne lorde," seyde Sir Lavayne, "I wolde fayne do that myght please you, but I drede me sore, and I pulle oute the truncheoune, that ye shall be in perelle of dethe."

"I charge you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "as ye love me, draw hit oute."

And therewithall he descended frome hys horse, and ryght so ded Sir Lavayne. And forthwithall he drew the truncheoune oute of hys syde, and gaff a grete shryche and a gresly grone, that the blood braste oute, nyghe a pynte at onys, that at the laste he sanke downe uppon hys arse and so sowned downe, pale and dedly.

"Alas," seyde Sir Lavayne, "what shall I do?"

And than he turned Sir Launcelot into the wynde, and so he lay there nyghe halff an owre as he had bene dede. And so at the laste Sir Launcelot caste up hys yghen and seyde, "A, Sir Lavayne, helpe me that I were on my horse! For here ys faste by, within thys too myle, a jantill ermyte that somtyme was a full noble knyght and a grete lorde of possessyons, and for grete goodnes he hath takyn hym to wyllfull poverté and forsakyn myghty londys. And hys name ys Sir Bawdwyn of Bretayne, and he ys a full noble surgeon and a good leche. Now lat se and helpe me up that I were there, for ever my harte gyvith me that I shall never dye of my cousyne jermaynes hondys."

And than with grete payne Sir Lavayne holpe hym uppon hys horse, and than they rode a grete walop togydirs, and ever Sir Launcelot bled, that hit ran downe to the erthe. And so by fortune they cam to an ermytayge which was undir a woode, and a grete clyff on the othir syde, and a fayre watir rennynge undir hit. And than Sir Lavayne bete on the gate with the but of hys speare and cryed faste, "Lat in, for Jesus sake!"

And anone there cam a fayre chylde to hem and asked them what they wolde.

"Fayre sonne," seyde Sir Lavayne, "go and pray thy lorde the ermyte for Goddys sake to late in here a knyght that ys full sore wounded. And thys day, telle thy lorde, I saw hym do more dedys of armys than ever I herde sey that ony man ded."

So the chylde wente in lyghtly, and than he brought the ermyte, whych was a passynge lycly man. Whan Sir Lavayne saw hym he prayed hym for Goddys sake of succour.

"What knyght ys he?" seyde the ermyte. "Ys he of the house of Kynge Arthure or nat?"

"I wote nat," seyde Sir Lavayne, "what he ys, nother what ys hys name, but well I wote I saw hym do mervaylously thys day as of dedys of armys."

"On whos party was he?" seyde the ermyte.

"Sir," seyde Sir Lavayne, "he was thys day ayenste Kynge Arthure, and there he wanne the pryce of all the knyghtis of the Rounde Table."

"I have seyne the day," seyde the ermyte, "I wolde have loved hym the worse bycause he was ayenste my lorde Kynge Arthure, for sometyme I was one of the felyship, but now I thanke God I am othirwyse disposed. But where ys he? Lat me se hym." Than Sir Lavayne brought the ermyte to hym. And whan the ermyte behylde hym as he sate leenynge uppon hys sadyll-bowe, ever bledynge spiteuously, and ever the knyght ermyte thought that he sholde know hym, but he coude nat brynge hym to knowlech bycause he was so pale for bledyng.

"What knyght ar ye?" seyde the ermyte, "and where were ye borne?"

"My fayre lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am a straungere and a knyght aventures that laboureth thorowoute many realmys for to wynne worship."

Than the ermyte avysed hym bettir, and saw by a wounde on hys chyeke that he was Sir Launcelot. "Alas," seyde the ermyte, "myne owne lorde! Why layne you youre name from me? Perdeus, I ought to know you of ryght, for ye ar the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde. For well I know you for Sir Launcelot."

"Sir," seyde he, "syth ye know me helpe me, and ye may, for Goddys sake! For I wolde be oute of thys payne at onys, othir to deth othir to lyff."

"Have ye no doute," seyde the ermyte, "for ye shall lyve and fare ryght well."

And so the ermyte called to hym too of hys servauntes, and so they bare hym into the ermytayge, and lyghtly unarmed hym and leyde hym in hys bedde. And than anone the ermyte staunched hys bloode and made hym to drynke good wyne, that he was well refygowred and knew hymselff. For in thos dayes hit was nat the gyse as ys nowadayes; for there were none ermytis in tho dayes but that they had bene men of worship and of prouesse, and tho ermytes hylde grete householdis and refreysshed people that were in distresse.

Now turne we unto Kynge Arthure and leve we Sir Launcelot in the ermytayge. So whan the kyngis were comen togydirs on both partyes, and the grete feste sholde be holdyn, Kynge Arthure asked the Kynge of North Galis and theire felyshyp where was that knyght that bare the rede slyve. "Lat brynge hym before me, that he may have hys lawde and honoure and the pryce, as hit ys ryght."

Than spake Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and seyde, "We suppose that knyght ys mysceved so that he ys never lyke to se you nother none of us all. And that ys the grettyst pyté that ever we wyste of ony knyght."

"Alas," seyde Kynge Arthure, "how may thys be? Ys he so sore hurte? But what is hys name?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"Truly," seyde they all, "we know nat hys name, nother frome whens he cam, nother whother he wolde."

"Alas," seyde the kynge, "thys ys the warste tydyngis that cam to me thys seven yere! For I wolde nat for all the londys I welde to knowe and wyte hit were so that that noble knyght were slayne."

"Sir, knowe ye ought of hym?" seyde they all.

"As for that," seyde Kynge Arthure, "whethir I know hym other none, ye shall nat know for me what man he ys. But Allmyghty Jesu sende me good tydyngis of hym."

And so seyde they all.

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Gawayne, "gyff hit so be that the good knyght be so sore hurte, hit ys grete damage and pité to all thys londe, for he ys one of the nobelyst knyghtes that ever I saw in a fylde handyll speare or swerde. And iff he may be founde I shall fynde hym, for I am sure he ys nat farre frome thys contrey."

"Sir, beare you well," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and ye fynde hym, onles that he be in such a plyte that he may nat welde hymselff."

"Jesu defende!" seyde Sir Gawayne. "But wyte well, I shall know what he ys and I may fynde hym."

Ryght so Sir Gawayne toke a squyre with hym uppon hakeneyes and rode all aboute Camelot within six or seven myle, but sone he com agayne and cowde here no worde of hym. Than within too dayes Kynge Arthure and all the felyshyp returned unto London

agayne. And so as they rode by the way hyt happened Sir Gawayne at Ascolot to lodge with Sir Barnarde thereas was Sir Launcelot lodged. And so as Sir Gawayne was in hys chamber to repose hym, Sir Barnarde the olde barowne cam in to hym, and hys doughtir Elayne, to chere hym and to aske hym what tydyngis, and who ded beste at the turnemente of Wynchester.

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Gawayne, "there were too knyghtes that bare too whyght shyldys, but one of them bare a rede sleve uppon hys hede, and sertaynly he was the beste knyght that ever y saw juste in fylde. For I dare sey," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that one knyght with the rede slyve smote downe fourty knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and his felow ded ryght well and worshipfully."

"Now blyssed be God," seyde thys Fayre Maydyn of Ascolate, "that that knyght sped so welle! For he ys the man in the worlde that I firste loved, and truly he shall be the laste that ever I shall love."

"Now, fayre maydyn," seyde Sir Gawayne, "ys that good knyght youre love?"

"Sertaynly, sir," she seyde, "wyte you well he ys my love."

"Than know ye hys name?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"Nay, truly, sir," seyde the damesell, "I know nat hys name nothir frome whens he cometh, but to sey that I love hym, I promyse God and you I love hym."

"How had ye knowlecch of hym firste?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

Than she tolde hym as ye have harde before, and how hir fadir betoke hym her brothir to do hym servyse, and how hir fadir lente hym her brothirs, Sir Tyrryes, shylde, "and here with me he leffte hys owne shylde."

"For what cause ded he so?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"For thys cause," seyde the damesell, "for hys shylde was full well knowyn amonge many noble knyghtes."

"A, fayre damesell," seyde Sir Gawayne, "please hit you to lette me have a syght of that shylde?"

"Sir," she seyde, "hit ys in my chambir, coverde wyth a case, and if ye woll com with me ye shall se hit."

"Nat so," seyde Sir Barnarde to hys doughter, "but sende ye for that shylde."

So whan the shylde was com Sir Gawayne toke of the case, and whan he behylde that shylde he knew hyt anone that hit was Sir Launcelottis shylde and hys owne armys.

"A, Jesu mercy!" seyde Sir Gawayne, "now ys my herte more hevyar than ever hit was tofore."

"Why?" seyde thys mayde Elayne.

"For I have a grete cause," seyde Sir Gawayne. "Ys that knyght that owyth thys shylde youre love?"

"Yee truly," she sayde, "my love ys he: God wolde that I were hys love!"

"So God me spede," seyde Sir Gawayne, "fayre damesell, ye have ryght, for and he be youre love, ye love the moste honorabelyst knyght of the worlde and the man of moste worship."

"So methought ever," seyde the damesell, "for never ar that tyme, for no knyght that ever I saw, loved I never none arste."

"God graunte," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that aythir of you may rejoyse othir, but that ys in a grete aventure. But truly," seyde Sir Gawayne unto the damesell, "ye may sey ye have a fayre grace, for why I have knowyn that noble knyght thys foure and twenty yere, and never or that day I nor none othir knyght, I dare make good, saw never nother herde say that ever he bare tokyn or sygne of no lady, jantillwoman, nor maydyn at no justis nother turnemente. And therefore, fayre maydyn, ye ar much beholdyn to hym to gyff hym thanke. But I drede me," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that ye shall never se hym in thys worlde, and that ys as grete pité as ever was of ony erthely man."

"Alas," seyde she, "how may thys be? Ys he slayne?"

"I say nat so," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but wete you well he ys grevously wounded, by all maner of sygnys, and by mennys syght more lycklyer to be dede than to be on lyve. And wyte you well he ys the noble knyght Sir Launcelot, for by thys shylde I know hym."

"Alas!" seyde thys Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat, "how may thys be? And what was hys hurte?"

"Truly," seyde Sir Gawayne, "the man in the worlde that loved hym beste hurte hym so. And I dare sey," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and that knyght that hurte hym knew the verry sertaynté that he had hurte Sir Launcelot, hit were the moste sorow that ever cam to hys herte."

"Now, fayre fadir," seyde than Elayne, "I requyre you gyff me leve to ryde and seke hym, othir ellis I wote well I shall go oute of my mynde. For I shall never stynte tyll that I fynde hym and my brothir Sir Lavayne."

"Do ye as hit lykith you," seyde hir fadir, "for sore me repentis of the hurte of that noble knyght."

Ryght so the mayde made hyr redy and departed before Sir Gawayne, makynge grete dole. Than on the morne Sir Gawayne com to Kynge Arthure and tolde hym all how he had founde Sir Launcelottis shylde in the kepynge of the Fayre Mayden of Ascolat.

"All that knew I aforehande," seyde Kynge Arthure, "and that caused me I wolde nat suffir you to have ado at the grete justis; for I aspyed hym whan he cam untyll hys lodgynge, full late in the evenyng, into Ascolat. But grete mervayle have I," seyde Kynge Arthure, "that ever he wolde beare ony sygne of ony damesell, for ar now I never herde sey nor knew that ever he bare ony tokyn of none erthely woman."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Gawayne, "the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat lovith hym mervaylously well. What hit meanyth I cannat sey. And she ys ryddyn aftir to seke hym."

So the kynge and all com to London, and there Gawayne all opynly disclosed hit to all the courte that hit was Sir Launcelot that justed beste. And whan Sir Bors harde that, wyte you well he was an hevy man, and so were all hys kynnysmen. But whan the quyene wyste that hit was Sir Launcelot that bare the rede slyve of the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat, she was nygh ought of her mynde for wratthe. And than she sente for Sir Bors de Ganys in all haste that myght be. So whan Sir Bors was com before the quyene, she seyde, "A, Sir Bors! Have ye nat herde sey how falsely Sir Launcelot hath betrayed me?"

"Alas, madame," seyde Sir Bors, "I am aferde he hath betrayed hymselff and us all."

"No forse," seyde the quene, "though he be distroyed, for he ys a false traytoure knyght."

"Madame," seyde Sir Bors, "I pray you, sey ye no more so, for wyte you well I may nat here no such langayge of hym."

"Why so, Sir Bors?" seyde she. "Shold I nat calle hym traytoure whan he bare the rede slyve uppon hys hede at Wynchester, at the grete justis?"

"Madame," seyde Sir Bors, "that slyeve-berynge repentes me sore, but I dare say he dud beare hit to none evyll entent, but for thys cause he bare the rede slyve: that none of hys blood sholde know hym. For or than we nother none of us all never knew that ever he bare tokyn or sygne of maydyn, lady, nothir jantillwoman."

"Fy on hym!" seyde the quene. "Yet for all hys pryde and bobbaunce, there ye proved youreselff a bettir man than he."

"Nay, madam, sey ye nevermore so, for he bete me and my felowys, and myght have slayne us and he had wolde."

"Fy on hym!" seyde the quene. "For I harde Sir Gawayne say before my lorde Arthure that hit were mervayle to telle the grete love that ys betwene the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat and hym."

"Madam," seyde Sir Bors, "I may nat warne Sir Gawayne to sey what hit pleasith him; but I dare sey, as for my lorde Sir Launcelot, that he lovith no lady, jantillwoman, nother mayden, but as he lovith all inlyke muche. And therefore, madam," seyde Sir Bors, "ye may sey what ye wyll, but wyte you well I woll hast me to syke hym and fynde hym wheresumever he be, and God sende me good tydyngis of hym!"

And so leve we them there, and speke we of Sir Launcelot, that lay in grete perell. And so as thys fayre madyn Elayne cam to Wynchester she sought there all aboute, and by fortune Sir Lavayne hir brothir was ryddyn to sporte hym, to enchaff hys horse; and anone as thys maydyn Elayne saw hym she knew hym, and than she cryed on-lowde tylle hym. And whan he herde her he com to

her, and anone with that she asked hir brothir, "How dothe my lorde Sir Launcelot?"

"Who tolde you, syster, that my lordys name was Sir Launcelot?"

Than she tolde hym how Sir Gawayne by hys shylde knew hym. So they rode togydirs tyll that they cam to the ermytayge, and anone she alyght. So Sir Lavayne brought her in to Sir Launcelot, and whan she saw hym ly so syke and pale in hys bed she myght nat speke, but suddeynly she felle downe to the erthe in a sowghe. And there she lay a grete whyle, and whan she was releved she shryked and seyde, "My lorde Sir Launcelot! Alas, whyghe lye ye in thys plyte?" And than she sowned agayne.

And than Sir Launcelot prayde Sir Lavayne to "take hir up, and brynge hir hydir to me."

And whan she cam to herselff Sir Launcelot kyste her and seyde, "Fayre maydyn, why fare ye thus? For ye put me to more payne. Wherefore make ye no such chere, for and ye be com to comforte me ye be ryght wellcom; and of thys lytyll hurte that I have I shall be ryght hastely hole, by the grace of God. But I mervayle," seyde Sir Launcelot, "who tolde you my name."

And so thys fayre maydyn tolde hym all how Sir Gawayne was lodged with hir fader, "and there by youre shylde he dyscoverde youre name."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "that repentith me that my name ys knowyn, for I am sure hit woll turne untyll angir."

And than Sir Launcelot compaste in hys mynde that Sir Gawayne wolde telle Quene Gwenyvere how he bare the rede slyve and for whom, that he wyst well wolde turne unto grete angur.

So thys maydyn Elayne never wente frome Sir Launcelot, but wacched hym day and nyght, and dud such attendaunce to hym that the Freynshe booke seyth there was never woman dyd never more kyndlyer for man. Than Sir Launcelot prayde Sir Lavayne to make aspyes in Wynchester for Sir Bors if he cam there, and tolde hym by what tokyns he sholde know hym: by a wounde in hys forehede.

"For I am sure," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that Sir Bors woll seke me, for he ys the same good knyght that hurte me."

Now turne we unto Sir Bors de Ganys, that cam untyll Wynchestir to seke aftir hys cosyne Sir Launcelot. And whan he cam to Wynchester Sir Lavayne leyde wacche for Sir Bors. And anone he had warnyng of hym, and so he founde hym, and anone he salewed hym, and tolde hym frome whens he com.

"Now, fayre knyght," seyde Sir Bors, "ye be wellcom, and I requyre you that ye woll brynge me to my lorde Sir Launcelot."

"Sir," seyde Sir Lavayne, "take youre horse, and within thys owre ye shall se hym."

So they departed and com to the ermytayge. And whan Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot lye in hys bedde, dede pale and discoloured, anone Sir Bors loste hys countenaunce, and for kyndenes and pité he myght nat speke but wepte tendirly a grete whyle. But whan he myght speke he seyde thus: "A, my lorde Sir Launcelot, God you blysse and sende you hasty recoveryng! For full hevy am I of my mysfortune and of myne unhappynesse. For now I may calle myselff unhappy, and I drede me that God ys gretely displeased with me, that He wolde suffir me to have such a shame for to hurte you that ar all oure ledar and all oure worship; and therefore I calle myselff unhappy. Alas, that ever such a caytyff knyght as I am sholde have power by unhappines to hurte the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde! Where I so shamefully sette uppon you and overcharged you, and where ye myght have slayne me, ye saved me; and so ded nat I, for I and all oure bloode ded to you oure utteraunce. I mervayle," seyde Sir Bors, "that my herte or my bloode wolde serve me. Wherefore, my lorde Sir Launcelot, I aske you mercy."

"Fayre cousyn," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye be ryght wellcom, and wyte you well, overmuche ye sey for the plesure of me whych pleasith me no thynge, for why I have the same I sought. For I wolde with pryde have overcom you all, and there in my pryde I was nere slayne, and that was in myne owne defaughte; for I myght have gyffyn you warnynge of my beynge there, and than had I had no hurte. For hit ys an olde-seyde sawe: there ys harde batayle thereas

kynne and frendys doth batayle ayther ayenst other, for there may be no mercy, but mortall warre. Therefore, fayre coosyn," seyde Sir Launcelot, "lat thys langage overpasse, and all shall be wellcom that God sendith. And latte us leve of thys mater and speke of som rejoysynge, for thys that ys done may nat be undone; and lat us fynde a remedy how sone that I may be hole."

Than Sir Bors lenyd uppon hys beddys syde and tolde Sir Launcelot how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym "because ye ware the rede slyve at the grete justes." And there Sir Bors tolde hym all how Sir Gawayne discoverde hit "by youre shylde that ye leffte with the Fayre Madyn of Ascolat."

"Than ys the quene wrothe?" seyde Sir Launcelot. "Therefore am I ryght hevy; but I deserved no wrath, for all that I ded was bycause I wolde nat be knowyn."

"Sir, ryght so excused I you," seyde Sir Bors, "but all was in vayne, for she seyde more largelyer to me than I to you sey now."

"But, sir, ys thys she," seyde Sir Bors, "that ys so busy aboute you, that men calle the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat?"

"Forsothe, she hit ys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that by no meanys I can nat put her fro me."

"Why sholde ye put her frome you?" seyde Sir Bors, "for she ys a passyng fayre damesell, and well besayne and well taught. And God wolde, fayre cousyn," seyde Sir Bors, "that ye cowde love her – but as to that I may nat nother dare nat counceyle you. But I se well," seyde Sir Bors, "by her dyligence aboute you that she lovith you intyerly."

"That me repentis," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Well," seyde Sir Bors, "she ys nat the firste that hath loste hir payne uppon you, and that ys the more pyté." And so they talked of many mo thynges.

And so within thre or foure dayes Sir Launcelot wexed bygge and lyght. Than Sir Bors tolde Sir Launcelot how there was sworne a grete turnement and justes betwyxt Kyng Arthure and the Kynge of North Galis, that sholde be uppon Allhalowmasse Day, besydes Wynchestir.

"Is that trouth?" seyde Sir Launcelot. "Than shall ye abyde with me stylle a lityll whyle untyll that I be hole, for I fele myself resonabely bygge and stronge."

"Blessed be God!" seyde Sir Bors.

Than they were there nyghe a moneth togydirs, and ever thys maydyn Elayne ded ever hir dyligence and labour both nyght and day unto Sir Launcelot, that there was never chylde nother wyff more mekar tyll fadir and husbande than was thys Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat; wherefore Sir Bors was gretly pleased with her.

So uppon a day, by the assente of Sir Lavayne, Sir Bors, and Sir Launcelot, they made the ermyte to seke in woodys for diverse erbys, and so Sir Launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadir erbys for hym to make hym a bayne. So in the meane whyle Sir Launcelot made Sir Lavayne to arme hym at all pecis, and there he thought to assay hymselff uppon horsebacke with a speare, whether he myght welde hys armour and hys speare for hys hurte or nat.

And so whan he was uppon hys horse he steyrred hym freyshly, and the horse was passying lusty and frycke, because he was nat laboured of a moneth before. And than Sir Launcelot bade Sir Lavayne gyff hym that grete speare, and so Sir Launcelot cowchyd that speare in the reeste. The courser lepte myghtyly whan he felte the spurres, and he that was uppon hym, which was the nobelyst horseman of the worlde, strayned hym myghtyly and stabely, and kepte stylle the speare in the reeste. And therewith Sir Launcelot strayned hymselff so straytly with so grete fors to gete the courser forewarde that the bottom of hys wounde braste both within and withoute, and therewithall the bloode cam oute so fyersely, that he felte hymselff so feble that he myght nat sitte uppon hys horse. And than Sir Launcelot cryed unto Sir Bors, "A, Sir Bors and Sir Lavayne, helpe! For I am com unto myne ende!"

And therewith he felle downe on the one syde to the erth lyke a dede coorse. And than Sir Bors and Sir Lavayne cam unto hym with sorow-makynge oute of mesure. And so by fortune thys mayden Elayne harde theire mournynge; and than she cam thydir, and whan she founde Sir Launcelot there armed in that place she

cryed and wepte as she had bene wood. And than she kyssed hym and ded what she myght to awake hym, and than she rebuked her brothir and Sir Bors, and called hem false traytours, and seyde, "Why wolde ye take hym oute of hys bed? For and he dye, I woll appele you of hys deth!"

And so with that cam the holy ermyte, Sir Bawdewyn of Bretayne, and whan he founde Sir Launcelot in that plyte he seyde but lityll, but wyte you well he was wroth. But he seyde, "Lette us have hym in," and anone they bare hym into the ermytage and unarmed hym, and leyde hym in hys bedde; and evermore hys wounde bled spiteuously, but he stirred no lymme off hym. Than the knyght armyte put a thynge in hys nose and a litill dele of watir in hys mowthe, and than Sir Launcelot waked of hys swowghe.

And than the ermyte staunched hys bledyng, and whan Sir Launcelot myght speke he asked why he put his lyff so in jouparté.

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "because I wente I had be stronge inowghe, and also Sir Bors tolde me that there sholde be at Halowmasse a grete justis betwyxte Kynge Arthure and the Kynge of Northe Galys. And therefore I thought to assay myselff, whether I myght be there or not."

"A, Sir Launcelot," seyde the ermyte, "youre harte and youre currayge woll never be done untyll youre laste day! But ye shall do now be my counceyle: lat Sir Bors departe frome you, and lat hym do at that turnemente what he may; and, by the grace of God," seyde the knyght ermyte, "be that the turnemente be done and he comyn hydir agayne, sir, ye shall be hole, so that ye woll be governed by me."

Than Sir Bors made hym redy to departe frome hym, and Sir Launcelot seyde, "Fayre cousyn, Sir Bors, recommaunde me unto all tho ye owght to recommaunde me unto, and I pray you enforce youreselff at that justis that ye may be beste, for my love. And here shall I abyde you, at the mercy of God, tyll youre agayne-commynge."

And so Sir Bors departed and cam to the courte of Kynge Arthure, and tolde hem in what place he had leffte Sir Launcelot.

"That me repentis!" seyde the kynge. "But syn he shall have hys lyff, we all may thanke God."

And than Sir Bors tolde the quene what jouparté Sir Launcelot was in whan he wolde a sayde hys horse: "And all that he ded, madame, was for the love of you, because he wolde a bene at thys turnemente."

"Fy on hym, recreayde knyght!" seyde the quene. "For wyte you well I am ryght sory and he shall have hys lyff."

"Madam, hys lyff shall he have," seyde Sir Bors, "and who that wolde otherwyse, excepte you, madame, we that ben of hys blood wolde helpe to shortyn theire lyves. But, madame," seyde Sir Bors, "ye have ben oftyntymes displeased with my lorde Sir Launcelot, but at all tymys at the ende ye founde hym a trew knyght." And so he departed.

And than every knyght of the Rounde Table that were there at that tyme presente made them redy to be at that justes at Allhalowmasse. And thidir drew many knyghtes of diverse contreyes. And as Halowmasse drew nere, thydir cam the Kynge of North Galis, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and Sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce of Surluse. And thider cam Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the Kynge of Scottis. So thes thre kynges com to Kynge Arthurs party.

And so that day Sir Gawayne ded grete dedys of armys and began first; and the herowdis nombirde that Sir Gawayne smote downe twenty knyghtes. Than Sir Bors de Ganys cam in the same tyme, and he was numbirde that he smote downe twenty knyghtes; and therefore the pryse was gyvyn betwyxt them bothe, for they began firste and lengist endured. Also Sir Gareth, as the boke seyth, ded that day grete dedis of armys, for he smote downe and pulled downe thirty knyghtes; but whan he had done this dedis he taryed nat, but so departed, and therefore he loste hys pryse. And Sir Palamydes ded grete dedis of armys that day, for he smote downe twenty knyghtes; but he departed suddeynly, and men demed that he and Sir Gareth rode togydirs to som maner adventures.

So whan thys turnement was done Sir Bors departed, and rode tylle he cam to Sir Launcelot, hys cousyne, and than he founde hym walkyng on hys feete. And there aythir made grete joy of other, and so he tolde Sir Launcelot of all the justys, lyke as ye have herde.

"I mervayle," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that Sir Gareth, whan he had done such dedis of armys, that he wolde nat tarry."

"Sir, thereof we mervayled all," seyde Sir Bors, "for but if hit were you, other the noble knyght Sir Trystram, other the good knyght Sir Lamorake de Galis, I saw never knyght bere downe and smyte downe so many knyghtes in so litill a whyle as ded Sir Gareth. And anone as he was gone, we all wyst nat where he becom."

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Launcelot, "he ys a noble knyght and a myghty man and well-brethed; and yf he were well assayed," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I wolde deme he were good inow for ony knyght that beryth the lyff. And he ys jantill, curteyse, and ryght bownteuous, meke and mylde, and in hym ys no maner of male engynne, but playne, faythfull, an trew."

So than they made hem redy to departe frome the ermytayge. And so uppon a morne they toke theire horsis, and this Elayne le Blanke with hem. And whan they cam to Ascolat there were they well lodged and had grete chere of Sir Barnarde, the olde baron, and of Sir Tirré hys sonne.

And so uppon the morne, whan Sir Launcelot sholde departe, fayre Elayne brought hir fadir with her, and Sir Lavayne and Sir Tyrré, and thus she sayde: "My lorde Sir Launcelot, now I se ye woll departe frome me. Now, fayre knyght and curtayse knyght," seyde she, "have mercy uppon me, and suffir me nat to dye for youre love."

"Why, what wolde ye that I dud?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir, I wolde have you to my husbande," seyde Elayne.

"Fayre damesell, I thanke you hartely," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but truly," seyde he, "I caste me never to be wedded man."

"Than, fayre knyght," seyde she, "woll ye be my paramour?"

"Jesu deffende me!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "for than I rewarded youre fadir and youre brothir full evyll for theire grete goodnesse."

"Alas, than," seyde she, "I muste dye for youre love."

"Ye shall nat do so," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for wyte you well, fayre mayden, I myght have bene maryed and I had wolde, but I never applyed me yett to be maryed. But bycause, fayre damesell, that ye love me as ye sey ye do, I woll for youre good wylle and kyndnes shew to you som goodnesse, and that ys thys: that wheresomever ye woll besette youre herte uppon som good knyght that woll wedde you, I shall gyff you togydirs a thousande pounde yerly, to you and to youre ayris. This muche woll I gyff you, fayre mayden, for youre kyndnesse, and allweyes whyle I lyve to be youre owne knyght."

"Sir, of all thys," seyde the maydyn, "I woll none, for but yff ye woll wedde me, other to be my paramour at the leste, wyte you well, Sir Launcelot, my good dayes ar done."

"Fayre damesell," seyde Sir Launcelot, "of thes too thynges ye muste pardon me."

Than she shryked shirly and felle downe in a sowghe; and than women bare hir into her chambir, and there she made overmuche sorowe. And than Sir Launcelot wolde departe, and there he asked Sir Lavayne what he wolde do.

"Sir, what sholde I do," seyde Sir Lavayne, "but folow you, but if ye dryve me frome you or commaunde me to go frome you?"

Than cam Sir Barnarde to Sir Launcelot and seyde to hym, "I can nat se but that my doughtir woll dye for youre sake."

"Sir, I may nat do withall," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for that me sore repentith, for I reporte me to youreselff that my profir ys fayre. And me repentith," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that she lovith me as she dothe, for I was never the causer of hit; for I reporte me unto youre sonne, I never erly nother late profirde her bownté nother fayre behestes. And as for me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I dare do all that a knyght sholde do, and sey that she ys a clene mayden for me, bothe for dede and wylle. For I am ryght hevy of hir distresse, for she ys a full fayre maydyn, goode and jentill and well itaught."

"Fadir," seyde Sir Lavayne, "I dare make good she ys a clene maydyn as for my lorde Sir Launcelot; but she doth as I do, for

sythen I saw first my lorde Sir Launcelot I cowde never departe frome hym, nother nought I woll, and I may folow hym."

Than Sir Launcelot toke hys leve, and so they departed and cam to Wynchestir. And whan Kynge Arthur wyst that Sir Launcelot was com hole and sownde, the kynge made grete joy of hym; and so ded Sir Gawayne and all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table, excepte Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred. Also Quene Gwenyvere was woode wrothe with Sir Launcelot, and wolde by no meanys speke with hym, but enstraunged herselff frome hym. And Sir Launcelot made all the meanys that he myght for to speke with the quene, but hit wolde nat be.

Now speke we of the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolat, that made such sorow day and nyght that she never slepte, ete, nother dranke, and ever she made hir complaynte unto Sir Launcelot. So whan she had thus endured a ten dayes, that she fyebled so that she muste nedis passe oute of thys worlde, than she shrove her clene and resseyved hir Creature. And ever she complayned stylle uppon Sir Launcelot.

Than hir gostly fadir bade hir leve such thoughtes. Than she seyde, "Why sholde I leve such thoughtes? Am I nat an erthely woman? And all the whyle the brethe ys in my body I may complayne me, for my belyve ys that I do none offence, though I love an erthely man, unto God, for He fourmed me thereto, and all maner of good love commyth of God. And othir than good love loved I never Sir Launcelot du Lake. And I take God to recorde, I loved never none but hym, nor never shall, of erthely creature; and a clene maydyn I am for hym and for all othir. And sitthyn hit ys the sufferaunce of God that I shall dye for the love of so noble a knyght, I beseche The, Hyghe Fadir of Hevyn, have mercy uppon my soule and uppon myne unnumerable paynys, that that I suffer may be alygeaunce of parte of my synnes.

"For, swete Lorde Jesu," seyde the fayre maydyn, "I take God to recorde I was never to The grete offenser nother ayenste Thy lawis, but that I loved thys noble knyght Sir Launcelot oute of mesure.

And of myselff, Good Lorde, I had no myght to withstonde the fervent love wherefore I have my deth."

And than she called hir fadir Sir Bernarde, and hir brothir Sir Tirry, and hartely she prayd hir fadir that hir brothir myght wryght a lettir lyke as she ded endite, and so hir fadir graunted her. And whan the lettir was wryten, worde by worde lyke as she devised hit, than she prayde hir fadir that she myght be wacched untylle she were dede. "And whyle my body ys hote lat thys lettir be put in my ryght honde, and my honde bounde faste to the letter untyll that I be colde. And lette me be put in a fayre bed with all the rychyste clothys that I have aboute me, and so lat my bed and all my rychyst clothis be ledde with me in a charyat unto the nexte place where the Temmys ys. And there lette me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye truste, to stirre me thidir; and that my barget be coverde with blacke samyte over and over. And thus, fadir, I beseche you, lat hit be done."

So hir fadir graunte her faythfully: all thynge sholde be done lyke as she had devised. Than her fadir and hir brothir made grete dole for her. And whan thys was done, anone she dyed.

And whan she was dede, the corse and the bedde and all was lad the nexte way unto the Temmys, and there a man and the corse and all thynge as she had devised was put in the Temmys. And so the man stirred the bargett unto Westmynster, and there hit rubbed and rolled too and fro a grete whyle or ony man aspyed hit.

So by fortune Kynge Arthure and Quene Gwenyvere were talkynge togydirs at a wyndow, and so as they loked into the Temmys they aspyed that blacke barget and had mervayle what hit mente. Than the kynge called Sir Kay and shewed hit him.

"Sir," seyde Sir Kay, "wete you well, there ys som new tydynges."

"Therefore go ye thidir," seyde the kynge to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sir Braundiles and Sir Aggravayne, and brynge me redy worde what ys there."

Than thes thre knyghtes departed and cam to the barget and wente in. And there they founde the fayryst corse lyyng in a ryche

bed that ever they saw, and a poore man syttynge in the bargettis ende, and no worde wolde speke. So thes thre knyghtes returned unto the kynge agayne and tolde hym what they founde.

"That fayre corse woll I se," seyde the kynge.

And so the kynge toke the quene by the honde and wente thydir. Than the kynge made the barget to be holde faste, and than the kynge and the quene wente in with sertayne knyghtes with them, and there he saw the fayryst woman ly in a ryche bed, coverde unto her myddyll with many rych clothys, and all was of cloth of golde. And she lay as she had smyled.

Than the quene aspyed the lettir in hir ryght hande and tolde the kynge. Than the kynge toke hit and seyde, "Now am I sure thys lettir woll telle us what she was, and why she ys com hyddir."

So than the kynge and the quene wente oute of the bargette, and so commaunded a sertayne to wayte uppon the barget. And so whan the kynge was com to hys chambir, he called many knyghtes aboute hym and seyde that he wolde wete opynly what was wryten within that lettir.

Than the kynge brake hit and made a clerke to rede hit, and thys was the entente of the lettir: "Moste noble knyght, my lorde Sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us too at debate for youre love. And I was youre lover, that men called the Fayre Maydyn of Ascolate. Therefore unto all ladyes I make my mone that for my soule ye pray and bury me at the leste, and offir ye my masse-peny: thys ys my laste requeste. And a clene maydyn I dyed, I take God to wytnesse. And pray for my soule, Sir Launcelot, as thou arte pereles."

Thys was all the substaunce in the lettir. And whan hit was rad the kynge, the quene and all the knyghtes wepte for pité of the dolefull complayntes. Than was Sir Launcelot sente for, and whan he was com Kynge Arthure made the lettir to be rad to hym.

And whan Sir Launcelot harde hit worde by worde, he seyde, "My lorde Arthur, wyte you well I am ryght hevy of the deth of thys fayre lady. And God knowyth I was never causar of her deth be my wyllynge, and that woll I reporte me unto her owne brothir

that here ys, Sir Lavayne. I woll nat say nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but that she was both fayre and good, and much I was beholdyn unto her, but she loved me oute of mesure."

"Sir," seyde the quene, "ye myght have shewed hir som bownté and jantilnes whych myght have preserved hir lyff."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "she wolde none other wayes be answerde but that she wolde be my wyff othir ellis my paramour, and of thes too I wolde not graunte her. But I proffird her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousande pounde yerely to her and to her ayres, and to wedde ony maner of knyght that she coude fynde beste to love in her harte. For, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I love nat to be constrayned to love, for love muste only aryse of the harte selff, and nat by none constraynte."

"That ys trouth, sir," seyde the kynge and many knyghtes, "love ys fre in hymselffe, and never woll be bonde; for where he ys bonden he lowsith hymselff."

Than seyde the kynge unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, hit woll be youre worshyp that ye oversé that she be entered worshypfully."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that shall be done as I can beste devise."

And so many knyghtes yode thyder to beholde that fayre dede mayden. And so uppon the morne she was entered rychely; and Sir Launcelot offird her masse-peny, and all tho knyghtes of the Table Rounde that were there at that tyme offerde with Sir Launcelot. And than the poure man wente agayne wyth the barget.

Than the quene sent for Sir Launcelot and prayde hym of mercy for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles.

"Thys ys nat the firste tyme," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ye have ben displesed with me causeles, but madame, ever I muste suffir you, but what sorow that I endure, ye take no forse."

So thys passed on all that wynter, with all maner of huntynge and hawkynge; and justis and turneyes were many betwyxte many grete lordis. And ever in all placis Sir Lavayne gate grete worshyp, that he was nobely defamed amonge many knyghtis of the Table Rounde.

Thus hit past on tylle Crystemasse, and than every day there was justis made for a dyamonde: who that justed best shulde have a dyamounde. But Sir Launcelot wolde nat juste but if hit were a grete justes cryed; but Sir Lavayne justed there all the Crystemasse passyngly well, and was beste praysed, for there were but feaw that ded so welle. Wherefore all maner of knyghtes demed that Sir Lavayne sholde be made Knyght of the Table Rounde at the next feste of Pentecoste.

THE TOURNAMENT AT WESTMINSTER

SO AT AFFTIR CRYSTEMAS Kynge Arthure lete calle unto hym many knyghtes, and there they avysed togydirs to make a party and a grete turnemente and justis. And the Kynge of North Galys seyde to Kynge Arthure he wolde have on hys party Kyng Angwysh of Irelonde and the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde and Sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce. So thes foure kynges and this myghty deuke toke party ayenste Kynge Arthure and the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And the cry was made that the day off the justys shulde be besydes Westemynster uppon Candylmasse Day, whereof many knyghtes were glad and made them redy to be at that justys in the freysshyste maner.

Than Quene Gwenyvere sente for Sir Launcelot and seyd thus: "I warne you that ye ryde no more in no justis nor turnementis but that youre kynnesmen may know you. And at thys justis that shall be ye shall have of me a slyeve of golde; and I pray you for my sake to enforce yourselff there, that men may speke of you worshyp; but I charge you, as ye woll have my love, that ye warne your kynnesmen that ye woll beare that day the slyve of golde uppon your helmet."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "hit shall be done."

And so eythir made grete joy of othir. And whan Sir Launcelot saw hys tyme he tolde Sir Bors that he wolde departe, and no mo wyth hym but Sir Lavayne, unto the good ermyte that dwelled in the foreyst of Wyndesore, whos name was Sir Brascias. And there he thought to repose hym and to take all the reste that he myght, because he wolde be freysh at that day of justis.

So Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne departed, that no creature wyste where he was becom but the noble men of hys blood. And whan he was com to the ermytayge, wyte you well he had grete chyre. And

so dayly Sir Launcelot used to go to a welle faste by the ermytage, and there he wolde ly downe and se the well sprynge and burble, and somtyme he slepte there.

So at that tyme there was a lady that dwelled in that foreyste, and she was a grete hunteresse, and dayly she used to hunte, and ever she bare her bowghe with her. And no men wente never with her, but allwayes women, and they were all shooters and cowde well kylle a dere, bothe at the stalke and at the treste. And they dayly beare bowys, arowis, hornys and wood-knyves, and many good doggis they had, bothe for the strenge and for a bate.

So hit happed the lady, the huntresse, had abated her dogge for the bowghe at a barayne hynde, and so this barayne hynde toke the flyght over hethys and woodis. And ever thys lady and parte of her women costed the hynde, and checked hit by the noyse of the hounde to have mette with the hynde at som watir. And so hit happened that that hynde cam to the same welle thereas Sir Launcelot was slepynge and slumberynge. And so the hynde, whan he cam to the welle, for heete she wente to soyle, and there she lay a grete whyle. And the dogge cam aftir and umbecaste aboute, for she had lost the verray perfyte fewte of the hynde. Ryght so cam that lady, the hunteres, that knew by her dogge that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle, and thyder she cam styfly and founde the hynde. And anone as she had spyed her she put a brode arow in her bowe and shot at the hynde, and so she overshotte the hynde, and so by myssefortune the arow smote Sir Launcelot in the thycke of the buttok over the barbys.

Whan Sir Launcelot felte hym so hurte he whorled up woodly, and saw the lady that had smytten hym. And whan he knew she was a woman he sayde thus: "Lady or damesell, what some ever ye be, in an evyll tyme bare ye thys bowe. The devyll made you a shoter!"

"Now, mercy, fayre sir!" seyde the lady, "I am a jantillwoman that usyth here in thys foreyste huntynge, and God knowyth I saw you nat, but as here was a barayne hynde at the soyle in thys welle. And I wente I had done welle, but my hande swarved."

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye have myscheved me."

And so the lady departed; and Sir Launcelot, as he myght, pulled oute the arow and leffte the hede stylle in hys buttok. And so he wente waykely unto the ermytayge, evermore bledynge as he wente. And whan Sir Lavayne and the ermyte aspyed that Sir Launcelot was so sore hurte, wyte you well they were passyng hevy. But Sir Lavayne wyst nat how that he was hurte, nothir by whom. And than were they wrothe oute of mesure. And so wyth grete payne the ermyte gate oute the arow-hede oute of Sir Launcelottis buttoke, and muche of hys bloode he shed; and the wounde was passynge sore and unhappyly smytten, for hit was on such a place that he myght nat sytte in no sadyll.

"A, mercy Jesu!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may calle myselff the moste unhappy man that lyvyth, for ever whan I wolde have faynyst worshyp there befallyth me ever som unhappy thynge. Now, so Jesu me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and if no man wolde but God, I shall be in the fylde on Candilmas Day at the justys, whatsomever falle of hit."

So all that myght be gotyn to hele Sir Launcelot was had. So, whan the day was com, Sir Launcelot lat devise that he was arayed, and Sir Lavayne and theire horsis, as they had ben Sarasyns. And so they departed and cam nyghe to the fylde. So the Kynge of North Galys he had an hondred knyghtes with hym, and the Kynge of Northehumbirlonde brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes, and Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes redy to juste. And Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes, and the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes brought with hym as many, and all these were proved good knyghtes.

Than cam in Kynge Arthurs party, and in cam wyth hym the Kynge of Scottes, and an hondred knyghtes with hym, and Kynge Uryence of Goore brought with hym an hondred knyghtes, and Kynge Howell of Bretayne he brought wyth hym an hondred knyghtes, and Deuke Chalaunce of Claraunce brought with hym an hondred knyghtes. And Kynge Arthure hymselff cam into the fylde

with too hondred knyghtes, and the moste party were Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, that were all proved noble knyghtes. And there were olde knyghtes set on skaffoldys for to jouge with the quene who ded beste.

Than they blew unto the fylde. And there the Kynge off North Galis encountred wyth the Kynge of Scottes, and there the Kynge of Scottis had a falle; and the Kynge of Irelonde smote downe Kynge Uryence, and the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde smote downe Kynge Howell of Bretayne, and Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce smote downe Deuke Chalaunce of Claraunce. And than Kynge Arthure was wood wrothe, and ran to the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes, and so Kynge Arthure smote hym downe. And aftir wyth that same speare he smote downe other thre knyghtes, and than hys speare brake, and ded passyngly well.

So therewith cam in Sir Gawayne and Sir Gaherys, Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred, and there everych of them smote downe a knyght and Sir Gawayne smote downe foure knyghtes. And than there began a grete medlé, for than cam in the knyghtes of Sir Launcelottys blood, and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomydes wyth them, and many Knyghtes of the Rounde Table; and they began to holde the foure kynges and the myghty deuke so harde that they were ny discomfyte. But thys Sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was a noble knyght, and by hys myghty proues of armys he hylde the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table strayte.

So all thys doynge saw Sir Launcelot, and than he cam into the fylde wyth Sir Lavayne with hym, as hit had bene thunder. And than anone Sir Bors and the knyghtes of hys bloode aspyed Sir Launcelot and seyde unto them all, "I warne you, beware of hym with the slyve of golde uppon hys hede, for he ys hymselff my lorde Sir Launcelot."

And for grete goodnes Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth.

"Sir, I am well payde," seyde Sir Gareth, "that I may know hym."

"But who ys he," seyde they all, "that rydith with hym in the same aray?"

"Sir, that ys the good and jantyll knyght Sir Lavayne," seyde Sir Bors.

So Sir Launcelot encountred with Sir Gawayne, and there by force Sir Launcelot smote downe Sir Gawayne and his horse to the erthe. And so he smote downe Sir Aggravayne and Sir Gaherys, and also he smote downe Sir Mordred, and all this was wyth one speare. Than Sir Lavayne mette with Sir Palomydes, and aythir mette other so harde and so fersely that both theire horsis felle to the erthe. And than were they horsed agayne; and than mette Sir Launcelot with Sir Palomydes, and there Sir Palomydes had a falle. And so Sir Launcelot, or ever he stynte, and as faste as he myght gete spearys, he smote downe thirty knyghtes, and the moste party were Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And ever the knyghtes of hys bloode wythdrew them, and made hem ado in othir placis where Sir Launcelot cam nat.

And than Kynge Arthure was wrotthe whan he saw Sir Launcelot do suche dedis, and than the kynge called unto hym Sir Gawayne, Sir Gaherys, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Mordred, Sir Kay, Sir Gryfflet, Sir Lucan de Butlere, Sir Bedyvere, Sir Palomydes, and Sir Safyre hys brothir. And so the kynge wyth thes ten knyghtes made them redy to sette uppon Sir Launcelot and uppon Sir Lavayne.

And all thys aspyed Sir Bors and Sir Gareth. "Now I drede me sore," seyde Sir Bors, "that my lorde Sir Launcelot woll be harde macched."

"Now, be my hede," seyde Sir Gareth, "I woll ryde unto my lorde Sir Launcelot for to helpe hym, whatsomever me betyde; for he ys the same man that made me knyght."

"Sir, ye shall nat do so," seyde Sir Bors, "be my counceyle, onles that ye were disgysed."

"Sir, ye shall se me sone disgysed," seyde Sir Gareth.

And therewithall he had aspyed a Waylshe knyght where he was to repose hym, for he was sore hurte before of Sir Gawayne. And unto hym Sir Gareth rode and prayde hym of hys knyghthode to lende hym hys shylde for hys.

"I woll well," seyde the Waylshe knyght.

And whan Sir Gareth had hys shylde – the booke seythe hit was gryne, wyth a maydyn whych semed in hit – than Sir Gareth cam dryvynge unto Sir Launcelot all that ever he myght, and seyde, "Sir knyght, take kepe to thyselff, for yondir commyth Kynge Arthur with ten noble knyghtes wyth hym, to put you to rebuke. And so I am com to beare you felyshyp for the olde love ye have shewed unto me."

"Grauntemercy," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"But, sir," seyde Sir Gareth, "encountir ye with Sir Gawayne, and I shall encountir with Sir Palomydes, and lat Sir Lavayne macche with the noble Kynge Arthur. And whan we have delyverde them, lat us thre holde us sadly togydirs."

So than cam in Kynge Arthure wyth hys ten knyghtes with hym, and Sir Launcelot encountred with Sir Gawayne and gaff hym suche a buffette that the arson of hys sadyll braste, and Sir Gawayne felle to the erthe. Than Sir Gareth encountred with Sir Palomydes, and he gaff hym such a buffet that bothe hys horse and he daysshed to the erthe. Than encountred Kynge Arthure wyth Sir Lavayne, and there aythir of them smote other to the erthe, horse and all, that they lay bothe a grete whyle. Than Sir Launcelot smote downe Sir Aggravayne and Sir Gaherys and Sir Mordred; and Sir Gareth smote downe Sir Kay, Sir Safir and Sir Grysfflet. And than Sir Lavayne was horsed agayne, and he smote downe Sir Lucan de Butlere and Sir Bedyvere, and than there began grete thrange of good knyghtes.

Than Sir Launcelot hurled here and there, and raced and pulled of helmys, that at that tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffette with speare nothir with swerde. And Sir Gareth ded such dedys of armys that all men mervayled what knyght he was with the gryne shylde, for he smote downe that day and pulled downe mo than thirty knyghtes. And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, Sir Launcelot mervayled, whan he behylde Sir Gareth do such dedis, what knyght he myght be. And Sir Lavayne smote downe and pulled downe mo than twenty knyghtes. And yet, for all thys, Sir Launcelot knew nat Sir Gareth; for and Sir Trystram de Lyones other Sir Lamorak

de Galys had ben on lyve, Sir Launcelot wolde have demed he had bene one of them twayne.

So ever as Sir Launcelot, Sir Gareth and Sir Lavayne fought on the tone syde, Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Lyonell, Sir Bleoberys, Sir Galyhud, Sir Galyhodyn and Sir Pelleas and many mo other of Kynge Banys blood faught uppon another party and hylde the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and the Kynge of Northhumbirlonde ryght strayte. So thys turnemente and justis dured longe tylle hit was nere nyght, for the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table releved ever unto Kynge Arthure; for the kyng was wrothe oute of mesure that he and hys knyghtes myght nat prevayle that day.

Than sayde Sir Gawayne to the kynge, "Sir, I mervayle where ar all thys day Sir Bors de Ganys and hys felyshyp of Sir Launcelottis blood, that of all thys day they be nat aboute you. And therefore I deme hit ys for som cause," seyde Sir Gawayne.

"Be my hede," seyde Sir Kay, "Sir Bors ys yondir all thys day uppon the ryght honde of thys fylde, and there he and his blood dothe more worshypfully than we do."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but I drede me ever of gyle. For on payne of my lyff, that same knyght with the rede slyve of golde ys hymselff Sir Launcelot, for I se well by hys rydynge and by hys greate strokis. And the othir knyght in the same colowres ys the good yonge knyght Sir Lavayne. And that knyght with the grene shylde ys my brothir Sir Gareth, and yet he hath disgysed hymselff, for no man shall make hym be ayenste Sir Launcelot, bycause he made hym knyght."

"By my hede," seyde Kynge Arthure, "neveaw, I belyeve you. And therefore now telle me what ys youre beste counceyle."

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "my counceile ys to blow unto lodgynge. For and he be Sir Launcelot du Lake and my brothir Sir Gareth wyth hym, wyth the helpe of that good yonge knyght Sir Lavayne, truste me truly, hit woll be no boote to stryve wyth them but if we sholde falle ten or twelve uppon one knyght, and that were no worshyp, but shame."

"Ye say trouthe," seyde the kynge, "hit were shame for us, so many as we be, to sette uppon them ony more. For wyte you well," seyde Kynge Arthure, "they be thre good knyghtes, and namely that knyght with the slyve of golde."

And anone they blew unto lodgyng, but furthwithall Kynge Arthure lete sende unto the foure kyngis and to the myghty deuke and prayde hem that the knyght with the slyve of golde departe nat frome them but that "the kynge may speke with hym." Than furthwithall Kynge Arthur alyght and unarmed hym and toke a lytyll hakeney and rode after Sir Launcelot, for ever he had a spy uppon hym. And so he founde hym amonge the foure kyngis and the deuke, and there the kynge prayde hem all unto suppere, and they seyde they wolde with good wyll. And whan they were unarmed Kynge Arthure knew Sir Launcelot, Sir Gareth, and Sir Lavayne.

"A, Sir Launcelot," seyde Kynge Arthure, "thys day ye have heted me and my knyghtes!"

And so they yode unto Kynge Arthurs lodgynge all togydir, and there was a grete feste and grete revell. And the pryce was yevyn unto Sir Launcelot, for by herowdys they named hym that he had smytten downe fyfty knyghtys, and Sir Gareth fyve and thirty knyghtes, and Sir Lavayne foure and twenty. Than Sir Launcelot tolde the kynge and the quene how the lady hunteras shotte hym in the Foreyste of Wyndesore in the buttok wyth a brode arow, and how the wounde was at that tyme six inchys depe and inlyke longe.

Also Kynge Arthure blamed Sir Gareth because he leffte hys felyshyp and hylde with Sir Launcelot.

"My lorde," seyde Sir Garethe, "he made me knyght, and whan I saw hym so hard bestad, methought hit was my worshyp to helpe hym. For I saw hym do so muche dedis of armys, and so many noble knyghtes ayenste hym, that whan I undirstode that he was Sir Launcelot du Lake I shamed to se so many good knyghtes ayenste hym alone."

"Now, truly," seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Gareth, "ye say well, and worshypfully have ye done, and to youreselff grete worshyp.

And all the dayes of my lyff," seyde Kynge Arthure unto Sir Gareth, "wyte you well I shall love you and truste you the more bettir. For ever hit ys," seyde Kynge Arthure, "a worshypfull knyghtes dede to helpe and succoure another worshypfull knyght whan he seeth hym in daungere; for ever a worshypfull man woll be lothe to se a worshypfull man shamed. And he that ys of no worshyp and medelyth with cowardise, never shall he shew jantilnes nor no maner of goodnes where he seeth a man in daungere, for than woll a cowarde never shew mercy. And allwayes a good man woll do ever to another man as he wolde be done to hymselff."

So than there were made grete festis unto kyngis and deukes; and revell, game, and play, and all maner of nobeles was used. And he that was curteyse, trew, and faythefull to hys frynde was that tyme cherysshed.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CART

AND THUS HIT PASSED on frome Candylmas untyll after Ester, that the moneth of May was com, whan every lusty harte begynnyth to blossom and to burgyne. For, lyke as trees and erbys burgenyth and florysshyth in May, in lyke wyse every lusty harte that ys ony maner of lover spryngith, burgenyth, buddyth, and florysshyth in lusty dedis. For hit gyvyth unto all lovers corrayge, that lusty moneth of May, in somthynge to constrayne hym to som maner of thynge more in that moneth than in ony other monethe, for dyverce causys: for than all erbys and treys renewyth a man and woman, and in lyke wyse lovers callyth ageyne to theire mynde olde jantylnes and olde servyse, and many kynde dedes that was forgotyn by neclygence.

For, lyke as wynter rasure dothe allway arace and deface grene summer, so faryth hit by unstable love in man and woman, for in many persones there ys no stabylité. For we may se all day, for a lytyll blaste of wyntres rasure, anone we shall deface and lay aparte trew love for lytyll or nowght, that coste muche thynge. Thys ys no wysedome nother no stabylité, but hit ys fyeblenes of nature and grete disworshyp, whosomever usyth thys.

Therefore, lyke as May moneth flowryth and floryshyth in every mannes gardyne, so in lyke wyse lat every man of worshyp florysh hys herte in thys worlde: firste unto God, and nexte unto the joy of them that he promysed hys feythe unto. For there was never worshypfull man nor worshypfull woman but they loved one bettir than anothir, and worshyp in armys may never be foyled. But firste reserve the honoure to God, and secundely thy quarell muste com of thy lady. And such love I calle vertuouse love.

But nowadayes men can nat love sevennyght but they muste have all theire desyres. That love may nat endure by reson, for where they bethe sone accorded and hasty, heete sone keelyth. And ryght

so faryth the love nowadayes: sone hote, sone colde. Thys ys no stabylyté. But the olde love was nat so, for men and women coude love togydirs seven yerys, and no lycoures lustis was betwyxte them; and than was love trouthe and faythefulnes. And lo, in lyke wyse was used such love in Kynge Arthurs dayes.

Wherefore I lykken love nowadayes unto sommer and wynter: for, lyke as the tone ys colde and the othir ys hote, so faryth love nowadayes. And therefore all ye that be lovers, calle unto youre remembraunce the monethe of May, lyke as ded Quene Gwenyvere, for whom I make here a lytyll mencion, that whyle she lyved she was a trew lover, and therefor she had a good ende.

So hit befelle in the moneth of May, Quene Gwenyvere called unto her ten Knyghtes of the Table Rounde, and she gaff them warnynge that early uppon the morne she wolde ryde on-mayynge into woodis and fyldis besydes Westemynster: "And I warne you that there be none of you but he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed all in gryne, othir in sylke othir in clothe. And I shall brynge with me ten ladyes, and every knyght shall have a lady be hym. And every knyght shall have a squyar and too yomen, and I woll that all be well horsed."

So they made hem redy in the freysshyst maner, and thes were the namys of the knyghtes: Sir Kay le Senesciall, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Braundyles, Sir Sagramour le Desyrous, Sir Dodynas le Savayge, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Ladynas of the Foreyst Savayge, Sir Persaunte of Inde, Sir Ironsyde that was called the Knyght of the Rede Laundes, and Sir Pelleas the Lovear. And thes ten knyghtes made them redy in the freysshyste maner to ryde wyth the quyne.

And so uppon the morne or hit were day, in a May mornynge, they toke theire horsys wyth the quene and rode on-mayynge in wodis and medowis as hit pleased hem, in grete joy and delytes; for the quene had caste to have bene agayne with Kynge Arthur at the furthest by ten of the clok, and so was that tyme her purpose.

Than there was a knyght whych hyght Sir Mellyagaunce, and he was sonne unto Kynge Bagdemagus, and this knyght had that tyme

a castell of the gyffte of the kynge Arthure within seven myle of Westemynster. And thys knyght Sir Mellyagaunce loved passyngly well Quene Gwenyvere, and so had he done longe and many yerys. And the booke seyth he had layn in awayte for to stele away the quene, but evermore he forbare for bycause of Sir Launcelot; for in no wyse he wolde meddyll with the quene and Sir Launcelot were in her company, othir ellys and he were nerehonde.

And that tyme was such a custom that the quene rode never wythoute a grete felyshyp of men of armys aboute her. And they were many good knyghtes, and the moste party were yonge men that wolde have worshyp, and they were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And never in no batayle, turnement, nother justys they bare none of hem no maner of knowlecchynge of theire owne armys but playne whyght shyldis, and thereby they were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And whan hit happed ony of them to be of grete worshyp by hys noble dedis, than at the nexte feste of Pentecoste, gyff there were ony slayne or dede (as there was none yere that there fayled but there were som dede), than was there chosyn in hys stede that was dede the moste men of worshyp that were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And thus they cam up firste or they were renowmed men of worshyp, both Sir Launcelot and all the remenaunte of them.

But thys knyght Sir Mellyagaunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpose, and how Sir Launcelot was nat wyth her, and how she had no men of armys with her but the ten noble knyghtis all rayed in grene for maiynge. Than he purveyde hym a twenty men of armys and an hondred archars for to destresse the quene and her knyghtes; for he thought that tyme was beste seson to take the quene.

So as the quene was oute on-mayynge wyth all her knyghtes whych were bedaysshed wyth erbis, mossis, and floures in the freysshyste maner, ryght so there cam oute of a wood Sir Mellyagaunte with an eyght score men, all harneyst as they shulde fyght in a batayle of areste, and bade the quene and her knyghtis abyde, for magré theire hedis they shulde abyde.

"Traytoure knyght," seyde Quene Gwenyvere, "what caste thou to do? Wolt thou shame thyselff? Bethynke the how thou arte a

kyngis sonne and a Knyght of the Table Rounde, and thou thus to be aboute to dishonoure the noble kyng that made the knyght! Thou shamyst all knyghthode and thyselffe. And me I lat the wyte thou shalt never shame, for I had levir kut myne owne throte in twayne rather than thou sholde dishonoure me!"

"As for all thys langayge," seyde Sir Mellyagaunte, "be as hit be may. For wyte you well, madame, I have loved you many a yere, and never ar now cowde I gete you at such avayle, and therefore I woll take you as I fynde you."

Than spake all the ten noble knyghtes at onys and seyde, "Sir Mellyagaunte, wyte thou well thou arte aboute to jouparté thy worshyp to dishonoure, and also ye caste to jouparté oure persones. Howbehit we be unarmed and ye have us at a grete avauntayge – for hit semyth by you that ye have layde wacch uppon us – but rather than ye shulde put the quene to a shame and us all, we had as lyff to departe frome owre lyvys, for and we othyr wayes ded we were shamed for ever."

Than seyde Sir Mellyagaunt, "Dresse you as well as ye can, and kepe the quene!"

Than the ten Knyghtis of the Rounde Table drew theire swerdis, and thes othir lat ren at them wyth theire spearys. And the ten knyghtis manly abode them and smote away theire spearys, that no speare ded them no harme. Than they laysshed togydirs wyth swerdis, and anone Sir Kay, Sir Sagramoure, Sir Aggravayne, Sir Dodynas, Sir Ladynas, and Sir Ozanna were smytten to the erthe with grymly woundis. Than Sir Braundiles and Sir Persaunte of Inde, Sir Ironsyde and Sir Pelleas faught longe, and they were sore wounded, for thes ten knyghtes, or ever they were leyde to the grounde, slew fourty men of the boldyste and the beste of them.

So whan the quene saw her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded and nedys muste be slayne at the laste, than for verry pyté and sorow she cryed and seyde, "Sir Mellyagaunte, sle nat my noble knyghtes and I woll go with the, uppon thys covenaunte: that thou save them and suffir hem no more to be hurte, wyth thys, that they be lad with me wheresomever thou ledyst me. For I woll rather sle

myselff than I woll go wyth the, onles that thes noble knyghtes may be in my presence."

"Madame," seyde Sir Mellyagaunt, "for your sake they shall be lad wyth you into myne owne castell, with that ye woll be reuled and ryde with me."

Than the quene prayde the foure knyghtes to leve theire fyghtynge, and she and they wolde nat departe.

"Madame," seyde Sir Pelleas, "we woll do as ye do, for as for me, I take no force of my lyff nor deth." For, as the Freynshe booke seyth, Sir Pelleas gaff such buffettis there that none armoure myght holde hym.

Than by the quenys commaundemente they leffte batayle and dressed the wounded knyghtes on horsebak, som syttyng and som overtwarte theire horsis, that hit was pité to beholde. And than Sir Mellyagaunt charged the quene and all her knyghtes that none of hir felyshyp shulde departe frome her, for full sore he drad Sir Launcelot du Lake, laste he shulde have ony knowlecchynge. And all this aspyed the quene, and pryvaly she called unto her a chylde of her chambir whych was swyfftely horsed of a grete avauntayge.

"Now go thou," seyde she, "whan thou seyst thy tyme, and beare thys rynge unto Sir Launcelot du Laake, and pray hym as he lovythe me that he woll se me and rescow me, if ever he woll have joy of me. And spare nat thy horse," seyde the quyene, "nother for watir nother for londe."

So thys chyld aspyed hys tyme, and lyghtly he toke hys horse with the spurres and departed as faste as he myght. And whan Sir Mellyagaunte saw hym so fle, he undirstood that hit was by the quyenys commaundemente for to warne Sir Launcelot. Than they that were beste horsed chaced hym and shotte at hym, but frome hem all the chylde wente delyverly.

And than Sir Mellyagaunte sayde unto the quyne, "Madame, ye ar aboute to betray me, but I shall ordayne for Sir Launcelot that he shall nat com lyghtly at you."

And than he rode wyth her and all the felyshyp to his castell in all the haste that they myght. And so by the way Sir Mellyagaunte

layde in buyshemente of the beste archars that he had to the numbir of a thirty to awayte uppon Sir Launcelot, chargynge them that yf they saw suche a maner a knyght com by the way uppon a whyght horse, "that in ony wyse ye sle hys horse, but in no maner have ye ado wyth hym bodyly, for he ys over hardé to be overcom." So thys was done, and they were com to hys castell; but in no wyse the quene wolde never lette none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syght, but allwayes they were in her presence. For the booke sayth Sir Mellyagaunte durste make no mastryes for drede of Sir Launcelot, insomuche he demed that he had warnynge.

So whan the chylde was departed fro the felyshyp of Sir Mellyagaunte, wythin a whyle he cam to Westemynster, and anone he founde Sir Launcelot. And whan he had tolde hys messayge and delyverde hym the quenys rynge, "Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "now am I shamed for ever, onles that I may rescow that noble lady frome dishonour!" Than egirly he asked hys armys.

And ever the chylde tolde Sir Launcelot how the ten knyghtes faught mervaylously, and how Sir Pelleas, Sir Ironsyde, Sir Braundyles and Sir Persaunte of Inde fought strongely, but namely Sir Pelleas – that there myght none harneys holde hym – and how they all faught tylle at the laste they were layde to the erthe, and how the quene made apoyntemente for to save theire lyvys and to go wyth Sir Mellyagaunte.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "that moste noble lady, that she shulde be so destroyed! I had lever," seyde Sir Launcelot, "than all Fraunce that I had bene there well armed."

So whan Sir Launcelot was armed and uppon hys horse he prayde the chylde of the quynys chambir to warne Sir Lavayne how suddeynly he was departed and for what cause. "And pray hym, as he lovyth me, that he woll hyghe hym aftir me, and that he stynte nat untyll he com to the castell where Sir Mellyagaunt abydith, for there," seyde Sir Launcelot, "he shall hyre of me, and I be a man lyvynge!"

Than Sir Launcelot rode as faste as he myght, and the booke seyth he toke the watir at Westmynster Brydge and made hys horse

swymme over the Temmys unto Lambyth. And so within a whyle he cam to the same place thereas the ten noble knyghtes fought with Sir Mellyagaunte. And than Sir Launcelot folowed the trak untyll that he cam to a woode, and there was a strayte way, and there the thirty archers bade Sir Launcelot turne agayne and folow no longer that trak.

"What commaundemente have ye," seyde Sir Launcelot, "to cause me, that am a Knyght of the Rounde Table, to leve my ryght way?"

"Thys way shalt thou leve, othir ellis thou shalte go hit on thy foote, for wyte thou well thy horse shall be slayne."

"That ys lytyll maystry," seyde Sir Launcelot, "to sle myne horse! But as for myselff, whan my horse ys slayne I gyff ryght nought of you, nat and ye were fyve hundred mo!"

So than they shotte Sir Launcelottis horse and smote hym with many arowys. And than Sir Launcelot avoyded hys horse and wente on foote, but there were so many dychys and hedgys betwyxte hem and hym that he myght nat meddyll with none of hem.

"Alas, for shame!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever one knyght shulde betray anothir knyght! But hyt ys an olde-seyde saw: 'A good man ys never in daungere but whan he ys in the daungere of a cowhard'."

Than Sir Launcelot walked on a whyle, and was sore acombird of hys armoure, hys shylde, and hys speare. Wyte you well he was full sore anoyed! And full lothe he was for to leve onythynge that longed unto hym, for he drad sore the treson of Sir Mellyagaunce.

Than by fortune there cam by hym a charyote that cam thydir to feche wood.

"Say me, carter," seyde Sir Launcelot, "what shall I gyff the to suffir me to lepe into thy charyote, and that thou wolte brynge me unto a castell within thys too myle?"

"Thou shalt nat entir into thys charyot," seyde the carter, "for I am sente for to fecche wood."

"Unto whom?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Unto my lorde, Sir Mellyagaunce," seyde the carter.

"And with hym wolde I speke," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Thou shalt nat go with me!" seyde the carter.

Whan Sir Launcelot lepe to hym and gaff hym backwarde with hys gauntelot a reremayne that he felle to the erthe starke dede, than the tothir carter, hys felow, was aferde and wente to have gone the same way. And than he cryde, "Fayre lorde, sauff my lyff, and I shall brynge you where ye woll."

"Than I charge the," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that thou dryve me and thys charyote even unto Sir Mellyagaunce yate."

"Than lepe ye up into the charyotte," seyde the carter, "and ye shall be there anone."

So the carter drove on a grete walop, and Sir Launcelottes hors folowed the charyot, with mo than a fourty arowys brode and rough in hym.

And more than an owre and an halff Quene Gwenyvere was awaytyng in a bay-wyndow. Than one of hir ladyes aspyed an armed knyght stondyng in a charyote. "A! se, madam," seyde the lady, "where rydys in a charyot a goodly armed knyght, and we suppose he rydyth unto hangynge."

"Where?" seyde the quene.

Than she aspyed by hys shylde that hit was Sir Launcelot, and than was she ware where cam hys horse after the charyotte, and ever he trode hys guttis and hys paunche undir hys feete.

"Alas!" seyde the quene, "now I may preve and se that well ys that creature that hath a trusty frynde. A ha, moste noble knyght!" seyde Quene Gwenyvere, "I se well that ye were harde bestad whan ye ryde in a charyote." And than she rebuked that lady that lykened Sir Launcelot to ryde in a charyote to hangynge: "Forsothe, hit was fowle-mowthed," seyde the quene, "and evyll lykened, so for to lyken the moste noble knyght of the worlde unto such a shamefull dethe. A! Jesu deffende hym and kepe hym," sayde the quene, "frome all myschevous ende!"

So by thys was Sir Launcelot comyn to the gatis of that castell, and there he descended downe and cryed, that all the castell myght rynge: "Where arte thou, thou false traytoure Sir Mellyagaunte,

and Knyght of the Table Rounde? Com forth, thou traytour knyght, thou and all thy felyshyp with the, for here I am, Sir Launcelot du Lake, that shall fyght with you all!"

And therewithall he bare the gate wyde opyn uppon the porter, and smote hym undir the ere wyth hys gauntelot, that hys nekke braste in too pecis. Whan Sir Mellyagaunce harde that Sir Launcelot was comyn he ranne unto the quene and felle uppon hys kne and seyde, "Mercy, madame, for now I putte me holé in youre good grace."

"What ayles you now?" seyde Quene Gwenyvere. "Pardé, I myght well wete that some good knyght wolde revenge me, thoughe my lorde Kynge Arthure knew nat of thys your worke."

"A, madame," seyde Sir Mellyagaunte, "all thys that ys amysse on my party shall be amended ryght as youreselff woll devyse, and holy I put me in youre grace."

"What wolde ye that I ded?" seyde the quene.

"Madame, I wolde no more," seyde Sir Mellyagaunt, "but that ye wolde take all in youre owne hondys, and that ye woll rule my lorde Sir Launcelot. And such chere as may be made hym in thys poure castell ye and he shall have untyll to-morn, and than may ye and all they returne ayen unto Westmynster; and my body and all that I have I shall put in youre rule."

"Ye sey well," seyde the quene, "and bettir ys pees than evermore warre, and the lesse noyse the more ys my worshyp."

Than the quene and hur ladyes wente downe unto Sir Launcelot that stood wood wrothe oute of mesure in the inner courte to abyde batayle, and ever he bade, "Thou traytour knyght, com forthe!"

Than the quene cam unto hym and seyde, "Sir Launcelot, why be ye so amoved?"

"A, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "why aske ye me that questyon? For mesemyth ye oughte to be more wrotther than I am, for ye have the hurte and the dishonour. For wyte you well, madame, my hurte ys but lytyll in regard for the sleyng of a marys sonne, but the despite grevyth me much more than all my hurte."

"Truly," seyde the quene, "ye say trouthe. But hartely I thanke you," seyde the quene; "but ye muste com in with me pesyblé, for

all thynge ys put in myne honde, and all that ys amysse shall be amended, for the knyght full sore repentys hym of thys mysadventure that ys befallyn hym."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "syth hit ys so that ye be accorded with hym, as for me I may nat agaynesay hit, howbehit Sir Mellyagaunte hath done full shamefully to me and cowardly. And, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and I had wyste that ye wolde have bene so lyghtly accorded with hym I wolde nat a made such haste unto you."

"Why say ye so?" seyde the quene. "Do ye forthynke youreselff of youre good dedis? Wyte you well," seyde the quene, "I accorded never with hym for no favoure nor love that I had unto hym, but of wysedom to lay adoune every shameful noyse."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye undirstonde full well I was never wyllynge nor glad of shamefull sclaundir nor noyse; and there ys nother kynge, quene, ne knyght that beryth the lyffe excepte my lorde Kynge Arthur and you, madame, that shulde lette me but I shulde make Sir Mellyagaunte harte full colde or ever I departed frome hense."

"That wote I well," seyde the quene, "but what woll ye more? Ye shall have all thynge ruled as ye lyste to have hit."

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "so ye be pleased, I care not. As for my parte, ye shall sone please me."

Ryght so the quene toke Sir Launcelot by the bare honde, for he had put of hys gauntelot, and so she wente wyth hym tyll her chambir, and than she commanded hym to be unarmed. And than Sir Launcelot asked the quene where were hir ten knyghtes that were wounded with her. Than she shewed them unto hym, and there they made grete joy of the commyng of Sir Launcelot, and he made grete sorow of theire hurtis. And there Sir Launcelot tolde them how cowardly and traytourly he sette archers to sle hys horse, and how he was fayne to put hymselff in a charyotte. And thus they complayned everyche to other, and full fayne they wolde have ben revenged, but they kepte the pees bycause of the quene.

Than, as the Freynsh booke saythe, Sir Launcelot was called many dayes aftyr le Shyvalere de Charyotte, and so he ded many dedys and grete adventures. And so we leve of here of le Shyvalere la Charyote, and turne we to thys tale.

So Sir Launcelot had grete chere with the quene. And than he made a promyse with the quene that the same nyght he sholde com to a wyndow outewarde towarde a gardyne, and that wyndow was barred with iron, and there Sir Launcelot promysed to mete her whan all folkes were on-slepe.

So than cam Sir Lavayne dryvynge to the gatis, cryyng, "Where ys my lorde Sir Launcelot?" And anone he was sente fore, and whan Sir Lavayne saw Sir Launcelot, he seyde, "A, my lorde! I founde well howe ye were harde bestadde, for I have founde your hors that ys slayne with arowys."

"As for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I praye you, Sir Lavayne, speke ye of othir maters and lat thys passe, and we shall ryght hit anothir tyme and we may."

Than the knyghtes that were hurte were serched, and soffte salves were layde to theire woundis, and so hit passed on tyll soupertyme. And all the chere that myght be made them there was done unto the quene and all her knyghtes. And whan season was they wente unto theire chambirs, but in no wyse the quene wolde nat suffir her wounded knyghtes to be fro her, but that they were layde in wythdraughtes by hur chambir, uppon beddis and paylattes, that she myght herselff se unto them that they wanted nothynge.

So whan Sir Launcelot was in hys chambir whych was assygned unto hym, he called unto hym Sir Lavayne and tolde hym that nyght he must speke with hys lady Quene Gwenyvere.

"Sir," seyde Sir Lavayne, "let me go with you, and hyt please you, for I drede me sore of the treson of Sir Mellyagaunte."

"Nay," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I thanke you, but I woll have nobody wyth me."

Than Sir Launcelot toke hys swerde in hys honde and prevaly wente to the place where he had spyed a ladder toforehande, and

that he toke undir hys arme, and bare hit thorow the gardyne and sette hit up to the wyndow. And anone the quene was there redy to mete hym.

And than they made theire complayntes eythir to othir of many dyverce thyngis, and than Sir Launcelot wysshed that he myght have comyn in to her.

"Wyte you well," seyde the quene, "I wolde as fayne as ye that ye myght com in to me."

"Wolde ye so, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyth youre harte that I were with you?"

"Ye, truly," seyde the quene.

"Than shall I prove my myght," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for youre love."

And than he sette hys hondis uppon the barrys of iron and pulled at them with suche a myght that he braste hem clene oute of the stone wallys. And therewithall one of the barres of iron kutte the brawne of hys hondys thorowoute to the bone. And than he lepe into the chambir to the quene.

"Make ye no noyse," seyde the quene, "for my wounded knyghtes lye here fast by me."

So, to passe uppon thys tale, Sir Launcelot wente to bedde with the quene and toke no force of hys hurte honde, but toke hys pleasaunce and hys lykynge untyll hit was the dawnyng of the day; for wyte you well he slept nat, but wacched. And whan he saw hys tyme that he myght tary no lenger, he toke hys leve and departed at the wyndowe, and put hit togydir as well as he myght agayne, and so departed untyll hys owne chambir. And there he tolde Sir Lavayne how that he was hurte. Than Sir Lavayne dressed hys honde and staunched hit, and put uppon hit a glove, that hit sholde nat be aspyed.

And so the quene lay longe in her bed in the mornynge tylle hit was nyne of the clok. Than Sir Mellyagaunte wente to the quenys chambir and founde her ladyes there redy clothed.

"A, Jesu mercy!" seyde Sir Mellyagaunte, "what ayles you, madame, that ye slepe thys longe?"

And therewithall he opened the curtayne for to beholde her. And than was he ware where she lay, and all the hede-sheete, pylow, and over-shyte was all bebled of the bloode of Sir Launcelot and of hys hurte honde. Whan Sir Mellyagaunt aspyed that blood, than he demed in her that she was false to the kynge, and that som of the wounded knyghtes had lyene by her all that nyght.

"A ha, madame!" seyde Sir Mellyagaunte, "now I have founde you a false traytouras unto my lorde Arthur, for now I preve well hit was nat for nought that ye layde thes wounded knyghtis within the bondys of youre chambir. Therefore I wille calle you of treson afore my lorde Kynge Arthure. And now I have proved you, madame, wyth a shamefull dede; and that they bene all false, or som of them, I woll make hit good, for a wounded knyght thys nyght hath layne by you."

"That ys false," seyde the quene, "that I woll reporte me unto them alle."

But whan the ten knyghtes harde Sir Mellyagaunteys wordys, than they spake all at onys and seyde, "Sir Mellyagaunte, thou falsely belyest my lady the quene and wrongfully puttest upon us suche a dede, and that we woll make good uppon the, any of us. Now chose whych thou lyste of us whan we ar hole of the woundes thou gavyst us."

"Ye shall nat!" seyde Sir Mellyagaunte, "Away with youre proude langayge! For here ye may all se that a wounded knyght thys nyght hath layne by the quene."

Than they all loked and were sore ashamed whan they saw that bloode. And wyte you well Sir Mellyagaunte was passyng glad that he had the quene at suche avauntayge, for he demed by that to hyde hys owne treson.

And so in thys rumour com in Sir Launcelot and fownde them at a grete affray.

"What aray ys thys?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

Than Sir Mellyagaunce tolde hym what he had founde, and so he shewed hym the quenys bed.

"Now truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye ded nat youre parte nor

knyghtly, to touche a quenys bed whyle hit was drawyn and she lyyng therein. And I dare say," seyde Syr Launcelot, "my lorde Kynge Arthur hymselff wolde nat have displayed hir curtaynes, she beyng within her bed, onles that hit had pleased hym to have layne hym downe by her. And therefore, Sir Mellyagaunce, ye have done unworshypfully and shamefully to youreselff."

"Sir, I wote nat what ye meane," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "but well I am sure there hath one of hir hurte knyghtes layne with her thys nyght. And that woll I prove with myne hondys, that she ys a traytoures unto my lorde Kynge Arthur."

"Beware what ye do," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for and ye say so and wyll preve hit, hit woll be takyn at youre handys."

"My lorde Sir Launcelot," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "I rede you beware what ye do; for thoughe ye ar never so good a knyght, as I wote well ye ar renowned the beste knyght of the worlde, yet shulde ye be avysed to do batayle in a wronge quarell, for God woll have a stroke in every batayle."

"As for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "God ys to be drad! But as to that I say, I say nay playnly, that thys nyght there lay none of thes ten wounded knyghtes with my lady Quene Gwenyvere. And that woll I prove with myne hondys, that ye say untrewly in that. Now, what sey ye?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Thus I say," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce: "here ys my glove that she ys a traytoures unto my lorde Kynge Arthur, and that thys nyght one of the wounded knyghtes lay wyth her."

"Well, sir, and I resceyve youre glove," seyde Sir Launcelot.

And anone they were sealed with theire synattes, and delyverde unto the ten knyghtes.

"At what day shall we do batayle togydirs?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Thys day eyght dayes," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "in the fylde besydys Westemynster."

"I am agreed," seyde Sir Launcelot.

"But now," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "sytthyn hit ys so that we muste nedys fyght togydirs, I pray you, as ye betthe a noble

knyghte, awayte me wyth no treson nother no vylany the meane whyle, nother I none for you."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye shall ryght well wyte that I was never of no such condusions. For I reporte me to all knyghtes that ever have knowyn me, I fared never wyth no treson, nother I loved never the felyshyp of hym that fared with treson."

"Than lat us go unto dyner," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "and aftir dyner the quene and ye may ryde all unto Westemynster."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Launcelot.

Than Sir Mellyagaunce seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, pleasyth you to se the escurys of thys castell?"

"With a good wyll," seyde Sir Launcelot.

And than they wente togydir frome chambir to chambir, for Sir Launcelot drad no perellis: for ever a man of worshyp and of proues dredis but lytyll of perels, for they wene that every man be as they bene. But ever he that faryth with treson puttyth oftyn a trew man in grete daungere. And so hit befelle uppon Sir Launcelot that no perell dred: as he wente with Sir Mellyagaunce he trade on a trappe, and the burde rolled, and there Sir Launcelot felle downe more than ten fadom into a cave full off strawe.

And than Sir Mellyagaunce departed and made no fare, no more than he that wyste nat where he was. And whan Sir Launcelot was thus myssed they mervayled where he was becomyn, and than the quene and many of them demed that he was departed, as he was wonte to do, suddaynly. For Sir Mellyagaunce made suddaynly to put on syde Sir Lavaynes horse, that they myght all undirstonde that Sir Launcelot were departed suddaynly.

So than hit passed on tyll afftir dyner, and than Sir Lavayne wolde nat stynte untyll that he had ordayned horse-lytters for the wounded knyghtes, that they myght be caryed in them; and so with the quene and them all, bothe ladyes and jantylwomen and other, rode unto Westemynster. And there the knyghtes tolde Kynge Arthure how Sir Mellyagaunce had appeled the quene of hyghe treson, and how Sir Launcelot had resceyved the glove of hym, "and thys day eyght dayes they shall do batayle before you."

"Be my hede," seyde Kynge Arthure, "I am aferde Sir Mellyagaunce hath charged hymselff with a grete charge. But where is Sir Launcelot?" seyde the kynge.

"Sir," seyde they all, "we wote nat where he ys, but we deme he ys ryddyn to som adventure, as he ys offtyntymes wonte to do, for he had Sir Lavaynes horse."

"Lette hym be," seyde the kynge, "for he woll be founden but if he be betrapped wyth som treson."

Thus leve we Sir Launcelot liyng within that cave in grete payne. And every day there cam a lady and brought hym hys mete and hys drynke, and wowed hym every day to have layne by her, and ever Sir Launcelot seyde her nay. Than seyde she, "Sir, ye ar nat wyse, for ye may never oute of this preson but if ye have my helpe. And also youre lady Quene Gwenyvere shall be brente in youre defaute onles that ye be there at the day of batayle."

"God deffende," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that she shulde be brente in my defaught! And if hit be so," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that I may nat be there, hit shall be well undirstonde, bothe at the kynge and the quene and with all men of worship, that I am dede, syke, othir in preson. For all men that know me woll say for me that I am in som evyll case and I be nat that day there. And thus well I undirstonde that there ys som good knyght, othir of my blood other som other that lovys me, that woll take my quarell in honde. And therefore," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wyte you well, ye shall nat feare me; and if there were no mo women in all thys londe but ye, yet shall nat I have ado with you."

"Than ar ye shamed," seyde the lady, "and destroyed for ever."

"As for worldis shame, now Jesu deffende me! And as for my distresse, hit ys welcom, whatsomever hit be that God sendys me."

So she cam to hym agayne the same day that the batayle shulde be and seyde, "Sir Launcelot, bethynke you, for ye ar to hard-harted. And therefore, and ye wolde but onys kysse me, I shulde delyver you and your armoure, and the beste horse that is within Sir Mellyagaunce stable."

"As for to kysse you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I may do that and lese no worshyp. And wyte you well, and I undirstood there were ony disworshyp for to kysse you, I wold nat do hit."

And than he kyssed hir. And anone she gate hym up and brought hym untyll hys armour, and whan he was armed she brought hym tylle a stable where stoode twelve good coursers, and bade hym to chose of the beste. Than Sir Launcelot loked uppon a whyght courser and that lyked hym beste, and anone he commaunded hym to be sadeled with the beste sadyll of warre, and so hit was done. Than he gate hys owne speare in hys honde and hys swerde by hys syde, and than he commaunded the lady unto God and sayde, "Lady, for thys dayes dede I shall do you servyse, if ever hit lye in my power."

Now leve we here Sir Launcelot rydynge all that ever he myght walop, and speke we of Quene Gwenyvere that was brought tyll a fyre to be brente; for Sir Mellyagaunce was sure, hym thought, that Sir Launcelot sholde nat be at that batayle, and therefore he ever cryed uppon Kynge Arthur to do hym justyse othir ellys brynge forth Sir Launcelot. Than was the kynge and all the courte full sore abaysshed and shamed that the quene shulde have be brente in the defaute of Sir Launcelot.

"My lorde Kynge Arthur," seyde Sir Lavayne, "ye may undirstonde that hit ys nat well with my lorde Sir Launcelot, for and he were on lyve, so he be nat syke other in preson, wyte you well he wolde have bene here. For never harde ye that ever he fayled yet hys parte for whom he sholde do batayle fore. And therefore," seyde Sir Lavayne, "my lorde Kynge Arthur, I beseche you that ye will gyff me lycence to do batayle here thys day for my lorde and mayster, and for to save my lady the quene."

"Grauntemercy, jantill Sir Lavayne," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for I dare say all that Sir Mellyagaunce puttith uppon my lady the quene ys wronge. For I have spokyn with all the ten wounded knyghtes, and there ys nat one of them, and he were hole and able to do batayle, but he wolde prove uppon Sir Mellyagaunce body that it is false that he puttith upon my lady."

"And so shall I," seyde Sir Lavayne, "in the deffence of my lorde Sir Launcelot, and ye woll gyff me leve."

"And I gyff you leve," seyde Kynge Arthur, "and do youre beste, for I dare well say there ys som treson done to Sir Launcelot."

Than was Sir Lavayne armed and horsed, and delyverly at the lystes ende he rode to perfourme hys batayle. And ryght as the herrowdis shuld cry: "Lechés les alere!" ryght so com Sir Launcelot dryvyng with all the myght of hys horse. And than Kynge Arthure cryed: "Whoo!" and "Abyde!"

And than was Sir Launcelot called on horsebacke tofore Kynge Arthur, and there he tolde opynly tofore the kynge all how that Sir Mellyagaunce had served hym firste and laste. And whan the kynge and quene and all the lordis knew of the treson of Sir Mellyagaunte, they were all ashamed on hys behalffe. Than was the quene sente fore and sette by the kynge in the grete truste of hir champion.

And than Sir Launcelot and Sir Mellyagaunte dressed them togydir wyth speares as thunder, and there Sir Launcelot bare hym quyte over hys horse croupe. And than Sir Launcelot alyght and dressed hys shylde on hys shuldir and toke hys swerde in hys honde, and so they dressed to eche other and smote many grete strokis togydir. And at the laste Sir Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet uppon the helmet that he felle on the tone syde to the erthe. And than he cryed uppon hym lowde and seyde, "Moste noble knyght, Sir Launcelot, save my lyff! For I yelde me unto you, and I requyre you, as ye be a knyght and felow of the Table Rounde, sle me nat, for I yelde me as overcomyn, and whethir I shall lyve or dey, I put me in the kynges honde and youres."

Than Sir Launcelot wyst nat what to do, for he had lever than all the good in the worlde that he myght be revenged uppon hym. So Sir Launcelot loked up to the quene, gyff he myght aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she wolde have done. And anone the quene wagged hir hede uppon Sir Launcelot, as ho seyth "Sle hym!" And full well knew Sir Launcelot by her sygnys that she wolde have hym dede.

Than Sir Launcelot bade hym, "Aryse, for shame, and perfourme thys batayle with me to the utteraunce!"

"Nay," seyde Sir Mellyagaunce, "I woll never aryse untyll that ye take me as yolden and recreaunte."

"Well, I shall proffir you a large proffir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ys for to say I shall unarme my hede and my lyffte quarter of my body, all that may be unarmed as for that quarter; and I woll lette bynde my lyffte honde behynde me there hit shall nat helpe me; and ryght so I shall do batayle with you."

Than Sir Mellyagaunce sterte up uppon hys legges and seyde on hyght, "Take hede, my lorde Arthur, of thys proffir, for I woll take hit. And lette hym be dissarmed and bounden accordyng to hys proffir."

"What sey ye?" seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Launcelot. "Woll ye abyde by youre proffir?"

"Ye, my lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for I woll never go fro that I have onys sayde."

Than the knyghtes parters of the fylde disarmed Sir Launcelot, firste hys hede and than hys lyffte arme and hys lyffte syde, and they bounde his lyffte arme to hys lyffte syde fast behynde hys bak, withoute shylde or onythynge. And anone they yode togydirs.

Wyte you well there was many a lady and many a knyght mervayled of Sir Launcelot, that he wolde jouparté hymselff in suche wyse.

Than Sir Mellyagaunce com wyth swerde all on hyght, and Sir Launcelot shewed hym opynly hys bare hede and the bare lyffte syde. And whan he wente to have smytten hym uppon the bare hede, than lyghtly he devoyded the lyffte legge and the lyffte syde and put hys ryght honde and hys swerde to that stroke, and so put hit on syde wyth grete slyght. And than with grete force Sir Launcelot smote hym on the helmet such a buffett that the stroke carved the hed in too partyes.

Than there was no more to do, but he was drawyn oute of the fylde, and at the grete instaunce of the Knyghtes of the Table Rounde the kynge suffird hym to be entered, and the mencion

made uppon hym who slewe hym and for what cause he was slayne.

And than the kynge and the quene made more of Sir Launcelot, and more was he cherysshed than ever he was aforehande.

SIR URRY OF HUNGARY

THAN, AS THE FREYNSHE boke makith mencion, there was a good knyght in the londe of Hungré whos name was Sir Urré, and he was an adventurys knyght, and in all placis where he myght here of ony dedis of worshyp, there wold he be.

So hit happened in Spayne there was an erle, and hys sunnes name was called Sir Alpheus. And at a grete turnemente in Spayne thys Sir Urry, knyght of Hungré, and Sir Alpheus of Spayne encountred togydirs for verry envy, and so aythir undirtoke other to the utteraunce. And by fortune thys Sir Urry slew Sir Alpheus, the erlys son of Spayne, but thys knyght that was slayne had yevyn Sir Urry, or ever he were slayne, seven grete woundis – thre on the hede, and thre on hys body, an one uppon hys lyffte honde. And thys Sir Alpheus had a modir whiche was a grete sorseras; and she, for the despyte of hir sunnes deth, wrought by her suttyle craufftis that Sir Urry shulde never be hole, but ever his woundis shulde one tyme fester and another tyme blede, so that he shulde never be hole untyll the beste knyght of the worlde had serched hys woundis. And thus she made her avaunte, wherethorow hit was knowyn that this Sir Urry sholde never be hole.

Than hys modir lete make an horse-lytter and put hym therein with too palfreyes caryyng hym. And than she toke wyth hym hys syster, a full fayre damesell whos name was Fyleloly, and a payge wyth hem to kepe theire horsis, and so they lad Sir Urry thorow many contreyes. For, as the Freynshe booke saythe, she lad hym so seven yere thorow all londis crystened and never cowde fynde no knyght that myght ease her sunne. So she cam unto Scotlonde and into the bondes of Inglonde. And by fortune she com nyghe unto the feste of Pentecoste untyll Kynge Arthurs courte, that at that tyme was holdyn at Carlehylle. And whan she cam there she made hit to be opynly knowyn how that she was com into that londe for to hele her sonne.

Than Kynge Arthur lette calle that lady and asked her the cause why she brought that hurte knyght into that londe.

"My moste noble kynge," seyde that lady, "wyte you well I brought hym hyddir to be heled of hys woundis, that of all thys seven yere myght never be hole."

And thus she tolde the kynge where he was wounded and with whom, and how hys modir discoverde hit in her pryde how she had wrought by enchauntemente that he sholde never be hole untyll the beste knyght of the worlde had serched hys woundis.

"And so I have passed thorow all the londis crystynde to have hym healed excepte thys londe, and gyff I fayle here in thys londe I woll never take more payne uppon me. And that ys grete pité, for he was a good knyghte and of grete nobeles."

"What ys hys name?" seyde Kynge Arthure.

"My good and gracious lorde," she seyde, "his name ys Sir Urré of the Mounte."

"In good tyme," seyde the kynge, "and sythyn ye ar com into thys londe, ye ar ryght wellcom. And wyte you welle, here shall youre son be healed and ever ony Crystyn man heale hym. And for to gyff all othir men off worshyp a currayge, I myselff woll asay to handyll your sonne, and so shall all the kynges, dukis, and erlis that ben here presente at thys tyme, nat presumyng uppon me that I am so worthy to heale youre son be my dedis, but I woll corrayge othir men of worshyp to do as I woll do."

And than the kynge commaunded all the kynges, dukes and erlis, and all noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table that were there that tyme presente to com into the medow of Carlehyll. And so at that tyme there were but an hondred an ten of the Rounde Table, for forty knyghtes were that tyme away. And so here we muste begynne at Kynge Arthur, as is kyndely to begynne at hym that was that tyme the moste man of worshyp crystynde.

Than Kynge Arthur loked uppon Sir Urré, and he thought he was a full lykly man whan he was hole. And than the kynge made to take hym downe of the lyttar and leyde hym uppon the erth, and anone

there was layde a cussheon of golde that he shulde knele uppon. And than Kynge Arthur sayde, "Fayre knyght, me rewyth of thy hurte, and for to corrayge all other knyghtes I woll pray the sofftely to suffir me to handyll thy woundis."

"My moste noble crystynd kynge, do ye as ye lyste," seyde Sir Urré, "for I am at the mercy of God and at youre commaundemente."

So than Kynge Arthur softely handeled hym. And than som of hys woundis renewed uppon bledynge.

Than Kynge Claryvaunce of Northumbirlonde serched, and hit wolde nat be. And than Sir Barraunte le Apres, that was called the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes, he assayed and fayled. So ded Kynge Uryence of the londe of Gore. So ded Kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and so ded Kynge Nentrys of Garloth. So ded Kynge Carydos of Scotlonde. So ded the duke Sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce. So ded Sir Constantyne that was Kynge Cadors son of Cornwayle. So ded Duke Chalaunce of Claraunce. So ded the Erle Ulbawys. So ded the Erle Lambayle. So ded the Erle Arystanse.

Than cam in Sir Gawayne wyth hys thre sunnes, Sir Gyngalyn, Sir Florence, and Sir Lovell (thes too were begotyn uppon Sir Braundeles syster), and all they fayled. Than cam in Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gaherys, and Sir Mordred, and the good knyght Sir Gareth that was of verry knyghthod worth all the brethirn.

So cam in the knyghtes of Sir Launcelottis kyn, but Sir Launcelot was nat that tyme in the courte, for he was that tyme uppon hys adventures. Than Sir Lyonell, Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Bors de Ganys, Sir Blamoure de Ganys, Sir Bleoberys de Gaynys, Sir Gahalantyne, Sir Galyhud, Sir Galyhodyn, Sir Menaduke, Sir Vyllars the Valyaunte, Sir Hebes le Renowné, all thes were of Sir Launcelottis kynne, and all they fayled.

Than cam in Sir Sagramour le Desyrus, Sir Dodynas le Saveage, Sir Dynadan, Sir Brewne le Noyre that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle, and Sir Kay le Senesciall, Sir Kay d'Estraunges, Sir Mellyot de Logris, Sir Petipace of Wynchylsé, Sir Galleron of Galway, Sir Melyon of the Mountayne, Sir Cardoke, Sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy. Than cam in Sir Ascamour, and Sir

Grummor Grummorson, Sir Crosseleme, Sir Severause le Brewse that was called a passynge stronge knyght. For, as the booke seyth, the chyff lady of the Lady off the Lake fested Sir Launcelot and Sir Severause le Brewse, and whan she had fested them both at sundry tymes, she prayde hem to gyff her a done, and anone they graunted hit her. And than she prayde Sir Severause that he wolde promyse her never to do batayle ayenste Sir Launcelot, and in the same wyse she prayde Sir Launcelot never to do batayle ayenste Sir Severause, and so aythir promysed her. (For the Freynshe booke sayth that Sir Severause had never corayge nor grete luste to do batayle ayenste no man but if hit were ayenste gyauntis and ayenste dragons and wylde bestis.)

So leve we thys mater and speke we of them that at the kynges rekeyste were there at the hyghe feste as knyghtes of the Rounde Table for to serche Sir Urré. And to thys entente the kynge ded hit, to wyte whych was the moste nobelyste knyght amonge them all.

Than cam in Sir Agglovale, Sir Durnor, and Sir Tor that was begotyn uppon Aryes the Cowardis wyff (but he was begotyn afore Aryes wedded her). And Kynge Pellynore begate them all: firste Sir Tor, Sir Agglovale, Sir Durnor, Sir Lamorak, the moste nobeleste knyght one of them that ever was in Kynge Arthurs dayes as for a worldly knyght, and Sir Percivale that was pyerles, excepte Sir Galahad, in holy dedis (but they dyed in the queste of the Sangreall).

Than cam in Sir Gryfflet le Fyze de Du, Sir Lucan the Butlere, Sir Bedyvere hys brothir, Sir Braundeles, Sir Constantyne Sir Cadors son of Cornwayle that was kynge aftir Arthurs dayes, and Sir Clegis, Sir Sadok, Sir Dynas le Senesciall de Cornwayle, Sir Fergus, Sir Dryaunte, Sir Lambegus, Sir Clarrus off Cleremownte, Sir Cloddrus, Sir Hectymere, Sir Edwarde of Carnarvan, Sir Damas, Sir Pryamus whych was crystynde by the meanys of Sir Gawayne; Sir Segwarydes, Sir Saffir, Sir Palomydes which was crystened by the meanys of Sir Trystram the noble knyght, and thes thre were brethirn; Sir Helayne le Blanke that was son unto Sir Bors, for he begate hym uppon Kynge Brandygorys doughter, and Sir Bryan de

Lystenoyse; Sir Gauter, Sir Raynolde, Sir Gyllymere, whych were thre brethirn whych Sir Launcelot wan uppon a brydge in Sir Kayes armys; Sir Gwyarte le Petite, Sir Bellyngere le Bewse that was son to the good knyght Sir Alysaundir le Orphelyn that was slayne by the treson of Kynge Marke.

Also that traytoure kynge slew the noble knyght Sir Trystram as he sate harpynge afore hys lady, La Beall Isode, with a trenchaunte glayve, for whos dethe was the moste waylynge of ony knyght that ever was in Kynge Arthurs dayes, for there was never none so bewayled as was Sir Trystram and Sir Lamerok, for they were with treson slayne: Sir Trystram by Kynge Marke, and Sir Lamorake by Sir Gawayne and hys brethirn. And thys Sir Bellynger revenged the deth of hys fadir Sir Alysaundir and Sir Trystram, for he slewe Kynge Marke. And La Beall Isode dyed sownyng uppon the corse of Sir Trystram, whereof was grete pité. And all that were with Kynge Marke whych were of assente of the dethe of Sir Trystram were slayne, as Sir Andred and many othir.

Than cam Sir Hebes, Sir Morganoure, Sir Sentrayle, Sir Suppynabiles, Sir Belyaunce le Orgulus that the good knyght Sir Lamorak wan in playne batayle, Sir Neroveus and Sir Plenoryus, too good knyghtes that Sir Launcelot wanne; Sir Darras, Sir Harry le Fyze Lake, Sir Ermynde brother to Kyng Hermaunce, for whom Sir Palomydes faught at the Rede Cité with too brethirn; and Sir Selyses of the Dolerous Towre, Sir Edward of Orkeney, Sir Ironsyde that was called the noble knyght of the Rede Laundis, that Sir Gareth wan for the love of Dame Lyones; Sir Arrok, Sir Degrevaunt, Sir Degrave Saunze Vylony that faught wyth the gyaunte of the Blak Lowe; Sir Epynogrys that was the kynges son of Northumbirlonde, Sir Pelleas that loved the Lady Ettarde (and he had dyed for her sake, had nat bene one of the ladyes of the lake whos name was Dame Nynive; and she wedde Sir Pelleas, and she saved hym ever aftir, that he was never slayne by her dayes – and he was a full noble knyght); and Sir Lanvall of Cardyff that was a grete lovear, Sir Playne de Amors, Sir Playne de Fors, Sir Melyaus de Lyle, Sir Boarte le Cure Hardy that was Kynge Arthurs son, Sir Madore de

la Porte, Sir Collgrevaunce, Sir Hervyse de la Foreyst Saveayge, Sir Marrok the good knyght that was betrayed with his wyff, for he made hym seven yere a warwolff; Sir Persaunt, Sir Pertolope hys brothir, that was called the Grene Knyght, and Sir Perymones, brother unto them bothe, whych was called the Rede Knyght, that Sir Gareth wanne whan he was called Bewmaynes.

All thes hondred knyghtes and ten serched Sir Urryes woundis by the commaundemente of Kynge Arthur.

"Mercy Jesu!" seyde Kynge Arthur, "where ys Sir Launcelot du Lake, that he ys nat here at thys tyme?"

And thus as they stood and spake of many thyngis, there one aspyed Sir Launcelot that com rydynge towarde them, and anone they tolde the kynge.

"Pees," seyde the kynge, "lat no man say no thyng untyll he be com to us."

So whan Sir Launcelot had aspyed Kynge Arthur he descended downe frome hys horse and cam to the kynge and salewed hym and them all.

And anone as the damesell, Sir Urryes syster, saw Sir Launcelot, she romed to her brothir thereas he lay in hys lyttar and seyde, "Brothir, here ys com a knyght that my harte gyveth gretly unto."

"Fayre syster," seyde Sir Urré, "so doth my harte lyghte gretly ayenste hym, and my harte gyvith me more unto hym than to all thes that have serched me."

Than seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, ye muste do as we have done," and tolde hym what they had done and shewed hym them all that had serched hym.

"Jesu defende me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "whyle so many noble kyngis and knyghtes have assayde and fayled, that I shulde presume uppon me to enchyve that all ye, my lordis, myght nat enchyve."

"Ye shall nat chose," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for I commaunde you to do as we all have done."

"My moste renowmed lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "Ye know well I dare nat nor may nat disobey you. But and I myght or durste, wyte you well I wolde nat take uppon me to towche that wounded

knyght in that entent that I shulde passe all othir knyghtes. Jesu deffende me frome that shame!"

"Sir, ye take hit wronge," seyde Kynge Arthur, "for ye shall nat do hit for no presumpcion, but for to beare us felyshyp, insomuche as ye be a felow of the Rounde Table. And wyte you well," seyde Kynge Arthur, "and ye prevayle nat and heale hym, I dare sey there ys no knyght in thys londe that may hele hym. And therefore I pray you do as we have done."

And than all the kyngis and knyghtes for the moste party prayed Sir Launcelot to serche hym. And than the wounded knyght Sir Urré set hym up waykely and seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "Now, curteyse knyght, I requyre the for Goddis sake, heale my woundis! For methynkis ever sytthyn ye cam here my woundis grevyth me nat so muche as they ded."

"A, my fayre lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "Jesu wolde that I myght helpe you! For I shame sore with myselff that I shulde be thus requyred, for never was I able in worthynes to do so hyghe a thynge."

Than Sir Launcelot kneled downe by the wounded knyght, saiyng, "My lorde Arthure, I muste do youre commaundemente, whych ys sore ayenste my harte." And than he hylde up hys hondys and loked unto the este, saiynge secretely unto hymselff, "Now, Blyssed Fadir and Son and Holy Goste, I beseche The of Thy mercy that my symple worshyp and honesté be saved, and Thou Blyssed Trynyté, Thou mayste yeff me power to hele thys syke knyght by the grete vertu and grace of The, but, Good Lorde, never of myselff."

And than Sir Launcelot prayde Sir Urré to lat hym se hys hede; and than, devoutly knelyng, he ransaked the thre woundis, that they bled a lytyll; and forthwithall the woundis fayre heled and semed as they had bene hole a seven yere. And in lyke wyse he serched hys body of the othir thre woundis, and they healed in lyke wyse. And than the laste of all he serched hys honde, and anone hit fayre healed.

Than Kynge Arthur and all the kynges and knyghtes kneled downe and gave thankynges and lovynge unto God and unto Hys

Blyssed Modir. And ever Sir Launcelote wepte, as he had bene a chylde that had bene beatyn.

Than Kyng Arthure lat ravyshe prystes and clarkes in the moste devoutiste wyse to brynge in Sir Urré into Carlyle with syngyng and lovyng to God. And whan thys was done the kynge lat clothe hym in the rychest maner that coude be thought, and than was there but feaw bettir made knyghtes in all the courte, for he was passyngly well made and bygly.

Than Kynge Arthur asked Sir Urré how he felte hymselff.

"A! my good and gracious lorde, I felte myselffe never so lusty."

"Than woll ye juste and do ony armys?" seyde Kynge Arthur.

"Sir, and I had all that longed unto justis, I wolde be sone redy."

Than Kynge Arthur made a party of a hondred knyghtes to be ayenste an hondred, and so uppon the morn they justed for a dyamounde, but there justed none of the daungerous knyghtes. And so for to shortyn this tale, Sir Urré and Sir Lavayne justed beste that day, for there was none of them but he overthrew and pulled downe a thirty knyghtes. And than by assente of all the kynges and lordis Sir Urré and Sir Lavayne were made knyghtes of the Table Rounde.

And than Sir Lavayne keste hys love unto Dame Fyleloly, Sir Urrés syster, and than they were wedded with grete joy, and so Kynge Arthur gaff to every of them a barony of londis. And this Sir Urré wolde never go frome Sir Launcelot, but he and Sir Lavayne awayted evermore uppon hym, and they were in all the courte accounted for good knyghtes and full desyrous in armys. And many noble dedis they ded, for they wolde have no reste but ever sought uppon theire dedis.

Thus they lyved in all that courte wyth grete nobeles and joy longe tymes. But every nyght and day Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gawaynes brother, awayted Quene Gwenyvere and Sir Launcelot to put hem bothe to a rebuke and a shame.

And so I leve here of this tale, and overlepe grete bookis of Sir Launcelot, what grete adventures he ded whan he was called le Shyvalere de Charyot. For, as the Freynshe booke sayth, because of dispyte that knyghtes and ladyes called hym the Knyght that rode in the Charyot, lyke as he were juged to the jubett, therefore, in the despite of all them that named hym so, he was caryed in a charyotte a twelve-monethe; for, but lytill aftir that he had slayne Sir Mellyagaunte in the quenys quarell, he never of a twelve-moneth com on horsebak. And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, he ded that twelve-moneth more than fourty batayles.

And bycause I have loste the very mater of le Shevalere de Charyot I departe frome the tale of Sir Launcelot; and here I go unto the Morte Arthur, and that caused Sir Aggravayne.

And here on the othir syde folowyth "The Moste Pyteuous Tale of the Morte Arthure saunz Gwerdon," par le Shyvalere Sir Thomas Malleorré, Knyght.

Jesu, ayedé ly pur voutre bone mercy! Amen.

THE MORTE ARTHUR

SIR AGGRAVAYNE

IN MAY, whan every harte floryshyth and burgenyth (for, as the season ys lusty to beholde and comfortable, so man and woman rejoysyth and gladith of somer commynge with his freyshe floures, for wynter wyth hys rowghe wyndis and blastis causyth lusty men and women to cowre and to syt faste by fyres), so thys season hit befelle in the moneth of May a grete angur and unhappe that stynted nat tylle the floure of chyvalry of alle the worlde was destroyed and slayne. And all was longe uppon too unhappy knyghtis whych were named Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred, that were brethirn unto Sir Gawayne, for thys Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred had ever a prevy hate unto the quene, Dame Gwenyvere, and to Sir Launcelot; and dayly and nyghtly they ever wacched uppon Sir Launcelot.

So hyt myssefortuned Sir Gawayne and all hys brethirne were in Kynge Arthurs chambir, and than Sir Aggravayne seyde thus, opynly and nat in no counceyle, that manye knyghtis myght here: "I mervayle that we all be nat ashamed bothe to se and to know how Sir Launcelot lyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene. And all we know well that hit ys so, and hit ys shamefully suffird of us all that we shulde suffir so noble a kynge as Kynge Arthur ys to be shamed."

Than spake Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Brothir Sir Aggravayne, I pray you and charge you, meve no such maters no more afore me, for wyte you well I woll nat be of youre counceyle."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth, "we woll

nat be knowyn of your dedis."

"Than woll I!" seyde Sir Mordred.

"I lyve you well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for ever unto all unhappynes, sir, ye woll graunte. And I wolde that ye leffte all thys, and made you nat so bysy, for I know," seyde Sir Gawayne, "what woll falle of hit."

"Falle whatsumever falle may," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "I woll disclose hit to the kynge!"

"Nat be my counceyle," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for, and there aryse warre and wrake betwyxte Sir Launcelot and us, wyte you well, brothir, there woll many kynges and grete lordis holde with Sir Launcelot.

"Also, brothir Sir Aggravayne," seyde Sir Gawayne, "ye muste remembir how oftyntymes Sir Launcelot hath rescowed the kynge and the quene; and the beste of us all had bene full colde at the harte-roote had nat Sir Launcelot bene bettir than we, and that hathe he preved hymselff full ofte. And as for my parte," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I woll never be ayenste Sir Launcelot for one dayes dede, that was whan he rescowed me frome Kynge Carados of the Dolerous Towre, and slew hym and saved my lyff. Also, brother Sir Aggravayne, and Sir Mordred, in lyke wyse Sir Launcelot rescowed you bothe and thre score and too frome Sir Tarquyne. And therefore, brothir, methynkis suche noble dedis and kyndnes shulde be remembirde."

"Do ye as ye lyste," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "for I woll layne hit no lenger."

So wyth thes wordis cam in Kynge Arthur.

"Now, brothir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "stynte youre stryff."

"That woll I nat," seyde Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred.

"Well, woll ye so?" seyde Sir Gawayne. "Than God spede you, for I woll nat here of youre talis, nothir be of youre counceile."

"No more woll I," seyde Sir Gaherys.

"Nother I," seyde Sir Gareth, "for I shall never say evyll by that man that made me knyght."

And therewythall they thre departed makynge grete dole.

"Alas!" seyde Sir Gawayne and Sir Gareth, "now ys thys realme holy destroyed and myscheved, and the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table shall be disparbeled."

So they departed, and than Kynge Arthure asked them what noyse they made.

"My lorde," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "I shall telle you, for I may kepe hit no lenger. Here ys I and my brothir Sir Mordred brake unto my brothir Sir Gawayne, Sir Gaherys, and to Sir Gareth – for thys ys all, to make hit shorte – we know all that Sir Launcelot holdith youre quene, and hath done longe, and we be your syster sunnes: we may suffir hit no lenger. And all we wote that ye shulde be above Sir Launcelot, and ye ar the kynge that made hym knyght, and therefore we woll preve hit that he is a traytoure to youre person."

"Gyff hit be so," seyde the kynge, "wyte you well, he ys none othir. But I wolde be lothe to begyn such a thynge but I myght have prevys of hit, for Sir Launcelot ys an hardy knyght, and all ye know that he ys the beste knyght amonge us all, and but if he be takyn with the dede he woll fyght with hym that bryngith up the noyse, and I know no knyght that ys able to macch hym. Therefore, and hit be sothe as ye say, I wolde that he were takyn with the dede."

For, as the Freynshe booke seyth, the kynge was full lothe that such a noyse shulde be uppon Sir Launcelot and his quene; for the kynge had a demyng of hit, but he wold nat here thereoff, for Sir Launcelot had done so much for hym and for the quene so many tymes that wyte you well the kynge loved hym passyngly well.

"My lorde," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "ye shall ryde to-morne an-huntyng, and doute ye nat, Sir Launcelot woll nat go wyth you. And so whan hit drawyth towarde nyght ye may sende the quene worde that ye woll ly oute all that nyght, and so may ye sende for your cookis. And than, uppon payne of deth, that nyght we shall take hym wyth the quene; and we shall brynge hym unto you, quycke or dede."

"I woll well," seyde the kynge. "Than I counceyle you to take with you sure felyshyp."

"Sir," seyde Sir Aggravayne, "my brothir Sir Mordred and I woll take wyth us twelve knyghtes of the Rounde Table."

"Beware," seyde Kynge Arthure, "for I warne you, ye shall fynde hym wyght."

"Lat us deale!" seyde Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred.

So on the morne Kynge Arthure rode an-huntyng and sente worde to the quene that he wolde be oute all that nyght. Than Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred gate to them twelve knyghtes and hyd hemselff in a chambir in the castell of Carlyle. And thes were theire namys: Sir Collgrevaunce, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Gyngalyne, Sir Mellyot de Logris, Sir Petipace of Wynchylsé, Sir Galleron of Galoway, Sir Melyon de la Mountayne, Sir Ascomore, Sir Gromore Somer Joure, Sir Curselayne, Sir Florence, and Sir Lovell. So thes twelve knyghtes were with Sir Mordred and Sir Aggravayne, and all they were of Scotlonde, other ellis of Sir Gawaynes kynne, other well-wyllers to hys brothir.

So whan the nyght cam Sir Launcelot tolde Sir Bors how he wolde go that nyght and speke wyth the quene.

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "ye shall nat go thys nyght be my counceyle."

"Why?" seyde Sir Launcelot.

"Sir, for I drede me ever of Sir Aggravayne that waytith uppon you dayly to do you shame and us all. And never gaff my harte ayenste no goynge that ever ye wente to the quene so much as now, for I mystruste that the kynge ys oute thys nyght frome the quene bycause peradventure he hath layne som wacche for you and the quene. Therefore I drede me sore of som treson."

"Have ye no drede," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for I shall go and com agayne and make no taryynge."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "that me repentis, for I drede me sore that youre goyng thys nyght shall wratth us all."

"Fayre neveawe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I mervayle me much why ye say thus, sytthyn the quene hath sente for me. And wyte you well, I woll nat be so much a cowarde but she shall undirstonde I woll se her good grace."

"God spede you well," seyde Sir Bors, "and sende you sounde and sauff agayne!"

So Sir Launcelot departed and toke hys swerde undir hys arme, and so he walked in hys mantell, that noble knyght, and put hymselff in grete jouparté. And so he past on tylle he cam to the quenys chambir; and so lyghtly he was had into the chambir. For, as the Freynshe booke seyth, the quene and Sir Launcelot were togydirs. And whether they were abed other at other maner of disportis, me lyste nat thereof make no mencion, for love that tyme was nat as love ys nowadayes.

But thus as they were togydir there cam Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred wyth twelve knyghtes with them of the Rounde Table, and they seyde with grete cryyng and scaryng voyce, "Thou traytoure, Sir Launcelot, now arte thou takyn!"

And thus they cryed wyth a lowde voyce, that all the courte myght hyre hit. And thes fourtene knyghtes all were armed at all poyntis, as they shulde fyght in a batayle.

"Alas!" seyde Quene Gwenyvere, "now ar we myscheved bothe!"

"Madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ys there here ony armour within you that I myght cover my poure body wythall? And if there be ony, gyff hit me and I shall sone stynte theire malice, by the grace of God!"

"Now, truly," seyde the quyne, "I have none armour nother helme, shylde, swerde, nother speare; wherefore I dred me sore oure longe love ys com to a myschyvus ende. For I here by theire noyse there be many noble knyghtes, and well I wote they be surely armed, and ayenst them ye may make no resistence. Wherefore ye ar lykly to be slayne, and than shall I be brente! For and ye myght ascape them," seyde the quene, "I wolde nat doute but that ye wolde rescowe me in what daunger that I ever stood in."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "in all my lyff thus was I never bestad that I shulde be thus shamefully slayne for lake of myne armour."

But ever in one Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred cryed, "Traytour knyght, com oute of the quenys chambir! For wyte thou well thou arte besette so that thou shalt nat ascape."

"A, Jesu mercy!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "thys shamefull cry and noyse I may nat suffir, for better were deth at onys than thus to endure thys payne."

Than he toke the quene in hys armys and kyssed her and seyde, "Moste nobelest Crysten quene, I besech you, as ye have ben ever my speciall good lady, and I at all tymes your poure knyght and trew unto my power, and as I never fayled you in ryght nor in wronge sytthyn the firste day Kynge Arthur made me knyght, that ye woll pray for my soule if that I here be slayne. For well I am assured that Sir Bors my nevewe and all the remenaunte of my kynne, with Sir Lavayne and Sir Urré, that they woll nat fayle you to rescow you from the fyer. And therfore, myne owne lady, recomforte youreselff, whatsomever com of me, that ye go with Sir Bors my nevew and Sir Urré; and they all woll do you all the plesure that they may, and ye shall lyve lyke a quene uppon my londis."

"Nay, Sir Launcelot, nay!" seyde the quene. "Wyte thou well that I woll never lyve longe aftir thy dayes. But and ye be slayne I woll take my dethe as mekely as ever ded marter take hys dethe for Jesu Crystes sake."

"Well, madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "syth hit ys so that the day ys com that oure love muste departe, wyte you well I shall selle my lyff as dere as I may. And a thousandfolde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am more hevyar for you than for myselff! And now I had levir than to be lorde of all Crystendom that I had sure armour uppon me, that men myght speke of my dedys or ever I were slayne."

"Truly," seyde the quene, "and hit myght please God, I wolde that they wolde take me and sle me and suffir you to ascape."

"That shall never be," seyde Sir Launcelot. "God deffende me frome such a shame! But Jesu Cryste, be Thou my shylde and myne armoure!"

And therewith Sir Launcelot wrapped hys mantel aboute hys arme well and surely; and by than they had getyn a grete fourme oute of the halle, and therewith they all russhed at the dore.

"Now, fayre lordys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "leve youre noyse and youre russhynge, and I shall sette opyn thys dore, and than may ye do with me what hit lykith you."

"Com of than," seyde they all, "and do hit, for hit avaylyth the nat to stryve ayenste us all! And therefore lat us into thys chambir, and we shall save thy lyff untyll thou com to Kynge Arthur."

Than Sir Launcelot unbarred the dore, and with hys lyffte honde he hylde hit opyn a lytyll, that but one man myght com in at onys. And so there cam strydyng a good knyght, a much man and a large, and hys name was called Sir Collgrevaunce of Goore. And he wyth a swerde strake at Sir Launcelot myghtyly, and so he put asyde the stroke, and gaff hym such a buffette uppon the helmet that he felle grovelyng dede wythin the chambir dore.

Than Sir Launcelot with grete myght drew that dede knyght within the chambir dore. And than Sir Launcelot, wyth helpe of the quene and her ladyes, he was lyghtly armed in Sir Collgrevaunce armoure. And ever stood Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred, cryyng, "Traytoure knyght! Come forthe oute of the quenys chambir!"

"Sires, leve youre noyse," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for wyte you well, Sir Aggravayne, ye shall nat preson me thys nyght! And therefore, and ye do be my counceyle, go ye all frome thys chambir dore and make you no suche cryyng and such maner of sclaundir as ye do. For I promyse you be my knyghthode, and ye woll departe and make no more noyse, I shall as to-morne appyere afore you all before the kynge, and than lat hit be sene whych of you all, other ellis ye all, that woll deprave me of treson. And there shall I answere you, as a knyght shulde, that hydir I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne, and that woll I preve and make hit good uppon you wyth my hondys."

"Fye uppon the, traytour," seyde Sir Aggravayne and Sir Mordred, "for we woll have the magré thyne hede and sle the, and we lyste! For we let the wyte we have the choyse of Kynge Arthure to save the other sle the."

"A, sirres," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ys there none other grace with you? Than kepe youreselff!"

And than Sir Launcelot sette all opyn the chambir dore, and myghtyly and knyghtly he strode in amonge them. And anone at the firste stroke he slew Sir Aggravayne, and anone aftir twelve of hys felowys. Within a whyle he had layde them downe colde to the erthe, for there was none of the twelve knyghtes myght stonde Sir Launcelot one buffet. And also he wounded Sir Mordred, and therewithall he fled with all hys myght.

And than Sir Launcelot returned agayne unto the quene and seyde, "Madame, now wyte you well, all oure trew love ys brought to an ende, for now wyll Kyng Arthure ever be my foo. And therefore, madam, and hit lyke you that I may have you with me, I shall save you frome all maner adventures daungers."

"Sir, that ys nat beste," seyde the quene, "mesemyth, for now ye have don so much harme hit woll be beste that ye holde you styll with this. And if ye se that as to-morne they woll putte me unto dethe, than may ye rescowe me as ye thynke beste."

"I woll well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for have ye no doute, whyle I am a man lyvyng I shall rescow you."

And than he kyste her, and ayther of hem gaff othir a rynge, and so the quene he leffte there and wente untyll hys lodgynge.

Whan Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot, he was never so glad of hys home-commynge as he was than.

"Jesu mercy!" seyde Sir Launcelot, "why be ye all armed? What meanyth thys?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "aftir ye were departed frome us, we all that ben of youre blood and youre well-wyllars were so adretched that som of us lepe oute of oure beddis naked and som in theire dremys caught naked swerdys in theire hondis. And therefore," seyde Sir Bors, "we demed there was som grete stryff on honde, and so we all demed that ye were betrapped with som treson; and therefore we made us thus redy, what nede that ever ye were in."

"My fayre nevew," seyde Sir Launcelot unto Sir Bors, "now shall ye wyte all that thys nyght I was more harde bestad than ever I was dayes of my lyff. And thanked be God, I am myselff ascaped theire

daungere." And so he tolde them all how and in what maner, as ye have harde toforehande. "And therefore, my felowys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I pray you all that ye woll be of harte good, and helpe me in what nede that ever I stonde, for now ys warre comyn to us all."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "all ys wellcom that God sendyth us, and as we have takyn much weale with you and much worshyp, we woll take the woo with you as we have takyn the weale."

And therefore they seyde all, the good knyghtes, "Loke ye take no discomforte, for there ys no bondys of knyghtes undir hevyn but we shall be able to greve them as muche as they may us; and therefore discomforte nat youreselff by no maner. And we shall gadir togyder all that we love and that lovyth us, and what that ye woll have done shall be done. And therefore lat us take the wo and the joy togydir."

"Grauntmercy," seyde Sir Launcelot, "of youre good comforte; for in my grete distresse, fayre nevew, ye comforte me gretely. But thus, my fayre nevew, I wolde that ye ded in all haste that ye may or hit ys far dayes paste, that ye woll loke in theire lodgynge that ben lodged nyghe here aboute the kynge, whych woll holde with me and whych woll nat. For now I wolde know whych were my frendis fro my fooes."

"Sir," seyde Sir Bors, "I shall do my payne, and or hit be seven of the clok I shall wyte of such as ye have done fore, who that woll holde with you."

Than Sir Bors called unto hym Sir Lyonel, Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Blamour de Ganys, Sir Bleoberys de Ganys, Sir Gahalantyne, Sir Galyhodyn, Sir Galyhud, Sir Menaduke, Sir Vyllyers the Valyaunte, Sir Hebes le Renowné, Sir Lavayne, Sir Urré of Hungry, Sir Neroveus, Sir Plenoryus (thes too knyghtes Sir Launcelot made, and the one he wan uppon a brydge, and therefore they wolde never be ayenst hym), and Sir Harry le Fyz Lake, and Sir Selyses of the Dolerous Towre; Sir Mellyas de Lyle, and Sir Bellangere le Bewse that was Sir Alysaundir sone le Orphelyne (bycause hys modir was Alys la Beale Pelleryn, and she was kyn unto Sir Launcelot, he hylde wyth

hym). So cam Sir Palomydes and Sir Saphir, hys brothir; Sir Clegis, Sir Sadok, Sir Dynas and Sir Clarryus of Cleremount.

So thes too and twenty knyghtes drew hem togydirs, and by than they were armed and on horsebak they promysed Sir Launcelot to do what he wolde. Than there felle to them, what of Northe Walys and of Cornwayle, for Sir Lamorakes sake and for Sir Trystrames sake, to the numbir of a foure score knyghtes.

Than spake Sir Launcelot: "Wyte you well, I have bene ever syns I cam to thys courte well-wylled unto my lorde Kynge Arthur and unto my lady Quene Gwenyvere unto my power. And thys nyght bycause my lady the quene sente for me to speke with her (I suppose hit was made by treson – howbehit I dare largely excuse her person) natwithstondynge I was therby nerehonde slayne, but as Jesu provyded for me."

And than that noble knyght Sir Launcelot tolde hem how he was harde bestad in the quenys chambir, and how and in what maner he ascaped from them.

"And therefore wyte you well, my fayre lordis, I am sure there nys but warre unto me and to myne. And for cause I have slayne thys nyght Sir Aggravayne, Sir Gawaynes brothir, and at the leste twelve of hys felowis, for thys cause now am I sure of mortall warre. For thes knyghtes were sente by Kynge Arthur to betray me, and therefore the kyng woll in thys hete and malice jouge the quene unto brennyng, and that may nat I suffir that she shulde be brente for my sake. For and I may be harde and suffirde and so takyn, I woll feyght for the quene, that she ys a trew lady untyll her lorde. But the kynge in hys hete, I drede, woll nat take me as I ought to be takyn."

"My lorde Sir Launcelot," seyde Sir Bors, "be myne advyce, ye shall take the woo wyth the weall. And sytthyn hit ys fallyn as hit ys, I counceyle you to kepe youreselff, for and ye woll kepe youreselffe, there ys no felyshyp of knyghtes crystynde that shall do you wronge. And also I woll counceyle you, my lorde, that my lady Quene Gwenyvere, and she be in ony distres, insomuch as she ys in payne for youre sake, that ye knyghtly rescow her; for and

ye ded ony other wyse all the worlde wolde speke of you shame to the worldis ende. Insomuch as ye were takyn with her, whether ye ded ryght othir wronge, hit ys now youre parte to holde wyth the quene, that she be nat slayne and put to a myschevous deth. For and she so dye, the shame shall be evermore youres."

"Now Jesu deffende me from shame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and kepe and save my lady the quene from vylany and shamefull dethe, and that she never be destroyed in my defaute! Wherefore, my fayre lordys, my kyn and my fryndis," seyde Sir Launcelot, "what woll ye do?"

And anone they seyde all with one voyce, "We woll do as ye woll do."

"Than I put thys case unto you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that my lorde Kynge Arthure, by evyll counceile, woll tomorn in hys hete put my lady the quene unto the fyre and there to be brente. Than, I pray you, counceile me what ys beste for me to do."

Than they seyde all at onys with one voice, "Sir, us thynkis beste that ye knyghtly rescow the quene. Insomuch as she shall be brente, hit ys for youre sake; and hit ys to suppose, and ye myght be handeled, ye shulde have the same dethe, othir ellis a more shamefuller dethe. And, sir, we say all that ye have rescowed her frome her deth many tymys for other mennes quarels; therefore us semyth hit ys more youre worshyp that ye rescow the quene from thys peryll, insomuch that she hath hit for your sake."

Than Sir Launcelot stood stylle and sayde, "My fayre lordis, wyte you well I wolde be lothe to do that thynge that shulde dishonour you or my bloode; and wyte you well I wolde be full lothe that my lady the quene shulde dye such a shamefull deth. But and hit be so that ye woll counceyle me to rescow her, I must do much harme or I rescow her, and peradventure I shall there destroy som of my beste fryndis. And if so be that I may wynne the quene away, where shall I kepe her?"

"Sir, that shall be the leste care of us all," seyde Sir Bors, "for how ded the moste noble knyght Sir Trystram? By youre good wyll, kept nat he with hym La Beall Isode nere thre yere in Joyous Garde,

the whych was done by youre althers avyce? And that same place ys youre owne, and in lyke wyse may ye do and ye lyst, and take the quene knyghtly away with you, if so be that the kynge woll jouge her to be brente. And in Joyous Garde may ye kepe her longe inowe untyll the hete be paste of the kynge, and than hit may fortune you to brynge the quene agayne to the kynge with grete worshyp, and peradventure ye shall have than thanke for youre bryngyng home where othir may happyn to have magré."

"That ys hard for to do," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for by Sir Trystram I may have a warnynge; for whan by meanys of tretyse Sir Trystram brought agayne La Beall Isode unto Kynge Marke from Joyous Garde, loke ye now what felle on the ende: how shamefully that false traytour Kyng Marke slew hym as he sate harpynge afore hys lady, La Beall Isode. Wyth a grounden glayve he threste hym in behynde to the harte, whych grevyth me sore," seyde Sir Launcelot, "to speke of his dethe, for all the worlde may nat fynde such another knyght."

"All thys ys trouthe," seyde Sir Bors, "but there ys one thyng shall corrayge you and us all: ye know well that Kynge Arthur and Kynge Marke were never lyke of conducions, for there was never yet man that ever coude preve Kynge Arthure untrew of hys promyse."

But so, to make shorte tale, they were all condiscended that, for bettir othir for wars, if so were that the quene were brought on that morne to the fyre, shortely they all wolde rescow her. And so by the advyce of Sir Launcelot they put hem all in an inbusshement in a wood as nyghe Carlyle as they myght, and there they abode stylle to wyte what the kynge wold do.

Now turne we agayne, that whan Sir Mordred was ascaped frome Sir Launcelot, he gate hys horse and cam to Kynge Arthur sore wounded and all forbled; and there he tolde the kynge all how hit was, and how they were all slayne save hymselff alone.

"A, Jesu mercy! How may thys be?" seyde the kynge. "Toke ye hym in the quenys chambir?"

"Yee, so God me helpe," seyde Sir Mordred, "there we founde hym unarmed, and anone he slew Sir Collgrevaunce and armed hym in hys armour." And so he tolde the kynge frome the begynnyng to the endynge.

"Jesu mercy!" seyde the kynge, "he ys a mervaylous knyght of proues. And alas," seyde the kynge, "me sore repentith that ever Sir Launcelot sholde be ayenste me, for now I am sure the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table ys brokyn for ever, for wyth hym woll many a noble knyght holde. And now hit ys fallen so," seyde the kynge, "that I may nat with my worshyp but my quene muste suffir dethe," and was sore amoved.

So than there was made grete ordynaunce in thys ire, and the quene muste nedis be jouged to the deth. And the law was such in tho dayes that whatsomever they were, of what astate or degré, if they were founden gylty of treson there shuld be none other remedy but deth, and othir the menour other the takynge wyth the dede shulde be causer of theire hasty jougement. And ryght so was hit ordayned for Quene Gwenyvere: bycause Sir Mordred was ascaped sore wounded, and the dethe of thirtene knyghtes of the Rounde Table, thes previs and experyenses caused Kynge Arthure to commaunde the quene to the fyre, and there to be brente.

Than spake Sir Gawayne and seyde, "My lorde Arthure, I wolde counceyle you nat to be over hasty, but that ye wolde put hit in respite, thys jougemente of my lady the quene, for many causis. One ys thys, thoughe hyt were so that Sir Launcelot were founde in the quenys chambir, yet hit myght be so that he cam thydir for none evyll. For ye know, my lorde," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that my lady the quene hath oftyntymes ben gretely beholdyn unto Sir Launcelot, more than to ony othir knyght; for oftyntymes he hath saved her lyff and done batayle for her whan all the courte refused the quene. And peradventure she sente for hym for goodnes and for none evyll, to rewarde hym for his good dedys that he had done to her in tymes past. And peraventure my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente, that Sir Launcelot sholde a com prevaly to her, wenyng that hyt had be beste in eschewyng of slaundir; for

oftyntymys we do many thynges that we wene for the beste be, and yet peradventure hit turnyth to the warste. For I dare sey," seyde Sir Gawayne, "my lady your quene ys to you both good and trew. And as for Sir Launcelot, I dare say he woll make hit good uppon ony knyght lyvyng that woll put uppon hym vylany or shame, and in lyke wyse he woll make good for my lady the quene."

"That I beleve well," seyde Kynge Arthur, "but I woll nat that way worke with Sir Launcelot, for he trustyth so much uppon hys hondis and hys myght that he doutyth no man. And therefore for my quene he shall nevermore fyght, for she shall have the law. And if I may gete Sir Launcelot, wyte you well he shall have as shamefull a dethe."

"Jesu defende me," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that I never se hit nor know it."

"Why say you so?" seyde Kynge Arthur. "For, pardé, ye have no cause to love hym, for thys nyght last past he slew youre brothir Sir Aggravayne, a full good knyght, and allmoste he had slayne youre othir brother, Sir Mordred! And also there he slew thirtene noble knyghtes, and also remembir you, Sir Gawayne, he slew too sunnes of youres, Sir Florens and Sir Lovell!"

"My lorde," seyde Sir Gawayne, "of all thys I have a knowleche, whych of her dethis sore repentis me. But insomuch as I gaff hem warnynge and tolde my brothir and my sonnes aforehonde what wolde falle on the ende, and insomuche as they wolde nat do be my counceyle, I woll nat meddyll me thereoff, nor revenge me nothynge of theire dethys; for I tolde them there was no boote to stryve with Sir Launcelot. Howbehit I am sory of the deth of my brothir and of my too sunnes, but they ar the causars of theire owne dethe; for oftyntymes I warned my brothir Sir Aggravayne, and I tolde hym of the perellis."

Than seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Gawayne, "Make you redy, I pray you, in youre beste armour, wyth youre brethirn Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth, to brynge my quene to the fyre and there to have her jougement."

"Nay, my moste noble kynge," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that woll I never do, for wyte you well I woll never be in that place where so

noble a quene as ys my lady Dame Gwenyvere shall take such a shamefull ende. For wyte you well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "my harte woll nat serve me for to se her dye, and hit shall never be seyde that ever I was of youre counceyle for her deth."

"Than," seyde the kynge unto Sir Gawayne, "suffir your brethirn Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth to be there."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Gawayne, "wyte you well they wyll be lothe to be there present bycause of many adventures that ys lyke to falle, but they ar yonge and full unable to say you nay."

Than spake Sir Gaherys and the good knyght Sir Gareth unto Kynge Arthur, "Sir, ye may well commaunde us to be there, but wyte you well hit shall be sore ayenste oure wyll. But and we be there by youre strayte commaundement, ye shall playnly holde us there excused: we woll be there in pesyble wyse, and beare none harneyse of warre uppon us."

"In the name of God," seyde the kynge, "than make you redy, for she shall have sone her jugemente."

"Alas," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that ever I shulde endure to se this wofull day!"

So Sir Gawayne turned hym and wepte hartely, and so he wente into hys chambir. And so the quene was lad furthe withoute Carlyle, and anone she was dispoyled into her smokke. And than her gostely fadir was brought to her to be shryven of her myssededis. Than was there wepyng and waylynge and wryngyng of hondis of many lordys and ladyes, but there were but feaw in comparison that wolde beare ony armoure for to strengthe the dethe of the quene.

Than was there one that Sir Launcelot had sente unto that place, whych wente to aspye what tyme the quene shulde go unto her deth. And anone as he saw the quene dispoyled into her smok and so shryvyn, than he gaff Sir Launcelot warnynge anone. Than was there but spurryng and pluckyng up of horse, and ryght so they cam unto the fyre. And who that stoode ayenste them, there were they slayne, full many a noble knyght. For there was slayne Sir Bellyas le Orgulus, Sir Segwarydes, Sir Gryfflet, Sir Braundyles, Sir Agglovale, Sir Tor; Sir Gauter, Sir Gyllymer, Sir Raynold (thre

brethirn); and Sir Damas, Sir Priamus, Sir Kay le Straunge, Sir Dryaunt, Sir Lambegus, Sir Hermynde; Sir Pertolype, Sir Perymones (too brethren whych were called the Grene Knyght and the Rede Knyght). And so in thys russhynge and hurlynge, as Sir Launcelot thrange here and there, hit mysfortuned hym to sle Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth, the noble knyght, for they were unarmed and unwares. As the Freynsh booke sayth, Sir Launcelot smote Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth uppon the brayne-pannes, wherethorow that they were slayne in the felde. Howbehit in very trouth Sir Launcelot saw them nat. And so were they founde ded amonge the thyckyste of the prees.

Than Sir Launcelot, whan he had thus done, and slayne and put to flyght all that wolde wythstonde hym, than he rode streyte unto Quene Gwenyvere and made caste a kurdyll and a gowne uppon her, and than he made her to be sette behynde hym and prayde her to be of good chere. Now wyte you well the quene was glad that she was at that tyme ascaped frome the deth, and than she thanked God and Sir Launcelot.

And so he rode hys way wyth the quene, as the Freynshe booke seyth, unto Joyous Garde, and there he kepte her as a noble knyght shulde. And many grete lordis and some kyngis sente Sir Launcelot many good knyghtis, and many full noble knyghtes drew unto hym. Whan they harde that Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot were at debate, many knyghtes were glad and many were sory of theire debate.

NOW TURNE WE agayne unto Kynge Arthure, that whan hit was tolde hym how and in what maner the quene was taken away frome the fyre, and whan he harde of the deth of his noble knyghtes, and in especiall Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth, than he sowned for verry pure sorow. And whan he awooke of hys swoughe, than he sayde, "Alas, that ever I bare crowne uppon my hede! For now have I loste the fayryst felyshyp of noble knyghtes that ever hylde Crystyn kynge togydirs. Alas, my good knyghtes be slayne and gone away fro me, that now within thys too dayes I have loste nygh fourty knyghtes, and also the noble felyshyp of Sir Launcelot and hys blood, for now I may nevermore holde hem togydirs with my worshyp. Now, alas, that ever thys warre began!

"Now, fayre felowis," seyde the kynge, "I charge you that no man telle Sir Gawayne of the deth of hys too brethirne; for I am sure," seyde the kynge, "whan he hyryth telle that Sir Gareth ys dede, he wyll go nygh oute of hys mynde. Merci Jesu," seyde the kynge, "why slew he Sir Gareth and Sir Gaherys? For I dare sey, as for Sir Gareth, he loved Sir Launcelot of all men erthly."

"That ys trouth," seyde som knyghtes, "but they were slayne in the hurlynge, as Sir Launcelot thrange in the thyckyst of the prees. And as they were unarmed, he smote them and wyst nat whom that he smote, and so unhappely they were slayne."

"Well," seyde Arthure, "the deth of them woll cause the grettist mortall warre that ever was, for I am sure that whan Sir Gawayne knowyth hereoff, that Sir Gareth ys slayne, I shall never have reste of hym tyll I have destroyed Sir Launcelottys kynne and hymselff bothe, othir ellis he to destroy me. And therefore," seyde the kynge, "wyte you well, my harte was never so hevy as hit ys now. And much more I am soryar for my good knyghtes losse than for the losse of my fayre quene; for quenys I myght have inow, but such a felyship

of good knyghtes shall never be togydirs in no company. And now I dare sey," seyde Kynge Arthur, "there was never Crystyn kynge that ever hylde such a felyshyp togydyrs. And alas, that ever Sir Launcelot and I shulde be at debate! A, Aggravayne Aggravayne!" seyde the kynge, "Jesu forgyff hit thy soule, for thyne evyll wyll that thou haddist and Sir Mordred thy brothir unto Sir Launcelot hath caused all this sorow." And ever amonge thes complayntes the kynge wepte and sowned.

Than cam there one to Sir Gawayne and tolde hym how the quene was lad away with Sir Launcelot, and nygh a foure and twenty knyghtes slayne.

"A, Jesu, save me my too brethirn!" seyde Sir Gawayne, "For full well wyst I," sayde Sir Gawayne, "that Sir Launcelot wolde rescow her, othir ellis he wolde dye in that fylde; and to say the trouth he were nat of worshyp but if he had rescowed the quene, insomuch as she shulde have be brente for his sake. And as in that," seyde Sir Gawayne, "he hath done but knyghtly, and as I wolde have done myselff and I had stonde in lyke case. But where ar my brethirn?" seyde Sir Gawayne, "I mervayle that I se ne here nat of them."

Than seyde that man, "Truly, Sir Gaherys and Sir Gareth be slayne."

"Jesu deffende!" seyde Sir Gawayne. "For all thys worlde I wolde nat that they were slayne, and in especiall my good brothir Sir Gareth."

"Sir," seyde the man, "he ys slayne, and that ys grete pité."

"Who slew hym?" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"Sir Launcelot," seyde the man, "slew hem both."

"That may I nat beleve," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that ever he slew my good brother Sir Gareth, for I dare say my brothir loved hym bettir than me and all hys brethirn and the kynge bothe. Also I dare say, an Sir Launcelot had desyred my brothir Sir Gareth with hym, he wolde have ben with hym ayenste the kynge and us all. And therefore I may never belyeve that Sir Launcelot slew my brothir."

"Veryly, sir," seyde the man, "hit ys noysed that he slew hym."

"Alas," seyde Sir Gawayne, "now ys my joy gone!"

And than he felle downe and sowned, and longe he lay there as he had ben dede. And whan he arose oute of hys swoughe he cryed oute sorowfully and seyde, "Alas!" And forthwith he ran unto the kynge, criyng and wepyng, and seyde, "A, myne uncle Kynge Arthur! My good brothir Sir Gareth ys slayne, and so ys my brothir Sir Gaherys, whych were too noble knyghtes."

Than the kynge wepte and he bothe, and so they felle on sownynge. And whan they were revyved, than spake Sir Gawayne and seyde, "Sir, I woll goo and se my brother Sir Gareth."

"Sir, ye may nat se hym," seyde the kynge, "for I caused hym to be entered and Sir Gaherys bothe, for I well undirstood that ye wolde make overmuche sorow, and the syght of Sir Gareth shulde have caused youre double sorow."

"Alas, my lorde," seyde Sir Gawayne, "how slew he my brothir Sir Gareth? I pray you telle me."

"Truly," seyde the kynge, "I shall tell you as hit hath bene tolde me: Sir Launcelot slew hym and Sir Gaherys both."

"Alas," seyde Sir Gawayne, "they beare none armys ayenst hym, neyther of them bothe."

"I wote nat how hit was," seyde the kynge, "but as hit ys sayde, Sir Launcelot slew them in the thyk prees and knew them nat. And therefore lat us shape a remedy for to revenge theire dethys."

"My kynge, my lorde, and myne uncle," seyde Sir Gawayne, "wyte you well, now I shall make you a promyse whych I shall holde be my knyghthode, that frome thys day forewarde I shall never fayle Sir Launcelot untyll that one of us have slayne the othir. And therefore I requyre you, my lorde and kynge, dresse you unto the warres, for wyte you well, I woll be revenged uppon Sir Launcelot; and therefore, as ye woll have my servyse and my love, now haste you thereto and assay youre frendis. For I promyse unto God," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for the deth of my brothir Sir Gareth, I shall seke Sir Launcelot thorowoute seven kynges realmys, but I shall sle hym, other ellis he shall sle me."

"Sir, ye shall nat nede to seke hym so far," seyde the kynge, "for as I here say, Sir Launcelot woll abyde me and us all wythin the

castell of Joyous Garde. And muche peple drawyth unto hym, as I here say."

"That may I ryght well belyve," seyde Sir Gawayne; "but my lorde," he sayde, "assay your fryndis and I woll assay myne."

"Hit shall be done," seyde the kyng, "and as I suppose I shall be bygge inowghe to dryve hym oute of the bygyst toure of hys castell."

So than the kynge sente lettirs and wryttis thorowoute all Inglonde, both the lengthe and the brede, for to assomon all hys knyghtes. And so unto Kynge Arthure drew many kynges, deukes, and erlis, that he had a grete oste; and whan they were assembeled the kynge enfourmed hem how Sir Launcelot had beraffte hym hys quene. Than the kynge and all hys oste made hem redy to ley syege aboute Sir Launcelot where he lay within Joyous Garde.

And anone Sir Launcelot harde thereof and purveyde hym off many good knyghtes; for with hym helde many knyghtes, som for hys owne sake and som for the quenys sake. Thus they were on bothe partyes well furnysshed and garnysshed of all maner of thynge that longed unto the warre. But Kynge Arthurs oste was so grete that Sir Launcelot wolde nat abyde hym in the fylde, for he was full lothe to do batayle ayenste the kynge; but Sir Launcelot drew hym unto hys stronge castell with all maner of vytayle plenté, and as many noble men as he myght suffyse within the towne and the castell.

Than cam Kynge Arthure with Sir Gawayne wyth a grete oste and leyde syge all aboute Joyous Garde, both the towne and the castell, and there they made stronge warre on bothe partyes. But in no wyse Sir Launcelot wolde ryde oute of the castell of longe tyme; and nother he wold nat suffir none of hys good knyghtes to issew oute, nother of the towne nother of the castell, untyll fyftene wykes were paste.

So hit felle uppon a day in hervest tyme that Sir Launcelot loked over the wallys, and spake on hyght unto Kynge Arthure and to Sir Gawayne: "My lordis bothe, wyte you well all thys ys in vayne that ye make at thys syge, for here wynne ye no worshyp, but magré and

dishonoure. For and hit lyste me to com myselff oute and my good knyghtes, I shulde full sone make an ende of thys warre."

"Com forth," seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, "and thou darste, and I promyse the I shall mete the in myddis of thys fylde."

"God deffende me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever I shulde encountir wyth the moste noble kynge that made me knyght."

"Now, fye uppon thy fayre langayge!" seyde the kynge, "for wyte thou well and truste hit, I am thy mortall foo and ever woll to my deth-day, for thou haste slayne my good knyghtes and full noble men of my blood – that shall I never recover agayne. Also thou haste layne be my quene, and holdyn her many wynters, and sytthyn lyke a traytoure taken her away fro me by fors."

"My moste noble lorde and kynge," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye may sey what ye woll, for ye wote well wyth youreselff I woll nat stryve. But thereas ye say that I have slayne youre good knyghtes, I wote well that I have done so, and that me sore repentith; but I was forced to do batayle with hem in savyng of my lyff, othir ellis I muste have suffirde hem to have slayne me.

"And as for my lady Quene Gwenyvere, excepte youre person of your hyghnes and my lorde Sir Gawayne, there nys no knyght undir hevyn that dare make hit good uppon me that ever I was traytour unto youre person. And where hit please you to say that I have holdyn my lady youre quene yerys and wynters; unto that I shall ever make a large answere, and prove hit uppon ony knyght that beryth the lyff, excepte your person and Sir Gawayne, that my lady Quene Gwenyvere ys as trew a lady unto youre person as ys ony lady lyvynge unto her lorde, and that woll I make good with my hondis. Howbehyt hit hath lyked her good grace to have me in favoure and cherysh me more than ony other knyght, and unto my power agayne I have deserved her love; for oftyntymes, my lorde, ye have concented that she sholde have be brente and destroyed in youre hete, and than hit fortuned me to do batayle for her, and or I departed from her adversary they confessed there untrouthe, and she full worsshypfully excused.

"And at suche tymes, my lorde Arthur," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye loved me and thanked me whan I saved your quene frome the fyre, and than ye promysed me for ever to be my good lorde. And now methynkith ye rewarde me full evyll for my good servyse. And, my lorde, mesemyth I had loste a grete parte of my worshyp in my knyghthod and I had suffird my lady youre quene to have ben brente, insomuche as she shulde have bene brente for my sake; for sytthyn I have done batayles for youre quene in other quarels than in myne owne quarell, mesemyth now I had more ryght to do batayle for her in her ryght quarell. And therefore, my good and gracious lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "take your quene unto youre good grace, for she ys both trew and good."

"Fy on the, false recreayed knyght!" seyde Sir Gawayne. "For I lat the wyte my lorde myne uncle Kynge Arthur shall have hys quene and the bothe, magré thy vysayge, and sle you bothe and save you, whether hit please hym."

"Hit may well be," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but wyte you well, my lorde Sir Gawayne, and me lyste to com oute of thys castell ye shuld wyn me and the quene more harder than ever ye wan a stronge batayle."

"Now, fy on thy proude wordis!" seyde Sir Gawayne. "As for my lady the quene, wyte thou well, I woll never say her shame. But thou, false and recrayde knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "what cause haddist thou to sle my good brother Sir Gareth, that loved the more than me and all my kynne? And alas, thou madist hym knyght thyne owne hondis! Why slewest thou hym that loved the so well?"

"For to excuse me," seyde Sir Lancelot, "hit boteneth me nat, but by Jesu, and by the feyth that I owghe unto the hyghe order of knyghthode, I wolde with as good a wyll have slayne my nevew Sir Bors de Ganys at that tyme. And alas, that ever I was so unhappy," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that I had nat seyne Sir Gareth and Sir Gaherys!"

"Thou lyest, recrayed knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "thou slewyste hem in the despite of me. And therefore wyte thou well,

Sir Launcelot, I shall make warre uppon the, and all the whyle that I may lyve be thyne enemy!"

"That me repentes," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for well I undirstonde hit boteneth me nat to seke none accordemente whyle ye, Sir Gawayne, ar so myschevously sette. And if ye were nat, I wolde nat doute to have the good grace of my lorde Kynge Arthure."

"I leve well, false recrayed knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "for thou haste many longe dayes overlad me and us all, and destroyed many of oure good knyghtes."

"Sir, ye say as hit pleasith you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "yet may hit never be seyde on me and opynly preved that ever I be forecaste of treson slew no good knyght as ye, my lorde Sir Gawayne, have done; and so ded I never but in my deffence, that I was dryven thereto in savyng of my lyff."

"A, thou false knyght," seyde Sir Gawayne, "that thou menyst by Sir Lamorak. But wyte thou well, I slew hym!"

"Sir, ye slew hym nat youreselff," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for hit had ben overmuch for you, for he was one of the beste knyghtes crystynde of his ayge. And hit was grete pité of hys deth!"

"Well, well, Sir Launcelot," seyde Sir Gawayne, "sytthyn thou enbraydyst me of Sir Lamorak, wyte thou well I shall never leve the tyll I have the at suche avayle that thou shalt nat ascape my hondis."

"I truste you well inowgh," seyde Sir Launcelot. "And ye may gete me, I gett but lytyll mercy."

But the Freynsh booke seyth Kynge Arthur wolde have takyn hys quene agayne and to have bene accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawayne wolde nat suffir hym by no maner of meane. And so Sir Gawayne made many men to blow uppon Sir Launcelot, and so all at onys they called hym "false recrayed knyght."

But whan Sir Bors de Ganys, Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Lyonell harde thys outecry, they called unto them Sir Palomydes, Sir Safir (ys brothir), and Sir Lavayne an Sir Urré, wyth many mo knyghtes of theire bloode, and all they wente unto Sir Launcelot and seyde thus: "My lorde Sir Launcelot, wyte you well we have grete scorne

of the grete rebukis that we have harde Sir Gawayne sey unto you; wherefore we pray you and charge you as ye woll have oure servyse, kepe us no lenger wythin thys wallis, for we lat you wete playnly we woll ryde into the fylde and do batayle wyth hem. For ye fare as a man that were aferde, and for all your fayre speche hit woll nat avayle you, for wyte you well Sir Gawayne woll nevir suffir you to accorde wyth Kynge Arthur. And therefore fyght for youre lyff and youre ryght, and ye dare."

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for to ryde oute of thys castell and to do batayle I am full lothe."

Than Sir Launcelot spake on hyght unto Kyng Arthur and Sir Gawayne: "My lorde, I requyre you and beseche you, sytthyn that I am thus requyred and conjoured to ryde into the fylde, that neyther you, my lorde Kyng Arthur, nother you, Sir Gawayne, com nat into the fylde."

"What shall we do than?" seyde Sir Gawayne. "Is nat thys the kynges quarell to fyght wyth the? And also hit ys my quarell to fyght wyth the because of the dethe of my brothir Sir Gareth."

"Than muste I nedys unto batayle," seyde Sir Launcelot. "Now wyte you well, my lorde Arthur and Sir Gawayne, ye woll repent hit whansomever I do batayle wyth you."

And so than they departed eythir frome othir; and than aythir party made hem redy on the morne for to do batayle, and grete purveyaunce was made on bothe sydys. And Sir Gawayne lat purvey many knyghtes for to wayte uppon Sir Launcelot for to oversette hym and to sle hym.

And on the morne at underne Kynge Arthure was redy in the fylde with thre grete ostys. And than Sir Launcelottis felyshyp com oute at thre gatis in full good aray; and Sir Lyonell cam in the formyst batayle, and Sir Launcelot cam in the myddyll, and Sir Bors com oute at the thirde gate. And thus they cam in order and rule as full noble knyghtes. And ever Sir Launcelot charged all hys knyghtes in ony wyse to save Kynge Arthure and Sir Gawayne.

Than cam forth Sir Gawayne frome the kyngis oste, and he cam before and profirde to juste. And Sir Lyonel was a fyers knyght, and

lyghtly he encountred with hym, and there Sir Gawayne smote Sir Lyonell thorowoute the body, that he daysshed to the erth lyke as he had ben dede. And than Sir Ector de Marys and other mo bare hym into the castell.

And anone there began a grete stowre and much people were slayne; and ever Sir Launcelot ded what he myght to save the people on Kynge Arthurs party. For Sir Bors and Sir Palomydes and Sir Saffir overthrew many knyghts, for they were dedely knyghtes, and Sir Blamour de Ganys and Sir Bleoberys de Ganys wyth Sir Bellyngere le Bewse, thes six knyghtes ded much harme. And ever was Kynge Arthur nyghe aboute Sir Launcelot to have slayne hym, and ever Sir Launcelot suffird hym and wolde nat stryke agayne. So Sir Bors encountirde wyth Kynge Arthur, and there wyth a spere Sir Bors smote hym downe, and so he alyght and drew hys swerde and seyde to Sir Launcelot, "Sir, shall I make an ende of thys warre?" (For he mente to have slayne hym.)

"Nat so hardy," seyde Sir Launcelot, "uppon payne of thy hede, that thou touch hym no more! For I woll never se that moste noble kynge that made me knyght nother slayne nor shamed."

And therewithall Sir Launcelot alyght of hys horse and toke up the kynge and horsed hym agayne, and seyd thus: "My lorde the kynge, for Goddis love, stynte thys stryff, for ye gette here no worshyp and I wolde do myne utteraunce. But allwayes I forbeare you, and ye nor none off youres forberyth nat me. And therefore, my lorde, I pray you remembir what I have done in many placis, and now am I evyll rewarded."

So whan Kynge Arthur was on horsebak he loked on Sir Launcelot; than the teerys braste oute of hys yen, thynkyng of the grete curtesy that was in Sir Launcelot more than in ony other man. And therewith the kynge rode hys way and myght no lenger beholde hym, saiyng to hymselff, "Alas, alas, that ever yet thys warre began!"

And than aythir party of the batayles wythdrew them to repose them, and buryed the dede, and serched the wounded men and leyde to theire woundes soffte salves; and thus they endured that

nyght tylle on the morne. And on the morne by undirn they made them redy to do batayle, and than Sir Bors lad the vawarde.

So uppon the morn there cam Sir Gawayne, as brym as ony boore, wyth a grete spere in hys honde. And whan Sir Bors saw hym he thought to revenge hys brother Sir Lyonell of the despite Sir Gawayne gaff hym the other day. And so, as they that knew aythir other, feautred theire spearis, and with all theire myght of theire horsis and themselff so fyersly they mette togydirs and so felonsly that aythir bare other thorow, and so they felle bothe to the bare erthe. And than the batayle joyned, and there was much slaughter on bothe partyes. Than Sir Launcelot rescowed Sir Bors and sent hym into the castell, but neyther Sir Gawayne nother Sir Bors dyed nat of theire woundis, for they were well holpyn.

Than Sir Lavayne and Sir Urré prayde Sir Launcelot to do hys payne and feyght as they had done: "For we se that ye forbeare and spare, and that doth us much harme. And therefore we pray you spare nat youre enemyes no more than they do you."

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I have no harte to fyght ayenste my lorde Arthur, for ever mesemyth I do nat as me ought to do."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Palomydes, "thoughe ye spare them never so much all thys day, they woll never can you thanke; and yf they may gete you at avayle ye ar but a dede man."

So than Sir Launcelot undirstoode that they seyde hym trouthe. Than he strayned hymselff more than he ded toforehonde, and bycause hys nevew Sir Bors was sore wounded he payned hymselff the more. And so within a lytyll whyle, by evynsong tyme, Sir Launcelottis party the bettir stood, for theire horsis wente in blood paste the fyttlokkes, there were so many people slayne. And than for verry pité Sir Launcelot withhylde hys knyghtes and suffird Kynge Arthurs party to withdraw them on syde. And so he withdrew hys meyny into the castell, and aythir partyes buryed the dede and put salve unto the wounded men. So whan Sir Gawayne was hurte, they on Kynge Arthurs party were nat so orgulus as they were toforehonde to do batayle.

So of thys warre that was betwene Kynge Arthure and Sir Launcelot hit was noysed thorow all Crystyn realmys, and so hit

cam at the laste by relacion unto the Pope. And than the Pope toke a consideracion of the grete goodnes of Kynge Arthur and of the hygh proues off Sir Launcelot, that was called the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde. Wherefore the Pope called unto hym a noble clerke that at that tyme was there presente (the Freynshe boke seyth hit was the Bysshop of Rochester), and the Pope gaff hym bullys undir leade and sente hem unto the kynge, chargyng hym uppon payne of entirdytynge of all Inglonde that he take hys quene agayne and accorde with Sir Launcelot.

So whan thys bysshop was com unto Carlyle he shewed the kynge hys bullys, and whan the kynge undirstode them he wyste nat what to do. Full fayne he wolde have bene acorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawayne wolde nat suffir hym; but as for to have the quene he thereto agreed. But in no wyse he wolde suffir the kynge to accorde with Sir Launcelot, but as for the quene, he consented. So the bysshop had of the kynge hys grete seale and hys assuraunce, as he was a trew and anoynted kynge, that Sir Launcelot shulde com sauff and go sauff, and that the quene shulde nat be seyde unto of the kynge nother of none other for nothynge done of tyme paste. And of all thes appoyntementes the bysshop brought with hym sure wrytynge to shew unto Sir Launcelot.

So whan the bysshop was com to Joyous Garde, there he shewed Sir Launcelot how he cam frome the Pope with wrytynge unto Kyng Arthur and unto hym. And there he tolde hym the perelis, gyff he wythhelde the quene frome the kynge.

"Sir, hit was never in my thought," seyde Sir Launcelot, "to withholde the quene frome my lorde Arthur. But I kepe her here for thys cause: insomuche as she shulde have be brente for my sake, mesemed hit was my parte to save her lyff and put her from that daungere tyll bettir recover myght com. And now I thanke God," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that the Pope hathe made her pease. For God knowyth," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll be a thousandefolde more gladder to brynge her agayne than ever I was of her takyng away, wyth thys: I may be sure to com sauff and go sauff, and that the quene shall have her lyberté as she had before, and never

for nothyng that hath be surmysed afore thys tyme that she never frome thys stonde in no perell. For ellis," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I dare adventure me to kepe her frome an harder showre than ever yet I had."

"Sir, hit shall nat nede you," seyde the bysshop, "to drede thus muche; for wyte yow well, the Pope muste be obeyed, and hit were nat the Popis worshyp nother my poure honesté to know you distressed nother the quene, neyther in perell nother shamed." And than he shewed Sir Launcelot all hys wrytynge bothe frome the Pope and Kynge Arthure.

"Thys ys sure ynow," seyde Sir Launcelot. "For full well I dare truste my lordys owne wrytyng and hys seale, for he was never shamed of hys promyse. Therefore," seyde Sir Launcelot unto the bysshop, "ye shall ryde unto the kynge afore and recommaunde me unto hys good grace, and lat hym have knowlecchynge that this same day eyght dayes, by the grace of God, I myselff shall brynge the quene unto hym. And than sey ye to my moste redouted kynge that I woll sey largely for the quene, that I shall none excepte for drede nother for feare but the kynge hymselff and my lorde Sir Gawayne; and that ys for the kyngis love more than for hymselff."

So the bysshop departed and cam to the kynge to Carlehyll, and tolde hym all how Sir Launcelot answerd hym; so that made the teares falle oute at the kyngis yen. Than Sir Launcelot purveyed hym an hondred knyghtes, and all were clothed in grene velvet, and theire horsis trapped in the same to the heelys, and every knyght hylde a braunche of olyff in hys honde in tokenyng of pees. And the quene had foure and twenty jantillwomen folowyng her in the same wyse. And Sir Launcelot had twelve coursers folowyng hym, and on every courser sate a yonge jantylman; and all they were arayed in whyght velvet with sarpis of golde aboute theire neckys, and the horse trapped in the same wyse downe to the helys, wyth many owchys, isette with stonys and perelys in golde, to the numbir of a thousande. And in the same wyse was the quene arayed, and Sir Launcelot in the same, of whyght clothe of golde tyssew. And ryght so as ye have harde, as the Freynshe booke makyth mencion, he

rode with the quene frome Joyous Garde to Carlehyll. And so Sir Launcelot rode thorowoute Carlehylle, and so into the castell, that all men myght beholde hem. And wyte you well, there was many a wepyng ien. And than Sir Launcelot hymselff alyght and voyded hys horse, and toke adowne the quene, and so lad her where Kyng Arthur was in hys seate; and Sir Gawayne sate afore hym, and many other grete lordys.

So whan Sir Launcelot saw the kynge and Sir Gawayne, than he lad the quene by the arme, and than he kneled downe and the quene bothe. Wyte you well, than was there many a bolde knyght wyth Kynge Arthur that wepte as tendirly as they had seyne all theire kynne dede afore them.

So the kynge sate stylle and seyde no worde. And whan Sir Launcelot saw hys countenaunce he arose up and pulled up the quene with hym, and thus he seyde full knyghtly: "My moste redouted kynge, ye shall undirstonde, by the Popis commaundemente and youres I have brought to you my lady the quene, as ryght requyryth. And if there be ony knyght, of what degré that ever he be off, except your person, that woll sey or dare say but that she ys trew and clene to you, I here myselff, Sir Launcelot du Lake, woll make hit good uppon hys body that she ys a trew lady unto you.

"But sir, lyars ye have lystened, and that hath caused grete debate betwyxte you and me. For tyme hath bene, my lorde Arthur, that ye were gretly pleased with me whan I ded batayle for my lady youre quene; and full well ye know, my moste noble kynge, that she hathe be put to grete wronge or thys tyme. And sytthyn hyt pleased you at many tymys that I shulde feyght for her, therefore mesemyth, my good lorde, I had more cause to rescow her from the fyer whan she sholde have ben brente for my sake.

"For they that tolde you tho talys were lyars, and so hit felle uppon them: for by lyklyhode, had nat the myght of God bene with me, I myght never have endured with fourtene knyghtes, and they armed and afore purposed, and I unarmed and nat purposed. For I was sente for unto my lady youre quyne, I wote nat for what cause, but I was nat so sone within the chambir dore but anone Sir

Aggravayne and Sir Mordred called me traytoure and false recrayed knyght."

"Be my fayth, they called the ryght!" seyde Sir Gawayne.

"My lorde Sir Gawayne," seyde Sir Launcelot, "in theire quarell they preved nat hemselff the beste, nother in the ryght."

"Well, well, Sir Launcelot," seyde the kynge, "I have gyvyn you no cause to do to me as ye have done, for I have worshipt you and youres more than ony othir knyghtes."

"My good lorde," seyde Sir Launcelot, "so ye be nat displeased, ye shall undirstonde that I and myne have done you oftyntymes bettir servyse than ony othir knyghtes have done, in many dyverce placis; and where ye have bene full hard bestadde dyvers tymes, I have myselff rescowed you frome many daungers; and ever unto my power I was glad to please you and my lorde Sir Gawayne. In justis and in turnementis and in batayles set, bothe on horsebak and on foote, I have oftyn rescowed you, and you my lorde Sir Gawayne, and many mo of youre knyghtes in many dyvers placis.

"For now I woll make avaunte," seyde Sir Launcelot. "I woll that ye all wyte that as yet I founde never no maner of knyght but that I was over harde for hym and I had done myne utteraunce, God graunte mercy! Howbehit I have be macched with good knyghtes, as Sir Trystram and Sir Lamorak, but ever I had favoure unto them and a demyng what they were. And I take God to recorde, I never was wrothe nor gretly hevy wyth no good knyght and I saw hym besy and aboute to wyn worshyp; and glad I was ever whan I founde a good knyght that myght onythynge endure me on horsebak and on foote. Howbehit Sir Carados of the Dolerous Toure was a full noble knyght and a passynge stronge man, and that wote ye, my lorde Sir Gawayne; for he myght well be called a noble knyght whan he be fyne fors pulled you oute of your sadyll and bounde you overthwarte afore hym to hys sadyll-bow. And there, my lorde Sir Gawayne, I rescowed you and slew hym afore your syght. Also I founde his brothir Sir Terquyn in lyke wyse ledyng Sir Gaherys youre brothir bounden afore hym; and there also I rescowed youre brothir and slew Sir Terquyn and delyverde thre score and foure

of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of hys preson. And now I dare sey," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I mette never wyth so stronge a knyght nor so well-fyghtyng as was Sir Carados and Sir Tarquyn, for they and I faught to the uttermest.

"And therefore," seyde Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawayne, "mesemyth ye ought of ryght to remembir this; for, and I myght have youre good wyll, I wold truste to God for to have my lorde Arthurs good grace."

"Sir, the kynge may do as he wyll," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but wyte thou well, Sir Launcelot, thou and I shall never be accorded whyle we lyve, for thou hast slayne thre of my brethyrn; and too of hem thou slew traytourly and piteuously, for they bare none harneys ayenste the, nother none wold do."

"Sir, God wolde they had ben armed," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for than had they ben on lyve. And as for Sir Gareth, I loved no kynnesman I had more than I loved hym, and ever whyle I lyve," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll bewayle Sir Gareth hys dethe, nat all only for the grete feare I have of you, but for many causys whych causyth me to be sorowfull. One is that I made hym knyght; another ys, I wote well he loved me aboven all othir knyghtes; and the third ys, he was passyng noble and trew, curteyse and jantill and well-condicionde. The fourth ys, I wyste well, anone as I harde that Sir Gareth was dede, I shulde never aftir have youre love, my lorde Sir Gawayne, but everlastyng warre betwyxt us. And also I wyste well that ye wolde cause my noble lorde Kynge Arthur for ever to be my mortall foo. And as Jesu be my helpe, and be my knyghthode, I slewe never Sir Gareth nother hys brother be my wyllynge, but alas that ever they were unarmed that unhappy day!

"But this much I shall offir me to you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "if hit may please the kyngis good grace and you, my lorde Sir Gawayne. I shall firste begyn at Sandwyche, and there I shall go in my shearte, bare-foote; and at every ten myles ende I shall founde and gar make an house of relygious, of what order that ye woll assygne me, with an hole covente, to synge and rede day and nyght in especiall for Sir Gareth sake and Sir Gaherys, and thys

shall I perfourme from Sandwyche unto Carlyle. And every house shall have suffycyent lyvelode, and thys shall I perfourme whyle that I have ony lyvelod in Crystyndom, and there ys none of all thes religious placis but they shall be perfourmed, furnysshed and garnysshed with all thyngis as an holy place ought to be. And thys were fayrar and more holyar and more perfyte to theire soulis than ye, my moste noble kynge, and you, Sir Gawayne, to warre uppon me, for thereby shall ye gete none avayle."

Than all the knyghtes and ladyes that were there wepte as they were madde, and the tearys felle on Kynge Arthur hys chekis.

"Sir Launcelot," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I have ryght well harde thy langayge and thy grete proffirs. But wyte thou well, lat the kynge do as hit pleasith hym, I woll never forgyff the my brothirs dethe, and in especiall the deth of my brothir Sir Gareth. And if myne uncle Kynge Arthur wyll accorde wyth the, he shall loose my servys, for wyte thou well," seyde Sir Gawayne, "thou arte bothe false to the kynge and to me."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "he beryth nat the lyff that may make hit good. And ye, Sir Gawayne, woll charge me with so hyghe a thynge, ye muste pardone me, for than nedis must I answere you."

"Nay, nay," seyde Sir Gawayne, "we ar paste that as at thys tyme, and that causyth the Pope, for he hath charged myne uncle the kynge that he shall take agayne his quene and to accorde wyth the, Sir Launcelot, as for thys season, and therefore thou shalt go sauff as thou com. But in this londe thou shalt nat abyde paste a fyftene dayes, such somons I gyff the, for so the kynge and we were condescended and accorded ar thou cam. And ellis," seyde Sir Gawayne, "wyte thou well, thou shulde nat a comyn here but if hit were magré thyne hede. And if hit were nat for the Popis commaundement," seyde Sir Gawayne, "I shulde do batayle with the myne owne hondis, body for body, and preve hit uppon the that thou haste ben both false unto myne uncle Kynge Arthur, and to me bothe; and that shall I preve on thy body whan thou arte departed fro hense, wheresomever that I fynde the!"

Than Sir Launcelot syghed, and therewith the tearys felle on hys chekys, and than he seyde thus: "Moste nobelyst Crysten realme, whom I have loved aboven all othir realmys! And in the I have gotyn a grete parte of my worshyp; and now that I shall departe in thys wyse, truly me repentis that ever I cam in thys realme, that I shulde be thus shamefully banysshyd, undeserved and causeles. But fortune ys so varyaunte, and the wheele so mutable, that there ys no constaunte abydynge. And that may be preved by many olde cronycles, as of noble Ector of Troy and Alysaunder, the myghty conquerroure, and many mo other; whan they were moste in her royalté, they alyght passyng lowe. And so faryth hit by me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for in thys realme I had worshyp, and be me and myne all the hole Rounde Table hath bene encreced more in worshyp than ever hit was by ony of you all.

"And therefore wyte thou well, Sir Gawayne, I may lyve uppon my londis as well as ony knyght that here ys. And yf ye, my moste redoutted kynge, woll com uppon my londys with Sir Gawayne to warre uppon me, I muste endure you as well as I may. But as to you, Sir Gawayne, if that ye com there, I pray you charge me nat wyth treson nother felony, for and ye do, I muste answere you."

"Do thou thy beste," seyde Sir Gawayne, "and therefore hyghe the faste that thou were gone! And wyte thou well we shall sone com aftir, and breke the strengyst castell that thou hast, uppon thy hede!"

"Hyt shall nat nede that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for and I were as orgulous sette as ye ar, wyte you well I shulde mete you in myddys of the fylde."

"Make thou no more langayge," seyde Sir Gawayne, "but delyvir the quene from the, and pyke the lyghtly oute of thys courte!"

"Well," seyde Sir Launcelot, "and I had wyste of thys shortecomyng, I wolde a advysed me twyse or that I had com here. For and the quene had be so dere unto me as ye noyse her, I durste have kepte her frome the felyshyp of the beste knyghtes undir hevyn."

And than Sir Launcelot seyde unto Quene Gwenyvere in hyryng of the kynge and hem all, "Madame, now I muste departe from

you and thys noble felyshyp for ever. And sytthyn hit ys so, I besech you to pray for me, and I shall pray for you. And telle ye me, and if ye be harde bestad by ony false tunges; but lyghtly, my good lady, sende me worde, and if ony knyghtes hondys undir the hevyn may delyver you by batayle, I shall delyver you."

And therewithall Sir Launcelot kyssed the quene, and than he seyde all opynly, "Now lat se whatsomever he be in thys place that dare sey the quene ys nat trew unto my lorde Arthur! Lat se who woll speke and he dare speke!"

And therewith he brought the quene to the kynge, and than Sir Launcelot toke hys leve and departed. And there was nother kynge, duke nor erle, barowne nor knyght, lady nor jantyllwoman, but all they wepte as people oute of mynde, excepte Sir Gawayne. And whan thys noble knyght Sir Launcelot toke his horse to ryde oute of Carlehyll, there was sobbyng and wepyng for pure dole of hys departynge. And so he toke his way to Joyous Garde, and than ever afftir he called hit the Dolerous Garde. And thus departed Sir Launcelot frome the courte for ever.

And so whan he cam to Joyous Garde he called hys felyshyp unto hym and asked them what they wolde do. Than they answerde all holé togydirs with one voyce, they wold do as he wolde do.

"Than, my fayre felowys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I muste departe oute of thys moste noble realme. And now I shall departe, hit grevyth me sore, for I shall departe with no worship; for a fleymed man departith never oute of a realme with no worship. And that ys to me grete hevynes, for ever I feare aftir my dayes that men shall cronycle uppon me that I was fleamed oute of thys londe. And ellis, my fayre lordis, be ye sure, and I had nat drad shame, my lady Quene Gwenyvere and I shulde never have departed."

Than spake many noble knyghtes, as Sir Palomydes and Sir Saffyr hys brothir, and Sir Bellynger le Bewse, and Sir Urré with Sir Lavayne, with many other: "Sir, and ye woll so be disposed to abyde in thys londe we woll never fayle you; and if ye lyste nat to abyde in thys londe, there ys none of the good knyghtes that here be that woll fayle you, for many causis. One ys, all we that be nat

of your bloode shall never be wellcom unto the courte. And sytthyn hit lyked us to take a parte with you in youre distres in this realme, wyte you well hit shall lyke us as well to go in othir contreyes with you and there to take suche parte as ye do."

"My fayre lordys," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I well undirstonde you, and as I can, I thanke you. And ye shall undirstonde, suche lyvelode as I am borne unto I shall departe with you in thys maner of wyse: that ys for to say, I shall departe all my lyvelode and all my londis frely amonge you, and I myselff woll have as lytyll as ony of you; for, have I sufficiaunte that may longe unto my person, I woll aske none other ryches nother aray. And I truste to God to maynteyne you on my londys as well as ever ye were maynteyned."

Than spake all the knyghtes at onys: "Have he shame that woll leve you! For we all undirstonde in thys realme woll be no quyett but ever debate and stryff, now the felyshyp of the Rounde Table ys brokyn. For by the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table was Kynge Arthur upborne, and by theire nobeles the kynge and all the realme was ever in quyet and reste. And a grete parte," they sayde all, "was because of youre moste nobeles, Sir Launcelot."

"Now, truly," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I thanke you all of youre good sayinge, howbehit I wote well that in me was nat all the stabilité of thys realme, but in that I myght I ded my dever. And well I am sure I knew many rebellyons in my dayes that by me and myne were peased; and that I trow we all shall here of in shorte space, and that me sore repentith. For ever I drede me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that Sir Mordred woll make trouble, for he ys passyng envyous and applyeth hym muche to trouble."

And so they were accorded to departe wyth Sir Launcelot to hys landys. And to make shorte thys tale, they trussed and payed all that wolde aske them; and holé an hondred knyghtes departed with Sir Launcelot at onys, and made theire avowis they wolde never leve hym for weale ne for woo.

And so they shypped at Cardyff, and sayled unto Benwyke: som men calle hit Bayan and som men calle hit Beawme, where the wyne of Beawme ys. But to say the sothe, Sir Launcelot and

hys neveawis were lordes of all Fraunce and of all the londis that longed unto Fraunce; he and hys kyndrede rejoysed hit all thorow Sir Launcelottis noble proues.

And than he stuffed and furnysshed and garnysshed all his noble townys and castellis. Than all the people of tho landis cam unto Sir Launcelot on foote and hondis. And so whan he had stabelysshed all those contreyes, he shortly called a parlement; and there he crowned Sir Lyonell Kynge off Fraunce, and Sir Bors he crowned hym Kynge of all Kyng Claudas londis, and Sir Ector de Marys, Sir Launcelottis yonger brother, he crowned hym Kynge of Benwyke and Kynge of all Gyan, whych was Sir Launcelottis owne londys. And he made Sir Ector prynce of them all.

And thus he departed hys londis and avaunced all hys noble knyghtes. And firste he avaunced them off hys blood, as Sir Blamour, he made hym Duke of Lymosyn in Gyan; and Sir Bleoberys, he made hym Duke of Poyters; and Sir Gahalantyne, he made hym Deuke of Overn; and Sir Galyodyn, he made hym Deuke of Sentonge; and Sir Galyhud, he made hym Erle of Perygot. And Sir Menaduke, he made hym Erle of Roerge; and Sir Vyllars the Valyaunt, he made hym Erle of Bearne; and Sir Hebes le Renownes, he made hym Erle of Comange; and Sir Lavayne, he made hym Erle of Armynake; and Sir Urré, he made hym Erle of Estrake; and Sir Neroveus, he made hym Erle of Pardyak; and Sir Plenoryus, he made hym Erle of Foyse; and Sir Selyses of the Dolerous Toure, he made hym Erle of Mausank; and Sir Melyas de le Ile, he made hym Erle of Tursanke; and Sir Bellyngere le Bewse, he made hym Erle of the Lawundis; and Sir Palomydes, he made hym Deuke of Provynce; and Sir Saffir, he made hym Deuke of Landok. And Sir Clegys, he gaff hym the erledom of Agente; and Sir Sadok, he gaff hym the erledom of Sarlat; and Sir Dynas le Senesciall, he made hym Deuke of Angeoy; and Sir Clarrus, he made hym Duke of Normandy. Thus Sir Launcelot rewarded hys noble knyghtes, and many mo that mesemyth hit were to longe to rehers.

THE SIEGE OF BENWICK

SO LEVE WE Sir Launcelot in hys londis and hys noble knyghtes with hym, and returne we agayne unto Kynge Arthure and unto Sir Gawayne, that made a grete oste aredy to the numbir of thre score thousande. And all thynge was made redy for shyppyng to passe over the see, to warre uppon Sir Launcelot and uppon hys londis. And so they shypped at Cardyff.

And there Kynge Arthur made Sir Mordred chyeff ruler of all Ingelonde, and also he put the quene undir hys governaunce: bycause Sir Mordred was Kynge Arthurs son, he gaff hym the rule off hys londe and off hys wyff. And so the kynge passed the see and landed uppon Sir Launcelottis londis, and there he brente and wasted, thorow the vengeaunce of Sir Gawayne, all that they myght overrenne.

So whan thys worde was com unto Sir Launcelot, that Kynge Arthur and Sir Gawayne were landed uppon hys londis and made full grete destruccion and waste, than spake Sir Bors and seyde, "My lorde Sir Launcelot, hit is shame that we suffir hem thus to ryde over oure londys, for wyte you well, suffir ye hem as longe as ye wyll, they woll do you no favoure and they may handyll you."

Than seyde Sir Lyonell, that was ware and wyse, "My lorde Sir Launcelot, I woll gyff you thys counceyle: lat us kepe oure stronge walled townys untyll they have hunger and colde and blow on theire nayles; and than lat us fresshly set uppon hem and shrede hem downe as shepe in a folde, that ever aftir alyauntis may take ensample how they lande uppon oure londys."

Than spake Kynge Bagdemagus to Sir Launcelot and seyde, "Sir, youre curtesy woll shende us all, and youre curtesy hath waked all thys sorow; for and they thus overryde oure londis, they shall by proces brynge us all to nought whyle we thus in holys us hyde."

Than seyde Sir Galyhud unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, here bene knyghtes com of kyngis blood that woll nat longe droupe and dare

within thys wallys. Therefore gyff us leve, lyke as we ben knyghtes, to mete hem in the fylde, and we shall sle them that they shall curse the tyme that ever they cam into thys contrey."

Than spake seven brethirn of Northe Walis, whych were seven noble knyghtes, for a man myghte seke seven kyngis londis or he myght fynde such seven knyghtes. And thes seven noble knyghtes seyde all at onys, "Sir Launcelot, for Crystis sake, late us ryde oute with Sir Galyhud, for we were never wonte to coure in castels nother in noble townys."

Than spake Sir Launcelot, that was mayster and governoure of hem all, and seyde, "My fayre lordis, wyte you well I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes, for shedynge of Crysten blood; and yet my londis I undirstonde be full bare for to sustayne any oste awhyle, for the myghty warris that whylom made Kyng Claudas uppon thys contrey and uppon my fadir Kyng Ban, and on myne uncle Kynge Bors. Howbehit we woll as at this tyme kepe oure stronge wallis. And I shall sende a messyngere unto my lorde Arthur a tretyse for to take, for better ys pees than allwayes warre."

So Sir Launcelot sente forthe a damesel wyth a dwarff with her, requyryng Kynge Arthur to leve hys warryng uppon hys londys. And so he starte uppon a palferey, and the dwarffe ran by her syde, and whan she cam to the pavelon of Kynge Arthur, there she alyght. And there mette her a jantyll knyght, Sir Lucan the Butlere, and seyde, "Fayre damsell, com ye frome Sir Launcelot du Lake?"

"Yee, sir," she seyde, "therefore cam I hyddir to speke with my lorde the kynge."

"Alas," seyde Sir Lucan, "my lorde Arthure wolde accorde with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawayne woll nat suffir hym." And than he seyde, "I pray to God, damesell, that ye may spede well, for all we that bene aboute the kynge wolde that Sir Launcelot ded beste of ony knyght lyvynge."

And so with thys Sir Lucan lad the damesell to the kynge, where he sate with Syr Gawayne, for to hyre what she wolde say.

So whan she had tolde her tale the watir ran oute of the kyngis yen, and all the lordys were full glad for to advyce the kynge to be

accorded with Sir Launcelot, save all only Sir Gawayne. And he seyde, "My lorde, myne uncle, what woll ye do? Woll ye now turne agayne, now ye ar paste thys farre uppon youre journey? All the worlde woll speke of you vylany and shame."

"Now," seyde Kynge Arthur, "wyte you well, Sir Gawayne, I woll do as ye advyse me; and yet mesemyth," seyde Kynge Arthur, "hys fayre proffers were nat good to be reffused. But sytthyn I am com so far uppon thys journey, I woll that ye gyff the damesell her answere, for I may nat speke to her for pité, for her profirs ben so large."

Than Sir Gawayne seyde unto the damesell, "Thus sey ye to Sir Launcelot, that hyt ys waste laboure now to sew to myne uncle. For telle hym, and he wolde have made ony laboure for pease, he sholde have made hit or thys tyme, for telle hym now hit ys to late. And say to hym that I, Sir Gawayne, so sende hym worde, that I promyse hym by the faythe that I owghe to God and to knyghthode, I shall never leve hym tylle he hathe slayne me or I hym!"

So the damesell wepte and departed, and so there was many a wepyng yghe. And than Sir Lucan brought the damesell to her palffrey; and so she cam to Sir Launcelot, where he was amonge all hys knyghtes, and whan Sir Launcelot had harde hir answere, than the tearys ran downe by hys chekys. And than hys noble knyghtes strode about hym and seyde, "Sir Launcelot, wherefore make ye suche chere? Now thynke what ye ar and what men we ar, and lat us noble knyghtis macche hem in myddis of the fylde."

"That may be lyghtly done," seyde Sir Launcelot, "but I was never so lothe to do batayle. And therefore I pray you, fayre sirres, as ye love me, be ruled at thys tyme as I woll have you. For I woll allwayes fle that noble kynge that made me knyght; and whan I may no farther, I muste nedis deffende me. And that woll be more worshyp for me and us all than to compare with that noble kynge whom we have all served."

Than they hylde theire langayge, and as that nyght they toke theire reste. And uppon the mornyng erly, in the dawnynge of the day, as knyghtes loked oute they saw the cité of Benwyke besyged rounde

aboute, and gan faste to sette up laddirs. And thenne they defyed hem oute of the towne and bete hem wyghtely frome the wallis.

Than cam forthe Sir Gawayne, well armede, uppon a styff steede, and he cam before the chyeff gate with hys speare in hys honde, cryynge: "Where arte thou, Sir Launcelot? Ys there none of all your proude knyghtes that dare breake a speare with me?"

Than Sir Bors made hym redy and cam forth oute of the towne. And there Sir Gawayne encountred with Sir Bors, and at that tyme he smote hym downe frome hys horse, and allmoste he had slayne hym. And so Sir Bors was rescowed and borne into the towne. Than cam forthe Sir Lyonell, brother to Sir Bors, and thoughte to revenge hym; and aythir feawtred theire spearys and so ran togydirs, and there they mette spiteously, but Sir Gawayne had such a grace that he smote Sir Lyonell downe and wounded hym there passyngly sore. And than Sir Lyonell was rescowed and borne into the towne.

And thus Sir Gawayne com every day, and fayled nat but that he smote downe one knyght or othir. So thus they endured halff a yere, and much slaughter was of people on bothe partyes.

Than hit befelle uppon a day that Sir Gawayne cam afore the gatis armed at all pecis, on a noble horse, with a greate speare in hys honde, and than he cryed with a lowde voyce and seyde, "Where arte thou now, thou false traytour, Sir Launcelot? Why holdyst thou thyselff within holys and wallys lyke a cowarde? Loke oute, thou false traytoure knyght, and here I shall revenge uppon thy body the dethe of my thre brethirne!"

And all thys langayge harde Sir Launcelot every deale. Than hys kynne and hys knyghtes drew aboute hym, and all they seyde at onys unto Sir Launcelot, "Sir, now muste you deffende you lyke a knyght, othir ellis ye be shamed for ever, for now ye be called uppon treson, hit ys tyme for you to styrre! For ye have slepte over longe, and suffirde overmuche."

"So God me helpe," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I am ryght hevy at Sir Gawaynes wordys, for now he chargith me with a grete charge. And therefore I wote as well as ye I muste nedys deffende me, other ellis to be recreaunte."

Than Sir Launcelot bade sadyll hys strongest horse and bade let fecche hys armys and brynge all to the towre of the gate. And than Sir Launcelot spake on hyght unto the kynge and seyde, "My lorde Arthur, and noble kynge that made me knyght! Wyte you well I am ryght hevy for youre sake that ye thus sewe uppon me. And allwayes I forbeare you, for and I wolde be vengeable I myght have mette you in myddys the fylde or thys tyme, and thereto have made your boldiste knyghtes full tame. And now I have forborne you halff a yere, and suffirde you and Sir Gawayne to do what ye wolde do. And now I may no lenger suffir to endure, but nedis I muste deffende myselff, insomuch as Sir Gawayne hathe becalled me of treson; whych ys gretly ayenste my wyll that ever I shulde fyghte ayenste ony of youre blood, but now I may nat forsake hit, for I am dryvyn thereto as beste tylle a bay."

Than Sir Gawayne seyde unto Sir Launcelot, "And thou darste do batayle, leve thy babelynge and com off, and lat us ease oure hartis!"

Than Sir Launcelot armed hym and mownted uppon hys horse, and aythir of them gate greate spearys in theire hondys. And so the oste withoute stoode stylle all aparte, and the noble knyghtes cam oute of the cité by a greate numbir, that whan Kynge Arthur saw the numbir of men and knyghtes he mervaylde and seyde to hymselff, "Alas, that ever Sir Launcelot was ayenst me; for now I se that he hath forborne me." And so the covenaunte was made, there sholde no man nyghe hem nother deale wyth them tylle the tone were dede other yolden.

Than Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawayne departed a greate way in sundir, and than they cam togydirs with all theire horse myghtes as faste as they myght renne, and aythir smote othir in myddis of theire shyldis. But the knyghtes were so stronge and theire spearys so bygge that theire horsis myght nat endure theire buffettis, and so theire horsis felle to the erthe. And than they avoyded theire horsys and dressed theire shyldis afore them; than they strode togydirs and gaff many sad strokis on dyverse placis of theire bodyes, that the bloode braste oute on many sydis.

Than had Sir Gawayne suche a grace and gyffte that an holy man had gyvyn hym, that every day in the yere, frome undern tyll hyghe noone, hys myght encresed tho thre owres as much as thryse hys strength. And that caused Sir Gawayne to wynne grete honoure. And for hys sake Kynge Arthur made an ordynaunce that all maner off batayles for ony quarels that shulde be done afore Kynge Arthur shulde begynne at undern; and all was done for Sir Gawaynes love, that by lyklyhode, if Sir Gawayne were on the tone parté, he shulde have the bettir in batayle whyle hys strengthe endured thre owrys. But there were that tyme but feaw knyghtes lyvynge that knewe thys advauntayge that Sir Gawayne had, but Kynge Arthure all only.

So Sir Launcelot faught wyth Sir Gawayne, and whan Sir Launcelot felte hys myght evermore encrese, Sir Launcelot wondred and drad hym sore to be shamed; for, as the Freynshe booke seyth, he wende, whan he felte Sir Gawaynes double hys strengthe, that he had bene a fyende and none earthely man. Wherefore Sir Launcelot traced and traverced, and coverde hymselff with hys shylde, and kepte hys myght and hys brethe duryng thre owrys. And that whyle Sir Gawayne gaff hym many sad bruntis and many sad strokis, that all the knyghtes that behylde Sir Launcelot mervayled how he myght endure hym, but full lytyll undirstood they that travayle that Sir Launcelot had to endure hym.

And than whan hit was paste noone Sir Gawaynes strengthe was gone and he had no more but hys owne myght. Whan Sir Launcelot felte hym so com downe, than he strecched hym up and strode nere Sir Gawayne and seyde thus: "Now I fele ye have done youre warste! And now, my lorde Sir Gawayne, I muste do my parte, for many grete and grevous strokis I have endured you thys day with greate payne."

And so Sir Launcelot doubled hys strokis and gaff Sir Gawayne suche a buffet uppon the helmet that sydelynge he felle downe uppon hys one syde. And Sir Launcelot withdrew hym frome hym.

"Why wythdrawyst thou the?" seyde Sir Gawayne. "Turne agayne, false traytoure knyght, and sle me oute! For and thou leve me thus, anone as I am hole I shall do batayle with the agayne."

"Sir," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I shall endure you, be Goddis grace! But wyte thou well, Sir Gawayne, I woll never smyte a felde knyght."

And so Sir Launcelot departed and wente unto the cité. And Sir Gawayne was borne unto Kynge Arthurs pavylon, and anone lechys were brought unto hym of the beste, and serched and salved hym with souffte oynementis. And than Sir Launcelot seyde, "Now have good day, my lorde the kynge! For wyte you welle ye wynne no worshyp at thes wallis, for and I wolde my knyghtes outebrynge, there shulde many a douty man dye. And therefore, my lorde Arthur, remembir you of olde kyndenes, and howsomever I fare, Jesu be youre gyde in all placis."

"Now, alas," seyde the kynge, "that ever thys unhappy warre began! For ever Sir Launcelot forbearyth me in all placis, and in lyke wyse my kynne, and that ys sene well thys day, what curtesy he shewed my neveawe Sir Gawayne."

Than Kynge Arthur felle syke for sorow of Sir Gawayne, that he was so sore hurte, and bycause of the warre betwyxte hym and Sir Launcelot. So aftir that they on Kynge Arthurs party kepte the sege with lytyll warre wythouteforthe, and they withinforthe kepte theire wallys and deffended them whan nede was. Thus Sir Gawayne lay syke and unsounde thre wykes in hys tentis with all maner of lechecrauffte that myght be had.

And as sone as Sir Gawayne myght go and ryde, he armed hym at all poyntis and bestroode a styff courser and gate a grete speare in hys honde, and so he cam rydynge afore the chyeff gate of Benwyke. And there he cryed on hyght and seyde, "Where arte thou, Sir Launcelot? Com forth, thou false traytoure knyght and recrayed, for I am here, Sir Gawayne, that woll preve thys that I say uppon the!"

And all thys langayge Sir Launcelot harde, and sayde thus: "Sir Gawayne, me repentis of youre fowle sayinge, that ye woll nat cease your langayge. For ye wote well, Sir Gawayne, I know youre myght and all that ye may do, and well ye wote, Sir Gawayne, ye may nat greatly hurte me."

"Com downe, traytoure knyght," seyde he, "and make hit good the contrary wyth thy hondys! For hit myssehapped me the laste batayle to be hurte of thy hondis, therefore, wyte thou well, I am com thys day to make amendis, for I wene this day to ley the as low as thou laydest me."

"Jesu deffende me," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever I be so farre in youre daunger as ye have bene in myne, for than my dayes were done. But, Sir Gawayne," seyde Sir Launcelot, "ye shall nat thynke that I shall tarry longe, but sytthyn that ye unknyghtly calle me thus of treson, ye shall have bothe youre hondys fulle of me."

And than Sir Launcelot armed hym at all poyntis, and mounted uppon his horse and gate a grete speare in hys honde and rode oute at the gate. And bothe theire ostis were assembled, of them withoute and of them within, and stood in aray full manly, and bothe partyes were charged to holde hem stylle to se and beholde the batayle of thes too noble knyghtes.

And than they layde theire spearys in theire restis and so cam togydir as thundir. And Sir Gawayne brake hys speare in an hondred peces to hys honde, and Sir Launcelot smote hym with a gretter myght, that Sir Gawaynes horse feete reysed, and so the horse and he felle to the erthe.

Than Sir Gawayne delyverly devoyded hys horse and put hys shylde afore hym, and egirly drew hys swerde and bade Sir Launcelot, "Alyght, traytoure knyght!" and seyde, "Gyff a marys sonne hath fayled me, wyte thou well a kyngis sonne and a quenys sonne shall nat fayle the!"

Than Sir Launcelot devoyded hys horse and dressed hys shylde afore hym and drew hys swerde, and so strode egirly togydirs and gaff many sad strokis, that all men on bothe partyes had wondir. But whan Sir Launcelot felte Sir Gawaynes myght so mervaylously encres, he than wythhylde hys corayge and hys wynde; and so he kepte hym undir coverte of hys myght, and undir hys shylde he traced and traverced here and there, to breake Sir Gawaynys strokys and hys currayge. And ever Sir Gawayne enforced hymselff wyth all hys myght and power to destroy Sir Launcelot, for, as

the Freynshe booke saythe, ever as Sir Gawaynes myght encresed, ryght so encreced hys wynde and hys evyll wyll. And thus he ded grete payne unto Sir Launcelot thre owres, that he had much ado to defende hym.

And whan the thre owres were paste, that he felte Sir Gawayne was com home to his owne propir strengthe, than Sir Launcelot sayde, "Sir, now I have preved you twyse that ye ar a full daungerous knyght and a wondirfull man of your myght! And many wondir dedis have ye done in youre dayes, for by youre myght encresyng ye have desceyved many a full noble knyght. And now I fele that ye have done youre myghty dedis, now, wyte you well, I muste do my dedis!"

And than Sir Launcelot strode nere Sir Gawayne and doubled hys strokis, and ever Sir Gawayne deffended hym myghtyly, but nevertheles Sir Launcelot smote such a stroke uppon hys helme and uppon the olde wounde that Sir Gawayne sanke downe upon hys one syde and sowned. And anone as he ded awake he waved and foyned at Sir Launcelot as he lay, and seyde, "Traytoure knyght, wyte thou well I am nat yet slayne. Therefore com thou nere me and perfourme thys batayle to the utteraunce!"

"I woll no more do than I have done," seyde Sir Launcelot. "For whan I se you on foote I woll do batayle uppon you all the whyle I se you stande uppon youre feete; but to smyte a wounded man that may nat stonde, God defende me from such a shame!"

And than he turned hym and wente hys way towarde the cité, and Sir Gawayne evermore callyng hym traytoure knyght, and seyde, "Traytoure knyght! Wyte thou well, Sir Launcelot, whan I am hole I shall do batayle with the agayne, for I shall never leve the tylle the tone of us be slayne!"

Thus as thys syge endured and as Sir Gawayne lay syke nerehande a moneth, and whan he was well recovirde and redy within thre dayes to do batayle agayne with Sir Launcelot, ryght so cam tydyngis unto Kynge Arthur frome Inglonde that made Kynge Arthur and all hys oste to remeve.

SIR MORDRED

AS SIR MORDRED was rular of all Inglonde, he lete make lettirs as thoughe that they had com frome beyonde the see, and the lettirs specifyed that Kynge Arthur was slayne in batayle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parlemente, and called the lordys togydir, and there he made them to chose hym kynge. And so was he crowned at Caunturbyry, and hylde a feste there fyftene dayes. And aftirwarde he drew hym unto Wynchester, and there he toke Quene Gwenyvere, and seyde playnly that he wolde wedde her, which was hys unclys wyff and hys fadirs wyff. And so he made redy for the feste, and a day prefyxte that they shulde be wedded; wherefore Quene Gwenyvere was passyng hevy. But she durst nat discover her harte, but spake fayre, and aggreed to Sir Mordredys wylle.

And anone she desyred of Sir Mordred to go to London to byghe all maner thynges that longed to the brydale. And bycause of her fayre speche Sir Mordred trusted her and gaff her leve; and so whan she cam to London she toke the Towre of London, and suddeynly in all haste possyble she stuffed hit with all maner of vytayle, and well garnysshed hit with men, and so kepte hit. And whan Sir Mordred wyst how he was begyled he was passynge wrothe oute of mesure. And shorte tale to make, he layde a myghty syge aboute the Towre and made many assautis, and threw engynnes unto them, and shotte grete gunnes. But all myght nat prevayle, for Quene Gwenyvere wolde never, for fayre speache nother for foule, never to truste unto Sir Mordred to com in hys hondis agayne.

Than cam the Bysshop of Caunturbyry, whych was a noble clerke and an holy man, and thus he seyde unto Sir Mordred: "Sir, what woll ye do? Woll ye firste displease God and sytthyn shame youreselff and all knyghthode? For ys nat Kynge Arthur youre uncle, and no farther but youre modirs brothir, and uppon

her he hymselffe begate you, uppon hys owne syster? Therefore how may ye wed youre owne fadirs wyff? And therefor, sir," seyde the bysshop, "leve thys opynyon, other ellis I shall curse you with booke, belle, and candyll."

"Do thou thy warste," seyde Sir Mordred, "and I defyghe the!"

"Sir," seyde the bysshop, "and wyte you well I shall nat feare me to do that me ought to do. And also ye noyse that my lorde Arthur ys slayne, and that ys nat so, and therefore ye woll make a foule warke in thys londe!"

"Peas, thou false pryste!" seyde Sir Mordred, "for and thou chauffe me ony more, I shall make stryke of thy hede!"

So the bysshop departed, and ded the cursynge in the moste orguluste wyse that myght be done. And than Sir Mordred sought the Bysshop off Caunturbyry for to have slayne hym. Than the bysshop fledde, and tooke parte of hys goodes with hym, and wente nyghe unto Glassyngbyry. And there he was a preste-ermyte in a chapel, and lyved in poverté and in holy prayers, for well he undirstood that myschevous warre was at honde.

Than Sir Mordred soughte uppon Quene Gwenyvere by lettirs and sondis, and by fayre meanys and foule meanys, to have her to com oute of the Towre of London; but all thys avayled nought, for she answered hym shortely, opynly and pryvayly, that she had levir sle herselff than to be maryed with hym.

Than cam there worde unto Sir Mordred that Kynge Arthure had areysed the syge frome Sir Launcelot and was commynge homwarde wyth a greate oste to be avenged uppon Sir Mordred, wherefore Sir Mordred made wryte wryttes unto all the baronny of thys londe. And muche people drew unto hym; for than was the comyn voyce amonge them that with Kynge Arthur was never othir lyff but warre and stryff, and with Sir Mordrede was grete joy and blysse. Thus was Kynge Arthur depraved, and evyll seyde off; and many there were that Kynge Arthur had brought up of nought, and gyffyn them londis, that myght nat than say hym a good worde.

Lo ye all Englysshemen, se ye nat what a myschyff here was? For he that was the moste kynge and nobelyst knyght of the worlde,

and moste loved the felyshyp of noble knyghtes, and by hym they all were upholdyn, and yet myght nat thes Englyshemen holde them contente with hym. Lo thus was the olde custom and usayges of thys londe, and men say that we of thys londe have nat yet loste that custom. Alas! thys ys a greate defaughte of us Englysshemen, for there may no thynge us please no terme. And so fared the peple at that tyme: they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with the noble Kynge Arthur, and muche people drew unto Sir Mordred and seyde they wold abyde wyth hym for bettir and for wars. And so Sir Mordred drew with a greate oste to Dovir, for there he harde sey that Kyng Arthur wolde aryve, and so he thought to beate hys owne fadir fro hys owne londys. And the moste party of all Inglonde hylde wyth Sir Mordred, for the people were so new-fangill.

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dovir with hys oste, so cam Kyng Arthur wyth a greate navy of shyppis and galyes and carykes, and there was Sir Mordred redy awaytyng uppon hys londynge, to lette hys owne fadir to londe uppon the londe that he was kynge over.

Than there was launchyng of greate botis and smale, and full of noble men of armys; and there was muche slaughtir of jantyll knyghtes, and many a full bolde barowne was layde full lowe on bothe partyes. But Kyng Arthur was so currageous that there myght no maner of knyght lette hym to lande, and hys knyghtes fyersely folowed hym. And so they londed magré Sir Mordredis hede and all hys power, and put Sir Mordred abak, that he fledde and all hys people.

So whan thys batayle was done, Kynge Arthure let serche hys people that were hurte and burye his people that were dede. And than was noble Sir Gawayne founde in a greate boote, liynge more than halff dede. Whan Kyng Arthur knew that he was layde so low he wente unto hym and so fownde hym. And there the kynge made greate sorow oute of mesure, and toke Sir Gawayne in hys armys, and thryse he there sowned. And than whan he was waked, Kyng Arthur seyde, “Alas! Sir Gawayne, my syster-son, here now thou lyghest, the man in the worlde that I loved moste. And now ys my

joy gone! For now, my nevew, Sir Gawayne, I woll discover me unto you, that in youre person and in Sir Launcelot I moste had my joy and myne affyaunce. And now have I loste my joy of you bothe, wherefore all myne erthely joy ys gone fro me!"

"A, myn uncle," seyde Sir Gawayne, "now I woll that ye wyte that my deth-dayes be com. And all I may wyte myne owne hastynes and my wylfulnesse, for thorow my wylfulnes I was causer of myne owne dethe. For I was thys day hurte and smytten uppon myne olde wounde that Sir Launcelot gaff me, and I fele myselff that I muste nedis be dede by the owre of noone. And thorow me and my pryde ye have all thys shame and disease, for had that noble knyght Sir Launcelot ben with you, as he was and wolde have ben, thys unhappy warre had never ben begunne; for he, thorow hys noble knyghthode and hys noble bloode, hylde all youre cankyrde enemyes in subjeccion and daungere. And now," seyde Sir Gawayne, "ye shall mysse Sir Launcelot. But alas that I wolde nat accorde with hym! And therefore, fayre unkle, I pray you that I may have paupir, penne, and inke, that I may wryte unto Sir Launcelot a sedull wrytten with myne owne honde."

So whan pauper, penne, and inke was brought, than Sir Gawayne was sette up waykely by Kynge Arthure, for he was shryven a lytyll afore. And than he toke hys penne and wrote thus, as the Freynshe booke makith mencion: "Unto the, Sir Launcelot, floure of all noble knyghtes that ever I harde of or saw be my dayes, I, Sir Gawayne, Kynge Lottis sonne of Orkeney and systirs sonne unto the noble Kynge Arthur, sende the gretynge, lattynge the to have knowlecche that the tenthe day of May I was smytten uppon the olde wounde that thou gaff me afore the cité of Benwyke, and thorow that wounde I am com to my dethe-day. And I woll that all the worlde wyte that I, Sir Gawayne, Knyght of the Table Rounde, soughte my dethe, and nat thorow thy deservynge but myne owne sekynge. Wherefore I beseche the, Sir Launcelot, to returne agayne unto thys realme and se my toumbe and pray som prayer more other les for my soule. And thys same day that I wrote this sedull I was hurte to the dethe in the same wounde, whych wounde was fyrste gyffyn

of thyn honde, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobelar man myght I nat be slayne.

"Also, Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwyxte us, make no taryyng, but com over the see in all the goodly haste that ye may wyth youre noble knyghtes, and rescow that noble kynge that made the knyght, that ys my lorde Arthure, for he ys full straytely bestad wyth an false traytoure, whych ys my halff-brothir Sir Mordred. For he hath crowned hymselff kynge, and wolde have wedded my lady Quene Gwenyvere; and so had he done, had she nat kepte the Towre of London with stronge honde. And so the tenthe day of May last paste, my lorde Kynge Arthur and we all londed uppon them at Dover, and there he put that false traytoure Sir Mordred to flyght. And so hit there mysfortuned me to be smytten uppon the strooke that ye gaff me of olde.

"And the date of thys lettir was wrytten but too owrys and an halff afore my dethe, wrytten with myne owne honde and subscrybed with parte of my harte blood. And therefore I requyre the, moste famous knyght of the worlde, that thou wolte se my tumbe."

And than he wepte and Kynge Arthur both, and sowned. And whan they were awaked bothe, the kynge made Sir Gawayne to resceyve hys sacrament, and than Sir Gawayne prayde the kynge for to sende for Sir Launcelot and to cherysshe hym aboven all othir knyghtes. And so at the owre of noone Sir Gawayne yelded up the goste. And than the kynge lat entere hym in a chapell within Dover Castell. And there yet all men may se the skulle of hym, and the same wounde is sene that Sir Launcelot gaff hym in batayle.

Than was hit tolde the kynge that Sir Mordred had pyght a new fylde uppon Bareon Downe. And so uppon the morne Kynge Arthur rode thydir to hym, and there was a grete batayle betwyxt hem, and muche people were slayne on bothe partyes. But at the laste Kynge Arthurs party stoode beste, and Sir Mordred and hys party fledde unto Caunturbyry. And than the kynge let serche all the downys for hys knyghtes that were slayne, and entered them; and salved them with soffte salvys that full sore were wounded.

Than much people drew unto Kynge Arthur, and than they sayde that Sir Mordred warred uppon Kynge Arthure wyth wronge. And anone Kynge Arthure drew hym wyth his oste downe by the seesyde westewarde, towarde Salusbyry. And there was a day assygned betwyxte Kynge Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they shulde mete uppon a downe besyde Salesbyry and nat farre frome the seesyde. And thys day was assygned, on Monday aftir Trynyté Sonday, whereof Kynge Arthur was passyng glad, that he myght be avenged uppon Sir Mordred.

Than Sir Mordred araysed muche people aboute London, for they of Kente, Southsex and Surrey, Esax, Suffolke, and Northefolke helde the moste party with Sir Mordred. And many a full noble knyght drew unto hym and also to the kynge; but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

So uppon Trynyté Sunday at nyght Kynge Arthure dremed a wondirfull dreme, and in hys dreme hym semed that he saw uppon a chafflet a chayre, and the chayre was faste to a whele, and thereuppon sate Kynge Arthure in the rychest clothe of golde that myght be made. And the kynge thought there was undir hym, farre from hym, an hydeous depe blak watir, and therein was all maner of serpentis and wormes and wylde bestis fowle and orryble. And suddeynly the kynge thought that the whyle turned up-so-downe, and he felle amonge the serpentis, and every beste toke hym by a lymme.

And than the kynge cryed as he lay in hys bed, "Helpe! helpe!" And than knyghtes, squyars, and yomen awaked the kynge, and than he was so amased that he wyste nat where he was. And than so he awaked untylle hit was nyghe day, and than he felle on slumberynge agayne, nat slepynge nor thorowly wakynge.

So the kyng semed verryly that there cam Sir Gawayne unto hym with a numbir of fayre ladyes wyth hym. So whan Kyng Arthur saw hym he seyde, "Wellcom, my systers sonne, I wende ye had bene dede. And now I se the on lyve, much am I beholdyn unto Allmyghty Jesu. A, fayre nevew, what bene thes ladyes that hyder be com with you?"

"Sir," seyde Sir Gawayne, "all thes be ladyes for whom I have foughten for, whan I was man lyvynge. And all thes ar tho that I ded batayle fore in ryghteuous quarels, and God hath gyvyn hem that grace at theire grete prayer, bycause I ded batayle for them for theire ryght, that they shulde brynge me hydder unto you. Thus much hath God gyvyn me leve for to warne you of youre dethe: for and ye fyght as to-morne with Sir Mordred, as ye bothe have assygned, doute ye nat ye shall be slayne, and the moste party of youre people on bothe partyes. And for the grete grace and goodnes that Allmyghty Jesu hath unto you, and for pyté of you and many mo other good men that there shall be slayne, God hath sente me to you of Hys speciall grace to gyff you warnyng that in no wyse ye do batayle as to-morne, but that ye take a tretyse for a moneth-day. And proffir you largely, so that to-morne ye put in a delay. For within a moneth shall com Sir Launcelot with all hys noble knyghtes, and rescow you worshypfully, and sle Sir Mordred and all that ever wyll holde wyth hym."

Than Sir Gawayne and all the ladyes vanysshed, and anone the kynge called uppon hys knyghtes, squyars, and yomen, and charged them wyghtly to fecche hys noble lordis and wyse bysshoppis unto hym. And whan they were com the kynge tolde hem of hys avision, that Sir Gawayne had tolde hym and warned hym that and he fought on the morne, he sholde be slayne. Than the kynge commaunded Sir Lucan the Butlere and hys brothir Sir Bedyvere the Bolde, with too bysshoppis wyth hem, and charged them in ony wyse to take a tretyse for a moneth-day wyth Sir Mordred: "And spare nat, proffir hym londys and goodys as much as ye thynke resonable."

So than they departed and cam to Sir Mordred where he had a grymme oste of an hondred thousande, and there they entretyd Sir Mordred longe tyme. And at the laste Sir Mordred was aggreed for to have Cornwayle and Kente by Kynge Arthurs dayes; and afftir that all Inglonde, after the dayes of Kynge Arthur.

Than were they condescended that Kynge Arthure and Sir Mordred shulde mete betwyxte bothe theire ostis, and everych of them shulde brynge fourtene persons. And so they cam wyth thys

worde unto Arthur. Than seyde he, "I am glad that thys ys done"; and so he wente into the fylde. And whan Kynge Arthur shulde departe he warned all hys oste that and they se ony swerde drawyn, "loke ye com on fyersely and sle that traytoure, Sir Mordred, for I in no wyse truste hym."

In lyke wyse Sir Mordred warned hys oste that "And ye se ony maner of swerde drawyn, loke that ye com on fyersely and so sle all that ever before you stondyth, for in no wyse I woll nat truste for thys tretyse" – and in the same wyse seyde Sir Mordred unto hys oste – "for I know well my fadir woll be avenged uppon me."

And so they mette as theire poyntemente was, and were agreed and accorded thorowly. And wyne was fette, and they dranke togydir. Ryght so cam oute an addir of a lytyll hethe-buysshe, and hit stange a knyght in the foote. And so whan the knyght felte hym so stonge, he loked downe and saw the adder; and anone he drew hys swerde to sle the addir, and thought none othir harme. And whan the oste on bothe partyes saw that swerde drawyn, than they blewe beamys, trumpettis, and hornys, and shoutted grymly, and so bothe ostis dressed hem togydirs. And Kynge Arthur toke hys horse and seyde, "Alas, this unhappy day!" and so rode to hys party, and Sir Mordred in lyke wyse.

And never syns was there seyne a more dolefuller batayle in no Crysten londe, for there was but russhynge and rydynge, foynynge and strykynge, and many a grym worde was there spokyn of aythir to othir, and many a dedely stroke. But ever Kynge Arthure rode thorowoute the batayle of Sir Mordred many tymys and ded full nobely, as a noble kynge shulde do, and at all tymes he faynted never. And Sir Mordred ded hys devoure that day and put hymselffe in grete perell. And thus they fought all the longe day, and never stynted tylle the noble knyghtes were layde to the colde erthe. And ever they fought stylle tylle hit was nere nyght, and by than was there an hondred thousande leyde dede uppon the downe.

Than was Kynge Arthure wode wroth oute of mesure, whan he saw hys people so slayne frome hym. And so he loked aboute hym and cowde se no mo of all hys oste and good knyghtes leffte, no mo

on lyve but too knyghtes: the tone was Sir Lucan de Buttler, and the tother was hys brother Sir Bedwere; and yette they were full sore wounded.

"Jesu mercy!" seyde the kynge, "where ar all my noble knyghtes becom? Alas, that ever I shulde se thys doleful day! For now," seyde Kynge Arthur, "I am com to myne ende. But wolde to God," seyde he, "that I wyste now where were that traytoure Sir Mordred that hath caused all thys myschyff."

Than Kynge Arthur loked aboute and was ware where stood Sir Mordred leanyng uppon hys swerde amonge a grete hepe of dede men.

"Now, gyff me my speare," seyde Kynge Arthure unto Sir Lucan, "for yondir I have aspyed the traytoure that all thys woo hath wrought."

"Sir, latte hym be," seyde Sir Lucan, "for he ys unhappy; and yf ye passe this unhappy day ye shall be ryght well revenged upon hym. And, good lorde, remember ye of your nyghtes dreme and what the spyryte of Sir Gawayne tolde you tonyght, and yet God of Hys grete goodnes hath preserved you hyddirto. And for Goddes sake, my lorde, leve of thys, for, blyssed be God, ye have won the fylde: for yet we ben here thre on lyve, and with Sir Mordred ys nat one on lyve. And therefore if ye leve of now, thys wycked day of desteny ys paste."

"Now tyde me dethe, tyde me lyff," seyde the kyng, "now I se hym yondir alone, he shall never ascape myne hondes! For at a bettir avayle shall I never have hym."

"God spyede you well!" seyde Sir Bedyvere.

Than the kynge gate his speare in bothe hys hondis, and ran towarde Sir Mordred, cryyng and saying, "Traytoure, now ys thy dethe-day com!"

And whan Sir Mordred saw Kynge Arthur he ran untyll hym with hys swerde drawyn in hys honde; and there Kyng Arthur smote Sir Mordred undir the shylde, with a foyne of hys speare, thorowoute the body more than a fadom. And whan Sir Mordred felte that he had hys dethys wounde he threste hymselff with the myght that he

had up to the burre of Kyng Arthurs speare, and ryght so he smote hys fadir, Kynge Arthure, with hys swerde holdynge in both hys hondys, uppon the syde of the hede, that the swerde perced the helmet and the tay of the brayne. And therewith Mordred daysshed downe starke dede to the erthe.

And noble Kynge Arthure felle in a swoughe to the erthe, and there he sowned oftyntymys, and Sir Lucan and Sir Bedwere offtetymys hove hym up. And so waykly betwyxte them they lad hym to a lytyll chapell nat farre frome the see syde, and whan the kyng was there, he thought hym resonabely eased.

Than harde they people crye in the fylde. "Now go thou, Sir Lucan," seyde the kyng, "and do me to wyte what betokyns that noyse in the fylde."

So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grevously wounded in many placis; and so as he yode he saw and harkened by the moonelyght how that pyllours and robbers were com into the fylde to pylle and to robbe many a full noble knyght of brochys and bees, and of many a good rynge and many a ryche juell. And who that were nat dede all oute, there they slewe them for theire harneys and theire ryches.

Whan Sir Lucan undirstood thys warke he cam to the kynge as sone as he myght, and tolde hym all what he had harde and seyne. "Therefore be my rede," seyde Sir Lucan, "hit ys beste that we brynge you to som towne."

"I wolde hit were so," seyde the kynge, "but I may nat stonde, my hede worchys so. A, Sir Launcelot!" seyde Kynge Arthure, "thys day have I sore myssed the! And alas, that ever I was ayenste the; for now have I my dethe, whereof Sir Gawayne me warned in my dreame."

Than Sir Lucan toke up the kynge the tone party and Sir Bedwere the othir parté, and in the lyfftyng up the kynge sowned. And Sir Lucan felle in a sowne, that parte of hys guttis felle oute of hys body, and therewith the noble knyght hys harte braste. And whan the kynge awoke he behylde Sir Lucan, how he lay fomyng at the mowth and parte of his guttes lay at hys fyete.

"Alas," seyde the kynge, "thys ys to me a fulle hevy syght, to se thys noble deuke so dye for my sake, for he wold have holpyn me that had more nede of helpe than I. Alas, that he wolde nat complayne hym, for hys harte was so sette to helpe me. Now Jesu have mercy uppon hys soule!"

Than Sir Bedwere wepte for the deth of hys brothir.

"Now leve thys mournynge and wepyng, jantyll knyght," seyde the kyng, "for all thys woll nat avayle me. For wyte thou well, and I myght lyve myselff, the dethe of Sir Lucan wolde greve me evermore. But my tyme hyeth faste," seyde the kynge. "Therefore," seyde Kynge Arthur unto Sir Bedwere, "take thou here Excaliber, my good swerde, and go wyth hit to yondir watirs syde; and whan thou commyste there, I charge the throw my swerde in that water, and com agayne and telle me what thou syeste there."

"My lorde," seyde Sir Bedwere, "youre commaundement shall be done, and lyghtly brynge you worde agayne."

So Sir Bedwere departed. And by the way he behylde that noble swerde, and the pomell and the hauffte was all of precious stonys. And than he seyde to hymselff, "If I throw thys ryche swerde in the water, thereof shall never com good, but harme and losse." And than Sir Bedwere hyd Excalyber undir a tre, and so as sone as he myght he cam agayne unto the kynge and seyde he had bene at the watir and had throwen the swerde into the watir.

"What sawe thou there?" seyde the kynge.

"Sir," he seyde, "I saw nothyng but wawis and wyndys."

"That ys untruly seyde of the," seyde the kynge. "And therefore go thou lyghtly agayne, and do my commaundemente; as thou arte to me lyff and dere, spare nat, but throw hit in."

Than Sir Bedwere returned agayne and toke the swerde in hys honde; and yet hym thought synne and shame to throw away that noble swerde. And so effte he hyd the swerde, and returned agayne and tolde the kynge that he had bene at the watir and done hys commaundement.

"What sawist thou there?" seyde the kynge.

"Sir," he seyde, "I sy nothynge but watirs wap and wawys wanne."

"A, traytour unto me and untrew," seyde Kyng Arthure, "now hast thou betrayed me twyse! Who wolde wene that thou that hast bene to me so leve and dere, and also named so noble a knyght, that thou wolde betray me for the ryches of thys swerde? But now go agayn lyghtly; for thy longe taryynge puttith me in grete jouparté of my lyff, for I have takyn colde. And but if thou do now as I bydde the, if ever I may se the, I shall sle the myne owne hondis, for thou woldist for my rych swerde se me dede."

Than Sir Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly toke hit up, and so he wente unto the watirs syde. And there he bounde the gyrdyll aboute the hyltis, and threw the swerde as farre into the watir as he myght. And there cam an arme and an honde above the watir, and toke hit and cleyght hit, and shoke hit thryse and braundysshed, and than vanysshed awaye the honde with the swerde into the watir.

So Sir Bedyvere cam agayne to the kynge and tolde hym what he saw.

"Alas," seyde the kynge, "helpe me hens, for I drede me I have taryed over longe."

Than Sir Bedwere toke the kynge uppon hys bak and so wente with hym to the watirs syde. And whan they were there, evyn faste by the banke hoved a lytyll barge wyth many fayre ladyes in hit, and amonge hem all was a quene, and all they had blak hoodis, and all they wepte and shryked whan they saw Kynge Arthur.

"Now put me into that barge," seyde the kynge.

And so he ded sofftely, and there resceyved hym thre quenys with grete mournyng. And so they sette hem downe, and in one of theire lappis Kyng Arthure layde hys hede.

And than the quene seyde, "A, my dere brothir, why have ye taryed so longe frome me? Alas, thys wounde on youre hede hath caught overmuch colde!"

And anone they rowed fromward the londe, and Sir Bedyvere behylde all tho ladyes go frowarde hym.

Than Sir Bedwere cryed and seyde, "A, my lorde Arthur, what shall becom of me, now ye go frome me and leve me here alone amonge myne enemyes?"

"Comforte thyselff," seyde the kynge, "and do as well as thou mayste, for in me ys no truste for to truste in. For I wyll into the vale of Avylyon to hele me of my grevous wounde. And if thou here nevermore of me, pray for my soule!"

But ever the quenes and ladyes wepte and shryked, that hit was pité to hyre. And as sone as Sir Bedwere had loste the syght of the barge he wepte and wayled, and so toke the foreste and wente all that nyght.

And in the mornyng he was ware, betwyxte too holtis hore, of a chapell and an ermytage. Than was Sir Bedwere fayne, and thyder he wente, and whan he cam into the chapell he saw where lay an ermyte grovelynge on all foure; faste thereby a tumbe was newe gravyn. Whan the ermyte saw Sir Bedyvere he knewe hym well, for he was but lytyll tofore Bysshop of Caunturbery that Sir Mordred fleamed.

"Sir," seyde Sir Bedyvere, "what man ys there here entyred that ye pray so faste fore?"

"Fayre sunne," seyde the ermyte, "I wote nat veryly but by demynge. But thys same nyght, at mydnyght, here cam a numbir of ladyes and brought here a dede corse and prayde me to entyre hym. And here they offird an hondred tapers, and they gaff me a thousande besauntes."

"Alas!" seyde Sir Bedyvere, "that was my lorde Kynge Arthur, whych lyethe here gravyn in thys chapell."

Than Sir Bedwere sowned, and whan he awooke he prayde the ermyte that he myght abyde with hym stylle, there to lyve with fastynge and prayers. "For from hens woll I never go," seyde Sir Bedyvere, "be my wyll, but all the dayes of my lyff here to pray for my lorde Arthur."

"Sir, ye ar wellcom to me," seyde the ermyte, "for I know you bettir than ye wene that I do: for ye ar Sir Bedwere the Bolde, and the full noble duke Sir Lucan de Butlere was your brother."

Than Sir Bedwere tolde the ermyte all as ye have harde tofore, and so he belaffte with the ermyte that was beforehande Bysshop of Caunturbyry. And there Sir Bedwere put uppon hym poure clothys, and served the ermyte full lowly in fastyng and in prayers.

Thus of Arthure I fynde no more wrytten in bokis that bene auctorysed, nothir more of the verry sertaynté of hys deth harde I never rede, but thus was he lad away in a shyp wherein were thre quenys: that one was Kynge Arthurs syster, Quene Morgan le Fay, the tother was the Quene of North Galis, and the thirde was the Quene of the Waste Londis. Also there was Dame Nynyve, the chyff lady of the laake, whych had wedded Sir Pellyas, the good knyght; and thys lady had done muche for Kynge Arthure. (And thys Dame Nynyve wolde never suffir Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he shulde be in daungere of hys lyff, and so he lyved unto the uttermuste of hys dayes with her in grete reste.)

Now more of the deth of Kynge Arthur coude I never fynde, but that thes ladyes brought hym to hys grave and such one was entyred there, whych the ermyte bare wytnes that sometyme was Bysshop of Caunturbyry; but yet the ermyte knew nat in sertayne that he was veryly the body of Kynge Arthur.

For thys tale Sir Bedwere, a Knyght of the Table Rounde, made hit to be wrytten; yet som men say in many partys of Inglonde that Kynge Arthure ys nat dede, but had by the wyll of Oure Lorde Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall com agayne, and he shall wynne the Holy Crosse. Yet I woll nat say that hit shall be so, but rather I wolde sey: here in thys worlde he chaunged hys lyff. And many men say that there ys wrytten uppon the tumbe thys vers: "Hic iacet Arthurus, Rex quondam Rexque futurus."

And thus leve I here Sir Bedyvere with the ermyte that dwelled that tyme in a chapell besydes Glassyngbyry, and there was hys ermytage. And so they lyved in prayers and fastynges and grete abstynaunce.

And whan Quene Gwenyvere undirstood that Kynge Arthure was dede and all the noble knyghtes, Sir Mordred and all the remanaunte, than she stale away with fyve ladyes with her, and so

she wente to Amysbyry. And there she lete make herselff a nunne, and wered whyght clothys and blak, and grete penaunce she toke uppon her, as ever ded synfull woman in thys londe. And never creature coude make her myry, but ever she lyved in fastynge, prayers, and almes-dedis, that all maner of people mervayled how vertuously she was chaunged.

SIR LAUNCELOT

NOW LEVE WE the quene in Amysbery, a nunne in whyght clothys and blak – and there she was abbas and rular, as reson wolde – and now turne we from her and speke we of Sir Launcelot du Lake, that whan he harde in hys contrey that Sir Mordred was crowned kynge in Inglonde and made warre ayenst Kyng Arthur, hys owne fadir, and wolde lette hym to londe in hys owne londe (also hit was tolde hym how Sir Mordred had leyde a syge aboute the Towre of London, bycause the quene wold nat wedde hym), than was Sir Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and seyde to hys kynnesmen, "Alas! that double traytoure, Sir Mordred, now me repentith that ever he ascaped my hondys, for much shame hath he done unto my lorde Arthure. For I fele by thys dolefull lettir that my lorde Sir Gawayne sente me, on whos soule Jesu have mercy, that my lorde Arthur ys full harde bestad.

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "that ever I shulde lyve to hyre of that moste noble kynge that made me knyght thus to be oversette with hys subjette in hys owne realme! And this dolefull lettir that my lorde Sir Gawayne hath sente me afore hys dethe, prayynge me to se hys tumbe, wyte you well hys doleffull wordes shall never go frome my harte. For he was a full noble knyght as ever was born! And in an unhappy owre was I born that ever I shulde have that myssehappe to sle firste Sir Gawayne, Sir Gaherys, the good knyght, and myne owne frynde Sir Gareth, that was a full noble knyght. Now, alas, I may sey I am unhappy that ever I shulde do thus; and yet, alas, myght I never have hap to sle that traytoure, Sir Mordred!"

"Now leve youre complayntes," seyde Sir Bors, "and firste revenge you of the dethe of Sir Gawayne, on whos soule Jesu have mercy! And hit woll be well done that ye se hys tumbe, and secundly that ye revenge my lorde Arthur and my lady Quene Gwenyvere."

"I thanke you," seyde Sir Launcelot, "for ever ye woll my worshyp."

Than they made hem redy in all the haste that myght be, with shyppis and galyes, with hym and hys oste to passe into Inglonde. And so at the laste he cam to Dover, and there he landed with seven kyngis, and the numbir was hedeous to beholde.

Than Sir Launcelot spyrred of men of Dover where was the kynge becom. And anone the people tolde hym how he was slayne and Sir Mordred to, with an hondred thousande that dyed uppon a day; and how Sir Mordred gaff Kynge Arthur the first batayle there at hys londynge, and there was good Sir Gawayne slayne; and uppon the morne Sir Mordred faught with the kynge on Baram Downe, and there the kyng put Sir Mordred to the wars.

"Alas," seyde Sir Launcelot, "thys is the hevyest tydyngis that ever cam to my harte! Now, fayre sirres," seyde Sir Launcelot, "shew me the tumbe of Sir Gawayne."

And than sertayne peple of the towne brought hym into the castel of Dover, and so they shewed hym the tumbe. Than Sir Launcelot kneled downe by the tumbe and wepte, and prayde hartely for hys soule. And that nyght he lete make a dole, and all they that wolde com of the towne or of the contrey they had as much fleyssh and fysshe and wyne and ale, and every man and woman he dalt to twelve pence, com whoso wolde. Thus with hys owne honde dalte he thys money, in a mournyng gowne; and ever he wepte hartely and prayde the people to pray for the soule of Sir Gawayne.

And on the morn all the prystes and clarkes that myght be gotyn in the contrey and in the town were there, and sange Massis of Requiem. And there offird first Sir Launcelot, and he offird an hondred pounde, and than the seven kynges offirde, and every of them offirde fourty pounde. Also there was a thousande knyghtes, and every of them offirde a pounde; and the offeryng dured fro the morne to nyght. And there Sir Launcelot lay too nyghtes uppon hys tumbe in prayers and in dolefull wepynge.

Than on the thirde day Sir Launcelot called the kyngis, deukes, and erlis, with the barownes and all hys noble knyghtes, and seyde

thus: "My fayre lordis, I thanke you all of youre comynge into thys contrey with me. But wyte you well, all we ar com to late, and that shall repente me whyle I lyve, but ayenste deth may no man rebell. But sytthyn hit ys so," seyde Sir Launcelot, "I woll myselffe ryde and syke my lady Quene Gwenyvere. For, as I here sey, she hath had grete payne and muche disease, and I here say that she ys fledde into the weste. And therefore ye all shall abyde me here, and but if I com agayne within thes fyftene dayes, than take youre shyppis and youre felyship and departe into youre countrey, for I woll do as I sey you."

Than cam Sir Bors de Ganys and seyde, "My lorde Sir Launcelot, what thynke ye for to do, now for to ryde in thys realme? Wyte you well ye shall do fynde feaw fryndis."

"Be as be may as for that," seyde Sir Launcelot, "kepe you stylle here, for I woll furthe on my journey, and no man nor chylde shall go with me."

So hit was no boote to stryve, but he departed and rode westirly; and there he sought a seven or eyght dayes. And at the laste he cam to a nunry, and anone Quene Gwenyvere was ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloyster. And anone as she saw hym there, she sowned thryse, that all ladyes and jantyllwomen had worke inowghe to hold the quene frome the erthe.

So whan she myght speke she called her ladyes and jantillwomen to her, and than she sayde thus: "Ye mervayle, fayre ladyes, why I make thys fare. Truly," she seyde, "hit ys for the syght of yondir knyght that yondir stondith. Wherefore I pray you alle calle hym hyddir to me."

Whan Sir Launcelot was brought before her, than the quene seyde to all tho ladyes, "Thorow thys same man and me hath all thys warre be wrought, and the deth of the moste nobelest knyghtes of the worlde, for thorow oure love that we have loved togydir ys my moste noble lorde slayne. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wyte thou well I am sette in suche a plyght to gete my soule hele. And yet I truste, thorow Goddis grace and thorow Hys Passion of Hys woundis wyde, that aftir my deth I may have a syght of the blyssed face of

Cryste Jesu, and on Doomesday to sytte on Hys ryght syde; for as synfull as ever I was, now ar seyntes in hevyn.

"And therefore, Sir Launcelot, I requyre the and beseche the hartily, for all the love that ever was betwyxt us, that thou never se me no more in the visayge; and I commaunde the, on Goddis behalff, that thou forsake my company. And to thy kyngedom loke thou turne agayne, and kepe well thy realme frome warre and wrake, for as well as I have loved the heretofore, myne harte woll nat serve me now to se the; for thorow the and me ys the floure of kyngis and knyghtes destroyed. And therefore, Sir Launcelot, go thou to thy realme, and there take the a wyff, and lyff with hir wyth joy and blys. And I pray the hartely to pray for me to the Everlastynge Lorde that I may amende my mysselyvyng."

"Now, my swete madame," seyde Sir Launcelot, "wolde ye that I shuld turne agayne unto my contrey and there to wedde a lady? Nay, madame, wyte you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false unto you of that I have promysed. But the same desteny that ye have takyn you to, I woll take me to, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I caste me specially to pray."

"A, Sir Launcelot, if thou wylt do so and holde thy promyse! But I may never beleve the," seyde the quene, "but that thou wylt turne to the worlde agayne."

"Well, madame," seyde he, "ye say as hit pleasith you, for yet wyste ye me never false of my promyse. And God deffende but that I shulde forsake the worlde as ye have done! For in the queste of the Sankgreall I had that tyme forsaykyn the vanytees of the worlde, had nat youre love bene. And if I had done so at that tyme with my harte, wylle, and thought, I had passed all the knyghtes that ever were in the Sankgreall except Sir Galahad, my sone. And therfore, lady, sythen ye have taken you to perfeccion, I must nedys take me to perfection, of ryght. For I take recorde of God, in you I have had myn erthly joye, and yf I had founden you now so dysposed, I had caste me to have had you into myn owne royame. But sythen I fynde you thus desposed, I ensure you faythfully, I wyl ever take me to penaunce and praye whyle my lyf lasteth, yf that I may fynde ony

heremyte, other graye or whyte, that wyl receyve me. Wherfore, madame, I praye you kysse me, and never no more."

"Nay," sayd the quene, "that shal I never do, but absteyne you from suche werkes."

And they departed; but there was never so harde an herted man but he wold have wepte to see the dolour that they made, for there was lamentacyon as they had be stungyn wyth sperys, and many tymes they swouned. And the ladyes bare the quene to hir chambre.

And Syr Launcelot awok, and went and took his hors, and rode al that day and al nyght in a forest, wepyng. And atte last he was ware of an ermytage and a chappel stode betwyxte two clyffes, and than he herde a lytel belle rynge to masse. And thyder he rode and alyght, and teyed his hors to the gate, and herd masse. And he that sange masse was the Bysshop of Caunterburye.

Bothe the bysshop and Sir Bedwer knewe Syr Launcelot, and they spake togyders after masse. But whan Syr Bedwere had tolde his tale al hole, Syr Launcelottes hert almost braste for sorowe, and Sir Launcelot threwe hys armes abrode, and sayd, "Alas! Who may truste thys world?"

And than he knelyd doun on his knee and prayed the bysshop to shryve hym and assoyle hym; and than he besought the bysshop that he myght be hys brother. Than the bysshop sayd, "I wyll gladly," and there he put an habyte upon Syr Launcelot. And there he servyd God day and nyght with prayers and fastynges.

Thus the grete hoost abode at Dover. And than Sir Lyonel toke fyftene lordes with hym and rode to London to seke Sir Launcelot, and there Syr Lyonel was slayn and many of his lordes. Thenne Syr Bors de Ganys made the grete hoost for to goo hoome ageyn, and Syr Boors, Syr Ector de Maris, Syr Blamour, Syr Bleoberis, with moo other of Syr Launcelottes kynne, toke on hem to ryde al Englond overthwart and endelonge to seek Syr Launcelot.

So Syr Bors by fortune rode so longe tyl he came to the same chapel where Syr Launcelot was. And so Syr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to masse, and there he alyght and herde masse.

And whan masse was doon, the bysshop, Syr Launcelot and Sir Bedwere came to Syr Bors, and whan Syr Bors saw Sir Launcelot in that maner clothyng, than he preyed the bysshop that he myght be in the same sewte. And so there was an habyte put upon hym, and there he lyved in prayers and fastyng. And wythin halfe a yere there was come Syr Galyhud, Syr Galyhodyn, Sir Blamour, Syr Bleoberis, Syr Vyllyars, Syr Clarrus, and Sir Gahallantyne. So al these seven noble knyghtes there abode styll. And whan they sawe Syr Launcelot had taken hym to suche perfeccion they had no lust to departe but toke suche an habyte as he had.

Thus they endured in grete penaunce syx yere. And than Syr Launcelot took th'abyte of preesthode of the bysshop, and a twelve-monthe he sange masse. And there was none of these other knyghtes but they redde in bookes and holpe for to synge masse, and range bellys, and dyd lowly al maner of servyce. And soo their horses wente where they wolde, for they toke no regarde of no worldly rychesses; for whan they sawe Syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce in prayers and fastynges they toke no force what payne they endured, for to see the nobleste knyght of the world take such abstynaunce that he waxed ful lene.

And thus upon a nyght there came a vysyon to Syr Launcelot and charged hym, in remyssyon of his synnes, to haste hym unto Almysbury: "And by thenne thou come there, thou shalt fynde Quene Guenever dede. And therfore take thy felowes with the, and purvey them of an hors-bere, and fetche thou the cors of hir, and burye hir by her husbond, the noble Kyng Arthur." So this avysyon came to Launcelot thryse in one nyght.

Than Syr Launcelot rose up or day and tolde the heremyte. "It were wel done," sayd the heremyte, "that ye made you redy and that ye dyshobeye not the avysyon." Than Syr Launcelot toke his eyght felowes with hym, and on fote they yede from Glastynburye to Almysburye, the whyche is lytel more than thirty myle, and thyder they came within two dayes, for they were wayke and feble to goo.

And whan Syr Launcelot was come to Almysburye within the nunerye, Quene Guenever deyed but halfe an oure afore. And the

ladyes tolde Syr Launcelot that Quene Guenever tolde hem al or she passyd that Syr Launcelot had ben preest nere a twelve-monthe, "and hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetche my cors, and besyde my lord Kyng Arthur he shal berye me." Wherfore the quene sayd in heryng of hem al, "I beseche Almyghty God that I may never have power to see Syr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen!"

"And thus," said al the ladyes, "was ever hir prayer these two dayes tyl she was dede."

Than Syr Launcelot sawe hir vysage, but he wepte not gretelye, but syghed. And so he dyd al the observaunce of the servyce hymself, bothe the Dyryge, and on the morne he sange masse. And there was ordeyned an hors-bere, and so wyth an hondred torches ever brennyng aboute the cors of the quene, ever Syr Launcelot with his eyght felowes wente aboute the hors-bere, syngyng and redyng many an holy oryson, and frankensens upon the corps encensed.

Thus Syr Launcelot and his eyght felowes wente on foot from Almysburye unto Glastynburye; and whan they were come to the chapel and the hermytage, there she had a Dyryge wyth grete devocyon. And on the morne the heremyte that somtyme was Bysshop of Canterburye sange the Masse of Requyem wyth grete devocyon, and Syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd, and than al his eyght felowes. And than she was wrapped in cered clothe of Raynes, from the toppe to the too, in thirtyfolde; and after she was put in a webbe of leed, and than in a coffyn of marbyl. And whan she was put in th'erth Syr Launcelot swouned, and laye longe stylle, whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym, and sayd, "Ye be to blame, for ye dysplese God with suche maner of sorow-makyng."

"Truly," sayd Syr Launcelot, "I trust I do not dysplese God, for He knoweth myn entente, for my sorow was not, nor is not, for ony rejoysyng of synne. But my sorow may never have ende, for whan I remembre of hir beaulté and of hir noblesse, that was bothe wyth hyr kyng and wyth hyr, so whan I sawe his corps and hir corps so lye togyders, truly myn herte wold not serve to susteyne my careful body. Also whan I remembre me how by my defaute

and myn orgule and my pryde that they were bothe layed ful lowe, that were pereles that ever was lyvyng of Cristen people, wyt you wel," sayd Syr Launcelot, "this remembred, of their kyndenes and myn unkyndenes, sanke so to myn herte that I myght not susteyne myself." So the Frensshe book maketh mencyon.

Thenne Syr Launcelot never after ete but lytel mete, nor dranke, tyl he was dede, for than he seekened more and more, and dryed and dwyned awaye. For the bysshop nor none of his felowes myght not make hym to ete, and lytel he dranke, that he was waxen by a kybbet shorter than he was, that the peple coude not knowe hym. For evermore, day and nyght, he prayed, but somtyme he slombred a broken slepe. Ever he was lyeng grovelyng on the tombe of Kyng Arthur and Quene Guenever, and there was no comforte that the bysshop, nor Syr Bors, nor none of his felowes coude make hym, it avaylled not.

Soo wythin syx wekys after, Syr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde. And thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heremyte, and al his trewe felowes. Than Syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery steven, "Syr bysshop, I praye you gyve to me al my ryghtes that longeth to a Crysten man."

"It shal not nede you," sayd the heremyte and al his felowes, "it is but hevynesse of your blood. Ye shal be wel mended by the grace of God to-morne."

"My fayr lordes," sayd Syr Launcelot, "wyt you wel my careful body wyll into th'erthe, I have warnyng more than now I wyl say. Therfore gyve me my ryghtes."

So whan he was howselyd and enelyd and had al that a Crysten man ought to have, he prayed the bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Joyous Garde. (Somme men say it was Anwyk, and somme men say it was Bamborow.) "Howbeit," sayd Syr Launcelot, "me repenteth sore, but I made myn avowe somtyme that in Joyous Garde I wold be buryed. And bycause of brekyng of myn avowe, I praye you al, lede me thyder."

Than there was wepyng and wryngyng of handes among his felowes.

So at a seson of the nyght they al wente to theyr beddes, for they alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyght, ayenst day, the bysshop that was hermyte, as he laye in his bedde aslepe, he fyl upon a grete laughter. And therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to the bysshop and asked hym what he eyled.

"A, Jesu mercy!" sayd the bysshop, "why dyd ye awake me? I was never in al my lyf so mery and so wel at ease."

"Wherfore?" sayd Syr Bors.

"Truly," sayd the bysshop, "here was Syr Launcelot with me, with mo angellis than ever I sawe men in one day. And I sawe the angellys heve up Syr Launcelot unto heven, and the yates of heven opened ayenst hym."

"It is but dretchyng of swevens," sayd Syr Bors, "for I doubte not Syr Launcelot ayleth nothynge but good."

"It may wel be," sayd the bysshop. "Goo ye to his bedde, and than shall ye preve the soth."

So whan Syr Bors and his felowes came to his bedde they founde hym starke dede; and he laye as he had smyled, and the swettest savour aboute hym that ever they felte. Than was there wepynge and wryngyng of handes, and the grettest dole they made that ever made men.

And on the morne the bysshop dyd his Masse of Requyem, and after the bysshop and al the nyne knyghtes put Syr Launcelot in the same hors-bere that Quene Guenevere was layed in tofore that she was buryed. And soo the bysshop and they al togyders wente wyth the body of Syr Launcelot dayly tyl they came to Joyous Garde; and ever they had an hondred torches brennyng aboute hym. And so within fyftene dayes they came to Joyous Garde. And there they layed his corps in the body of the quere, and sange and redde many saulters and prayers over hym and aboute hym. And ever his vysage was layed open and naked, that al folkes myght beholde hym; for suche was the custom in tho dayes that al men of worshyp shold so lye wyth open vysage tyl that they were buryed.

And ryght thus as they were at theyr servyce, there came Syr Ector de Maris, that had seven yere sought al Englond, Scotlond,

and Walys, sekyng his brother Syr Launcelot. And whan Syr Ector herde suche noyse and lyghte in the quyre of Joyous Garde, he alyght and put his hors from hym and came into the quyre. And there he sawe men synge and wepe, and al they knewe Syr Ector, but he knewe not them.

Than wente Syr Bors unto Syr Ector and tolde hym how there laye his brother, Syr Launcelot, dede. And than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde, swerde, and helme from hym, and whan he behelde Syr Launcelottes vysage he fyl doun in a swoun. And whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his brother.

"A, Launcelot!" he sayd, "thou were hede of al Crysten knyghtes! And now I dare say," sayd Syr Ector, "thou Sir Launcelot, there thou lyest, that thou were never matched of erthely knyghtes hande. And thou were the curtest knyght that ever bare shelde! And thou were the truest frende to thy lovar that ever bestrade hors, and thou were the trewest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman, and thou were the kyndest man that ever strake wyth swerde. And thou were the godelyest persone that ever cam emonge prees of knyghtes, and thou was the mekest man and the jentyllest that ever ete in halle emonge ladyes, and thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that ever put spere in the reeste."

Than there was wepyng and dolour out of mesure. Thus they kepte Syr Launcelots corps on-lofte fyftene dayes, and than they buryed it with grete devocyon. And than at leyser they wente al with the Bysshop of Canterburye to his ermytage, and there they were togyder more than a monthe.

Than Syr Constantyn that was Syr Cadores sone of Cornwayl was chosen Kyng of Englond, and he was a ful noble knyght, and worshypfully he rulyd this royame. And than thys Kyng Constantyn sent for the Bysshop of Caunterburye, for he herde saye where he was. And so he was restored unto his bysshopryche, and lefte that ermytage, and Syr Bedwere was there ever stylle heremyte to his lyves ende.

Than Syr Bors de Ganys, Syr Ector de Maris, Syr Gahalantyne, Syr Galyhud, Sir Galyhodyn, Syr Blamour, Syr Bleoberys, Syr Vyllyars le Valyaunt, Syr Clarrus of Cleremounte, al these knyghtes drewe them to theyr contreyes. Howbeit Kyng Constantyn wold have had them wyth hym, but they wold not abyde in this royame. And there they al lyved in their cuntreyes as holy men.

And somme Englysshe bookes maken mencyon that they wente never oute of Englond after the deth of Syr Launcelot, but that was but favour of makers. For the Frensshe book maketh mencyon, and is auctorysed, that Syr Bors, Syr Ector, Syr Blamour, and Syr Bleoberis wente into the Holy Lande, thereas Jesu Cryst was quycke and deed. And anone as they had stablysshed theyr londes (for, the book saith, so Syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or ever he passyd oute of thys world), these foure knyghtes dyd many bataylles upon the myscreantes or Turkes. And there they dyed upon a Good Fryday for Goddes sake.

Here is the ende of The Hoole Book of Kyng Arthur and of His Noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, *that whan they were holé togyders there was ever an hondred and fyfty. And here is the ende of "Le Morte Darthur".*

I praye you all jentylmen and jentylwymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endynge, praye for me whyle I am on lyve that God sende me good delyveraunce, and whan I am deed, I praye you all praye for my soule.

For this book was ended
the ninth yere of the reygne of Kyng Edward the Fourth,
by Syr Thomas Maleoré, knyght,
as Jesu helpe hym for Hys grete myght,
as he is the servaunt of Jesu bothe day and nyght.